



David O. McKay Library



Sp. C. - K
M
1738
U65
v. 3

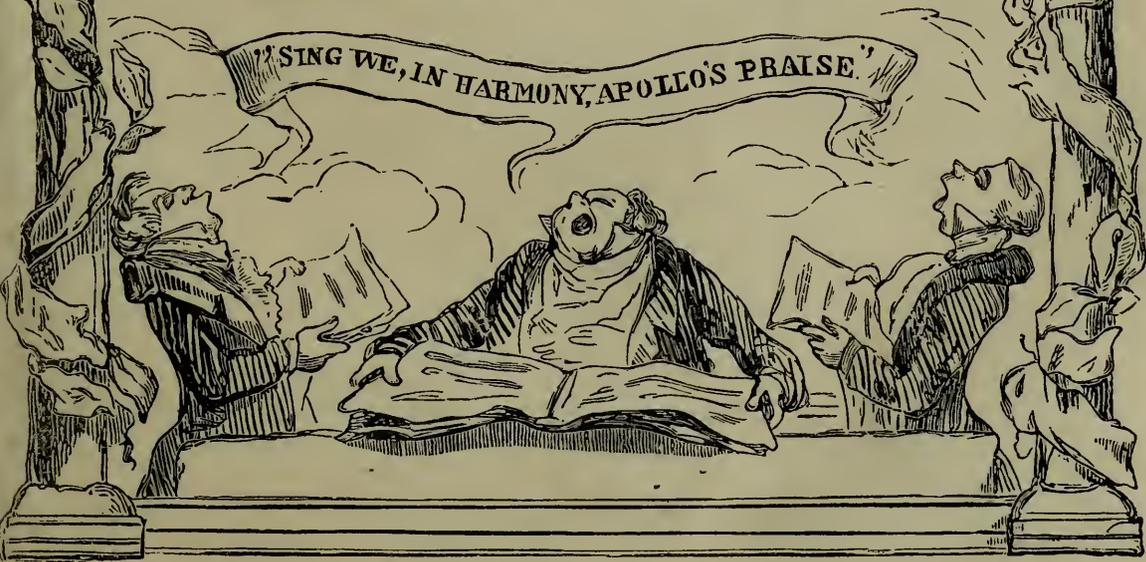
Presented by the family of Oscar A. Kirkham

*Robert Nichols
Cambridge
1942*

M
1627
.464
1878
Vol. 3



THE
UNIVERSAL
SONGSTER,
OR,
MUSEUM OF MIRTH.



HAROLD G. LEE LIBRARY
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
PROVO, UTAH

UNIVERSAL

SONGSTER.



Sots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.

Fol de rol de Yeo!!

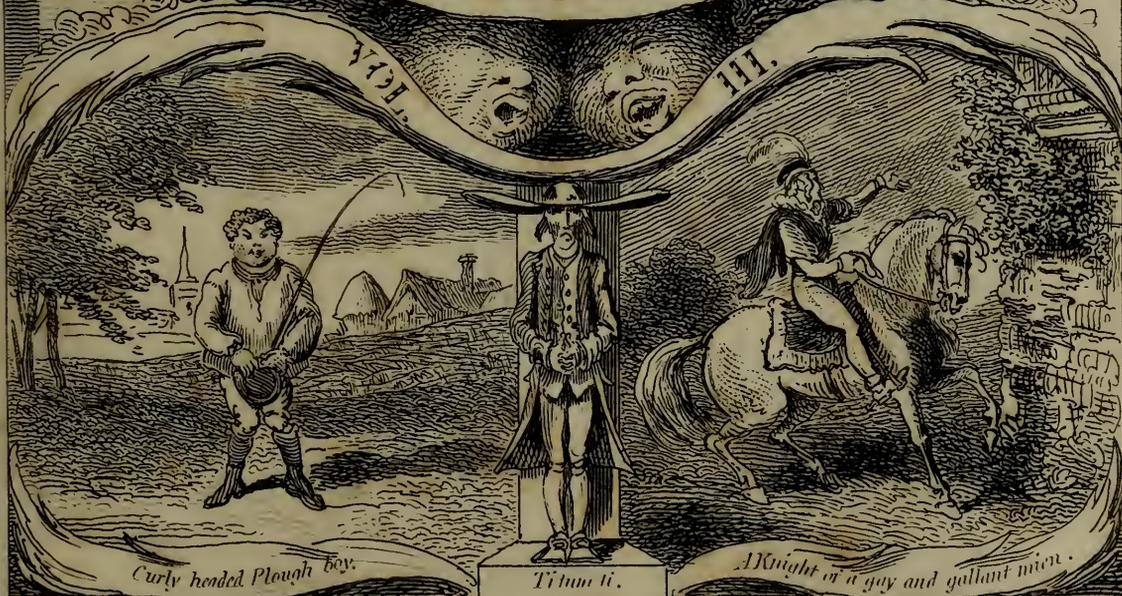
Billy Crow and Nelly Watson.



Buy a Broom.

Pay a Proom.

Take a Bumper and try



Curly headed Plough boy.

Ti hum ti.

A Knight on a gay and gallant mien.

Etched by George Cruikshank, from a Design of Billy Crowquill, Esq. & Finished by J.H. Hurdis.

THE
UNIVERSAL SONGSTER;

OR,

Museum of Mirth:

FORMING

THE MOST COMPLETE, EXTENSIVE, AND VALUABLE COLLECTION

OF

ANCIENT AND MODERN SONGS

IN

The English Language:

WITH A

COPIOUS AND CLASSIFIED INDEX,

WHICH WILL, UNDER ITS VARIOUS HEADS, REFER THE READER TO THE FOLLOWING DESCRIPTION
OF SONGS, VIZ.

ANCIENT,
AMATORY,
BACCHANALIAN,
COMIC, (ENGLISH,)
DIBDINS' MISCELLANEOUS,
DUETS, TRIOS,
GLEES, CHORUSES,
IRISH,
JEWS,

MASONIC,
MILITARY,
NAVAL,
SCOTCH,
SENTIMENTAL,
SPORTING,
WELSH,
YORKSHIRE, &c.

*Embellished with a humorous characteristic Frontispiece, and Twenty-nine Wood-cuts, designed by
GEORGE and ROBERT CRUIKSHANK, and engraved by J. R. MARSHALL.*

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY JONES AND CO., TEMPLE OF THE MUSES,
FINSBURY SQUARE.

INTRODUCTION.

THE rapid and extensive sale, accorded by an indulgent public to the UNIVERSAL SONGSTER, prompts the compiler of these pages to offer his most grateful acknowledgements to the patrons of lyric poetry and harmony on the completion of this third volume of his undertaking. As the provider of an ample feast endeavours to store his banquet with viands suited to every taste, it is confidently hoped that some effusions have been found calculated to gratify the most dainty or fastidious appetite. The love-stricken heart,—the mind attuned to moody melancholy,—the lofty spirit panting for naval or military glory,—the wit,—the *bon vivant*,—the votary of Bacchanalian mirth, as well as the advocate for broad humour, fun, and gig,—all may alike find food to satisfy desire, though he stood in need of a repast even more profuse than that prepared by an Heliogabalus. In short, no source has been neglected for the supply of variety of matter, nor any pains spared in its selection; a toil amply compensated by the liberal patronage enjoyed, affording the most convincing testimony of having acquired favour. In order, therefore, to support that credit so firmly established, it is our intention to suspend, for a time, the continuance of THE MUSEUM OF MIRTH, until a sufficient store of novelty shall have appeared to create additional zest, as a redundancy of old or hacknied effusions might tend to blunt the keen edge of appetite, and thereby prove detrimental to the volumes already extant.

In one respect the compiler is certainly placed in a far more enviable situation than that enjoyed by any of his brother scribes; for, if what the

divine bard says be true, and who dares dispute the words of Shakspeare when he asserts—

The man that hath not music in his soul,
Or is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils?—

Then none such have we to fear, since warblers only patronise our toil; whereas, in other walks of literature, the unharmonious snarling critic is ever ready to let fly his gall-tipped shafts and seal the trembling votary for perdition. To the humane children of harmony, therefore, we again present the meed of heart-felt gratitude, and until the opening of a fresh vocal choir, on the commencement of a fourth volume of our Songster, at a future period, the editor concludes by quoting his favourite motto, as applicable to all good friends,

SING WE IN HARMONY APOLLO'S PRAISE.

INDEX TO VOL. III.

AMATORY.

| | Page |
|--|------|
| A fond youth serenaded his love..... | 1 |
| A wolf, while Jutta slept, had made | 30 |
| A sweet blooming rose in the lap of my fair | 54 |
| A lover often has been blest..... | 63 |
| Adieu, adieu, Eliza, dear..... | 106 |
| Alas! Rose of Beauty, the spoiler has plucked thee | 166 |
| Ah! does there live a wife could leave | 170 |
| As the star on the ocean so brilliant doth shine..... | 208 |
| Ah! sigh not for love, if you wish not to know..... | 267 |
| A knight of a gay and a gallant mien..... | 273 |
| All hushed is the voice of the village | 281 |
| A lonely Arab maid..... | 307 |
| Ah, me! the lovely Fanny cried..... | 333 |
| Adown, adown the hills we'll go | 370 |
| Ah! did you not hear of a poor silly maid..... | 371 |
| A lovely rose my Laura viewed..... | 390 |
| A handsome youth, a laughing youth | 398 |
| Ah! believe I speak sincerely | 402 |
| Ah! mighty sir, if e'er your breast | 426 |
| A coward to love and manly duty | 444 |
| By the light that illumines the skies | 146 |
| By your cheek of vermeil hue | 180 |
| By Diana's silver car..... | 189 |
| By that eloquent language that speaks in the eye..... | 301 |
| Beloved of Iram! to thy silver lute | 361 |
| Bright Sol darts forth his ray, lovely Nancy, O!..... | 392 |
| Beauty and love once fell at odds | 440 |
| Cease, young love, to aim thy dart..... | 104 |
| Come, sing round my favourite tree..... | 189 |
| Come, Bully, sweet Bully, and pipe me the song.... | 277 |
| Come, listen to my story, while | 298 |
| Come, Anna, come, the morning dawns | 341 |
| Down Abner sate, with glowing heart..... | 88 |
| Dimmed is the lustre of that radiant eye..... | 269 |
| Dear Clara, let's love, while, in soft wanton gales... .. | 347 |
| Diana, goddess, chaste, arise..... | 367 |
| E'en now the radiant bride I've seen | 81 |
| For the rights of the fair I'll plead, I'll declare..... | 7 |
| Far from the world to fly, where care is reigning | 37 |
| Farewell, my dear Mary, the beams of thy beauty.. .. | 52 |
| Fly with me, fly with me, my lovely Jane..... | 210 |
| From native Afric borne..... | 320 |
| First beneath a willow's shade..... | 329 |
| Forget not the faith thou hast vowed | 343 |
| Fair Rosalind laughed in her lonely bower | 344 |
| From place to place I traversed long | 370 |
| From infant state, beneath this roof..... | 415 |
| Fare thee well, thou faithless Anna..... | 436 |
| Gentle Myra, lovely maid..... | 20 |
| Go, lovely rose..... | 414 |
| Give me the breast where friendship dwells | 415 |
| Heavily drag the dull hours along..... | 13 |
| Hark! Eliza's tuneful voice | 16 |
| Here first I met the lovely maid..... | 24 |
| Hast thou a sleepless pillow prest | 27 |
| Hark! through the vale, each cheerful sound | 60 |
| He's gone, yes, he's gone, but I wo'n't tell you where | 107 |
| Hist! dearest, hist! thy Mary wakes | 113 |
| Hast thou escaped the cannon's ire..... | 127 |
| Hail, to thee, fairest! and hail to the bower!..... | 138 |
| He comes from wars, from the red field of fight | 153 |
| His sparkling eyes were black as jet | 200 |
| Hark! how on Jura's rocky shores..... | 200 |
| Her sheep had, in clusters, crept close to a grove..... | 214 |
| Have you not seen the timid tear..... | 239 |
| How imperfect is expression | 264 |
| He will return, oh! never doubt thy lover..... | 276 |
| He came a long journey, and all to see me | 320 |
| How sweet were those moments of pleasure..... | 328 |
| Haste, gallant knight, oh! haste, and save | 340 |
| Hasten, love, the sun hath set | 363 |
| How happy was the shepherd boy..... | 404 |
| Hast ne'er marked the flower | 417 |
| In holiday gown and my new fangled hat | 12 |
| In early days my joys were sweet | 16 |

| | Page |
|---|------|
| I culled for my love a fresh nosegay one day | 41 |
| I never yet could see that face | 48 |
| I see the white sails of thy ship | 50 |
| I sigh for a maid, and a sweet little maid | 68 |
| I will not, fair one, ask thee now | 70 |
| I travelled among unknown men | 122 |
| I think of thee, I think of thee..... | 128 |
| In spring-time, when gay blue-bells bloom | 149 |
| In these arms, my Julia, rest..... | 151 |
| In every heart to find a slave | 158 |
| Instead of pearl or diamond rare..... | 163 |
| I once loved a maid, and she loved me again | 178 |
| I long to dwell within some lone retreat | 255 |
| I have a simple tale to tell | 259 |
| I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled | 263 |
| If truth can fix thy wavering heart | 269 |
| In my bower a lady weeps..... | 309 |
| I revel in hope and joy again | 322 |
| In infancy our hopes and fears..... | 325 |
| If there's one beam of heaven on earth's gloomy | 318 |
| round | 361 |
| If I swear by that eye, you'll allow | 361 |
| In youth, the young virgin is frolic and gay | 404 |
| Jenny has been to our village | 176 |
| Know ye the maid that trips so gay..... | 419 |
| Lady, farewell, thy cruel part..... | 6 |
| Love, you must own, is a comical thing | 8 |
| Lovers how to gain we all discover..... | 32 |
| Let the miser say all things are carried by gold | 61 |
| List, Mary, to the casement come | 87 |
| Let me not have this gloomy view..... | 162 |
| Love fell asleep in a summer bark..... | 209 |
| Love, who'll buy? love, who'll buy? love, who'll | 227 |
| buy! | 233 |
| Love me, did my Laura say | 233 |
| Love is the first, the greatest bliss..... | 502 |
| Let the music sprightly play | 398 |
| Love, the soul firing | 364 |
| Love was a little blooming boy..... | 378 |
| Long time I sighed in secret wo | 412 |
| Let others Damon's praise rehearse..... | 430 |
| Lady! loved so well, so true | 440 |
| Ma chere amie, my charming fair..... | 29 |
| My heart will not break, and my eyes will not weep | 92 |
| My Fanny is young, and my Fanny is fair | 83 |
| My friends all declare that my time is mispent.. .. | 203 |
| Mild zephyr, o'er the verdant grove..... | 376 |
| Mark where you waving willow weeps | 403 |
| My Henry kissed, and cried 'adieu! | 446 |
| Nature smiles upon you spot..... | 28 |
| Nay, cease not weeping, for thine eyes..... | 60 |
| No roses that wreath round yon cot..... | 78 |
| Nay, deny not those lips, 'tis but folly to trifle..... | 155 |
| Never, no, never, till I saw you..... | 158 |
| No peace smiles around, and stern war is no more | 192 |
| Near a silent retreat | 196 |
| O! sing unto me my roundelay | 2 |
| O, Love! when two bosoms in tenderness glow..... | 1 |
| Oh! gentle fisher, listen..... | 26 |
| Oh! did those eyes, instead of fire | 34 |
| One night, while round the fire we sat | 47 |
| Oh! say not that she sighs for me | 50 |
| Oh! could I kiss thy cheek, where glows | 74 |
| Oh! whate'er my fate may be | 76 |
| Oh! where's the harm of a little kiss..... | 91 |
| O, Mary! when morn breaks and brightens the | 103 |
| hour | 142 |
| Oh! sad drooping rose, thou hast magical power.. .. | 154 |
| Oh! breathe these thrilling notes again | 152 |
| Oh! love is joy, ecstatic bliss..... | 157 |
| Oh! Nature is sweet when the sun gilds each feature | 158 |
| Oh! sweet 'tis to wander, with tranquil delight..... | 161 |
| Oh! should I fly from the world, love, to thee..... | 173 |
| One struggle more and I am free..... | 177 |
| Oh! sweet is the hour | 186 |
| Oh! there are looks and tones that dart | 187 |
| Oh! gentle Sleep..... | 190 |

| | Page | | Page |
|--|------|--|------|
| One sunny evening, to a bower of brown inwoven shade | 2 6 | When first young Henry on the plain | 7 |
| Oh! let me only breathe the air | 221 | When in a garden sweet I walk | 8 |
| Of woman's smile and woman's charms | 232 | Wake, my love, the young day wakes | 11 |
| On the pale day the shadows are creeping | 236 | What bard, oh! Time, discover | 11 |
| Oh! haste thee, gallant Christian knight | 259 | Where now is flown the warrior's soul | 16 |
| Our grotto was the sweetest place | 262 | When should lovers breathe their vows | 37 |
| On Richmond hill there lives a lass | 267 | When first my Thomas, so neat and so smart, sir | 44 |
| Oh! fountain playing 'neath that shade | 269 | Woman is a match for man | 46 |
| Oh! 'twas a fearful, awe-struck, dismal night | 270 | Whene'er to change my present state | 47 |
| Oh! I ne'er can forget the blush that o'erspread | 282 | When I dream that you love me, you'll surely forgive | 51 |
| Of all blooming roses, give me the sweet rose | 287 | When at your feet a lover kneels | 66 |
| O, Araby, dear Araby | 292 | When my sweetheart away from me flies | 98 |
| Over the dark blue waters | 311 | What though you blooms a tender flower | 130 |
| Oh! say not that my heart is caught | 328 | When 'midst the gay I meet | 192 |
| Oh! come, my love, oh! come to me | 335 | When distant, my love, from my country and thee | 193 |
| Oh! no, though rank and riches sue | 355 | Well, what if Fortune from love | 129 |
| Oh! listen, listen, gentle knight | 357 | When night, and left upon my guard | 133 |
| Oh! when the favoured youth you love | 362 | When fair Amanda first possessed | 134 |
| Oh! 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love | 369 | Where dwells the rosy dimpled boy | 157 |
| Oh! how weak will power and reason | 380 | Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed | 160 |
| Oh! come from thy chamber, sweet Nancy | 383 | Who is the maid my spirit seeks | 169 |
| Oh! that there were some fount, whose stream | 400 | When the sleep of morning breaks | 170 |
| Oh! the witchery that lurks in Lanny's dark eye | 409 | With a heart light and gay, in a cottage of thatch | 172 |
| Oh! the maid of the wold, how she traversed the land | 418 | When the sun sinks to his coral caves | 175 |
| Peace be around thee wherever thou rovest | 5 | With care I searched the village round | 176 |
| Place this flower in thy bosom, my dear | 106 | When blushes dyed the cheeks of morn | 206 |
| Phaw! tell me not the girl is frail | 191 | When first I felt love's pleasing smart | 207 |
| Plead no more, I must refuse thee! | 310 | When war's alarms enticed my Willy from me | 212 |
| Palemon, in the hawthorn-bower | 372 | What's Love? 'Tis like the tulip-flower | 219 |
| Poor Carlos sued a beauteous maid | 422 | Why, fair maid, in every feature | 224 |
| Round Sicily's rocks I have sailed in my bark | 19 | Well, thou art happy, and I feel | 226 |
| Roses bloom and lilies fade | 446 | When sorrow's deep gloom o'er the young heart is stealing | 229 |
| See, beneath yon bower of roses | 3 | When pale misfortune rules the hour | 235 |
| Swell the loud trumpet's note of gladness | 22 | When early affection my bosom first cherished | 236 |
| Sweet was the carol he wailed before me | 30 | Wake, my harp, from long slumbers of sorrow and care | 243 |
| Soft zephyr, on thy balmy wing | 105 | When beauty bright first sheds its light | 245 |
| She listens, 'tis the wind, she cries | 123 | What's that I espy in my Clara's blue eye | 247 |
| Sweetest zephyr, softly breathing | 237 | Where honour calls thee wend thy way | 258 |
| Should lovers' joys be'er forgot | 254 | When mountain storms have passed away | 260 |
| Sweet seducer, blandly smiling | 374 | When a poor little maid feels her senses astray | 262 |
| Soft as yon silver ray that sleeps | 381 | What is love? why, oft a name | 286 |
| Sweet are the charms of her I love | 382 | Wives, awake! unveil your eyes | 288 |
| Stay, stay, dear Eliza, have pity, I pray | 386 | With artless lay I tune my song | 295 |
| Softly, softly, blow ye breezes | 387 | When two lovers' affections | 306 |
| Sickly dotage to restrain | 395 | Whene'er to change my present state | 313 |
| So warmly we met, and so fondly we parted | 431 | What though 'tis true I've talked of love | 318 |
| The morning smiled serenely gay | 13 | When first I saw Flora, so sprightly and blooming | 335 |
| The maid of the mountain, high bounding | 27 | When Love's light wings by hope are fanned | 345 |
| Thou restless god, who lov'st to hold | 28 | When gloomy thoughts my soul possess | 354 |
| 'Tis far away, o'er yonder plains | 40 | Was ever poor girl so ill-used | 358 |
| To arms! I take Love's field | 49 | We've heard our fathers sing | 366 |
| Tell not me of woman's wiles | 50 | Wake, dearest, wake! and again untied | 379 |
| This flower, so fragrant, I stole from the tree | 76 | When Love's soft emotions first dawn on the mind | 384 |
| This maxim let every one hear | 96 | When the gen all is still, save the stream from the fountain | 388 |
| Those London belles, those London belles | 111 | While I hang on your bosom, distracted to lose you | 388 |
| The lamp of night will soon cease burning | 112 | War was proclaimed 'twixt love and I | 398 |
| Though countless leagues divide us | 121 | What pang is like the burning sigh | 399 |
| The world is gay and the moon is bright | 144 | When Jove a lovely woman made | 402 |
| Thou, too, art gone, thou loved and lovely one | 149 | Why the world are all thinking about it | 413 |
| Tell me, my lute, can thy fond strain | 172 | What can their wisest heads provide | 422 |
| To hear a sweet goldfinch's sonnet | 179 | When first my heart felt piercing pain | 424 |
| The thought that for ever thou'rt mine, love | 183 | Where is the nymph whose azure eye | 435 |
| Through verdant woods, through verdant groves | 184 | When harmony wakens each bosom to joy | 438 |
| The morn is beaming brightly | 202 | With anxious hope my heart new beats | 444 |
| Though keen is the sorrow and sad is the tear | 203 | Young Harry he wooed me | 47 |
| Through frozen climes, or burning deserts roving | 209 | Young Mary, the blue-eyed, whose beauties were blushing | 83 |
| To the winds, to the waves, to the woods, I complain | 216 | Yes is the word I love the best | 117 |
| Thy favourite bird is soaring still | 218 | Young Love once on a winter's day | 130 |
| There was a time I need not name | 263 | Young Lubin was a shepherd-boy | 218 |
| 'Twas on a bank of daisies sweet | 271 | Yes, now I think of that heart-broken maid | 427 |
| The moon looks so sweet and so fair | 272 | Young Will, of the Brook, did fair Peggy adore | 438 |
| The moonbeams ripple in the wave | 277 | Zephyr, for once, my wishes hear | 89 |
| Then fare thee well, my own dear love | 285 | | |
| The song and dance have lost their zest | 293 | | |
| The sun is o'er the mountain | 296 | | |
| Thy equal Nature never formed | 302 | | |
| The sunbeams had sunk in the bed of the ocean | 318 | | |
| Taou art gone, thou art gone | 321 | | |
| The moon, with rising glory bright | 334 | | |
| Though my eyes, dearest Anna, to others will stray | 366 | | |
| Think not, dearest, though my love | 367 | | |
| The silvery moonbeam, that brightens the ocean | 372 | | |
| Though pure the kiss from beauty's lip | 380 | | |
| The eye her silver vestment wore | 381 | | |
| To Kate my heart I did resign | 382 | | |
| 'Tis not the softness of her eye | 393 | | |
| Though my love lies low, where the waters urge | 410 | | |
| 'Twas when the seas were roaring | 411 | | |
| To him that in an hour must die | 412 | | |
| 'Tis little Shock, my lady's dog | 420 | | |
| The darkness of midnight was round | 426 | | |
| Through many a land and clime a ranger | 426 | | |
| There's a glance which, 'mong numbers, can steal to this heart | 428 | | |

BACCHANALIAN.

| | |
|---|-----|
| Again, around me friends I view | 70 |
| Ariadne one morning to Theseus was turning | 238 |
| A plague on those mortals whom demons bewitch | 338 |
| Attend, gentle sirs, to a sonneteer terrestrial | 375 |
| Assist, O thou god of the vine | 418 |
| Bacchus, god of rosy wine | 29 |
| Bacchus, god of joys divine | 53 |
| Bring me, boy, a flowing bowl | 202 |
| Bring me flowers and bring me wine | 220 |
| Battle, first, my soul employs | 363 |
| Brother Bucks, all attend to the theme I shall sing | 396 |
| Bright sol has returned to the western domain | 400 |
| Come, all ye jolly bacchanals | 7 |

| | Page |
|---|------|
| Come, cheer up, my lads, merry Christmas is near | 37 |
| Can her blushing charms surpass | 40 |
| Contented I am and contented I'll be | 82 |
| Come, fill us a bumper around | 123 |
| Come, fill the bowl, my jovial soul | 150 |
| Come, here we're all jovial and hearty | 252 |
| Could seas and rivers turn to wine | 265 |
| Crown me with the branching vine | 270 |
| Come, friends, fill your glasses high | 352 |
| Come, Roger and Nell; come Simkin and Bell | 448 |
| Drink, drink, the night is wearing | 87 |
| Diogenes, surly and proud | 227 |
| Drink about, my dear friend | 440 |
| Fill the cup with generous wine | 18 |
| Friendship, life's meridian high | 50 |
| Fill high the bowl, 'tis, perhaps, the last | 57 |
| Fill the goblet again, for I never before | 66 |
| Fill from the bowl, each jovial soul | 127 |
| Forsake not, yet, the social bowl | 133 |
| Fill, fill, the bowl, the ills of life | 229 |
| Fill, fill, fill the glass | 256 |
| Good folks, now the close of the year | 56 |
| Great lords, in high halls, their treasure | 136 |
| Hence, far hence, corroding care | 368 |
| Hollo! keep it up, boys, and push round the glass | 426 |
| It is not a bowl but a bottle I want | 72 |
| In a few fleeting moments this year will be past | 82 |
| In the tenth book of Job, which I now mean to quote | 115 |
| If sorrow, the tyrant, invade thy breast | 174 |
| If you would taste the sweets of life | 215 |
| If wine be a cordial why does it torment | 282 |
| Indulge me, stoics, with the bowl | 349 |
| I love a jovial glass | 411 |
| King Arthur, good wot, was a merry old soul | 178 |
| Let noary lime do all he can | 46 |
| Let gallants boast their bowers of bliss | 77 |
| Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain | 89 |
| Let philosophers prate about reason and rules | 184 |
| Let care be a stranger to each jovial soul | 261 |
| Let nought but joy be found | 281 |
| Let the daring adventurers be tussled on the main | 330 |
| Let others seek joy in the chase | 348 |
| Let the Sultan Saladin | 429 |
| Lovely ladies, sprigs of fashion | 446 |
| Most folks give their sentiments after a song | 10 |
| My jovial friends, with social glee | 194 |
| My bottle is my friend and wife | 304 |
| Now, worthies, the year hath again run its race | 46 |
| Now we're free from college rules | 234 |
| Oh, bring me a bumper! a bumper of wine | 25 |
| O, when you hear the midnight bell | 35 |
| Oh, say not life is dearly bought | 64 |
| Over the bottle let us join | 92 |
| O, fill high the bowl | 152 |
| Of all the words in Lexicon | 167 |
| One day as I sat with a blooming young lass | 176 |
| On fragrant myrtles let me lie | 192 |
| Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love we hear | 195 |
| Old cow, shall I sing of thy beauties and worth | 212 |
| Our order's most ancient, your freemasons say | 309 |
| Oh, tell me not there's joy on earth | 336 |
| Of all the choice liquors thought most to excel | 341 |
| Oh, wine is the child of the star of the day | 344 |
| Oh, come, thou rosy god of wine | 435 |
| Push round the glass, and with us join | 14 |
| Philosophers bother their brains | 438 |
| Pour the rich libation high | 444 |
| Rosy wine, rosy wine, wine I sip | 211 |
| Rosy wine is the key that will open the heart | 396 |
| Rail on at joys that are not thine | 403 |
| Since I'm named for a song | 104 |
| Should brandy ever be forgot | 160 |
| Sum up the delights this world doth produce | 299 |
| Since love such ecstasy can give | 312 |
| 'Tis wine alone can banish care | 13 |
| Thy face, where ivy garlands twine | 25 |
| The swain with his flock, by a brook loves to rest | 31 |
| To the cause we're now met in, the birth of our friends | 57 |
| 'Tis true this life's a languid stream | 80 |
| Time well employing | 118 |
| The goblet fill | 138 |
| The murmuring brook, the fanning breeze | 142 |
| To crown the cups which Bacchus fills with wine | 170 |
| Though Venus and Bacchus may boast of their power | 188 |
| The wealthy fool, with gold in store | 223 |
| This day I'll enjoy, and with wine in good store | 240 |
| The glass, like the globe, shall go round | 248 |
| The table cleared, the wine was brought | 254 |
| The night when my hero, Tom Jolly, was born | 293 |
| There was a king in Thule | 336 |
| The festive board was met, the social band | 356 |
| There is a charm in rosy wine | 365 |
| Though wisdom will preach about joy, sir | 378 |

| | Page |
|--|------|
| To the voice of a friend | 383 |
| When green-eyed Care | 9 |
| While I'm toping luscious wine | 24 |
| When gentle sleep had charmed my breast | 111 |
| When the eye with fire is beaming | 143 |
| We'll, then, with jovial spirits join | 147 |
| Would you be a man of fashion | 153 |
| When the flowing bowl I see | 160 |
| When over mead and mountain | 162 |
| When Bacchus, first, from Jove arose | 214 |
| When Bibo went down to the regions below | 216 |
| What discord or folly | 244 |
| When one's drunk, not a girl but looks pretty | 272 |
| Who talks of care where wine appears | 302 |
| While others delight of those heroes to boast | 325 |
| Wine is the liquor of life | 338 |
| When I gaily fill the cheerful glass | 331 |
| When gen'rous wine expands the soul | 404 |
| When humming brown beer was the Englishman's taste | 407 |
| When I drink the purple juice | 423 |
| Ye sons of harmony arise | 61 |
| Ye sons of philanthropy, brothers of charity | 126 |
| Ye wretches, whose minds are with avarice fraught | 264 |
| You know that our ancient philosophers hold | 387 |
| Ye vot'ries of Bacchus who love a full flask | 390 |
| Ye free-born sons, Britannia's boast | 402 |
| Ye grave, sober mortals, ye sons of old Car | 409 |
| Ye gay sons of Bacchus, replenish the bowl | 447 |

COMIC.

| | |
|--|-----|
| A clerk I was in London gay | 3 |
| A maiden sure there was, she was ugly, old, and tough | 17 |
| A little fly one day did look | 43 |
| At a village in Kent, as I have heard tell | 56 |
| As Christmas approaches each bosom is gay | 60 |
| At four o'clock, one frosty morn | 66 |
| Around the edge of Gander Green | 82 |
| A hungry fox one day did spy | 83 |
| A comical lass I went to woo | 93 |
| A boat unmoored from off Bankside | 99 |
| Adown a green valley there lived an old maid | 104 |
| As I was walking down the Strand | 127 |
| A gentleman once, I'd a train of my own | 155 |
| As I on my travels was rambling the North | 172 |
| A landlord is a supple blade | 179 |
| A trifling song you shall hear | 189 |
| Augustus Julius Cæsar Barbarossa Henry Wiggins | 194 |
| As gay as a lark and as blithe as a bee | 239 |
| A man and his wife | 243 |
| An old maid sat by the fire-side | 268 |
| At my crossing each morning I take my abode | 305 |
| A curious man had a curious wife | 314 |
| A pavier I am, and as hearty a blade | 318 |
| A Londre I was a tailor nice | 332 |
| A plague on those mortals whom demons bewitch | 338 |
| A lawyer quite famous for making a bill | 342 |
| A la Sterne, left Tooley-street, trunk, too, and beeches | 353 |
| A tailor who cabbaged, as tailors will do | 386 |
| A dinner, d'ye mind, is the thing | 406 |
| An old maid had a roguish eye | 411 |
| A bachelor miller, so merry a life | 432 |
| A willow hung over a brook | 444 |
| Behold Dr. Last, known for ages past | 61 |
| Baron Waldeburg, who once lived in Germany | 71 |
| By nature soft as kneaded dough | 92 |
| Billy Goose was a tailor, and, ah, woful tale | 147 |
| Bob Pointer drove the stage all day | 257 |
| Boys, when I play, cry, oh crimine | 261 |
| Buy a broom! buy a broom! | 417 |
| Come, come, my boys, away! | 150 |
| Come here, fellow-servants, and listen to me | 160 |
| Come, come, my good masters, what's all this about? | 165 |
| Come, boys and girls, men and maids, widows and wives | 188 |
| Charming, warbling nymph, I own thy | 192 |
| Cold or hungry, wet or weary | 201 |
| Come, ladies and gentlemen, here you shall see | 335 |
| Come, come, look about, there is no time to lose | 337 |
| Come, my lovey, get the cash | 360 |
| Come, all who have got tender feeling | 373 |
| Can I forget the wintry nights | 384 |
| Come, on with your coat and your jacket | 395 |
| Come, listen, my friend, to an old dog's new story | 398 |
| Coffee hot, coffee hot, hot, I cry! | 405 |
| Double, double, toil and trouble | 53 |
| Down in our village lived a parson and his wife | 94 |
| Demoiselles, I'm just returned from France | 154 |
| Don't shill-I, shall-I | 160 |
| Dan Doleful had an old jackdaw | 223 |
| Dear ladies, I'm come, and a candidate too | 340 |
| Frequently whining, and always repining | 14 |

INDEX TO VOL. III.

| | Page | | Page |
|--|------|--|------|
| From London, ah, why did I stray | 92 | Look through the world, observe mankind..... | 196 |
| Faith and troth, I'm so shamed of my soldiers | 122 | Lord, lord, without victuals and drink..... | 208 |
| From one end to t'other we've seen every sight..... | 136 | Longhead and Loggerhead opposed one another | 369 |
| Fond Damon wishes he were dead..... | 222 | Listen to the miracles that Joppa does divine t'ye .. | 398 |
| Friar Bacon loved a maid, and her name it was Nan .. | 243 | Ladies in furs, gemmen in spurs | 419 |
| From the king to the constable. (see Dr. Burn)..... | 246 | Love's a mighty pretty theme | 426 |
| From a quaker, nor rigid nor vain..... | 297 | Many chapters I've read, of folks, fashions, and | |
| Four maidens in a coach overturned were | 300 | kings | 6 |
| Felicita, my tender heart's first love | 321 | My name's Reuben Stubble, no mere man of straw .. | 14 |
| For worms when old Bibbo proved delicate fare | 425 | Must we be forgotten still..... | 42 |
| Four-and-twenty tradesmen, all of a row..... | 433 | My song, like many others, has | 54 |
| Giles Collins he turned to his mother, and said..... | 16 | Manager Stiffick a man full | 68 |
| Girls shy appear..... | 73 | My name's Justice Quorum, I'm lord of this village .. | 91 |
| Go, boy, and thy good mistress tell | 164 | My wife she had a red red nose | 109 |
| Good neighbours, attend to my ditty | 174 | Mr. Squad, as they say, was not half so bold | 116 |
| God prosper long our noble selves | 209 | Miss Trollop, she lived in Duck-lane | 152 |
| Good people all, with one accord | 260 | Mr. Edward Bray was a sweet dandy fine | 177 |
| Great news! great news! I'm hither sent..... | 267 | My father keeps a village inn, where neighbours meet | |
| Heavy wet! heavy wet! still I cry..... | 1 | together | 182 |
| Happy and free are a married man's reveries | 15 | Mankind o'er women empire boast | 189 |
| Here we are, a dashing set..... | 42 | Miss Fiddlesticksend was a sweet pretty maid | 190 |
| Here am I so gay, I hope to make you merry | 44 | Master is a parish lector | 233 |
| Hang your hundrum loobbies..... | 77 | Merrily every bosom boundeth..... | 233 |
| Hope told a flattering tale | 134 | My name's Tippy Bob..... | 263 |
| How my heart will sink within me | 143 | My banks are all furnished with rags..... | 274 |
| Had I the roaring trade I had | 158 | My name is Jerry | 293 |
| Hear, hear, hear, each compect | 199 | My father's house is clean and nice | 285 |
| Hark, the buz of Covent-garden-market is increasing | | My rising spirits thronging | 317 |
| loud | 241 | Monopoly's long been the rub | 351 |
| How strange are all fashion's vagaries and ways | 242 | My daddy to my mammy said | 362 |
| Hark, hark, how the hammers keep time | 310 | My schoolfellows tell me, though quick at my task .. | 378 |
| I went to Stratford-Avon once | 21 | Nine times did the clapper clang | 10 |
| I sprang from a cellar, we all sprang from earth | 24 | Near Bread-street, known well | 173 |
| If you go to a playhouse, from cares to escape..... | 34 | Now I will charm ye with the rosy-tory | 339 |
| In England, you see, folks of every degree..... | 39 | No man I e'er knew, Turk, Christian, or Jew | 346 |
| In Hamburg's free city lived Mrs. Von Tramp | 64 | No marriage for me, I'm resolved to live free..... | 360 |
| I was born one day | 72 | Neatest of pretty feet, for dancing intended | 324 |
| I sing of a warrior bold..... | 74 | Now coaxing, caressing, now flattering and pressing .. | 388 |
| In the Strand lived a tailor named Snip | 77 | No doubt, good folk, and I pledge my word | 416 |
| I'm a comical fellow, folks say | 81 | No more shall the muses dance round in a ring..... | 446 |
| I jog through the world's varied scene | 88 | Oh! give me the fields that we see..... | 5 |
| I've just dropped in, to make a call, I hope I don't | | Oh! weep not, sweet maid, though the smoke from | |
| intrude, now..... | 97 | the chimney..... | 28 |
| I'm an old one on the town | 105 | One morn, 'twas in Ratcliff-highway..... | 32 |
| I'm a handsome man of metal | 107 | Oh! the Great Mogul, called Babor | 41 |
| In Dyot-street a gin-shop stood | 108 | Oh, ladies, these men are enough to madden us.... | 74 |
| In Smithfield there lived a fond lover..... | 118 | Oh! now secure in my courting | 75 |
| In Italy born, among the lazaroni..... | 131 | Oh! London's such a charming place, so fine and | |
| In London once dwelt, near the end of Cheapside.. | 131 | so bewitching..... | 85 |
| I am an old woman, though still fond of mirth | 167 | Oh! nothing in life can sadden us. <i>A Parody</i> | 98 |
| I keep a snug inn by the side of the road..... | 172 | Oh! health and long life to you all..... | 110 |
| In a nobleman's family dwelt | 179 | Oh, dear! it is beyond believing..... | 117 |
| I'm the comic dwarf of the great giant Grumbo | 186 | Oh, yes! oh, yes! oh, yes! | 121 |
| I'll sing you a song about wants | 198 | Oh! such wonders you'll find in the park | 140 |
| I am a t'lor gay | 205 | One Chesterfield wrote on good breeding..... | 158 |
| I sing a shocking tragedy..... | 210 | Oh! where, and oh! where, does your own true lover | |
| I'm a jolly pedlerman | 213 | stray | 159 |
| I courted pretty Nelly Brown..... | 218 | Old Time would persuade us each lass | 169 |
| In England I've seen the brave sons of roast beef .. | 222 | One day Good-by met How-d'ye-do..... | 175 |
| I loved and courted Polly Puff | 229 | Oh! this is the day when, for love's mighty fray.... | 183 |
| In times not very long gone by | 231 | Old Timothy Starch was an oilman by trade | 206 |
| If you teach me, dear sir, the art of deceiving..... | 233 | Of quacking and quacks let us sing | 210 |
| I courted a maid one Saturday night | 236 | On Brixton-hill there stands a shop | 211 |
| In the choice of a husband us widows are nice | 249 | Oh! what strange sights are in London seen | 216 |
| In the famous days of old | 262 | Oh! twelve was the hour when for frolic I started .. | 221 |
| I'm saucy Nick, and, would you know..... | 269 | Oh! ours is a society..... | 236 |
| In the Regency-Park, half an hour before dark..... | 271 | Of young Mr. Cælebs you've heard | 253 |
| I sing of Mrs. Ruggins..... | 272 | Oh! woman, they say | 255 |
| I remember, 'twas last December | 311 | Of times present and past I am going to sing, sir.... | 269 |
| I care not for doves | 318 | Of things that are comforts and sometimes are | |
| In verses new, and all in rhymes, sirs..... | 343 | plagues..... | 276 |
| In our voyage through life how oft are we harassed.. | 343 | Old Simon he married for life | 298 |
| It happened four couple one day were presented.... | 350 | O! have you not heard of a story | 307 |
| If pleasure you would know then travel by the mail, | | Old Abou Casam, of Bagdad city | 323 |
| sir | 363 | Once on a time when trade was bad..... | 331 |
| I'm a bill-sticker, so famous | 365 | O! have you not heard of the news..... | 399 |
| I once had three beaus, but now they are gone..... | 373 | Oh! give me the heart that is cheerful and gay | 409 |
| I'm jolly Hab, the miller..... | 376 | Peggy Daley went one day, I think | 145 |
| I'd rather live here, and be reckoned a clown..... | 381 | Pretty maids, who no husbands have had | 281 |
| In de big canoe | 394 | Polly Muffins was a maid who had charms not a few .. | 322 |
| I courted a lass, and as bunny a lass | 397 | Quanko he poor tawney Moor | 245 |
| If the man goes right who follows his nose..... | 399 | Ragged and rough were the clothes she wore | 207 |
| I laugh and I sing..... | 441 | Since Life in London's all the go..... | 13 |
| Joskin said to his wife, as we're both rather poor .. | 28 | Sweet rose of the summer, thine eyes' intense glory .. | 30 |
| Jem Vest, a tailor, spruce and neat..... | 127 | Silence, ye waltzers and dancers pragmatical..... | 48 |
| Johnny, the footman, a nice young blade..... | 193 | Sure London's the place, where, I've often heard tell .. | 78 |
| Joy and grief are too many for poor little Dan | 305 | Sir Gooseberry Gimcrack was thin | 145 |
| Johnny Malt, Johnny Malt..... | 322 | Stay, and I'll find, my love. <i>A Parody</i> | 196 |
| John Bull is an odd kind of beast | 357 | Since to draw the long bow quite the fashion is | |
| King Oberon, the fairy, who dwelt in castles airy .. | 316 | grown | 212 |
| Little Jane of the mill had a lover so fine | 10 | Sweet gentlefolks, pray list to me | 219 |
| Last night the rattles were sprung..... | 132 | Sure you all must agree that the world's epitome.... | 230 |
| Let amateurs meet | 147 | Some poets sing of naught but wine..... | 264 |
| Leave, neighbours, your work, and to sport and to | | The lamps are faintly gleaming, love | 18 |
| play | 175 | The ancients, so the story goes, when dead, were | |
| Lady bright | 182 | turned to flowers | 33 |

| | Page | | Page |
|---|------|--|------|
| The moon's eclipse proclaims our hunt..... | 51 | When mighty roast beef was an Englishman's food | 393 |
| 'Twas on Christmas day | 65 | When I got a sturdy lad..... | 423 |
| Time was when white hats they looked devilish funny..... | 90 | When wise man cleaveth to woman's side | 428 |
| The world full of wonders is grown..... | 106 | Why are you wandering here, I pray | 433 |
| 'Twas nine in the morning, nine lads from the city .. | 119 | When this old brush was new | 436 |
| The wheel of our life does so quickly turn round..... | 124 | When I was a youngster, our women were prudent | 445 |
| The frost was very hard, and the coals were very dear | 125 | Would you know, my friends, what the honeymoon is..... | 447 |
| Two nights to watch these gentlemen went | 139 | Yesterday the eclipse of the moon | 51 |
| Tom White thought the women were comical elves | 141 | You may, perhaps, a question ask what I'm about to sing, sir..... | 129 |
| Timothy loved young Susan, and Sue loved Timothy too | 148 | Ye mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex..... | 202 |
| The card invites, in crowds we fly | 151 | Young Belville wooed the gentle Jane | 222 |
| The head-ache tormenting, oh, dear | 156 | Ye streets and ways of London town | 226 |
| To arms, to arms, when captains cry..... | 157 | You ask for a song, and my muse it now dwells | 280 |
| This morning I sent by the coach | 159 | Ye flats, sharps, and rum ones, who make up this pother..... | 296 |
| 'Tis a very queer thing | 161 | You call me Mr. Pry | 300 |
| Through life's pursuit, when'er we start | 192 | Ye knowing boys, come, list to me | 302 |
| The gods, at a feast, to enliven the hour..... | 203 | Ya, hip! for Goldfinch there, make way | 314 |
| The guardian, dear sir, or, if you would rather | 207 | Ye zephyrs gay, that fan the air..... | 327 |
| The pleasures of Margate I sing | 224 | You're a fine one, are you not..... | 340 |
| To adultera'e still is the go | 227 | Yea, I fell in the pit of love..... | 353 |
| Though lovers, like marksmen, all aim at the heart | 240 | You put me in mind of a pantomime play | 367 |
| The world it goes round | 240 | You must have heard tell of a gamester, one Ber- verley..... | 370 |
| Though for its music | 265 | Young Love once fell through a straw-thatched shed. <i>A Parody</i> | 416 |
| They may talk of the pleasure of concert and ball .. | 282 | You come into the presence and there you do see .. | 425 |
| They say I'm mad..... | 288 | You've heard how, a few weeks ago..... | 431 |
| Those who may think a life at College | 289 | | |
| Tim Time, my masters, is my name | 294 | | |
| There's grinders enough, sirs, of ev'ry degree | 297 | | |
| Though born to be little's my fate | 299 | | |
| The sun's meridian fervid beam | 319 | | |
| To the muses dramatic I'm akin..... | 329 | | |
| The charges prepared, the lawyers met..... | 331 | | |
| To lessen my dismay | 333 | | |
| Though village delights may charm for a time | 334 | | |
| 'Twas ten o'clock one pitch-dark night..... | 334 | | |
| 'Tis a comical ditty I sing..... | 338 | | |
| The pleasures of life are in madness, no doubt | 364 | | |
| Thinks I to myself thinks I | 367 | | |
| There was an old chap in the west country | 381 | | |
| The sky with clouds was overcast..... | 385 | | |
| Think your tawny moor is true | 391 | | |
| The diligence is ready, boys | 408 | | |
| The whimsical lover's a prey to all care..... | 415 | | |
| When I was at home in my bed | 423 | | |
| Voice deep in love I got..... | 423 | | |
| Very near the vest end, though I must not tell where <i>A Medley</i> | 423 | | |
| When girls their charms develope | 2 | | |
| When winter is over | 25 | | |
| When yet but a boy | 29 | | |
| When ink to cream is churned..... | 34 | | |
| While moments of happiness glide on | 36 | | |
| When up to London first I came..... | 43 | | |
| When Eve and Adam first were wed | 50 | | |
| When first I went..... | 71 | | |
| When young I sung..... | 79 | | |
| Woman now by grace and feature | 92 | | |
| When great little Tom Thumb | 96 | | |
| Why ie ye in that ditch so snug..... | 103 | | |
| When I was a younker, and lived with my dad | 111 | | |
| What poet would engage | 114 | | |
| When little, I went to old Whack'em-well's school | 142 | | |
| Walk up now, each lady and gent..... | 156 | | |
| With a jolly knight in view that Shakspeare drew. | 168 | | |
| Women vary like the weather | 171 | | |
| When at school not a fool e'er was I | 185 | | |
| When in Jamaica I arrived | 193 | | |
| While pragmatical fools of dull politics prate | 197 | | |
| When a servant is lucky, and gets a good place | 200 | | |
| When Dolly Deckswab I meets down at the Gate .. | 201 | | |
| Will Putty was a glazier bold..... | 207 | | |
| When I was a chicken I went to school..... | 235 | | |
| Why, zounds! this can never be borne | 249 | | |
| While I touch the string. <i>A Parody</i> | 255 | | |
| When I see what he's about | 287 | | |
| When day-light breaks with winter's gloom. <i>A Parody</i> | 288 | | |
| What a rare seat of work in the world so wide | 291 | | |
| When first, and in a milliner's shop | 305 | | |
| What a mighty fine thing to be vested with powers | 308 | | |
| Where shall we go for the season, Lady Elinor..... | 324 | | |
| When I was at home in my father's snug dwelling | 335 | | |
| With spirits, then, Dicky mounts, since all are in their places | 340 | | |
| What, though I am not twenty | 352 | | |
| We have sung of George Barnwell, Othello | 354 | | |
| When up from boyhood first I grew | 361 | | |
| When I was a younker I first was apprenticed. <i>A Medley</i> | 364 | | |
| When I came on the world, without notice or home | 374 | | |
| We've rare species of monkeys, of sorts nearly twenty | 382 | | |
| Words, like fashions, have each had their day..... | 383 | | |
| When I was apprenticed, and learned my trade.... | 388 | | |
| | | When I got a sturdy lad..... | 423 |
| | | When wise man cleaveth to woman's side | 428 |
| | | Why are you wandering here, I pray | 433 |
| | | When this old brush was new | 436 |
| | | When I was a youngster, our women were prudent | 445 |
| | | Would you know, my friends, what the honeymoon is..... | 447 |
| | | Yesterday the eclipse of the moon | 51 |
| | | You may, perhaps, a question ask what I'm about to sing, sir..... | 129 |
| | | Ye mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex..... | 202 |
| | | Young Belville wooed the gentle Jane | 222 |
| | | Ye streets and ways of London town | 226 |
| | | You ask for a song, and my muse it now dwells | 280 |
| | | Ye flats, sharps, and rum ones, who make up this pother..... | 296 |
| | | You call me Mr. Pry | 300 |
| | | Ye knowing boys, come, list to me | 302 |
| | | Ya, hip! for Goldfinch there, make way | 314 |
| | | Ye zephyrs gay, that fan the air..... | 327 |
| | | You're a fine one, are you not..... | 340 |
| | | Yea, I fell in the pit of love..... | 353 |
| | | You put me in mind of a pantomime play | 367 |
| | | You must have heard tell of a gamester, one Ber- verley..... | 370 |
| | | Young Love once fell through a straw-thatched shed. <i>A Parody</i> | 416 |
| | | You come into the presence and there you do see .. | 425 |
| | | You've heard how, a few weeks ago..... | 431 |
| | | | |
| | | DUETS, TRIOS, GLEES, & CHORUSES. | |
| | | Ah, sir, how could you serve me so | 97 |
| | | Ah, when awakes the gay guitar | 93 |
| | | A suitor, Polly Hopkins, I come again, I come again | 90 |
| | | Away with fight and quarrel | 123 |
| | | As gilded barks that hover near | 217 |
| | | By the gentle vows of love..... | 21 |
| | | Bring the bowl which you boast | 326 |
| | | Before I fall to kissing you, girl | 346 |
| | | Brother goatherd, mark you me..... | 362 |
| | | Bring, bring the generous flask, to cheer | 371 |
| | | Bactria's sage, famed Zoroaster | 410 |
| | | Come, fill up, let a cup | 107 |
| | | Come along, Jemmy Twist, for this here is Chalk Farm | 187 |
| | | Come, laddies, haste away, haste away, haste away | 222 |
| | | Did tempests howl, thy fancied form..... | 224 |
| | | Deep within the dungeon's gloom..... | 314 |
| | | Dark is the night, the wind blows loud | 377 |
| | | Excuse a fond maiden's confession | 80 |
| | | Ere the stars of night arise | 325 |
| | | From the main-topmast head, as a sailor spied land | 94 |
| | | From break of the morning, were I with my love .. | 194 |
| | | For three hath Beauty decked her bower | 294 |
| | | For woman's sake, hur no more will grieve..... | 441 |
| | | Gaily round the flowing bowl (<i>a Parody</i>) | 45 |
| | | Good morning, dear..... | 62 |
| | | Good night, love, from over the main, good night.. | 119 |
| | | How should language speak the feeling..... | 86 |
| | | He lived with a master as rich as a Jew..... | 112 |
| | | Hope now so cheerily | 148 |
| | | Hail, masonry, hail! | 159 |
| | | How shall we pass our time? I'll tell ye | 411 |
| | | I must run away | 86 |
| | | I, my dear, was born to-day | 142 |
| | | I like each girl that I come near..... | 170 |
| | | In greenwood shade or winding dale | 198 |
| | | I've kissed and I've prattled with fifty fair maids .. | 231 |
| | | In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed | 248 |
| | | In fairness I speak, from my heart comes the offer. | 421 |
| | | In youth's cheerful season, the morning of life..... | 427 |
| | | Jolly friars tripped here | 37 |
| | | Love, inspiring love | 51 |
| | | Look round the earth, nor think it strange | 312 |
| | | Light as fairy foot can fall | 349 |
| | | Mynheer Vandunck, though he never was drunk.. | 103 |
| | | Merry gypsies all are we | 359 |
| | | Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger | 78 |
| | | O'er dreary wastes and deserts wild..... | 11 |
| | | Oh, love was never yet without | 69 |
| | | O'er the meadow, o'er the mountain | 125 |
| | | Oh, the jet-feathered raven, how lovely he look, ah! | 137 |
| | | Oh, let your hands assure the youth | 143 |
| | | Our wives at home, your husband gone | 168 |
| | | Oh, sir, can you tell..... | 183 |
| | | Oh, when the foe we meet, I know | 214 |
| | | O'er heath-covered mountains, when day is first dawning..... | 226 |
| | | Oh, strike the harp, oh, strike the harp | 277 |
| | | On the banks of sweet Garonne | 280 |
| | | On the billows as we roll..... | 282 |
| | | Oh, light and joyous was the day | 543 |
| | | Oh, stay, sweet fair, till day is breaking..... | 383 |

| | Page | | Page |
|---|------|---|------|
| Pray, sir, don't you be impudent | 3 | Slipt from her mother's apron-string | 58 |
| Pass the cup round, my hearts | 295 | Since custom commands us to give | 89 |
| See our sails, in swelling pride | 52 | Sweet sung the lark, high-poised in air | 304 |
| Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast | 85 | Since Zephyrus first tasted the charms of coy Flora | 308 |
| Sons of gaudy wealth, I'll not | 109 | Sam Splint, Dick Douse, Ben Brace, Tom Tow.... | 590 |
| See, the sun is brightly glowing | 201 | Sure, don't they call me Strawberry Pat..... | 410 |
| Sweet girl, kindly smile | 256 | This here's what I does,---I, d'ye see, forms a no- tion | 29 |
| See, the stormy cloud is past | 272 | The ladies' faces now-a-days | 49 |
| Sigh not, ye winds, as passing o'er..... | 350 | Then, let us rejoice, for old England, so glorious.. | 73 |
| Tap the tun, the oldest tun | 21 | This life is a lottery, wives are the prizes | 87 |
| 'Twixt the crown and the people were confidence dead | 62 | The Yarmouth-roads are right a-head | 126 |
| The wise men were but seven | 95 | 'Twas Saturday-night, the twinkling stars | 133 |
| The wind may blow | 100 | There's something in women their lovers engage.... | 137 |
| The violet, nursed in woodland wild..... | 124 | The tailor's gay daughter of our gay town | 180 |
| Through life as we steer | 149 | Tom Tackle was noble,---was true his word | 195 |
| Take thou this cup, with ruby wine o'erflowing..... | 247 | The wind was hushed, the fleecy wave | 223 |
| The kiss that's on thy lip impressed | 356 | The whitened breakers lashed the shore | 227 |
| Though hurricanes rattle and tempests appear | 393 | The decks were cleared, the gallant band | 234 |
| The maid who'd wish to slumber | 401 | The gallant soldier joyly comes | 268 |
| Vintage done and o'er..... | 381 | 'Twas landlady Meg that made such rum flip | 271 |
| Women and war alternate move..... | 11 | The weather, the land, and all those that dwell in it..... | 322 |
| Well met, brother sportsman, what say'st to the morn | 55 | The auctioneer mounts, and first hawing and hem- ming | 344 |
| While our bark cu's the seas | 108 | The village was jovial, the month was May | 340 |
| Who are you, my funny fellow..... | 138 | Tom Turnewell is my name, my boy | 339 |
| When Aurora's appearance, by Phœbus' rays brightened..... | 139 | 'Twas Saturday-night, six went the clock | 389 |
| Well met, pretty maid | 161 | Then zee ma doant despoise a frind..... | 423 |
| When we're married we'll see pleasure..... | 165 | 'Twas one day at Wapping, our dangers o'erhaul- ing | 443 |
| When the sunbeams round us play | 174 | When I comes to town with a load of hay | 7 |
| Without a companion, what's life but a heath | 130 | Would you see the world in little | 15 |
| When ev'ning's rays no more appear | 239 | What though from Venus Cupid sprung | 100 |
| We who labour rise betimes | 261 | We tars are all for fun and glee | 105 |
| White man, when him wife love anoder | 269 | When Yanko, dear, fight far away | 162 |
| When we first were man and wife | 276 | While up the shrouds the sailor goes | 163 |
| Who first will strike the deer..... | 295 | What if the sailor boldly goes | 178 |
| We soldiers think | 340 | With what hard terms fond lovers cope | 188 |
| Was it the nightingale's notes of love..... | 403 | Wine, the human soul inspires | 278 |
| When Lion Richard ruled, why then..... | 430 | With hound and horn each rosy morn | 281 |
| Yet I think there is a name..... | 395 | What harm, my face set to the weather | 379 |
| Zounds! Mr. Hompercy, no you hear de knocker going..... | 121 | Would you hear a sad story of wo | 404 |
| | | What thof I be a country-clown | 435 |
| | | While women, like soft music, charm | 447 |
| | | Young Mog arrived at woman's growth | 146 |
| | | Yanko he tell, and he no lie | 223 |

DIBDINS'.

SENTIMENTAL.

| | | | |
|--|-----|---|-----|
| A saying 'twas when I was young | 45 | Ah, drooping rose, thy leaves no more | 8 |
| A virtuous and a comely dame | 191 | Appealing language unto me | 12 |
| Ah, listen to a hapless story | 254 | As I've plodded my way to some far country- town | 28 |
| Alas, the battle's lost and won | 277 | Ah, what is Summer's gaudy geer | 90 |
| And did you hear what sad disaster | 445 | A thick twisted brake, in the time of a storm | 95 |
| But, perhaps, while those boldly exposing each elf Break off, break off, the signal hear | 155 | A gloom is on thy troubled heart, that shall not pass away | 96 |
| Come, courage, lads, and drink away | 207 | A thrush upon a cherry-tree | 205 |
| Come, all ye gemmen volunteers..... | 336 | At Congo, where we were ever gay | 276 |
| Cupid, cried Vulcan, 'tis no jest..... | 413 | Awake, ye drowsy swains, awake | 279 |
| Dear John, prithee tell me, cried Ruth | 25 | A poor orphan-gipsy, I haunt grove and dale..... | 288 |
| From the lark's playful notes in the morning..... | 253 | Are you angry, mother? No..... | 291 |
| Far removed from noise and smoke | 325 | Aye, go into thy tomb | 308 |
| For I am the girl that was made for my Joe | 332 | A traveller full forty years I have been | 311 |
| Hast e'er seen a hen on hot griddle | 215 | All hail to the patriot, the wise, and the bold | 316 |
| I'm jolly Dick, the lamplighter | 18 | An orphan unfriended, I roam the large town | 320 |
| Io sono moosic maestro Jose come de St. Fiorenza.. | 52 | Ah! what does it avail now..... | 339 |
| I sing of a war set on foot for a toy | 199 | As we goatherds trudge along | 368 |
| Is't my story you'd know, I was Patrick Malrooney I be one of those sailors who think it no lie | 203 | Ah! what charms to gentle rest? | 415 |
| I went to sea with heavy heart | 300 | A stranger rung at a castle-gate | 418 |
| In former times, I've heard it said | 303 | A poor unprotected and fatherless boy | 445 |
| I pray you, when your sweet heart pouts..... | 330 | Be merry all, be merry all | 68 |
| I sailed from the Downs in the Nancy | 339 | Bright be thy dreams, may all thy weeping | 90 |
| I sing Ulysses and those chiefs who, out of near a million | 341 | Beneath the inhuman planter's lash | 165 |
| If tars of their money are lavish | 355 | Behold the man that is unlucky | 202 |
| I am a chairman, my name is M'Gee..... | 364 | Bleak in the valley blew the wind | 268 |
| I've ranged o'er creation | 372 | Blooming as May full oft was seen | 287 |
| I'm called honest Ben, but for what I don't know.. | 400 | Bird of wonder, Nature's darling | 408 |
| If, my hearty, you'd not like a lubber appear | 427 | Behold yon gettle rustic swain | 437 |
| Jack Ratlin was the ablest seaman | 117 | Buy a broom, buy a broom, buy a broom | 442 |
| Jack vowed, Old England left behind | 317 | Cheerful on this holiday | 113 |
| Labour, lads, e'er youth be gone | 36 | Come, cross my hand, my art surpasses | 139 |
| Love great Achilles taught to sew | 76 | Come, music, thy sprightliest notes employ | 193 |
| Let bucks and let bloods to praise London agree.... | 168 | Come near to me, my gentle girl | 215 |
| I look fairly all the world around | 319 | Come, buy of poor Mary, primroses I sell | 231 |
| My name's, d'ye see, Tom Tough, I've seed a little sarvice | 83 | Chill, chill sweeps the bitter wind through the bare grove | 243 |
| Ma'am Vandercrout, her weeds quite new..... | 95 | Did you mark the young rose? | 15 |
| My lord, and please you, he and I | 394 | Dark and drear was the day when we left our loved isle | 70 |
| Master Jenkins smoked his pipe | 397 | Darkness is on the wave | 103 |
| Mister Simpkin lived at Leeds, and he had a wife beside | 417 | Don't you remember a poor peasant's daughter .. | 143 |
| Oh, near is the cot of sweet Kathlane the fair | 55 | Drifted snow no more is seen | 353 |
| Poor Orra, tink of Yanko dear..... | 131 | Dull reflector of odd faces | 329 |
| Patrick O'Row is my name | 166 | | |
| Poll, dang it, how d'ye do? | 401 | | |
| Rail on at joys that are not thine | 124 | | |
| Shon, pring te task, te moosic-pook | 5 | | |

| | Page | | Page |
|---|------|--|------|
| Dear is my little native vale | 354 | Oh! open the door, thou dear unkind..... | 302 |
| Farewell to Northmaven | 67 | Once light-winged Love and Friendship flying | 303 |
| Flow on, thou shining river..... | 70 | O, 'tis pleasant to float on the sea | 306 |
| Fair wisdom, love, and power were mine | 84 | One day, when to Jove the black list was presented | 327 |
| Farewell, merry maidens, to dance, song, and laugh..... | 128 | Oh! roses are sweet on the beds where they grow | 336 |
| Flow on thy way, thou pearly tear | 148 | Oh! haste to the gipsy's cot to-night | 348 |
| For tenderness framed in life's earliest day | 286 | Ours is a life of bliss and joy | 351 |
| Fair liberty, whom Heaven gave..... | 316 | Of all my happiest hours of joy | 394 |
| Fair lady, though low is our cot in the vale | 390 | Oh, tell me, Memory! no more..... | 432 |
| Friend of the wretch who claims no other friend..... | 427 | O! Memory, thou fond deceiver | 440 |
| Gentle friend, I know thy heart | 31 | Oh! would 'twere my lot to bring back to his bosom | 447 |
| Good night all..... | 62 | Phœbus, meaner themes disdainng | 80 |
| Gem of the crimson-coloured even | 74 | Poor child, how contented it sleeps | 213 |
| Go, pluck the rose from yonder tree | 187 | Pleasure, goddess all divine | 284 |
| Great Jove, the protector of our happy land | 206 | Spirit of song, which erst hath raised | 30 |
| How short is life's uncertain space | 8 | Stop, boy, lay by that murd'ring gun | 39 |
| Happy the man must pass his life..... | 61 | Sweet hard of wo | 42 |
| Hark, how sweet the woodlark sings..... | 72 | Say, what shall be our sport to-day..... | 57 |
| Here, here sleeps the spouse of my love | 76 | Sorrow hath twined a wreath for me | 58 |
| Here rests her form 'neath the clay-cold sod | 86 | Scarce had the purple gleam of day..... | 111 |
| How oft we view without a sigh | 98 | Sweet flower, in what secluded dell..... | 120 |
| Happy the man whose wish and care..... | 144 | Some women take delight in dress | 126 |
| Here around the brisk hearth, where the huge rag- got's placed | 232 | See, how the calmly-swelling seas..... | 131 |
| Hail, pretty emblem of my fate | 270 | Since the gladsome hour at length arrives | 203 |
| How happy a state does a miller possess..... | 300 | Sweet Music's aid we haply share | 232 |
| Here, by Oberon's command | 323 | Sportive smiles and mirthful measures | 274 |
| Happy were the days from infancy advancing | 327 | Sutta home she fly now | 342 |
| Hail, faithful pair! your woes are ended..... | 338 | Sister, I have loved thee well | 358 |
| How dear is our own native land | 363 | Sing a sweet melodious measure..... | 389 |
| How prone is the bosom to sigh | 406 | Sleep on, sleep on, sweet babe, beguile | 421 |
| Hail to thee, England, blest isle of the ocean | 434 | The weary woodman worn with toil..... | 31 |
| Hail, land of my birth, ever jocund and gay | 441 | The woodlark sings his wild note song | 55 |
| In pity, hear my tender tale | 19 | Through the sunset of hope | 65 |
| If my purse is light, why my heart is light | 79 | The eastern portals open wide | 73 |
| I may deserve the fate I share | 90 | The brighter hours of life are past | 89 |
| I travelled among unknown men | 122 | Thus the midnight-tempest raging | 96 |
| In the days of old age, when I find I'm declining | 139 | 'Twas eve, the lover's sacred hour | 101 |
| I have looked into life, and with truth I can say | 240 | 'Twas not the flatterer's wily tongue | 108 |
| In Shakspeare's all-enlightened school | 248 | To Wisdom I proffered my vow | 109 |
| If Nature in thy bosom dwells | 249 | Thy way along life's bright path lies | 138 |
| In early days when Hope was young | 206 | Thou'st scorned the heart that was sincere | 145 |
| In some emblem of life every wit has his jest | 311 | The glory of evening was spread through the west | 152 |
| In my pleasant native plains | 329 | 'Twas down in the meadows of Somersetshire | 153 |
| I come from a land far away | 376 | The free-born soldier smiles at fear | 164 |
| In this lottery of life should dame Fortune beguile | 413 | The blackbird pipes his evening lay | 182 |
| I've been roaming, I've been roaming | 420 | Through life's pursuit what'er we start | 192 |
| I love to see at early morn | 431 | To the breast fraught with feeling for misery's tear | 196 |
| I talked to my fluttering heart..... | 443 | The rose of the valley | 212 |
| In this vain busy world where the good and the gay | 447 | The power that created the night and the day | 225 |
| Let Venus spread beauty to fetter mankind..... | 118 | Though destined afar from our country to roam | 226 |
| Long I've been an orphan poor | 166 | The shipwrecked sailor, cast from off the strand..... | 239 |
| Lovely lily of the vale | 312 | To be always good-natur'd seems not over-wise | 258 |
| Look round the world—view high, view low | 430 | Thy glory in war let those proudly proclaim | 263 |
| Mournfully tracing the times that are gone | 14 | Thrice happy the nation that Shakspeare has charmed | 265 |
| My native hills, my native hills! | 80 | The virgin, when softened by May | 275 |
| My misse sad, weep all day long..... | 252 | Tremble, ye genti, in your caves..... | 292 |
| Mourn, thou poor heart, for the joys that are dead | 293 | This is the hour when memory wakes | 297 |
| My Arab, my noble steed..... | 305 | Thrice aloud the trumpets sound | 299 |
| Music, how powerful is thy charm | 330 | There was a jolly mallet once..... | 306 |
| Memory, thou bane or blessing... .. | 338 | Two gods, to pass an hour or so | 320 |
| Not faster yonder rowers might | 36 | The days of the valley are o'er | 327 |
| No fish stir in our evening net..... | 72 | The clouds they hung heavy and chill | 346 |
| November's hail-cloud drifts away..... | 95 | Though neither in silks nor in satins I'm seen | 367 |
| Now, yield thee, sir knight o' the heather bell..... | 108 | The son of Tiboro, when torn from his wife | 378 |
| No sculptured marble marks the spot..... | 155 | The mother died when the child was born | 385 |
| Now the wintry storms are o'er..... | 222 | 'Tis night, the mercenary tyrant sleep | 396 |
| Near these rugged towers | 279 | The traveller on his weary way | 397 |
| Now the lengthening shadows show | 347 | There was a time e'er sorrow | 406 |
| Near bowery Richmond, Thames's pride | 368 | The sultry noon cries-- while they last | 414 |
| O, ye who can feel for the offspring of grief..... | 3 | Though far from home, from Britain far | 416 |
| On one parent stalk, two white roses were growing | 12 | Though darkness still attends me | 423 |
| O come to the grove, where the cypress-bough, shading..... | 43 | There is a tear from Beauty's eye | 439 |
| Once proud, noble land! for empire and glory..... | 55 | The aerial lark, at dawn of morn | 444 |
| Oh, Liberty! | 57 | When first we joyous met | 35 |
| Oh! mark that green mound 'mid the brown moor- land heath..... | 71 | When the village is wrapt in quiet sleep | 40 |
| O lovely were the summer hours of innocence and youth..... | 80 | When vegetation from the new-formed earth | 63 |
| Oh! slumber, my darling..... | 105 | When Britain on her sea-girt shore | 86 |
| Our bold-hearted lords of yore..... | 111 | When man first, like a blade of grass | 92 |
| Oh! say not that my heart is dead..... | 125 | When avarice enslaves the mind | 99 |
| O'er the vast surface of the deep | 156 | What cares surround a monarch's brow | 110 |
| Oh! thou Atlantic, dark and deep | 181 | While the blushes of morning fall soft o'er the dale | 126 |
| Oh! blest be the spot where the patriot reposes..... | 194 | While I'm blest with health and plenty | 134 |
| Oh! did you not hear a voice of death? | 201 | When foaming waves contrary beat..... | 137 |
| One sunny evening, to a bower of brown inwoven shade..... | 216 | When Adam delved and Eve span..... | 141 |
| Of woman's smile, and woman's charms | 232 | While I sweep the chords | 157 |
| Oft, in the stilly night..... | 250 | When the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen | 153 |
| Old England, thy stamina never has yielded | 251 | Welcome, welcome, lovely comer | 169 |
| Our bark did swiftly glide | 264 | What different tracks do mortals take | 173 |
| Ocean! thou mighty monster, that liest curled | 275 | Who'd know the sweets of liberty..... | 184 |
| O'er the wild heath and the mountains so bleak..... | 286 | When the sunbeams of joy gild the morn of our days..... | 191 |
| | | When the bonny grey morning just peeps through the skies..... | 219 |
| | | When the grey eye of morn peeps out from the east | 245 |

| | Page | | Page |
|--|------|---|------|
| While Fortune's wheel deceptive turns | 251 | From my dear native village a long time away | 448 |
| When the heart of a man is depressed with deep care | 252 | Have you seen sweet Peg of Mallow | 31 |
| When Virtue dwells within the heart | 255 | How briskly jogs our thinking | 202 |
| When the twilight is dying | 291 | I first courted Judy Magrath, at her mother's | 9 |
| Whilst some of the ancients are lavish in praise | 324 | I'm sure you've all heard of Miss Biddy O'Dogherty | 36 |
| Whilst in the world, my days I past | 333 | I was born up and bred in Arklow | 58 |
| Whilst happy in my native land | 336 | If my own botheration don't alter my plan | 144 |
| When sprites unholy vigils keep | 343 | In old Ireland, you'll know | 148 |
| Weep, for the word is spoken | 346 | I'm Patrick O'Flann, a great genius from Cork | 180 |
| When Cupids leave the virgin's face | 352 | I'm a comical fellow, I tell you no fib | 235 |
| While Richard's spirits languish | 356 | In Sligo's neat town, one fine summer's day | 237 |
| Would you know true enjoyment, come list to my lay | 369 | I've been told I'm the son of my father and mo- ther | 256 |
| When Adam dwelt in Eden's bower | 377 | I listed with old blinking Barney | 270 |
| What creature's that so fierce and bold | 399 | In the city of Derry | 296 |
| When the sigh and the tear, sweet harper, betray | 403 | I'm in the clear | 301 |
| What is there in this foolish life | 499 | I had an Irishman born, and they christened me Pat | 315 |
| When first my eyes discovered day | 432 | I courted the lasses, and toasted in glasses | 345 |
| Yes, yes! be merciless, thou tempest dire | 437 | In the land of Hibernia, young Pat drew his breath | 424 |
| Young Damon of the vale is dead | 18 | Jolly Pat Clancey was, indeed, very civil | 395 |
| Youth, dear season of fond pleasure | 22 | Kilkenny is a handsome place | 377 |
| Ye step-sons of Fortune, who long have seen clouded | 37 | Let foreigners boast of their country so fine | 94 |
| Ye Britons, venerate this tree | 63 | My love, still I think I see her once more | 16 |
| Ye sweetly ring, my native bells | 221 | Mr. Michael O'Muff, by his trade and profession .. | 278 |
| Ye children of pleasure, come hither and see | 259 | Mayn't a man sing of himself, if he has been mighty? | 386 |
| Yes, I will leave the festive scene | 259 | My grandame was as light a lass | 389 |
| | 340 | My name is tight Phelim, I'm come from the sod .. | 444 |
| | | Oh! go to Ireland, now, my dear | 11 |
| | | Oh! there was a poor man | 45 |
| | | One night, about five in the morn | 47 |
| | | Oh! Judy Rooney, neat and tight | 63 |
| | | Oh, dear! oh, dear! what a phillilu now I am in | 99 |
| | | Old father Mackshane, he was holy and fat | 109 |
| | | Oh; in Leinster, I had a young creature, my sweetheart | 120 |
| | | Oh, here's Barney Maclean keeps the sign of the Pot | 124 |
| | | Oh, whack! Cupid's a manakin | 129 |
| | | Oh! Erin, my country, although thy harp slum- bers | 132 |
| | | Oh, whisky's the Devil, an Irish-an's evil | 220 |
| | | Oh! Ireland the place is for Grecians and graces .. | 225 |
| | | Oh! the land of sweet Erin's the land of delight .. | 294 |
| | | Oh! when a boy, so tight and neat | 326 |
| | | Oh! wonders that grow in Kilkenny, so clever | 331 |
| | | Oh! I sing of the charms of my Nan | 347 |
| | | Oh! I sing of a wedding, and that at Dunleary .. | 368 |
| | | Oh, Judy! my darling, now don't you be cruel .. | 380 |
| | | Pat Crack was a boy, whom his mammy loved well | 4 |
| | | Paddy Shanon, high-mounted on his trotting little pony | 113 |
| | | Phelim O'Flann is my name | 116 |
| | | Pat Bray he loved Peggy as well as the whisky .. | 228 |
| | | Poor Dennis O'Lary had, ere he would marry | 391 |
| | | Paddy loves a shamrock | 406 |
| | | Sweet Katy O'Lynch lived at Ballinahinch | 70 |
| | | Saint Patrick was an honest soul | 85 |
| | | Since epilogue-speaking to me is quite new | 101 |
| | | Search all the world over, through all times and ages | 112 |
| | | Since Ted over the bog has taken a jog | 247 |
| | | There's a sweet little island, that's seen in the west | 17 |
| | | There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet. <i>A</i> <i>Parody</i> | 107 |
| | | The night before Larry was stretched | 140 |
| | | The savage loves his native shore | 176 |
| | | Tip the whisky round | 181 |
| | | The cats on the tiles are squalling, love | 235 |
| | | The evening-siar is brightly drest | 244 |
| | | 'Twas yesterday-noon, at dark | 328 |
| | | To win and to wear a sweet creature | 416 |
| | | To fight for Old England, says Teddy O'Casey .. | 422 |
| | | When old daddy Neptune lived over the water | 41 |
| | | When I was a serving my time in Drogheda | 49 |
| | | When Erin rose at Jove's command | 127 |
| | | When I was at home, in old Ireland, so frisky | 135 |
| | | Wherever I'm going, and all the day long | 262 |
| | | When I was first kittened, it was in Kilkenny .. | 306 |
| | | While midnight-topers their bottles drain | 403 |
| | | When I peeped at sweet Nature, I wanted a nose .. | 413 |
| | | When talking of bulls, only mention our fore- fathers | 418 |
| | | You never did hear of an Irishman's fear | 89 |
| | | You may talk about mimics who take people off .. | 170 |
| ANCIENT. | | | |
| Ah, when will this long weary day have an end .. | 279 | | |
| Ask me no more where Jove bestows | 347 | | |
| Blow, Boreas, blow, and let the surly winds | 170 | | |
| Do not think that love is less | 46 | | |
| Good muse, rock me asleep | 425 | | |
| Hence, all ye vain delights | 236 | | |
| Honest lover, whosoever | 441 | | |
| I grant a thousand oaths I swore | 25 | | |
| In a vale, closed with woodland, where grottos abound | 411 | | |
| Love is a sickness, full of woes | 59 | | |
| Love has still something of the sea | 376 | | |
| Now tell me, artist, can she love? | 108 | | |
| O Fortune, how thy restless wavering state | 71 | | |
| Oh, mistress mine, where are you roaming? | 136 | | |
| Pack clouds away, and welcome day | 359 | | |
| Shall I tell you whom I love? | 93 | | |
| Stay, stay, shut the gates | 148 | | |
| Stay, O sweet, and do not rise | 167 | | |
| Shall I, wasting in despair | 219 | | |
| The heavens carouse each day a cup | 27 | | |
| 'Tis not your saying that you love | 118 | | |
| Time, I ever must complain | 137 | | |
| The glories of our birth and state | 182 | | |
| Thou blushing rose, within whose virgin leaves .. | 198 | | |
| To find my Tom of Bedlam, ten thousand years I'd travel | 252 | | |
| Thou ever youthful God of Wine | 267 | | |
| Thursday in the morn, the ides of May | 387 | | |
| The mist is gone that bleared my eyes | 403 | | |
| Who has e'er been at Baldock must needs know the mill | 165 | | |
| When all is done and said | 253 | | |
| When May is in his prime | 299 | | |
| Why I tie about thy wrist | 396 | | |
| You meaner beauties of the night | 310 | | |
| Youth made a fault through lightness of belief .. | 312 | | |
| IRISH. | | | |
| At the side of a road, near the bridge of Drum- condra | 19 | | |
| Ah! who is this, whose thrilling tones | 77 | | |
| All you that are wise, and think life worth enjoy- ing | 155 | | |
| As I strayed on the common on Cork's rugged bor- der | 185 | | |
| Assist me, ye lads, who have hearts void of guile .. | 190 | | |
| As blunders in Ireland most rarely are found .. | 247 | | |
| At the dead of the night, when by whisky inspired .. | 265 | | |
| As neat a young lad as e'er danced on the soil | 304 | | |
| Arrah, fait! but the poet's a fool, here | 358 | | |
| All Irishmen, honey, are comical boys | 442 | | |
| By the side of the Ganges, whose mystical wave .. | 78 | | |
| Behold the crowded barks that bear | 206 | | |
| Come, shamrock of Erin, come close to my heart .. | 352 | | |
| Dear Jim, this black jack, now so full of stout whisky | 91 | | |
| Don't now be after being coy | 211 | | |
| 'Ere Liffey's waters meet the tide | 64 | | |
| For tightness, for brightness | 163 | | |
| Farewell to the damp bog, where first I ate pap .. | 286 | | |
| First Norman Will made Britons feel | 350 | | |
| Faith, you must know, I once was born | 372 | | |
| From Dublin to England I lately came over | 430 | | |
| JEW'S. | | | |
| Come, customers, round my shop flock | 54 | | |
| Dere's no Jew | 102 | | |
| Dere vas a maid, she vas a Jewess | 229 | | |
| In Plymouth I vas bred | 8 | | |
| I'm a merry old Jew pedlar as pe | 204 | | |

| | |
|---|-----|
| I lodges in Duke's Place | 356 |
| I've been roaming. I've been roaming. <i>A Parody</i> .. | 402 |
| They call me Smouchey Abrahams, and say I am a Jew | 278 |
| 'Twas the top of the morning, so pleasant and clear | 374 |
| Vat ish v'omans when you try her | 40 |
| Vat though our grey-beard Rabbis say | 242 |
| Vat a troublesome tog, sure, my husband has got .. | 650 |

MASONIC.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Assist me, ye fair tuneful nine..... | 214 |
| All ye, who to freemasons are elevated | 438 |
| Brother masons assembled, as freemasons should be | 341 |
| Come, are ye prepared..... | 132 |
| Come, follow, follow me | 661 |
| Come, all ye smiling through | 332 |
| From henceforth ever sing | 81 |
| Fill, brother, fill to the brim..... | 198 |
| Grant me, kind heaven, what I request..... | 152 |
| Grave business being o'er, and a call from the south | 492 |
| How glorious their virtue who nobly contrive | 101 |
| Happy, happy mortals rise..... | 164 |
| Hail to the order first endowed on earth..... | 277 |
| Hail to the great masonic powers | 392 |
| Let masons be merry each night when they meet .. | 122 |
| Some folks have with curious impertinence strove.. | 251 |
| Should the muse of our master be silent to-day | 297 |
| Thus mighty eastern kings, and some | 180 |
| The curious vulgar could ne'er devise | 373 |
| Whilst each poet sings | 4 |
| When the Deity's word | 90 |
| While arts and sciences do lie | 38 |
| With plumb, level, and square, to work let's repair | 53 |
| Who is the man will let me know..... | 229 |
| When great George our king a freemason became.. | 407 |
| You cowers together, both ancient and young..... | 309 |
| Ye sons of St. George, whose attention and care.... | 358 |

MILITARY.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Aúieu, sweet maid, 'tis glory's call | 114 |
| At the name of the veteran, what bosom but glows. | 174 |
| A jolly old farmer was soaking his clay..... | 229 |
| A soldier wooed a peerless maid | 939 |
| A soldier to his own fireside | 391 |
| Briskly beat the hollow drum | 120 |
| Behold poor W'rl, just come from drill | 345 |
| Hearts, like ours, should ne'er have leisure | 24 |
| Hark! the muffled drum sounds the last march of the brave..... | 35 |
| Hark! the drum now beats to arms | 110 |
| Hark! heard ye not those hoofs of dreadful note .. | 197 |
| He was famed for deeds of arms..... | 420 |
| My tight fellow-soldiers, prepare for your foes | 186 |
| Now without any doubt..... | 62 |
| Oh! calm are the sweets that the hamlet adorn .. | 46 |
| Oh! have you ne'er heard of old Corporal Firelock | 310 |
| Of a nation of generals, noble and great | 361 |
| Sleep, soldier, sleep, in the bed of the brave..... | 136 |
| Spread the flag, and strike up with the fife and the drum | 191 |
| Soldier, rest, thy warfare o'er | 344 |
| The soldier who to battle goes | 42 |
| To battle called when chivalry was young | 88 |
| Though distant from thee and the wild waves of ocean | 96 |
| The trumpet may summon the soldier afar | 175 |
| The trumpet sounds from afar | 220 |
| The soldier who starts when the trumpet of war | 244 |
| 'Tis glory forms the soldier's toil | 353 |
| The trumpet sounds, I must obey..... | 414 |
| Weep, my country, weep, your glory | 2 |
| When for our laws and native land | 14 |
| Where now is flown the warrior's soul..... | 16 |
| What joy can compare with the life of the soldier.. | 73 |
| Warriors or chiefs, should the shaft or the sword.. | 278 |
| What a charming thing's a battle..... | 311 |
| While laurel crowned his gallant brow..... | 359 |
| When first I heard the drum and fife..... | 379 |
| We soldiers drink or soldiers sing | 402 |
| Ye British patriots, whose breasts can feel | 189 |
| Yes, even love to fame must yield..... | 273 |

NAVAL.

| | |
|---|-----|
| All hands up aloft, swab the couch fore and aft | 67 |
| A boat, a boat was called from shore | 124 |
| All you that are wise, and think life worth enjoying | 155 |
| Adieu to Old England, and thou, my sweet Mary .. | 284 |
| Avast, no flat you'll find in me..... | 286 |
| A wet sheet and a flowing sea..... | 294 |
| A bankrupt in trade, fortune smiling on shore | 315 |
| Aboard of my 'true love's' ship I'll go | 335 |
| As brisk and as merry a fellow | 437 |
| Blue eyes had gentle Ellen | 179 |
| Rorn aboard a man-of-war | 157 |
| Born at sea, and my cradle a frigate..... | 219 |
| Blue Peter at the mast-head flew | 414 |
| Come, all ye jolly sailors bold | 24 |

| | |
|---|-----|
| Come, bustle, bustle, Britons bold | 158 |
| Chicka lik' a sailor man..... | 187 |
| Come, if you dare, our trumpets sound | 319 |
| Come, pretty Poll, thy trumps refrain | 565 |
| Dear Sally, behold me returned from the wars | 43 |
| Early one morning a jolly brisk tar | 299 |
| Full sixteen years I ploughed the faithless ocean.... | 154 |
| From a long voyage, when homeward steering | 206 |
| Err at way at sea, where at home I've been-ee | 66 |
| How blest are we seamen, how joyful and gay | 397 |
| Homeward bound before the gale | 419 |
| I'm returned from the ocean again, my brave boys.. | 34 |
| In the course of my life I've seen many nations ... | 78 |
| I've sailed round the world, viewed all nations and climes | 143 |
| I am a jolly roving tar..... | 259 |
| Indeed I must own they are Christians by name.... | 362 |
| I once was a seaman, as jolly a blade..... | 384 |
| I'm honest Jack of Plymouth-dock | 446 |
| Mat Mizen's my name, and many a year | 14 |
| My boys, would you know how our ship got her name..... | 168 |
| My mother got married, my father got me | 329 |
| My heart was low, the wind was high..... | 409 |
| Ned Flint was loved by all the ship | 373 |
| Night had spread her heaviest glooms..... | 428 |
| On shore the tar forgets both wealth and fame | 11 |
| Of Britain's future hopes I sing | 38 |
| Our ship in port, our anchor cast | 132 |
| Once more I've returned to my own native shore.... | 249 |
| Over the ocean and over the land | 278 |
| O you, whose lives on land are passed | 319 |
| Sam Shift is my name, you must know | 3 |
| Scarce had the tempest ceased to roar | 9 |
| Seven wives in my time, d'ye see, I have had | 26 |
| Speed thee well, mariner, through the dark wave.. | 91 |
| Since, Jack, don't be a railer | 200 |
| Since Fortune, Polly, has been kind | 211 |
| Sam Spritsail's a lad you'd delight in..... | 217 |
| Sam Sailyard loved Sally, the girl of his heart..... | 298 |
| Since freedom first dawned on Britain's fair isle ... | 383 |
| The sun that on my native isle | 29 |
| The rose had sipped the early dew | 56 |
| To England's towers of oak, farewell..... | 62 |
| 'Tisn't the jacket or trousers blue | 83 |
| The seas were smooth, the winds were low | 83 |
| The storm is up, the wind is loud | 137 |
| The British flag shall still retain..... | 142 |
| The sailor cast on some lone shore | 171 |
| The tempest had ceased, and our ship was secured.. | 244 |
| This life is an ocean we must scud through | 262 |
| Two real tars whom duty called | 267 |
| The lass for a sailor is lively and free | 326 |
| Though Emma's polished verse superior shine | 350 |
| Time was when first I sought employ..... | 342 |
| The night comes on without a star | 358 |
| Thus, thus, my boys, our anchor's weighed | 407 |
| The sails are spread, the anchor's weighed | 423 |
| The waves may cancel every trace..... | 442 |
| The sailors bold at dangers smile | 448 |
| When whistling winds are heard to blow | 16 |
| When bending o'er the lofty yard | 102 |
| When Mat Marline the shores of Albion left, sighing | 134 |
| When foaming waves contrary beat | 137 |
| When on board of the Dreadnought, Ben Bowling and I..... | 140 |
| When Will Fanlove who glowed with love's soft emotion..... | 146 |
| Would you know, pretty Nan, how we pass our time | 183 |
| Wait, ye winds, till I repeat | 185 |
| When Neptune our isle from the deep had surveyed | 298 |
| When duty called I sailed away | 231 |
| When we touched at Spithead from a seven years' cruise..... | 245 |
| When first I met Nan of St. Catharine's..... | 264 |
| When the world first begun, and some folks say before..... | 309 |
| Would you know what is called the boast of a tar.. | 312 |
| When angry nations rush to arms | 322 |
| When on board of the Hector I first went to sea.. | 335 |
| When the sails are furled and the watch is set..... | 343 |
| When laurelled Nelson, on Trafalgar's day | 349 |
| When we sailors, lad, first put to sea | 357 |
| What cheer, my honest messmates..... | 432 |
| When Neptune in his crystal grot | 435 |

SCOTCH.

| | |
|---|-----|
| And where are you going, he said, pretty maid.... | 102 |
| A youth benighted sought a cot | 348 |
| Argyle is my name, and you may think it strange.. | 421 |
| An' thou wert my ain thing..... | 427 |
| Bonnie lassie, will you go..... | 93 |
| By yon castle wa' at the close of the day..... | 221 |
| Bonny is the highland lad | 228 |
| By the green verdant banks of the clear winding Leven..... | 264 |

| | Page | | Page |
|--|------|---|------|
| Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie..... | 400 | Hark away to the horn's mellow note | 228 |
| But I will see that face so meek | 409 | Hark, hark ye, how echoes the horn in the vale | 260 |
| Chase away those anxious cares | 21 | Hark, hark, my boys, the new-born day | 274 |
| Caledonians, brave and bold | 195 | Hark, hark, I think I hear the horn | 318 |
| Dear doctor, be clever, and fling off your beaver | 33 | Here, beneath the cypress, pour the silent tear | 342 |
| Donald's a shentleman, and evermore shall | 376 | Hark, the jovial bugle sounds | 394 |
| Fate gave the word, the arrow sped | 140 | I'm a sportsman, 'tis true | 84 |
| From the climes of the sun all was worn and weary | 295 | I court not wealth, I court not power | 344 |
| Forlorn, my love, no comfort near | 334 | I in those flowery meads would be | 397 |
| Farewell, dearest Scotia, adieu to thy bowers | 362 | John, John, go and saddle my steed | 128 |
| How blithe hae I been with my Sandy | 26 | Last Valentine's day, when bright Phœbus shone clear | 99 |
| I've spent my life in rioting | 47 | Let's over the hills, my brave boys, to the chase | 163 |
| Ize a blithe and winsome lass | 144 | Let us haste and join the chase | 323 |
| I lately lived in quiet ease | 186 | Let philosophers boast of their wisdom profound | 358 |
| I canno' like ye, gentle sir | 300 | Now peeps the ruddy dawn on the mountain's top | 110 |
| Jenny loved her Sandy well | 232 | Now Aurora is up, the sweet goddess of day | 327 |
| Jean Anderson, my dear Jean | 238 | Now night her dusky mantle furls | 376 |
| Kirkaldy is a bonny place | 325 | O'er the plain see the pack how they bound | 103 |
| Let them boast of the country gave Pa'rick his birth | 6 | O'f horses and hounds who scud o'er the plains | 178 |
| My Jamie is a bonny boy, a bonny boy is he | 122 | Oh, on to the chase, for the bugles are sounding | 332 |
| My father cries, Jenny, 'tis time you should wed | 190 | Oh, life's a gay forest, like merry Sherwood | 445 |
| March, march, Ettrick and Tiviotdale | 242 | Prepare to the field, my brave boys, haste away | 87 |
| My father has forty good shilling | 399 | Rejoice, brother sportsmen, there sets August's sun | 420 |
| Now westlin winds and slaughtering guns | 374 | Swift from the covert the merry pack flew | 35 |
| Oh! aft I've thought upon the hours | 31 | See, see how the steeds scamper over the plains | 79 |
| O! May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet | 61 | Sportsmen, away, the morning air | 202 |
| O, long and dreary is the night | 76 | Though your wealth be a mountain | 5 |
| O, listen, listen, and I'll tell ye | 166 | The toils are pitched and the stakes are set | 93 |
| O send Lewie Gordon hame | 205 | When over the mountain's brow peeps the young morn | 38 |
| O, Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me | 234 | The hunter's ready | 67 |
| O, listen, listen, ladies gay | 238 | The last of the deer on our board has been spread | 104 |
| O, wert thou in the cauld blast | 291 | To your steeds, my bold comrades, let us away | 135 |
| O Tweed, gentle Tweed, I pass your green vales | 295 | The sable-clad curtains undrawn | 108 |
| O'er the mist shrouded cliffs of the low mountain straying | 419 | To the woods and the fields, my brave boys, haste away | 218 |
| O wull ye gang wi' me, lassie | 436 | To chase o'er the plains the fox or the hare | 233 |
| Pledge to the much-loved land that gave us birth | 425 | Through the forest we roam, to hunt the wild boar | 246 |
| She is a winsome wee thing | 44 | Thrice welcome, ye fair, who attend at our call | 339 |
| Smile again, my bonnie lassie | 133 | The slow rising morn glads the top of the hill | 372 |
| Sair, sair was my heart, when I parted frae my Jean | 264 | The sunbeams tint the upland hills | 407 |
| Saw ye nae my Peggy | 351 | Up, up, my brave boys, to the chase, to the chase | 436 |
| Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, dearest creature | 384 | Would you taste the perfume of the morn | 12 |
| Sit ye down here, my cronies, and gie me your crack | 431 | When first I strove to win the prize | 94 |
| The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning | 10 | When the southern breezes play | 167 |
| Thy Highland home, where tempests roar | 116 | When Phœbus begins just to peep o'er the hills | 211 |
| The lovely moon had climbed the hill | 213 | What is a pleasant sport? | 253 |
| The morn had climbed the highest hill | 213 | Ye sportsmen all, attend to the call | 32 |
| 'Twas on the morn of sweet May-day | 246 | Ye darksome woods, where I clo' dwells | 59 |
| There were three kings lived in the east | 250 | Ye bold sons of Nimrod, who follow the chase | 169 |
| 'I was in that season of the year | 340 | Ye young cockney-sportsmen so prime | 249 |
| Thickest night o'erhangs my dwelling | 445 | Ye true British sportsmen, who always delight | 424 |
| When war had broke in on the peace of auld men | 15 | | |
| Why weep ye by the tide, lady | 58 | | |
| When winter's cauld blasts destroy Nature's sweet garden | 87 | | |
| When first my dear laddie gaed to the green hill | 156 | | |
| When first she came to town | 188 | | |
| When I was a wee little tottering bairn | 253 | | |
| What rapture to think of the times we have seen | 312 | | |
| Where is the land that Scotland surpasses, or | 317 | | |
| When our ancient forefathers agreed wi' the laird | 415 | | |
| Yestreen I met her on the muir | 131 | | |
| Young Sandy is a dowdy lad | 147 | | |
| Ye social sons of Caledon | 159 | | |
| Young Jockey, I vow, was the bonniest lad | 173 | | |
| Ye true sons of Scotia, together unite | 412 | | |
| SPORTING. | | | |
| Away, we've crowned the day | 27 | | |
| Away to the field, see, the morning looks gray | 154 | | |
| All in the fragrant dawn of day | 3-9 | | |
| Aurora now summons the lads of the course | 388 | | |
| A sweet-scented beau and a simpering young cit | 440 | | |
| All ye sons of Anxiety, slaves of sad thinking | 392 | | |
| Arise, brother sportsmen, the landscape survey | 408 | | |
| As health, rosy health, from cheerfulness flows | 412 | | |
| Bright Sol, from the east, spreads his beauties around | 90 | | |
| Bright Phœbus decks the vaulted sky | 364 | | |
| Come, haste along, and join the throng, ye rural swains and maids | 95 | | |
| Come, come, my brave lads, to the sport | 64 | | |
| Come, haste away, the morning gray | 116 | | |
| Come, fill up a cup to the foxhunter's health | 146 | | |
| Come, ye sportsmen so brave, who delight in the field | 188 | | |
| Come, rouse, brother sportsmen, the hunters all cry | 255 | | |
| Come, huntsmen gay, begin the day | 187 | | |
| Come, all ye brave sportsmen, who delight in the field | 316 | | |
| Diana bids Mercury skid off in haste | 313 | | |
| Dull night lights the sky, and the bright god of day | 429 | | |
| Far away from the noise and deceptions of trade | 315 | | |
| From the fall of the dew to Aurora's bright birth | 356 | | |
| Gadzooks, my dear boy, they're a hunting to-day | 131 | | |
| Hark, the huntsman's began to sound the shrill horn | 93 | | |
| Hark forward's the word, and all join in the cry | 143 | | |
| | | Across the briny zees I'll zteer | 133 |
| | | As I came down the Canno' gate | 349 |
| | | 'Bout Lunnun aw'd heard sic wonderful spokes | 411 |
| | | Down in yon vale I live so snug, they call me Giles, the ploughman's boy | 429 |
| | | Ize heard its been the talk here | 234 |
| | | I'll sing you a bit of a song | 251 |
| | | I cannot get to my love if I should dee | 416 |
| | | I is a country-lad | 421 |
| | | Ladies and gentles all | 94 |
| | | My father, poor creature, has often times said | 40 |
| | | My heart is as honest and brave as the best | 238 |
| | | My fadder was down at the mill | 347 |
| | | My name is Gaby Glum | 377 |
| | | My feyther kept a little farm, but hadn't much to do | 439 |
| | | Our Ellek likes fat bacon weel | 404 |
| | | To learn wit and manners I came up to town | 130 |
| | | 'Twas Rob and Jock, and Hal and Jack | 239 |
| | | To Covent-Garden-Theatre I must needs take a walk | 571 |
| | | There's Harraby and Tarraby | 380 |
| | | When I wur at whoam I wur in a sad plight | 100 |
| | | Your zarvint, I'm come to relate | 59 |
| | | Young Mary was canny and bonny as onie lass | 271 |
| | | WELSH. | |
| | | Ah, well-a-day! | 68 |
| | | At Llantarre, Got pless hur, a place of renown | 392 |
| | | Farewell, dear Glen-Owen, and farewell, ye moun- tains | 179 |
| | | Hail, St. David, the day of St. David | 357 |
| | | I have my goats, a cow, and horse | 110 |
| | | Ilewellyn went to Winny's cot | 84 |
| | | Near the town of sweet Llanyllis | 136 |
| | | On Snowdon's lofty brow I roved | 183 |
| | | Oh! how Taffiue hopes and fears to see the wished- for day | 245 |
| | | The daughter of Cadwal, the warlike and bold | 20 |
| | | There is a proferb ferry old | 58 |
| | | Through Cambria's sweet valleys I stray | 301 |

UNIVERSAL SONGSTER;

OR,

Museum of Mirth.



His charmer hopped down it, and then the happy delusion was o'er ;
Girls often meet monkey-like men, but man never wooed monkey before.

THE LOVER'S MISTAKE.

(T. H. Bayly.)

[Music, Willis & Co. St. James's Street.]

A **FOND** youth serenaded his love,
Who, sleeping,—“ Love never should sleep !”
Her father was peeping above,—
“ O, fathers, you never should peep ;”—
To his daughter's balcony he brought
Her monkey, in muslins arrayed ;
The youth was o'erjoyed, for he thought
'Twas the form of his beautiful maid.

He gazed on the figure in white,
Whose nods gave new life to his hopes ;
His heart throbb'd with love and delight
As he threw up the ladder of ropes ;
His charmer hopped down it, and then
The happy delusion was o'er !
Girls often meet monkey-like men,
But man never wooed monkey before.

From the window, enjoying the joke,
Her father feared danger no more ;
And she, by the bustle awoke,
Soon made her escape at the door !
Come, come to your Rosa, she said,
Unless you prefer my baboon,
And, pray, let your next serenade
Take place at the full of the moon !

A THREE-PART PARODY ON CHERRY RIPE.

(Moncrieff.)

HEAVY WET.

HEAVY wet, heavy wet, still I cry,
Full and fair pots when I'm dry,
If so be, yo! ask me where,
They are drawn, I answer, there,
Where our lips their thirst forget,
That's the place for heavy wet !

Heavy wet, heavy wet, still I cry,
Meux's, Whitbread's, nought care I ;
To the Blue Posts let us go,
There we'll clouds of backey blow ;
And, while we our cares forget,
All the year quaff heavy wet !

MUTTON CHOPS.

Mutton chops, mutton chops, chops, I cry,
Fat or lean ones, both I'll buy ;
But if so be you'd have my coin,
You must cut them off the loin !
When the cook for nothing stops,
That's the time for mutton chops !

Mutton chops, mutton chops, chops, I cry,
I as hungry am as dry ;
Let me have them nice and hot,
With a murphy and shalot !
Heaven bless the butchers' shops,—
All the year they've mutton chops !

CHERRY BOUNCE.

Cherry bounce, cherry bounce, bounce, I cry,
 Fill a full glass on the sly ;
 If so be you ask me where,
 To the wine-vaults we'll repair ;
 When we heavy wet renounce,
 That's the time for cherry bounce !

Cherry bounce, cherry bounce, bounce, I cry,
 When my flame is standing nigh ;
 When with love I'm quite beguiled,
 And I wish to draw it mild,
 Then, each vulgar fear to trounce,
 Then I call for cherry bounce !

THE DEATH OF SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

(W. H. Ireland.)

WEEP, my country, weep your glory,
 Sydney lies on Zutphen's plain ;
 Never did more rueful story
 Wake your breasts to silent pain.

Zutphen saw our Philip numbered
 With the pale and icy dead ;
 There with glory Sydney slumbered,
 There with honour Sydney bled.

There he bade the foe defiance,
 And with heroes ranked his name ;
 'Twas not wealth, or proud alliance,
 Sydney thirsted after fame.

As from Zutphen's soil, fast bleeding,
 Philip, wounded, bent his way,
 His own sufferings little heeding,
 Glory having crowned the day ;

Faint with pain, with thirst expiring,
 Oft he claims the friendly bowl ;
 Water's cooling draught requiring,
 To recruit his sickening soul.

Soon the ample can was given,
 By a squire of Sydney's train :
 But this virtuous child of heaven
 Melted at another's pain.

For from off the field of battle,
 Where the hardy warriors bled,
 Where the murderous cannons' rattle
 Sealed so many with the dead.

Lo ! a menial soldier dying,
 By his pitying comrades borne,
 Sydney's can so wistful eyeing,
 With a faint and dolorous moan,

Raised the dew of tender sorrow
 In Sir Philip's sunken eye ;
 Sydney Pity's soul did borrow,
 Faintly thus the youth did cry :

Little are my wants, believe me,
 Take from hence this flowing can ;
 Yon poor soldier's misery grieves me,
 Bear it to that dying man.

From his lips, so parched and quivering,
 Sydney straight the liquor gave ;
 Soon death's damp and chilly shivering,
 Struck the pitying hero brave.

Thus awhile the youth did languish,
 Thus, he fell on Zutphen's plain,
 Thus expired, with parting anguish,
 Feeling for another's pain.

Weep, ye brave ! the child of glory
 Died entwined with mercy's crest ;
 May our valiant Sydney's story
 Warm each gallant Briton's breast.

May this true, but rueful ditty,
 Virtue to each youth impart ;
 May each soul be warmed with pity,
 May each breast wear Sydney's heart.

WHEN GIRLS THEIR CHARMS DEVELOPE.

Air—"Love and Pastry," or "Molly Popp's."

(James Bruton.)

WHEN girls their charms develope,
 They quite our wits envelope,
 And big as butts,
 The saucy sluts,
 Do make our hearts to swell up.
 Oh ! yes they do, I'm sure they do,
 Fol lol tol lol, &c.

I loved one Sukey Cinder,
 Till my heart was burnt to tinder,
 My lantern ribs,
 You, without ribs,
 Could see through like a *winder*,
 Oh yes ! you could—I am sure you could.
 Fol lol tol lol, &c.

We met one day so civil,
 And I began to snivel,
 Says I, my dear,
 I am quite queer,
 I *loves* you like the devil,
 Oh, yes ! I do—I am sure I do.
 Fol lol tol lol, &c.

I'm dying, Suke, by inches,
 For love my life so pinches,
 Daily his dart,
 Right through my heart
 He shoots, and never flinches.
 Oh, yes ! he does—I'm sure he does.
 Fol lol tol lol, &c.

There's nought but buns and backey,
 And heavy wet and jackey,
 Will give relief
 Unto my grief,
 My life does so much lack ye.
 Oh, yes ! it does—I'm sure it does.
 Fol lol tol lol, &c.

Says she, "now tip's no lingo,
 I knows it's false, by jingo,
 And think, you elf,
 That I myself
 Would marry such a thing ? No.
 Oh ! that I won't—I'm sure I wo'n't."
 Fol lol tol lol, &c.

I thought I would persist, sir,
 So I caught her neck, and kissed her,
 When in a crack,
 Upon my back
 She laid me with her fist, sir.
 Oh, yes ! she did—oh, lord ! she did,
 Fol lol tol lol, &c.

ALL UNDER THE WILLOW-TREE.

(Chatterton.)

O, SING unto me my roundelay,
 O, drop the briny tear with me,
 Dance no more at holiday,
 Like a running river be.
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree

Black his hair, as the winter's night,
White his skin, as the driven snow;
Red his face, as the morning-light,
Cold he lies in the grave below!
My love is dead, &c.

Sweet his tongue, as thrush's note,
Quick in dance, as thought can be,
Deft his tabor, cudgel-stout,
Oh! he lies, by the willow-tree!
My love is dead, &c.

See, the white moon shines on high,
Whiter is my true love's shroud;
Whiter than the morning-sky,
Whiter than the evening-cloud.
My love is dead, &c.

MY POLL AND MY WHERRY.

(I. D.)

SAM Skift is my name, you must know,
Of fresh-water bred to the notion,
On Thames's smooth surface I row,
Content as a son of the ocean;
In pleasures untainted by pain,
My days they all roll away merry,
On fortune, then, need I complain,
Possessed of my Poll and my wherry?
Contented I seek for my rest,
And rise with the lark to my labour;
That thought never lodged in my breast
That could injure a friend or a neighbour;
When plying each morn for a fare,
I whistle and sing at the ferry,
With a glass bid defiance to care,
And think but of Poll and my wherry.

Like Charon, who plied at the Styx,
For souls, by the hundred together;
Age, sex, and condition, all mix
In my bark, Thames's surges to weather:
Then, since 'tis Sam Skift's welcome fate,
To sit down contented and merry,
I'll laugh, and sing, 'ere 'tis too late,
And stick to my Poll and my wherry.

THE ITALIAN BOY.

(Upton.)

YE who can feel for the offspring of grief,
Give ear to an alien, that sues for relief,
From the cravings of hunger an outcast defend,
Creft of a parent, relation, or friend:
Pity a stranger, debarred of all joy,
Destitute, wandering Italian boy.

Reduced from a land to the sciences dear,
A poor distressed foreigner crawls about here;
His hope and dependence for lodging and bread,
The image, "fine image," he bears on his head:
Pity a stranger, debarred of all joy,
Destitute, wandering Italian boy.

What matters," he cries, "all the grandeur
I see?

The world is a desert and winter to me;
To scorn and reproach, I am doomed to appear,
No shield, no protector to succour me here.
Pity, pity a stranger, debarred of all joy,
Destitute, wandering Italian boy."

The Britons, with freedom for ages renowned,
With beauty unrivalled, and valour-deeds crowned,
Give ear to a foreigner's sorrowful strain,
And snatch him from misery, insult, and pain.
Pity, pity a stranger, debarred of all joy,
A destitute, wandering Italian boy.

JEMMY LINKUM FEEDLE.

(G. Colman.)

A CLERK I was in London gay,
Jemmy linkum feedle,
And went in boots to see the play,
Merry fiddlem tweedle.
I marched the lobby, twirled my stick,
Diddle, daddle, deedle;
The girls all cried, "He's quite the kick"
Oh, Jemmy linkum feedle.

Hey, for America I sail,
Yankee doodle deedle;
The sailor-boys cried, "Smoke his tail"
Jemmy linkum feedle.
On English belles I turned my back,
Diddle, daddle, deedle;
And got a foreign fair, quite black,
Oh, twaddle, twaddle, tweedle!

Your London girls, with roguish trip,
Wheedle, wheedle, wheedle,
Boast their pouting under lip,
Fiddle, faddle, feedle.
Wywows would beat a hundred such,
Diddle, daddle, deedle,
Whose upper lip pours twice as much
Oh pretty double wheedle.

Rings I'll buy to deck her toes,
Jemmy linkum feedle;
A feather fine shall grace her nose,
Waving fiddle seedle;
With jealousy I ne'er shall burst,
Who'd steal my bone of bone-a?
A white Othello, I can trust
A dingy Desdemona.

EDWIN AND ELLA.

SEE, beneath yon bower of roses,
Sweetly sleeps the heavenly maid,
'Tis my gentle love reposes,
Softly tread the sacred shade.

Mark the loves that play around her,
Mark my Ella's graceful mien,
See, the wood-nymphs all surround her,
Hailing Ella beauty's queen.

Flutt'ring Cupids round descending,
Soft expand their silken wings;
From the zephyr's breath defending
Ev'ry sweet that round her springs.

Sportive Fancy, hear my prayer,
Gently whisper from thy airy throne,
Whisper to the sleeping fair—
Edwin lives for her alone.

KATHARINE, LANCELOT, AND TEDDY;

OR, PRAY, SIR, DON'T YOU BE IMPUDENT.

A TRIO.

Air—"Hey dance to the Fiddle and Tabor."

(C. Dibdin.)

Kat. (To Lan.)—Pray, sir, don't you be impudent,

Else I shall show you the difference soon.

Lan.—Hey, toss! now for some merriment,

She's up as high as the man in the moon.

Kat.—Sir, let me tell you, you're mighty ridiculous!

Ted.—O, to be sure, here's the cat in the pan,

Don't affront Katty, or—(squatting his fists.)

Lan.—What, would you tickle us

If you're for fancy work—(preparing to fight.)

T d.— I am your man.

Kat. (separating them.)—Hey dey!

Ted.—Let me come at him, now!

Lan.— Paddy, my honey, which way runs the bull?

Tcd.—Kate, dear, do let me pat him now. (Showing his fist.)

Kat.— He who strikes first must with me a crow pull.

REPEAT.

Kat.—Hey-dey! don't you go at him, now. (To *Teddy.*)

Ted. & Lan.—Hey-dey! let me come at him, now.

Kat. & Lan.—Paddy, my honey, which way runs the bull?

Ted.—Paddy don't mind your "which way runs the bull?"

Lan. & Ted.—Kate, dear, do let me pat him, now?

Kat.—No, no; you shall not pat him, now.

Kat.—He who strikes first must with me a crow pull.

Lan. and Ted.—He who strikes first must with her a crow pull.

Lan.—Kate, Kate, say, will you marry me?

Ted.— Bother! you'd not have a husband like he?

Kat.—Fools, fools! peace! or you'll harry me; In either what charm for a choice can I see?

Ted.—I'm quite genteel—

Kat.—For a chairman or drover, O.

Lan.—See, Paddy, for you what a trifle she cares;

I am the boy, pretty Kate, for a lover, O!

Kat.—For any old maid who is at her last prayers.

Ted.— There, there! there is a rap for you.

Kate, you're a jewel—

Kat.— Which you'll never wear.

Lan.— There, there! there was a slap at you. (To *Ted.*)

Kat. (To *Lan.*)—When toes one is treading you'd better take care.

REPEAT.

All.—There, there! there was a rap for you.

Kat.—I am no jewel for either to wear.

Lan. & Ted.—Kate, you're a jewel I'm dying to wear.

Ted. & Lan. (to each other.)—There, there! there was a slap at you.

Kat.—There, there! each there's a slap at you.

When toes one is treading you'd better take care.

Lan. & Ted.—When toes she is treading we'd better take care.

MASONRY HONOURS MY SONG.

Air—"From the East breaks the Morn."

WHILST each poet sings
Of great princes and kings,
To no such does my ditty belong,
'Tis freedom I praise,
That demands all my lays,
And Masonry honours my song.
'Tis freedom, &c.

Within compass to live,
Is a lesson we give,
Which none can deny to be true;

All our actions to square
To the time, we take care,
And virtue we ever pursue.

All our actions, &c.

On a level we are,
All true brothers share
The gifts which kind heaven bestows;
In friendship we dwell;
None but Masons can tell
What bliss from such harmony flows.

In friendship, &c.

In our mystical school
We must all work by rule,
And our secrets we always conceal;
Then, let's sing and rejoice,
And unite ev'ry voice,
With fervency, freedom, and zeal.
Then, let's sing, &c.

Then, each fill a glass,
Let the circling toast pass,
And merrily send it around;
Let us Masoury hail,
May it ever prevail,
With success may it ever be crowned.
Let us Masonry, &c.

PADDY CRACK AND PEGGY O'REGAN.

Air—"Donnybrook Fair."—(K. O'Brien.)

PAT CRACK was a boy whom his mammy loved well,

And so might his daddy, but that I can't tell,
In the land of dear Erin, sweet Liberty's isle;
But one thing I know, that his father, one day,
Before he was married, from his wife ran away,
So Pat and his mother, of course, stopped behind;

Soon Pat left his mother, a wife just to find,
In the land of dear Erin, sweet Liberty's isle.

On Peggy O'Regan he fixed a sheep's eye;
"For you," said he, "Peggy, for love I will die,"
In the land of dear Erin, sweet Liberty's isle.

He told her his love was uncommonly true;
"Sweet *hegar*," cried Peggy, "then, faith, I'll love you;

The match it is dry, love, we will have a drap;
We will, indeed, Paddy, if I pawn my cap,"
In the land of dear Erin, sweet Liberty's isle.

When people are married they sometimes repent,
For Peg was the steel, and her Paddy all flint,
In the Land of dear Erin, sweet Liberty's isle.

Says Paddy, one day, to his dear loving rib,
"Your temper I'll try with a thump on your jib;
All peevish men, honey, are hasty yet true,
The more that I thump you, the more I'll love you,"

In the land of dear Erin, sweet Liberty's isle.
So he thumped, and she thumped, and he thumped her again;

They thumped like two devils, till Peg cooled his brain,

In the land of dear Erin, sweet Liberty's isle.
Still they kept thumping for an hour, perhaps more;

Peg thumped him behind, and then thumped him before;
"Stop, devil!" cried Paddy; says Peg, "tha wo'n't do,

The more that I thump you, the more I'll love you,"

In the land of dear Erin, sweet Liberty's isle.
The last thump she gave him she broke his loin back;

He soon had a hump, and they christened his Crack,

In the land of dear Erin, sweet Liberty's isle.

ow Paddy, sweet honey, he wears a wise head,
he two live quite happy, and will when they're
dead.

ever stout Peg is inclined for a thump,
at turns round his back, crying, "look at my
hump,"
In the land of dear Erin, sweet Liberty's isle.

PEACE BE AROUND THEE!

(T. Moore.)

FACE be around thee wherever thou rovest,
May life be for thee one summer's day,
and all that thou wishest, and all that thou lovest,
Come smiling around thy sunny way!
sorrow e'er this calm should break,
May even thy tears pass off so lightly
that, like spring showers, they'll only make
The smiles that follow shine more brightly.

time, who sheds his blight o'er all,
And daily dooms some joy to death,
in thee let years so gently fall,
They shall not crush one flower beneath.
s, half in shade and half in sun,
This world along its path advances
ay that side the sun's upon
Be all that shall ever meet thy glances.

THE FAMILY CONCERT.

(Dibdin.)

SHON, pring te tesk, te moosic pook,
Sholter your musket, Master Shackey;
Alderman, for your rosin look,
Fy, vat dam lazy dog dat lackey!
Stupit sir, vill you fetch te arp
To kief your sweet young lavy;
Come, tune now, not too flat, ne sharp.

SPOKEN.] Stay, stay, Alterman, poise your
Idlestick; Shackey, poot your flute your mout—
ake care your embrasseur—cock up your nose ah
etel more. Come, leetel miss, ah! la jolie pe-
te Savoyarde! vere is your triangle!—very well.
ow, mine ainchel, your arp—ah, que des graces!
ome, Madame la mere, pox about your tam-
burine.—Ah, vous etes charmante! Young comme
our daughter, except bote forty yare.—Will

Tash afay, now are you ready!

CHORUS.

To make up this harmonious scene,
Miss strums the harp so mellow,
Mamma loud thumps the tambourine,
And dad the violoncello.
While Master Jackey puffs the flute,
Miss Suke bangs the triangle,
While squeak and squall, and howl and hoot,
Join the delightful wrangle.
Come, Alterman, man, now play your part,
Dash away, my nople fellow;
Play up von leetle solo part
Upon the violoncello.

SPOKEN.] Eh! vat te deffle is dis? O, zounds!
e let fall the pook upon his gouty toe! I tink the
effle was coming.—Done, you stoop Alterman.
hon, pick ope your master's pook.—Due ko di
ik now.—Pick ope te pook a te fik.—Once more
iano.—Bless my soul—

To make up this harmonious, &c.

erry fell indeed. No, messe, mine lofe, you
ettle solo vid my vice.

Chently clyte the popeling stream,
Wid your image as it play;
Till, like delusive morning trim,
De preze come snatch it kavite away.

SPOKEN.] O, charmante! teliteaful! come,
now, pianissimo!

Piano, piano, gust' Italiano,
Let te note sweetly preathe as so chently play;
Now forte te forte, vid force to tune porte,
While, loud as te deffle, you fire away.

SPOKEN.] Ha! vat deffle nise!—Vat is dis?—
O, 'tis de maid pring de shildens from Bartlemy
Fair, vid te trum, te trumpet, and te penny fissel
Ah! stop all te shildens.

Pianissimo, piano, piano, &c.

Now arp and te foot,
Twang, twang, toot, toot.

SPOKEN.] Ah! vat terrible devil ting diss?—O,
tam, 'tis Shon he tret pon te cat a de kitten; I
vish he bite um. Vell, never mind, 'tis all t
family concert. Come, farry goot poy and kals,
once more, and ten I kiff you holiday.

Pianissimo, piano, piano, &c.

WITH JOYS SUCH AS YOURS I SHOULD
NEVER AGREE.

A DUET.

(Kenney.)

OH, give me the fields that we see,
And the flow'rets that daintily strew them;
The gay streets of Dresden for me,
And the pretty girls capering through them!
The fresh-blowing breeze,—happy songs from the
trees,
Are joys without blame, and always the same;
Ever changing the graces of gay human faces,
And tongues full of glee are too noisy for me.

How lovely the scene when, all Nature delight-
ing,
The morn freshly breaks to the lark's merry
song!
Such scenes at the Opera are much more inviting,
When, elbowed by Beauty, we join the gay
throng.

As day is declining, we dress, then, for dining,
The calm that approaches,—the rattle of coachse!
With the twilight's dim rays, when the lustres
all blaze;
Then our slumbers how still, while we waltz and
quadrille;
With joys such as yours I should never agree,
The livelier charms of the city, the quieter charms
of the country, for me.

PURSUE, WHILE YOU LIVE, THE RARE
SPORTS OF THE FIELD.

THOUGH your wealth be a mountain,
From which flows a fountain
Whose drops are converted to gold;
Though we plainly may see,
By your long pedigree,
You're descended from princes of old;
Without me what is all
But an atom too small
For Reason's clear eye to behold
Then, to dress in my roses, and taste all I yield,
Pursue, while you live, the sports of the field

On the blue hill at morning,
The yellow tipt boughs of the elm,
 You'll meet my bright eyes,
 And, scorning disguise,
Own health the first good in the realm;
 Then fly your town throng,
 To live pleasant and long,
And, when Fate calls your hand from the
 helm,
In spite of the tales the poor timorous tell,
Like acorns in autumn, you'll step from your
 shell!

THE THISTLE OF SCOTLAND.

LET them boast of the country gave Patrick his
 birth,
The land of the oak and its neighbouring earth,
 Where blossoms the rose and the Shamrock so
 green!
Far dearer to me are the hills of the north,
The land of blue mountains, the birth-place of
 worth;
Those mountains where Freedom has fixed her
 abode,
And these deep winding vales where a slave never
 trode,
 Where blooms the red heather and thistle so
 green.
Though rich is the soil where blossoms the rose,
And barren our mountains, and covered with
 snows,
 Where blooms the red heather and thistle so
 green!
Yet, for friendship sincere, and for loyalty true,
For courage so bold that no foe can subdue,
Unmatched is our country, unrivalled our swains,
And lovely and true are the nymphs in our plains,
 Where blooms the red heather and thistle so
 green!
Far famed were our sires in the battle of yore,
And many the cairns which rise on our shore
 O'er the foes of the thistle, the thistle so
 green!
But those fields are still free which our forefathers
 won,
And the fire of the father still glows in the son;
Let foe come on foe, as wave follows wave,
We'll give them a welcome, we'll give them a
 grave,
 Beneath the red heather and thistle so green!
And dear to our souls as the blessings of heaven,
Is the freedom we boast,—is the land that we live
 in,—
 The land of red heather and thistle so green!
For that country, that freedom, our forefathers
 bled,
And we swear by that blood which our ancestors
 shed,
No foot of a foe shall e'er tread on their grave,
But the thistle shall bloom o'er the bed of the
 brave,—
 The thistle of Scotland, the thistle so green.

MUNDEN'S CHAPTER OF BENEFITS.

(Moncrieff.)

MANY chapters I've read, of folks, fashions, and
 kings,
Sights, pockets, and other like every-day things;
But of chapters there's none half so proper, that's
 clear,
As to read o'er my chapter of benefits here.
 Derry down, &c.

My first was, when long in the country I'd
 stumped,
Up to town, with "The Farmer," brisk Jemmy,
 I jumped;
And straight through "The Turnpike-Gate" mer-
 rily passed,
Where still I've remained your *Crack* man to the
 last.

Derry down, &c.

"Sprigs of Laurels" I gathered in *Nipperkin*
 next;
Nor felt in the high "Road to Ruin" perplexed;
As *Old Dornton*, the banker, I urged Nature's
 cause,
And drew immense drafts on the public applause.
 Derry down, &c.

We very well know "Every One has his Fault;"
But, as *Harmony*, often I made Anger halt;
I have met with my "Rivals," but, say what they
 will,
In *Sir Anthony*, faith, I was *Absolute* still.
 Derry down, &c.

The brisk "Busy Body" my fame next advances;
I gave public favour a *Gripe* in *Sir Francis*;
And in serving the public I truly can say,
I a great *busy body* have proved to this day.
 Derry down, &c.

In "Speed the Plough," *Able* and *Handy* I
 proved,
As from project to project I merrily roved;
I invented a new plan to pleasure the town,
And reaped a rich *Harvest* of wealth and renown.
 Derry down, &c.

In a "Cure for the Heart-Ache" I *rapidly* rose,
And cured many sad hearts, I trust, of their
 woes;
As *Old Rapid*, the *tailor*, I made a new suit
For the public, and gained cash and custom to
 boot.

Derry down, &c.

Still *Watchful* in "Past Ten o'Clock," for your
 ease,
As *Old Dozey* I proved I awake was to please;
Yes, night after night, to my post I was true,
Till, at last, in *Sam Dabbs*, you found out "Who
 was Who."

Derry down, &c.

But though I've through so many characters past,
There's one that will stick by me still to the last,—
It is, as I hope many here fully know,
Your obliged, your devoted, your constant friend
 Joe.

Derry down, &c.

FAREWELL.

(D. L. Richardson.)

LADY, farewell! thy cruel part
Hath sadly wrung a faithful heart;
No fear of guile, or change in thee
Alarmed its fond sincerity!
How oft, when in the twilight bower,
 You sunk upon my heaving breast,
Its quick throb told thy beauty's power,
 And thou eternal truth profest!

But now, alas! no tears can move
One sweet return of kindred love!
And yet no thought shall cherished be
False and irreverent to thee;
Though cold Indifference mocks at wo,
 With lip of scorn, and reckless eye,

For thee each fervent wish shall glow,
And lacerated Love shall sigh!

For, lady, thine the secret tear—
The sad repinings none may hear;
Thy gentle heart could never know
A triumph o'er another's wo.
And, oh! when tolls the mournful knell
That sounds my spirit's flight on high,
Thou'lt not forget it loved thee well,
And soothe it with a tender sigh.

//////////

A TOPING WE WILL GO.

COME, all ye jolly Bacchanals,
That love to tope good wine,
Let us offer up a hog'shead,
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 we will go, &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 we will go, &c.

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

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

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

//////////

LOVELY SUE.

(T. Jones.)

WHEN first Young Henry, on the plain,
Declared his love was true,
The maiden who believed his pain
Was charming, lovely Sue.

He told a simple, artless tale,
'Twas formed but to subdue;
Then Henry seemed to breathe the gale,
And live for only Sue.

Full twelve long months the youthful maid
Believed his passion true;
Then, wo to her, by him betrayed,
He left poor lovely Sue.

Far, far to sea he sailed away,
While she no comfort knew,
'Till Sorrow called from earth away
The soul of lovely Sue!

//////////

BEWARE OF THE CUCKOO.

(Upton.)

FOR the rights of the fair, I'll plead, I declare,
Unless there's an advocate here;
Not a man do I see will the task take from me,
So cruel you're all, and severe.

Then thus for ourselves, I'll tell the proud elves,
We have rights, aye, and franchises, too;
So let's have our way, both to do and to say,
Or else, sir, beware of the cuckoo!

In the fond honey-moon, like roses in June,
O, then you're all sweetness, I swear;
'Tis "My angel, my dear, you're tired, I fear;
Pray, pray let me get you a chair!"
But, that season o'er, you pet us no more,
And show what your tempers can do;
But, though you can joke, don't too far provoke,
Or else, sirs, beware of the cuckoo!

To love and obey we promise, they say,
O, yes! and we'll do so, believe;
But husbands must then deserve it like men,
And love us as Adam did Eve.
When, surly and gruff, they hector and huff,
Ye fair, your prerogative show;
When affection they slight, let our tongues do us
right,
And bid them beware of the cuckoo!

//////////

THE WAGGONER.

(Dibdin.)

WHEN I comes to town with a load of hay,
Meanly and lowly though I seem,
I knows pretty well how they figure away,
While I whistles and drives my team!
Your natty sparks, and flashy dames,
How do I love to queer!

I runs my rigs,
And patters, and gigs,
And plays a hundred comical games
To all that I comes near;
'Then, in a pet,
To hear 'em fret,
A mobbing away they go;—
The scoundrel deserves to be horse-whipt.
Who, me, ma'am?
Wo, Ball, wo!
So to mind them I ne'er seem,
But whistles and drives my team.

So as I seems thinking of nothing at all,
And driving as fast as I can,
I pins a queer thing against the wall,
Half a monkey and half a man!
The mob came round him to put up his blood,
While he's trembling from top to toe,
My whip it goes spank,
I tips Ball on the flank,
Ball plunges, and paints him all over with mud,
Queers his stockings, and spoils the beau!
Then, the sweet, pretty dear!
Ah, could you but hear:—

"Ods, curse, I'll make you know, you infernal
villain."

"Lord bless your baby face, I would not hurt
your spindle shanks for the world!"

Wo, Ball, wo, &c.

And so I gets the finest fun
And frisk that ever you saw;
Of all I meets I can queer every one
But you gemmen of the law!
Though they can scarcely put me down,
Says I, to their courts when I'm led,
Where their tales of a pig
They hide with a wig!
How many ways, in London town,
They dresses up a calf's head!
Then every dunce
To hear open at once,
Like mill-clacks their clappers go!—

“ O, that’s the fellow I saw grinning through the horse-collar in the country !”
 “ I fancy, you are the fellow I saw grinning through the pillory in London !”

Wo, Ball, wo, &c.

WHEN IN A GARDEN, SWEET, I WALK.

(O’Keefe.)

WHEN in a garden, sweet, I walk,
 The charming flowers admiring,
 Each nods upon its tender stalk,
 And seems my touch desiring;
 Though all of beauties are possessed,
 Too much to be rejected,
 Yet only one for Mary’s breast
 By fancy has selected.

Full conscious of thy faith and truth,
 No wrong to thee intended,
 Ah, should I choose some other youth,
 Be not, fond youth, offended;
 The starting tear, the heaving sigh,
 True signs, not disregarded,
 But by a maid, more fair than I,
 O, be thy love rewarded.

LOVE, YOU MUST OWN, IS A COMICAL THING.

Air—“*Here’s to the Maiden of bashful Fifteen.*”

(Bryant.)

LOVE, you must own, is a comical thing,
 ’Tis hoaxing, and coaxing, and teasing,
 Its power is so great it can conquer a king,
 Still its heaviest chains are o’ft pleasing.

Its praise let us sound,
 For I will be bound,

There are nine out of ten in love all the world round.

Stoics may preach against love if they please,
 Still, still I’ll declare it a pleasure;
 For though a fair maiden may oftentimes tease,
 Still the girl of my heart is a treasure.

Its praise let us sound, &c.

Husbands may say when they’re wed a few years,
 A wife’s a hard bargain to deal with;
 But I value not their lamentations and tears,
 For some lass I will soon sign and seal with.

Its praise let us sound, &c.

Let single or married rail as they will,
 Yet love is the sunshine of life, sirs,
 And I will stand forth as its advocate still,
 Nor stop till I get me a wife, sirs,

Its praise let us sound, &c.

I am in love, as before I have said,
 And no cynic my passion shall smother,
 I’ll marry a wife, and when she is dead,
 Why, then, I will marry another.

Its praise let us sound, &c.

Then come in our dreams, love, love it shall be
 Our joy—it shall sweeten our glasses;
 We’ll drink it by land, and we’ll drink it by sea,
 For without it we lose all our lasses.

Its praise let us sound, &c.

THE DROOPING ROSE.

(W. W. Waldron.)

AH! drooping rose, thy leaves no more
 Around their fragrant perfumes pour,
 No longer on this verdant bed
 Are their lovely odours shed;

No more we see thy modest flower
 Diffuse its charms in shady bower.
 Ah, no! thy beauties now we mourn,
 Never, never to return.

Ah! drooping rose, which once did yield
 A thousand charms to this fair field,
 How soon we weep thy life’s decay;
 How soon thy charms have past away:
 How short, how transient was thy hour,
 How frail, how fleeting was thy power;
 For scarce thy lovely beauties shone
 Ere we mourn them past and gone.

Ah! drooping rose, with grief I see
 My own sad fate exprest by thee;
 My morn some pleasing charms displayed,
 But soon, alas! I saw them fade.
 Some sweet delights still blest my noon,
 But they did vanish quite as soon;
 The evening my decline will see,
 And night behold me fade like thee.

THE PLYMOUTH JEW;

OR, FACT IN A BOMBOAT.

Air—“*Love and Whiskey.*”—(E. J. B. Box.)

IN Plymout I vas bred,
 And a block of de old chip am,
 Of arl vat’s bomboat-trade,
 I a good judge ’bout a ship am.
 I knows I’ve caught a fish,
 Ven I’ve vonce fair hooked a sailor;
 And he finds, (boned in my dish,)
 Vat he’s met mit a sharp nailer.
 Ri tol li tol lol, &c.

I casts my net so vell,
 Vat vas just my fader’s vay, too,
 I makes ma baits arl tell
 Soon, for vat my boat vas lay to:
 Ven I can make a clear-
 Ing out vell of all their pouches,
 My boat pushed off, who care
 ’Bout their “tam arl cheating Smouches!”

SPOKEN.] I sings in my sleeve den—
 Ri tol li tol lol, &c.

If sailors vas more vise,
 And ve Jews vas not so vitty,
 How vould come de supplies,
 Vat’s so boast of in your city?
 If a prince wants a loan,
 To de city he goes ranning,
 Yet Christian merchants bone
 Arl their pelfs by Jewish cunning!

SPOKEN.] And ven dey catch fish, sing in deir
 sleeve as ve do—
 Ri tol li tol lol, &c.

HOW SHORT IS LIFE’S UNCERTAIN SPACE.

(Merrick.)

How short is life’s uncertain space!
 Alas! how quickly done!
 How swift the wild precarious chase!
 And yet how difficult the race!
 How very hard to ruu!

Youth stops at first its wilful ears
 To wisdom’s prudent voice;
 Till now arrived to riper years,
 Experienced age, worn out with car s,
 Repents its earlier choice.

What though its prospects now appear
So pleasing and refined ;
Yet groundless hope and anxious fear,
By turns the busy moment share,
And prey upon the mind.

Since then false joys our fancy cheat
With hopes of real bliss,
Ye guardian powers that rule my fate,
The only wish that I create
Is all comprised in this :

May I through life's uncertain tide,
Be still from pain exempt ;
May all my wants be still supplied,
My state too low to admit of pride,
And yet above contempt.

But should your Providence divine
A greater bliss intend,
May all those blessings you design,
(If e'er those blessings shall be mine)
Be centred in a friend.

TEDDY O'MONAGHAN'S LIST OF HIS SWEETHEARTS.

Air—" *Mr. O'Gallagher.*"—(C. Dibdin.)

I FIRST courted Judy Magrah at her mother's,
She had two fine black eyes, and she gave me two others,

When swate Peggy Nolan stole from her the heart of me,
And vowed, all for love, Judy should have no part of me :

When tall Katty caught me, and Peg 'gan to pout at that ;

But Katty cried, " Peggy, you cratur, come out of that ;"

Yet cut out was Katty by Shelah O'Donaghan—
The cratur's now mad after Teddy O'Monaghan.

Whack row de dow, &c.

Then Molly Maloney she threw a sheep's eye at me,

Which made Bidy Byrne most voraciously fly at me ;

" Teddy," said she, " I've the vows had before of you,"

Said I, " For me, dying in love there's a score of you ;

But I am not the Grand Turk, so I only can marry one."

Said she, " That's myself :"—" O, (said I,) dot and carry one ;

Bidy, my darling, you tricked Pat O'Ronaghan,
But your capers wo'n't carry with Teddy O'Monaghan."

Whack row de dow, &c.

Then Norah O'Neil to my mug took a fancy,
But Phelim O'Foy had a daughter called Nancy,
Whose nose was so beautiful, I thought my lot was cast,

But Shelah Macshane put her nose out of joint at last ;

Shelah oft vowed she no falsehood could harbour,
But slipped off, like soap, with a bothering barber ;

I lathered the barber, one Mr. O'Gonaghan,
As a hint to the rivals of Teddy O'Monaghan.

Whack row de dow, &c.

WE SHOUTED VICTORY.

(Pocock.)

SCARCE had the tempest ceased to roar,
Scarce had our ship beat off the shore,
When beamed the morning-light :

All hands make sail, the boatswain cries,
Our flying royals sweep the skies,
A vessel hove in sight.

We neared the chase, the fight began,
When ship to ship, and man to man,
Each Briton's heart beat high ;
Longside the foe our guns we plied,
Till a mere wreck on ocean's tide,
We shouted victory !

A crippled hulk, now home we steer,
To friend and mistress doubly dear,
With hearts elate we fly,
For those who fell, a sigh they heave,
For us a crown of laurel weave,
And hail our victory.

LE BON VIVANT.

Air—" *A Glass is good, &c.*"—(E. J. B. Box.)

WHEN green-eyed Care
Excites black Despair
To look blue on Mirth's recreation,
Shake off the yoke
With a merry joke,

That's the child of potent libation :
For dull Care is the sullen mother of Grief,
And her offspring she clothes in sorrow,
While Despair, that robs us of peace like a thief,
Steals that which we can't buy nor borrow.

[SPOKEN.] Fill up bumpers to the brim, my hearties! and, while good humour floats on the surface of friendship, we'll take Mirth and Merriment in tow, right and left, sink Care in the centre of jollity, and kick Despair, and attendant blue-devils, to Old Nick!

Then, laugh and sing,
And quaff deep, to bring
Wit's merry thought whim-cracks together ;
From rough to smooth,
'Twill all trouble soothe,
And change Fortune's foul to fair weather.

By Fate's sour frowns,
Through life's ups and downs,
Smiling Hope may seem sadly blighted,
But revives again
When, by wit and champagne,
Mirth's torch in the face is well lighted.
When the heart is faint, and the spirits are dull,
None but fools indulge melancholy ;
While whose head is wise at the bottle will pull,
To make his soul happy and jolly.

[SPOKEN.] By wetting the soul with wine we warm the heart to mirth, spur the mind to wit, and raise the spirits to the full standard proof of genuine good-fellowship and social conviviality.—
Bon vivants toujours! Vivat! vivat! vivat!

Then, laugh and sing, &c.

Such pleasures flow
From the generous glow
That's by wine in our bosom's created,
That, truly, we
On earth seem to be
Mortals into immortals translated.

Surly Care we straight to the devil consign,
And securely forbid from returning,
While we keep up the heat of that spirit divine
In our veins now celestially burning!

[SPOKEN.] While filled with the divine spirit of grape, we defy the blue-devils, and all their works! Our devotions are truly sincere, and our rewards shall last as long as there is a cork left to be drawn!

Then, laugh and sing, &c.

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT;

OR, KINLOCH OF KINLOCH.

(Burns.)

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves return-
ing,

The murmuring streamlet runs clear through the
vale,

The primroses blow in the dew of the morning,
And wild-scattered cowslips bedew the green
dale.

But what can give pleasure or what can seem fair,
When ling'ring moments are numbered by Care?
No birds sweetly singing, nor flowers gaily spring-
ing,

Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice,
A king and a father to place on his throne;
His right are these hills, and his right are these
valleys,

Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can
find none.

But what can give pleasure, &c.

But 'tis not my sufferings—thus, wretched, forlorn,
My brave, gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I
mourn;

Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial,
Alas! can I make it no better return?

But what can give pleasure, &c.

HONOUR MAKES THE MAN.

Air—"Ackee oh! Ackee oh!"—(Jesse Hammond.)

NINE times did the clapper clang
In the steeple
To the people,

And *nine* times the echo rang,
To prove life but a span;
Young Nimble, on his shopboard laid,
At his length was sleeping,
When Venus there with Cupid strayed,
Both at his parchment peeping;

The little railer
Spanned the tailor,
And, laughing, thus began:—

"Now, between us,
Mother Venus,
Nine times this would make a man."

Venus took the measure, then,
Looking slyly,
Speaking drily,

"Is it so you measure men?"
She to the god began;
"Then you're a saucy blackguard boy,
Full of freaks and gambols,
And often gild a paltry toy,
And roses hang on brambles;

Now, 'tis stupid,
Master Cupid,
So to form your plan,
For good-nature
Is the *stature*,

And 'tis *honour makes the man.*"

Cupid answered, in a pet,
"Dearest mother,

Make no pother,
I will lay a trifling bet
Nine tailors make a man;
Nine times then he twanged his bow,
And let fly an arrow,

And, whether it was meant or no,
It pierced the tailor's marrow;

"Awake!" he cried,
"And quick decide

The wager, if you can,

Come, Sir Nimble,
Knight of the thimble,
Say what 'tis that makes a man?"

Nine times Nimble rubbed his eyes,
Strangely smarting;
Then, up starting,

With a strut surveyed his size,
And boldly thus began:
"Your godship, I don't care a d—n
What *your cutting mark is*,

You a narrow soul may cram
Into a tailor's carcass;

But, rely on't,
That a giant

Is oft a dwarf in span;

For 'tis good-nature
Makes the *stature*,
And 'tis honour makes the man."

Both immortals then withdrew,
Full of wonder;

And, in thunder,
Through Olympus this news flew—
A tailor is a man.

Then, let the moral have its weight
When we meet together,

No outside show can make us great,
The tinsel or the feather;

But sense and spirit
Form true merit—

Doubt it if you can—

'Tis good-nature
Gives the *stature*,
And 'tis honour makes the man.

LITTLE JANE, OF THE MILL

(T. Dibdin.)

LITTLE JANE, of the mill, had a lover so fine.

He was healthy and wealthy, as some folks that
I know;
He'd treat her with coaches, with sweetmeats, and
wine,

Or, whenever she wished it, a little ready rhino,
Yet Jane did not like him, the truth must be told,
For, though he was healthy, and wealthy, and
bold,

Yet little Jane thought him a little too old.

To her master says Jane, then, to finish this strife,
Since you've houses, and lands, and a person
so clever,

Provided your worship gets leave of your wife,
Here's my hand—you may keep it for ever and
ever.

For Jane did not like him, &c.

CHAPTER OF TOASTS AND SONG OF
SENTIMENTS.

MOST folks give their sentiments after their song,
But I cannot say that is my tether;

To part heart and harmony sure must be wrong,
Song and sentiment I join together;

So, at once, in a song I'll my sentiments give,
Sure you'll all approve what I am giving—

Here's "the King!" heaven bless him, and long
may he live,

With "Old England, the land that we live in."

Here's "Lovely Woman!" a toast monstrous pat,
For in each care and ill she'll relieve him;

"Sweet home!" for, though homely, 'tis home
for all that,

With "a friend, and a bottle to give him."

Here's "may honour and honesty never decline,"
'Tis the wish of my heart, I assure ye;

May "justice and mercy for ever entwine,"

With our glorious "Trial by Jury."

Here's "the heart that can feel for another's distress,"

And "the man that was never ungrateful;"
Here "may we the smiles of good humour possess,
With friends around, cheerful and faithful."
Here's our old wooden walls," that still lay our
foes flat,

With those treasures—"wives, children, and
friends,"

Here's "our own noble selves;" and now, having
drank that,
Here my song of good sentiment ends.

WAKE, MY LOVE! OH! WAKE TO BLISS.

(Soane.)

WAKE, my love, the young day wakes!

And, from yonder beams of light,
The star of morning freshly breaks,
In a beam of purple light.

Wake, my love! from yonder bower
The skylark trills our nuptial song.

Wake, my love! has sleep the power
To charm thee to thy lover's wrong?

Wake, my love! oh, wake to bliss!
Th' unconscious rose by love is won,
And hopes its blushing leaves to kiss
A bridegroom in the rising sun.

THE JOYS OF IRELAND.

Air—"St. Patrick was a Gentleman."

(Miss Bryant.)

OCH, go to Ireland, now, my dear,
Among the O'Briens and Durfey's,
And then, instead of paving-stones,
You'll get plenty of meat and murphies;
And there you'll see the O's and Macs,
With hearts brimful of good-nature,
And there you'll see the Paddy Whacks
A tipping up the cratur.

Then, go to Ireland, &c.

And, when they catch you there, aghra!
They'll never do nothing but *serve* you;
And, if you will not eat their food,
They'll choke you rather than starve you.
And, though you bother 'em twenty years,
When back again you are hieing,
The creatures, 'stead of breaking your head,
Will break their hearts with crying.

Then, go to Ireland, &c.

And there you'll view fair black-eyed maids,
With the *brogue* so soft and pretty;
And there you'll meet the nice young blades,
So *illegant* and witty;
And there you'll see the vulgar mind
Show, through its rust, a brightness,
For the Irish lads, whate'er their lot,
'Treat ladies with politeness.

Then, go to Ireland, &c.

You'll seek the little greenest spot
That ever graced the ocean,
And, when you're leaving it, your heart
Will feel a sad emotion;

Then, mind not what its foes may say,
Their scorn can hurt it never;
So, join with me, my gramachree,
And Ireland sing for ever.

Then, go to Ireland, &c.

WHAT BARD, O TIME, DISCOVER.

(R. B. Sheridan.)

WHAT bard, O Time, discover,
With wings first made thee move?
Ah! sure it was some lover,
Who ne'er had left his love!

For who that once did prove
The pangs which absence brings,
Though but one day,
He were away,
Could picture thee with wings?

What bard, &c.

WOMEN AND WAR ALTERNATE MOVE

A DUET.

(Cumberland.)

WOMEN and war alternate move
The heart to glory and to love,
But when together both invite,
How shall we set the matter right?

When glory calls us to the field,
Honour must rule and beauty yield,
For when Fame sounds the martial strain,
Her trumpet must not sound in vain.
Come, glory come, and if we live,
Let us deserve what love can give.

Then merrily we'll drain the bowl,
Whilst the loud thundering drum shall roll;
And when we fall, our comrades brave,
Shall strew the laurel on our grave.

DUTY TO HIS COUNTRY AND HIS KING

(Arnold.)

ON shore the tar forgets both wealth and fame,
While fondly clasped in lovely Nancy's arms,
He swears that none but she his heart can claim,
He knows no heaven but in her circling arms.
But when at honour's call,
The crew assembled all,
He scorns to lag behind, though Nancy round him
cling:

He's called away,
And must obey,
Nought claims a part
In that brave heart,

But duty to his country and his king.

And when, as silence hovers o'er the deep,
The lover walks on deck his nightly round,
While happier messmates sink in careless sleep,
He breaks the stillness with a sigh profound.

But when he hears afar,
The bursting sounds of war,

In vain his Nancy's form may recollection bring,
No thoughts of love
His soul can move,
Nought claims a part
In that brave heart,

But duty to his country and his king.

THE TIGER HUNTERS.

A GLEE.

(Upton.)

O'ER dreary wastes, and deserts wild,
Where lions roar, and leopards stray,
And many a traveller falls beguiled,
The tiger-hunters bend their way.

With lusty arm the spear is thrown,
He's hit! he's hit! we hear his cries!
He struggles, bleeds, while every groan
Makes known he dies—the tiger dies!

I WOULD WED, IF I WERE NOT TOO YOUNG.

(Cunningham.)

In holiday gown, and my new fangled hat,
Last Monday I tript to the fair;
I held up my head, and I'll tell you for what,
Brisk Roger, I gussed would be there:
He woos me to marry whenever we meet,
There's honey, sure, dwells on his tongue!
He hugs me so close, and he kisses so sweet,
I would wed, if I were not too young.

Fond Sue, I'll assure you, laid hold on the boy,
(The vixen would fain be his bride,)
Some token she claimed, either ribbon or toy,
And swore that she'd not be denied;
A topknot was bought her, and garters of green,
Pert Susan was cruelly stung;
I hate her so much, that, to kill her with spleen,
I would wed, if I were not too young.

He whispered such soft pretty things in mine ear!
He flattered, he promised, and swore!
Such trinkets he gave me, such laces and gear,
That,—trust me,—my pockets ran o'er.
Some ballads he thought me, the best he could find,
And sweetly their burden he sung:
Good faith! he's so handsome, so witty, and kind,
I would wed, if I were not too young.

The sun was just setting, 'twas time to retire,
(Our cottage was distant a mile,)
I rose to be gone—Roger bowed like a squire,
And handed me over the stile:
His arms he threw round me—love laughed in his
eye,
He led me the meadows among,
There prest me so close, I agreed, with a sigh,
To wed—for I was not too young.

WOULD YOU TASTE THE PERFUME OF THE MORN.

WOULD you taste the perfume of the morn,
While the dew-drops bespangle the thorn,
Hark! away, when the sounds
Of the merry-mouthed hounds
Keep time with the mellow-toned 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 chase.

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

FORGET ME NOT.

(Bernard Barton.)

APPEALING language! unto me
How much thy words impart!
They seem as if designed to be
The motto of the heart;

Whose fondest feelings, still the same,
Whate'er its earthly lot,
Prefer alike this touching claim,
And say—'Forget me not!'

The soldier, who for glory dies,
However bright may seem
The fame he wins in others' eyes,
Would own that fame a dream,
Did he not hope its better part
Would keep him unforget.
The chosen motto of his heart
Is still—'Forget me not!'

The sailor, tost on stormy seas,
Though far his bark may roam,
Still hears a voice in every breeze
That wakens thoughts of home.
He thinks upon his distant friends,
His wife, his humble cot;
And from his inmost heart ascends
The prayer—'Forget me not!'

The sculptor, painter, while they trace
On canvass, or in stone,
Another's figure, form or face,
Our motto's spirit own;
Each thus would like to leave behind
His semblance—and for what?
But that the thought which fills his mind
Is this—'Forget me not!'

The poet, too, who, borne along
In thought to distant time,
Pours forth his inmost soul in song,
Holds fast this hope sublime!
He would a glorious name bequeath
Oblivion shall not blot,
And round that name his thoughts enwreath
The words—'Forget me not!'

Our motto is, in truth, the voice
Of nature in the heart;
For who from mortal life, by choice,
Forgotten would depart?
Nor is the wish by grace abhorred,
Or counted as a spot;
Even the language of our Lord
Is still—'Forget me not!'

Within the heart his Spirit speaks
The words of truth divine,
And by its heavenly teaching seeks
To make that heart his shrine.
This is 'the still small voice' which all,
In city or in grot,
May hear and live—its gentle call
Is—'Man, forget me not!'

ON ONE PARENT STALK TWO WHITE ROSES WERE GROWING.

(Dimond.)

ON one parent stalk, two white roses were grow-
ing,
From buds just unfolded, and lovely to view;
Together they bloomed, with the same sunbeam
glowing,
And anointed at night by the same balmy dew.
A spoiler beheld the fair twins, and, unsparing,
Tore one from the stem, like a gay victim
dressed,
Then left its companion,—his prize proudly bearing,
'To blush for an hour, ere it died on his breast.
But, ah! for the other one,—shrivelled and yel-
low,
Its sleek silvcr leaves lost their beautiful hue;
It sickened in thought,—pined to death for its fel-
low,—
Rejected the sunbeam,—and shrank from the
dew!

Then where, ruthless spoiler! ah! where is thy glory?

Two flowers strewed in dust that might sweetly have bloomed;

A tomb is the record which tells thy proud story,
Where beauty and love are, untimely, consumed!

FRIENDSHIP AND WINE.

Air—"The Flowing Bowl."—(G. W. L.)

'Tis wine alone can banish Care,
And ha'ne the busy mind to rest;
Dispel the phantom of despair,
And soothe the lover's throbbing breast!
The balmy dew of Laura's lip
A cordial sweet is to my sou;
But sweeter is the dew I sip
From this ambrosial sparkling bowl.
When quaffing deep the gen'rous tide,
In vain my friend says, "let's away;"
When through my brain soft visions glide,
'Tis rosy Bacchus bids me stay.
Then crown the goblet to the brink,
Invoke the ever-tuneful Nine;
Like sons of Bacchus let us drink,
And mingle friendship with the wine.

POLLY OF THE GREEN.

Air—"Kate, of Aberdeen."—(Clark.)

THE morning smiled serenely gay,
Sweet music filled the grove;
Bright beamed the cheerful God of Day,
And filled each breast with love.
The lark attuned his song on high,
All Nature blithe was seen;
A sweeter voice seemed to reply,—
'Twas Polly of the Green.
My oaten pipe, beneath the shade,
I tuned to mirth and glee;
She stood and listened while I played,—
What charms I then did see!
The rosy blush which decks the morn,
Upon her cheek was seen;
The Graces did her form adorn,
Dear Polly of the Green!
I gazed, she smiled; I smiled again
With infinite delight;
Fond love I found in ev'ry vein,
Her form so charmed my sight;
No maid that ever I beheld,
Had such a graceful mien;
So much she ev'ry one excelled,
Sweet Polly of the Green!
Ye Powers, who rule the realms above,
Attend my ardent prayer;
Let Polly to my wishes prove
As kind as she is fair!
O, Venus! to my suit incline,
As thou art beauty's queen,
And let the charming maid be mine,
Dear Polly of the Green!

DAY AND NIGHT SCENES;

OR, THE LARKS AND ROWS OF LIFE IN LONDON.

Air—"The Bold Dragoon."—(Bryant.)

SINCE Life in London's all the go,
I'll tell you, if I may,
My own few scenes of bliss and wo,
I've been in night and day.

From public-house to coffee-shop,
To watch-house, free and easy;
At nothing now you'll find me stop,
Since, if I can, I'll please ye!
With my comic tale,
Mill and bail,

The Compter and Guildhall, sirs!

Since I have had some comic scenes,
Egad! I'll sing them all, sirs!

With my bow, wow, what a row! fal lal de
riddy, riddy, sparkey, larkey, funny,
dunny, quizzly, dizzy, O.

The other morn, I rose from bed,

—And walked into the street,
When Natty Bill, with bushy head,
So swellish, I did meet:

He cut along through Bishopsgate,
And no poor chap felt bolder;
But, Lord! his courage soon was cooled,
For a bum split on his shoulder.

With bailiff's tale,
Bill and bail,

Tapping, slapping, call, sirs,
Since I have had some comic scenes,
Egad! I'll sing them all, sirs.

With my bow, wow, &c.

Another day, I had a coach,

To ride to the West End,
To have a game at billiards,
And dine with Dick, my friend;
But, having left the chink behind,
The coachman, rude and rough, sir,
Just broke my nose, and then he said,
You find I'm up to snuff, sir.
With his crack and smack,
My nose, alack,

He broke, and my shirt did maul, sirs:
Since I have had some comic scenes,
Egad! I'll sing them all, sirs.

With my bow, wow, &c.

Now, free and easy being gay,

I went one night with glee;
I drank, and all my cash did pay,
Then who so drunk as me?
But as I walked along so grand,
As shop-boy folks did book me;
And the watchmen must have thought the same,
For he to the Compter took me!
With his sword-stick,
Cross as Nick,

The Compter beds are small, sirs!
Since I have had some comic scenes,
Egad! I'll sing them all, sirs.

With my bow, wow, &c.

Next morning, I was sent away;

But mark the climax now,—
Some cruel things my wife did say,
And kicked up such a row!
She says I am a wicked man,
And she loses all her charms,
So with her nails she claws my face,
And gives me her coat of arms.
With her pouting lips,
Warm tear drips,

We kiss, then on necks fall, sirs.
Since I have had some comic scenes,
Egad! I'll sing them all, sirs.

With my bow, wow, &c.

HEAVILY DRAG THE DULL HOURS ALONG.

(Sir H. B. Dudley.)

HEAVILY drag the dull hours along,
Every hope disappearing;

Where for a comfort, alas! shall I turn,
Or look for a ray that is cheering?
How unrelenting, how cruel of Fate,
Hearts so united to sever!
Why have I traced out her distant abode,
When gone is her love for ever?
O, how enraptured I've dwelt on her smiles!
Smiles which so oft have relieved me!
And on the vows she tenderly made,
Vows which, alas! have deceived me!
How unrelenting, how cruel, &c.

PUSH ROUND THE GLASS.

PUSH round the glass, and with us join
The song, the catch, and merry glee;
True pleasures here refulgent shine,
Gay sons of mirth and jollity.
Like Bacchants we drink, 'tis folly to think,
We revel and laugh as the moments go by;
To Venus and love, with constancy prove,
So here's to the lass with a sparkling eye.
Then, fill again, my jolly boys,
We know that life is but a jest;
'Tis sacred friendship crowns our joys,
To worldly cares we'll leave the rest;
With bumpers of wine, like planets we shine,
And merrily dance, and as merrily sing;
Then of loyalty boast, so I'll give ye a toast,
For a bumper from Bacchus we'll drink to the king.

REUBEN STUBBLE.

(C. Dibdin.)

My name's Reuben Stubble, no mere man of
straw,
True grain, though, mayhap, mixed with chaff;
I stickle for duty, make justice my law,
So they call me severe,
But let them gibe and jeer,
At their snigg'ring I whistle and laugh,
As I did when, light-hearted, I drove father's
team,
While the bells at their collars were ringing;
For I found to be one thing, another to seem,
Were vexation, and kept me from singing
Fal la la, &c.

Plain upright and downright was ever my plan;
Your flatt'ry's too pleasant by half;
Let me finish in age as in youth I began,
For, if now I should slip,
To catch me on the hip
How your snigg'ers would whistle and laugh;
If I did, too, whenever I passed by a team,
While the bells at their collars were ringing,
'Twould remind me how diff'rent to be and to
seem,
And spoil all my relish for singing
Fal la la, &c.

MOURNFULLY TRACING THE TIMES
THAT ARE GONE.

(Rannie.)

MOURNFULLY tracing the times that are gone,
Remembrance past joys endearing,
In sadness, I path the wild woods alone,
And sigh, far beyond mortal's hearing.
Pity I ask from the Lord of the sky,
My heart, though depressed, still adoring;
My soul, in its grief, looking through the dim eye,
A fate the most wretched deploring.
Mournfully tracing, &c.

MAT MIZEN.

MAT MIZEN's my name, and many a year,
Undaunted, I've faced the fierce wave;
'Midst tempests, and balls, still a stranger to fear,
And to lubberly notions no slave.
Life's rubbers I suffered, and met with disdain,
Ne'er spurned at the present or past,
But cheerfully weathered it, hoping to gain
A birth in contentment at last.
When keen-blowing blasts pierce each shivering
limb,
And mountain-high billows attack;
When the blue forked lightning, with terrific glim,
Awaits the big thunder's loud crack;
When the seaman is fixed, amidst death's grimly
train,
At the horrors of battle aghast;—
These ills I've encountered, still hoping to gain
A birth in contentment at last.
My wearisome labours, when on the salt deep,
I've followed for many a day;
Hope flattered my mind I should happiness reap
While homeward our sails bore away.
I said to my heart—courage! flinch at no pain;
Hence, dull Melancholy, avast!
Misfortune will end, and Mat Mizen obtain
A birth in contentment at last.
Now, thank my kind stars, all my troubles are by,
My moments, how happy they move!
Borne by prosperous gales, and beneath a calm
sky,
I returned to my country and love.
With a plenteous provision of toil-gotten gain,
In the harbour of wedlock made fast,
I safely enjoy, what I wished to obtain,
A birth in contentment at last.

WE'LL CONQUER OR WE'LL DIE.

A POLACCA.

(H. B. Code.)

WHEN, for our laws and native land,
We brave th' embattled field,
By freedom fired, a generous band,
No foe shall make us yield.
Then, let the angry tyrant boast,
And vaunt his fortunes high,
Him and Gallia's slavish host
We'll conquer, or we'll die.
What though domestic jars divide,
And fancied ills alarm,
'Twas ever yet the patriot's pride
'Gainst foreign foes to arm!
Then, let the angry tyrant boast, &c.

BACHELOR'S FARE.

FREQUENTLY whining, and always repining,
Vexed and perplexed at not having a wife,
Thinking to marry, decided to tarry,
So pass the days of a bachelor's life.
His mind ever ranging, unconstant and changing,
It's fraught with anxiety, trouble, and care,
And fed with vain wishes, poor pitiful dishes!
But most that's delicious in bachelor's fare.
How cheerless and lonely is he that has only
Himself to have thoughts for, himself to main-
tain:
No one to regale him when sorrows assail him,
And none to bewail him in sickness and pain.
Though marriage brings trouble, its comforts are
double,
As all happy husbands can truly declare,

To all that the single state ever did arrogate,
Hence do we reprobate bachelor's fare.
Who call women evils, new, old, or blue-devils,
Convince one they're acting the comic part o'er
Of the fox in the fable, which, not being able
To pluck and to suck the sweet grapes, calls them
sour;
To love a sweet creature, with grace in each fea-
ture,
Not even a bachelor's self can forbear;
But such to neglect, and feign to reject,
Those fools may expect that want bachelor's
fare.

It can't be denied that sometimes wives will chide,
As they ought when they see there's occasion;
And those who do blame them for this, and de-
fame them,
Deserve a severe flagellation.

To have an adviser each day growing wiser,
A true bosom friend, is the married man's share;
But, though 'tis distressing and spirit-depressing,
To lack this great blessing is bachelor's fare.

Though children, too truly, are often unruly,
And boys may sometimes be too lavish of trea-
sure,
Yet few, rich or poor, ever lived, I am sure,
That did not afford to their parents much plea-
sure;
If all men of this, and of all other bliss
That wedlock contains, were but fully aware,
Not one in a score, the nation all o'er,
Would wish any more to have bachelor's fare.

THE MARRIED MAN'S FARE.

HAPPY and free are a married man's reveries;
Cheerily, merrily, passes his life;
He knows not the bachelor's revelries, devilries,
Caressed by and blessed by his children and
wife.
From lassitude free, too, his home still to flee to,
A pet on his knee, too, his kindness to share,
A fire-side so cheery, the smiles of his deary,—
O, this, boys, this is the married man's fare.
Wife, kind as an angel, sees things never range
ill,
Busy promoting his comfort around,
Dispelling dejection with smiles of affection,
Sympathizing, advising, when Fortune has
frowned.
Old ones relating, droll tales never stating,
Little ones prating, all strangers to care;
Some romping, some jumping, some punching,
some munching,
Economy dealing the married man's fare.
Thus is each jolly day one lively holiday:
Not so the bachelor, lonely, depressed—
No gentle one near him, no home to endear him,
In sorrow to cheer him, no friend if no guest;
No children to climb up—'twould fill all my rhyme
up,
And take too much time up, to tell his despair;
Cross housekeeper meeting him, cheating him,
beating him,
Bills pouring, maids scouring, devouring his
fare.
He has no one to put on a sleeve or neck button;
Shirts mangled to rags—drawers stringless at
knee;
The cook, to his grief, too, spoils pudding and
beef, too,
With overdone, underdone, undone is he;
No son, still a treasure, in business or leisure;
No daughter, with pleasure, new joys to pre-
pare;

But old maids and cousins, kind souls! rush, in
dozens,
Relieving him soon of his bachelor's fare.
He calls children apes, sir, (the fox and the
grapes, sir,)
And fain would be wed when his locks are like
snow;
But widows throw scorn out, and tell him he's
worn out;
And maidens, deriding, cry "No! my love,
no!"
Old age comes, with sorrow, with wrinkle, with
furrow,
No hope in to-morrow—none sympathy spares;
And, when unfit to rise up, he looks to the skies
up,
None close his old eyes up—he dies—and who
cares?

THE DAYS O' LANGSYNE.

WHEN war had broke in on the peace of auld men,
And frae Chelsea to arms they were summoned
again,
Twa veterans, grown gray, with their muskets sair
filled,
With a sigh were relating how hard they had
toiled;
The drum it was beating, to fight they incline,
But, ay, they looked back on the days of langsyne.
O, Davy, man, weel thou remembers the time,
When twa daft young callants, and just in our
prime;
The prince led us, conquered, and showed us the
way,
And many braw chield we turned cauld on that
day:
Still again I wad venture this auld trunk o' mine,
Could our generals but lead, or we fight like lang-
syne.
But garrison-duty is a' we can do,
Though our arms are worn weak, yet our hearts are
still true;
We feared neither danger by land or by sea,
But Time is turned coward, and na you and me;
And though at our fate we may sorely repine,
Youth winna return, nor the days o' langsyne.
When after our conquest, it joys me to mind,
How thy Jean caressed thee, and my Meg was
kind;
They shared a' our dangers, though ever sae hard,
And we cared na for plunder, when sic our re-
ward;
Even now they're resolved baith their hames to
resign,
And to share the hard fate they were used to lang-
syne.

TRANSITORY BLISS.

DID you mark the young rose,
On its lovely green stem,
Just opening its lips to the dew?
And the newly-fledged birds,
Did you look upon them,
Just fluttering their wings as they flew?
Did you mark the young light
Dawning dim in the east?
And the clouds cold and silent above;
And the loud-ringing bell,
And the gay nuptial-feast,
And the joy of the bride and her love?
Oh! the rose has been swept
By the tempest's rude blast,

And its leaves are all scattered and dead ;
And the light which dawned dim
In the west has now passed,
And its last ray in twilight has fled.

And the young birds are gone,
By the fowler they fell,
As they sung on the green blossomed spray ;
And the bell that was chimed
Is now knolling a knell,
And the lover and bride, where are they ?

//////
GILES COLLINS AND LADY ALIS.

GILES COLLINS he turned to his mother, and said,
O, mother! tie up my pig-tail ;
Run to dear Alis, and tell her, poor soul,
That Collin's as dead as a nail.

I will not be buried in are a coffin,
As timber is not very strong ;
I will not be buried in are a coffin,
But wrapt up in a blanket that's long.

Lady Alis was sitting up three pair of stairs,
A darning a hole in her stocking ;
She saw from the window a terrible sight,
A burying—and dear, it was shocking.

What carry you there, you six ill-looking dogs,
What carry you there on your backs ?
We are carrying the body of Collin O'Logs,
And his surname was Paddy O'Whacks.

Then lay him down straight, you six ill-looking
dogs,
You dogs that look so grim,
While I knock out my brains with the heel of my
shoe,
That I may be buried with him.

So she knocked out her brains with the heel of her
shoe,
Her skull cracked asunder, like leather ;
The six ill-looking dogs bore the body away,
And laid them in one hole together.

Giles Collins grew up, and he turned to a thorn,
Lady Alis she grew to a thistle ;
Now all you who don't like my song, and attend,
May go with Giles Collins and whistle.

//////
IN EARLY DAYS MY JOYS WERE SWEET.

(T. Dibdin.)

IN early days my joys were sweet,
No anxious care I knew,
Till torn from childhood's best retreat,
I sighed, and said adieu!

A gentle fair had won my heart,
Our love together grew ;
We pledged our vows—but forced to part,
I sighed, and said adieu!

My friends grown poor—to grief a prey,
My fair one proved untrue ;
For ever must I mourn the day,
I sighed, and said adieu!

//////
**WHERE NOW IS FLOWN THE WARRIOR'S
SOUL.**

(H. M. Milner.)

WHERE now is flown the warrior's soul ?
Where now is fled the spirit of the brave
That in the field, where War's dread thunders roll,
Seemed but to seek the hero's honoured grave ?

Not Death's worst terrors could arrest thy course,
Or stay thy warlike arm's resistless force,
Can then the loss of one weak woman's charms
Subdue a heart unconquered yet by arms ?

KATHLEEN O'MORE.

MY love, still I think I see her once more,
Though, alas! she has left me her loss to deplore,
My own little Kathleen, my Kathleen O'More
Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue
Her colour still changing, her smiles ever new,
So pretty was Kathleen, my Kathleen O'More.

She milked the dun cow, that ne'er offered to
stir,

Though wicked to all, it was gentle to her ;
So kind was my Kathleen, my Kathleen o'More,
She sat at her door, one cold afternoon,
To hear the wind blow, and to look at the moon,
So pensive was Kathleen, my Kathleen O'More.

Cold was the night-breeze that sighed round her
bower,

It chilled my poor girl, she drooped from that
hour,

And I lost my poor Kathleen, my Kathleen
O'More.

The bird of all birds that I love the best
Is the robin that in the church-yard built its nest,
For it seems to watch Kathleen, my Kathleen
O'More.

//////
'TIS PRETTY POLL AND HONEST JACK.

WHEN whistling winds are heard to blow
In tempests o'er the earth,
The seaman's oft dashed to and fro,
Yet cheerly takes his birth ;
And as fearless mounts the shrouds,
Awhile the vessel swings ;
Though skies are mantled o'er with clouds,
The gallant sailor sings ;
'Tis pretty Poll and honest Jack,
My girl and friend on shore,
Will hail me at returning back,
So let the billows roar.

Now bending o'er the rocking yard,
While seas in mountains rise,
He takes a spell, however hard,
And danger e'er defies ;
The storm once o'er, the gallant tar
Lets fancy freely roam,
And though from many a friend afar,
Thus sings of those at home :—

'Tis pretty Poll, &c.

On burning coasts, or frozen seas,
Alike in each extreme,
The gallant sailor's e'er at ease,
And floats with fortune's stream ;
To love and friendship ever true,
He steers life's course along ;
And, wheresoever sailing to,
Fond hope elates his song.

'Tis pretty Poll, &c.

//////
HARK, ELIZA'S TUNEFUL VOICE.

HARK, Eliza's tuneful voice
Gives harmony to Love's soft song ;
Hush every rude and vulgar noise,
Ye Zephyrs, softly breathe along.

See, Love herself stands, listening, by,
While Cupids hover round,
Let not the tender, heaving sigh
Disturb the magic sound.

'Tis heaven to hear Eliza's voice,
When love inspires the song,
But, ah! how must that swain rejoice
Whose name her notes prolong!

//////



With his shaking, quaking, ballad-making, his fiddle-stick, and music-paper,
 "Och!" says she, "you're out of tune; so, get along, you catgut-scraper!"

MISS M'CANN;

OR, THE OLD MAID'S LEVEE.

Air--"The bold Dragoon."--(Lawler.)

A MAIDEN sure there was, she was ugly, old, and tough,
 But lovers she found plentiful, because she had the stuff,
 With her leering, sneering,
 Lovers queering,
 Och! she could be spotting some,
 For, ev'ry afternoon,
 To her levee they would courting come,
 With a whack, row de dow, de dow,
 Fal, lal, de riddy, iddy,
 Whack, row de dow, de dow,
 Fal, de ral, de ra.

An alderman came first, like a turtle, I declare;
 If she had married him, there would of turtles be a pair,

With his waddle, twaddle,
 Empty noddle,
 Belly round, and wig so spruce, sir;
 But she told him soon,
 All he could do would be of no use, sir.

With his whack, &c.

An attorney, too, there was—with him the cash ran shy,
 He came to Hymen's court, he said, with her a cause to try;

With his smirks and jerks,
 His flaws and quirks,
 She never had confuted him;
 But the cause was ended soon,
 And Miss M'Cann non-suited him.

With his whack, &c.

The next that came a courting to the lovely Miss M'Cann,
 Was a foreign music-master, sure, but he was not her man,

With his shaking, quaking,
 Ballad-making,
 His fiddle-stick, and music-paper;
 "Och!" says she, "you're out of tune;
 So, get along, you catgut-scraper!"
 With your whack, &c.

But the boy that won her heart, you soon shall understand,
 An Irishman he was, with his shellelagh in his hand,
 With whiskey, frisky,
 All so brisk-e,
 "Gramachree" did sing so sweetly,
 That to church he led her soon,
 And her money-bags he rummaged neatly.
 With his whack, &c.

THE EMERALD ISLE.

(T. Moore.)

THERE'S a sweet little island that's seen in the west,
 With green-vested mountain and vales;
 The fountains of health find their source in her breast,
 And her breath plumes the spice-breathing gales.
 No venomous reptile lies hid in her groves,
 Her bosom no serpents defile,
 When virtue and truth lead the graces and loves
 O'er the face of the emerald isle.

But where is this Eden that lies in the west,
 Where the fountains of health overflow?
 This queen of all islands is Erin, the blest,
 Where scions of honour still grow.
 Oh! search the wide world to its furthest bound,
 And where houris of paradise smile,
 You will find that no place with such beauty is crowned
 As the sea-circled emerald isle.

Oh! did I possess all the lands of the globe,
 Were the wealth of the universe mine,
 Give me but a spot on my Erin's green robe,
 And the world and its wealth shall be thine.
 Thrice happy were I should I waste all my youth
 From my country, in lonely exile,
 'To enjoy my last years with some daughter of
 truth,

A maid of the emerald isle.

For no land of such feminine excellence boasts,
 'To the utmost extremes of the earth,
 As the green-breasted isle of azure-zoned coasts,
 Where female perfection had birth;
 From the east to the west, from the pole to the
 pole,
 The sweet maids of the heart-winning wile,
 Are the white-bosomed fair, who, in greatness of
 soul,
 Win the palm to the emerald isle.

THE CAT'S SERENADE.

Air—"The young May-Moon."

THE lamps are faintly gleaming, love,
 The thief on his walk is scheming, love!
 And it's sweet to crawl
 O'er the dead wall,
 While the tabbies are gently screaming, love!
 Then put out one paw so white, my dear,
 The house-tops are covered with light, my dear,
 Through the day, at our ease,
 We'll sleep when we please,
 And we'll ramble abroad through the night, my
 dear.
 Now all the world is sleeping, love!
 But the *bulky* his night-watch keeping, love!
 And I who wait,
 On this cold, cold slate,
 While you're at the mouse-hole peeping, love!
 Then, awake, till rise of sun, my dear,
 And we'll have the devil's own fun, my dear;
 But if you look shy,
 Faith it's all in my eye,
 For away with another I'll run, my dear.

YES, YES, BE MERCILESS, THOU TEM-
 PEST DIRE!

(R. B. Sheridan.)

YES, yes, be merciless, thou tempest dire!
 Unawed, unsheltered, I thy fury brave;
 I'll bare my bosom to thy forked fire,
 Let it but guide me to Alonzo's grave:
 O'er his pale corse, then, while thy lightnings glare,
 I'll press his clay-cold limbs, and perish there.
 But, thou wilt wake again, my boy,
 Again, thou'lt rise to life and joy,
 Thy father, never!
 Thy laughing eyes will meet the light,
 Unconscious that eternal night
 Veils his for ever.
 On yon green bed of moss, there lies my child;
 O safer lies, from these chilled arms apart!
 He sleeps, sweet lamb! nor heeds the tempest
 wild;
 O sweeter sleeps than near this breaking heart!
 Alas! alas! my babe, if thou would'st peaceful
 rest,
 Thy cradle must not be thy mother's breast.
 Yet thou wilt wake again, &c.

FILL THE CUP WITH GENEROUS WINE.

(Right Hon. C. J. Fox.)

FILL, fill the cup with generous wine,
 And pass the circling goblet round,
 Expand the heart, dull thoughts resign,
 And let the song of joy resound.

Let fondly's praise inspire the lay,
 Fond love, thy rapturous strains impart;
 Thou, friendship, too, thy charms display,
 And reign united o'er my heart.

Bright were the joys the draught inspired,
 Sweet were the numbers of the song,
 While all the heart, enchanted, fired,
 Blest the gay hours that flew along.

The sun beamed bright on earth and skies,
 O'er man could happier moments roll?
 Yes, Achmed, yes! hark, Freedom cries,
 I was a stranger to thy soul.

WHEN TWO BOSOMS WITH TENDERNESS
 GLOW.

(Upton.)

O, LOVE! when two bosoms with tenderness glow,
 What rapture thy coming awaketh!
 From the fount that delighteth the balmy streams
 flow,
 And sweet as the blushing rose breaketh:
 From the haven of feeling, the joy-throbs arise,
 Where the hours of peace hold their treasure;
 And, sure, when the transport is told by the eyes,
 The soul is transported with pleasure!

O, Love! be thy power-reign ever caressed,
 While life has a charm that endeareth;
 And soft be thy sway in the sensitive breast,
 Like sun-beams that gladden and cheereth.
 May the hag-witch, indifference, long prove un-
 known,
 Where hearts twine in fondness together;
 And the seed-flower bloom, that affection has
 sown,
 While the pinions of life move a feather.

THE LAMPLIGHTER.

(Dibdin.)

I'M jolly Dick, the lamplighter,
 They say the sun's my dad,
 And truly I believe it, sir,
 For I am a pretty, lad.
 Father and I the world delight,
 And make it look so gay,
 The difference is, I lights by night,
 And father lights by day.

But father's not the likes of I,
 For knowing life and fun;
 For I queer tricks and fancies spy,
 Folks never show the sun;
 Rogues, owls, and bats can't bear the light,
 I've heard your wise ones say,
 And so, d'ye mind, I sees at night
 Things never seen by day.

At night men lay aside all art,
 As quite a useless task,
 And many a face and many a heart
 Will then pull off the mask.
 Each formal prude and holy wight
 Will throw disguise away,
 And sin it openly all night,
 Who sainted it all day.

His darling hoard the miser views,
 Misses from friends decamp,
 And many a statesman mischief brews
 To his country o'er his lamp.
 So father and I—d'ye take me right?—
 Are just on the same lay;
 I bare-faced sinners light by night,
 And he false saints by day.

THE WOODMAN'S BOY.

(J. Alford.)

IN pity hear my tender tale,
 'Twill give me some relief;
 But if I longer silence keep,
 My heart will burst with grief!
 My father dead, my mother poor,
 And I without employ;
 Ah, could I food for her procure,
 I'd hasten home with joy.

A woodman long my father was,
 Each piercing winter braved,
 The lives of many little birds
 From wanton boys he saved:
 To him the sturdy oak would yield,
 When once he struck the blow;
 But Death, from whom no one can shield,
 Alas! has laid him low.

If pity in your bosoms dwell,
 Her friendly boon impart;
 And may a widowed mother's tears,
 With kindness melt your heart.
 Could I but food for her obtain,
 I'd hasten home with joy;
 To ease a tender mother's pain,
 Relieve a woodman's boy.

MURROUGH O'MONAGHAN.

(Carey.)

AT the side of a road, near the bridge of Drum-
 condra,
 Was Murrough O'Monaghan stationed to beg;
 He brought from the war, as his share of the plun-
 der,

A crack on the crown, and the loss of a leg.
 "Oagh, Murrough!" he'd cry—"musha nothing
 may harm you,

What made you go fight for a soldier on sea?
 You fool, had you been a marine in the army,
 You'd now have a *pinchun*, and live on full pay.

"But, now I'm a cripple, what signifies think-
 ing?

The past I can never bring round to the fore;
 The heart that with old age and weakness is sink-
 ing,

Will ever find strength in whiskey galore.
 Oagh, whiskey, my varneen, my joy, and my
 jewel!

What signifies talking of doctors and pills?
 In sorrow, misfortune, and sickness, so cruel,
 A glass of North-Country can cure all our ills.

"When cold, in the winter, it warms you so
 hearty;

When hot, in the summer, it cools you like ice;
 In trouble,—false friends, without grief I can part
 you,

Good whiskey's my friend, and I take its ad-
 vice;

When hungry and thirsty, 'tis meat and drink to
 me;

It finds me a lodging wherever I lie;

Neither frost, snow, nor rain, any harm can do
 me,—

The hedge is my pillow, the blanket the sky.

"Now, merry be the Christmas! success to good
 neighbours!

Here's a happy new year, and a great many,
 too!

With a plenty of whiskey, to lighten their labours,
 May sweet luck attend every heart that is
 true!"

Poor Murrough then joining his old hands toge-
 ther,

High held up the glass, while he vented this
 prayer,—

"May whiskey, by sea or by land, in all weather,
 Be never denied to the children of Care!"

COLD IS THE LOVE OF MY RUSSIAN
 MAID.

(J. H. Dixon.)

ROUND Sicily's rocks I have sailed in my bark,
 When the billows were bounding, and heaven was
 dark;

Of storm and of tempest I ne'er was afraid,
 Yet cold is the love of my Russian maid.

When the dwellers of Drontheim attacked my bold
 crew,

How bravely I fought, and their monarch I slew;
 My sword reaped new laurels, my temples to
 shade,

Yet cold is the love of my Russian maid!

When the sea's foaming waves did our vessel o'er-
 whelm,
 And shattered the sails were, and useless the
 helm,

I braved all the horrors of heaven, and said—

"She loves me!" yet cold is my Russian maid!

On skates swift and nimbly I traverse the snow,
 I curb the proud courser and bend the stiff bow,
 I sing the wild war-song and soft serenade,—
 Yet cold is the love of my Russian maid!

The widows and maids of Byzantium can tell
 Of the numbers against me in battle that fell,
 Can speak of the wounds from my death-dealing
 blade,

Yet cold is the love of my Russian maid!

But soon in the grave I shall tranquilly sleep,
 And my heart cease to throb, and my eyes cease
 to weep;

I'll lie in the spot where my fathers are laid,
 And forget the disdain of my Russian maid.

And then, in the mansions of Odin the blest,
 With Braga and Thor I shall joyfully rest,

And sorrow no longer this frame shall pervade,—
 Farewell to thee, Thora, my Russian maid!

THE FAIR.

(Dibdin.)

WOULD ye see the world in little,

Ye curious, here repair,

We'll suit you to a tittle

At this our rustic fair;

We've glitt'ring baits to catch you,

As tempting as at court,

With whim for whim we'll match you,

And give you sport for sport.

From a sceptre to a rattle,

We've every thing in toys

For infants that scarce prattle

To men who still are boys.

Cock-horses and stage-coaches
 In gingerbread are sold;
 Cakes, parliament, gilt watches,
 And horns all tipt with gold.
 Then, if for fine parade you go,
 Come here, and see our puppet-show.

SPOKEN.] Walk in here, ladies and gentlemen,
 here you may see the Queen of Sheba and King
 Solomon, in all his glory! You think that that
 figure's all alive, but he's no more alive than I
 am!

While the pipes and tabors rend the air,
 Haste, neighbours, to the fair.

What's your sweepstakes and your races,
 And all your fighting cocks,
 To our horse-collar grinaces
 And girls that run for smocks.
 Our hobs can snivle noses,
 At single-stick who fight
 As well as your Mendozas,
 Though not quite so polite.
 In their deception neater
 Are your keen rooks allowed
 Than is yon fire eater,
 Who queers the gaping crowd.
 Then, boast not tricks so noxious
 That genteel life bespeak,
 Our jugglers, hixious-doxious,
 Shall distance every Greek.
 Can Pharaoh and his host be found
 To match our nimble merry-go-round?

SPOKEN.] Put in here! put in! put in! every
 blank a prize! down with it, and double it, twenty
 can play as well as one.

While the pipes, &c.

Hear yon mountebank assure ye
 Of diseases by the score
 A single dose shall cure ye;
 Can Warwick-lane do more?
 Vid virilgigs, tetotums,
 Yon Jew-imposing faish
 Shall cheat you here in no times,
 All one as in Duke's place.
 Hark, yonder making merry,
 Full many a happy clown
 For champagne who drink perry
 As good as that in town.
 Then, for sights we've apes and monkeys,
 Some on four legs, some on two;
 Tall women, dwarfs, cropt donkeys,
 For all the world like you.
 Then, would ye Ranelagh find out,
 What think ye of our roundabout?

SPOKEN.] Walk in, ladies and gentlemen! the
 only booth in the fair! here ye may make the
 whole tour of the world! would ye ride in the Ca-
 ravan, the Expedition, the Land Frigate, or the
 Dilly! fourteen miles in fifteen hours, ladies and
 gentlemen!

While the pipes, &c.

GENTLE MYRA, LOVELY MAID!

(W. W. Waldron.)

GENTLE MYRA, lovely maid!
 In kind pity, don't upbraid;
 Can this life such wo impart,
 Can such grief assail this heart,
 As to hear such words expressed
 By the idol of my breast.

Gentle Myra, didst thou know
 How this bosom's weighed with wo,
 Thy fond breast would now give o'er,
 Thy sweet tongue upbraid no more,

Let, dear maid, thy accents kind
 Calm to peace this troubled mind.

Gentle Myra, then no more,
 Once adoring, still adore.
 Let sweet love, a welcome guest,
 Warm again thy gentle breast;
 Let again love's passion rise,
 Beaming in your sparkling eyes.

BOAR-HUNTING.

(R. Morley.)

BRIGHT SOL, from the east, spreads his beauties
 around

O'er mountain and valley so low,
 The chase our delight, when we follow the hound
 And the musical sound of the huntsman's halloo!

This is our song,
 Dash, dash along,
 To chase the boar,
 Streaming with gore,
 With fiery eyes,
 His bristles rise,

Still we, undaunted, tune our song,
 With forward, my boys, dash, dash along
 To the mellow-toned horn!

THE BEGINNING OF MASONRY.

Air—"From the East breaks the Morn.

WHEN the Deity's word
 Through all chaos was heard,
 And the universe rose at the sound,
 Trembling Night skulked away,
 Bursting Light hailed the day,
 And the spheres did in concert resound.

Then the Grand Architect,
 In omnipotence decked,
 In order the mass did compound,—
 Deemed the Sun King of Light,
 Crowned the Moon Queen of Night,
 And the Earth with an atmosphere bound.

Mighty man then was formed,
 With five senses adorned,
 Which the noble five orders expound;
 With the birth of the sun
 Architecture begun,
 And till Nature expires will abound.

Bible, compass, and square
 As our ensigns we wear,
 The bright symbols of wisdom profound!
 And, while these are our guide,
 Ev'ry mystery beside
 As a foil to our art will be found.

THE BLOSSOM OF WALES.

(Miss Bryant.)

THE daughter of Cadwal, the warlike and bold,
 Her fond vows of love to a young Saxon told;
 He won her young heart by his warm-breathing
 tales,

But the Saxon was false to the blossom of Wales.
 When the summits of Snowden were covered with
 snow,

And many a form by the shaft was laid low,
 Both wounded, deserted, exposed to the gales,
 His life it was saved by the blossom of Wales.

But with health there came falsehood, he wandered
 away
 To the chiefs of his land,—and the midst of the
 fray!

His arm slew bold Cadwal, and conquered his
vales,
Where, drooping, now wandered the blossom of
Wales!

She faded;—the false one looks high in his power,
But still dark retribution oft dwells on an hour;—
He is slain by her brother,—shouts rend hills and
dales,

While each Cambrian sighs for the Blossom of
Wales!

THE BIRTH OF ANACREON.

A GLEE.

(Upton.)

TAP the tun, the oldest tun,
Dedicate the day to mirth;
Let the wine in torrents run,
Celebrate Anacreon's birth!
Great Apollo! Son of Jove!
God of music, tune the lyre;
Leave awhile the Delos grove,
And our festive rites inspire!
MOMUS, come, and join the glee!
Spirit of Anacreon, rise!
Tell us if we're worthy thee,
While the moments thus we prize!

CHASE AWAY THOSE ANXIOUS CARES,
BONNY, BONNY LASSIE.

CHASE away those anxious cares,
Bonny lassie! dearest lassie!
Eyes like thine should ne'er know tears,
Bonny, bonny lassie!
While their lustre, chaste and bright,
Shines sac sweetly to his sight,
Where's the man wad dim their light
With grief, my bonny lassie?
Then chase away, &c.

As the dews that fall on earth,
Bonny lassie, bonny lassie!
Wake the blossoms into birth,
Bonny, bonny lassie!
May each moment Time shall fling
From his ever-waving wing,
Bid new blessings bud and spring
From thee, my bonny lassie!
Then chase away, &c.

I WENT TO STRATFORD AVON ONCE.

Air—"Bow, wow, wow."—(Bryant.)

I WENT to Stratford Avon once,
Old Shakspeare's house to see, sirs;
And Gad forgive my foolish scone,
For much it played with me, sirs;
For I got to the market-place,
'Mong geese, and cows, and hay, sirs;
And the folks all stared me in the face,
And said 'twere market-day, sirs!
Quawk! quawk away!
I sing of Stratford, pretty Stratford! on a market-
day!

There were pigs and donkeys, pork and veal,
And lots of tempting mutton;
With geese, and ducks, and niceties,
To suit the greatest glutton;
And, lord! there were such pretty girls,
I couldn't get away, sirs;
And this was all at Stratford Avon,
On a market-day, sirs.
Quawk! quawk away, &c.

Now, since I had been very ill,
And lately had grown thinner,
I thought that I would buy a fowl,
To serve me for my dinner:
But a fellow met me, like a witch,
And from bag my fowl did pluck, sirs;
Then shoved me in a danged deep ditch,
And for fowl gave me a duck, sirs.
Quawk, quawk away, &c.

Then I went to a justice straight,
And there I did complain, sirs;
But he did say I came too late,
And now 'twere all in vain, sirs;
But when I told him of my fowl,
His wig aside he cocks, sirs;
Then he called me rogue and vagabond,
And put me in the stocks, sirs.
Quawk, quawk away, &c.

Now, when they put me in the stocks,
By beadle I was melted;
And, lord! the thing each feeling shocks,
By little boys was pelted!
And though I was quite wringing wet,
And lost my dinner dish, sirs,
They hooted me all through the town,
And called me the odd fish, sirs.
Quawk, quawk, &c.

So now I've come from Shakspeare's house,
I have enough to rave on,
To think how folks myself did chouse,
At famous Stratford Avon.
But, never mind, I've now got loose,
Yet I'll my rage control, sirs;
But I'll give you leave to call me goose
If I lose another fowl, sirs.
Quawk, quawk away, &c.

THE STEERSMAN'S SONG.

WHEN freshly blows the northern gale,
And under courses snug we fly;
When lighter breezes swell the sail,
And royals proudly sweep the sky;
'Longside the wheel, unwearied still,
I stand, and as my watchful eye
Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,
I think of her I love, and cry,
Port, my boy, port!

When calms delay, or breezes blow
Right from the point we wish to steer;
When by the wind, close-hauled, we go,
And strive, in vain, the port to near;
I think 'tis thus the Fates defer
My bliss with one that's far away;
And while remembrance springs to her,
Watch the sails, and, sighing, say,
Thus, my boy, thus.

But see, the wind draws kindly aft,
All hands are up the yards to square,
And now the floating stu'n-sails waft
Our steady ship through waves and air
O, then I think that yet for me
Some breeze of Fortune may thus spring,
Some breeze to waft me, love, to thee!
And in that hope I sailing sing,
Steady, boy, so!

BY THE GENTLE VOWS OF LOVE, I
PROMISE TO BE TRUE.

A DUET.

(Prince Hoare.)

She.—BY the gentle vows of love,
By the sighs that pity move,

By the lightly stealing tear,
By the fondly jealous fear,
By the meed to honour due,
Will you promise to be true?

He.—Yes,—I promise to be true.

He.—By the pang that absence knows,
By the faith that constant glows,
By the lover's tender kiss,
By his hopes of lasting bliss,
By his joys, for ever new,
Will you promise to be true?

She.—Yes,—I promise to be true.

Both.—Then, thus uniting, we defy
Cares that vex, and hours that fly,
Content a mutual fate to prove,
Beneath the sway of mighty Love.

THE SCHOOLMASTER;

OR, PETER PEDAGOGUE'S A MULTUM IN PARVO.

(C. Dibdin.)

FROM London, ah, why did I stray,
And throw all my prospects away?
For, without egotistical crammers,
Ego doceo, lingos and grammars,
Hic, hæc, hoc, how d'ye do?
Si signor, and *parlez-vous*?
At arithmetic, too,
I Cocker outdo!

In my footsteps no *magister* treads;
What *rules pates* to wo'n't bend,
I whip in at t'other end,
And each fraction by breaking their heads.
Then geography to me
Comes as pat as A B C;
I know all the land and the ocean:
I'd the longitude find, too,
If the way I only knew!
And with my wife I lost
A grand discovery, to my cost,
For her tongue was the perpetual motion:
And, then, besides geography,
I teach and write biography;
Compile, with my pen,
All the lives of great men;
No matter who is who,
The same incidents will do,—
The same copper-plate shows,
Only alter eye or nose,
Whisker, cravat, chin, or wig,
All little men or big!
Then music play, or sing,
And teach, like any thing,

Andante spiritoso,
Though, *entre nous*, but so, so!

Who once quavered such a dash,
That John Bull cried *encora*!

And changed all her notes to cash.
Then I dance, and fence so fierce,
Cut and shuffle, carte and tiece;
And likenesses I draw,
Such as you never saw;
Make valentines and verses,
Blacking cakes, and puzzle-purses,
And more things than now I can mention,
Except that I am not beneath
Cutting corns, and drawing teeth.
But words butter no parsnips, and so
I'd best be beginning to go,
With my crammers and grammars,
And lingo by jingo;
And such like transactions, and flogging and frac-
tions!
Charts and maps,
Land and ocean—perpetual motion;

Biography, likewise,—false nose, wigs, and
eyes,

Cutting capers, sharpening rapiers,
Fiddle sawing,—likewise drawing,
Making verses,—puzzle-purses,
Corns destroying,—teeth drawing,
Peter Pedagogue's a *multum in parvo*.
With teeth, corns,—ram's horns,
Purses, verses,
Valentines, blacking shines,
Drawing, sawing,
Dancing, fencing,
Amoroso,—very so, so;
Biography, geography,
Lingo, stingo,
Cocker, mocker,
Grammars, crammers,
Parlez-vous—how d'ye do?
Si signor, what a bore!
Hic, hæc, hoc, what's o'clock!
Peter Pedagogue's a *multum in parvo*

THE BRIDAL DAY.

(D. L. Richardson.)

SWELL the loud trumpet's note of gladness!
And strike the wild harp's string of joy!
Away, away, ye Fiends of Sadness,
Whose breath would wither and adorn
The wreaths that Pleasure's brow adorn,
And hush the songs of Bridal Morn!

A father on his child is gazing—
A lover on his youthful bride,—
And Hope her pleasant voice is raising,
And Joy and Revelry preside!
And gentle dreams, and visions gay,
Are smiling on this bridal day!

Young Hymen's flowery chain is wreathing—
Faith, Truth, and Love the tendrils twine—
Many a fervent wish is breathing,
Many a prayer for thee and thine;
Then, oh, receive this tribute lay,
Sweet lady, on thy bridal day.

O, may the forms of Fancy's dreaming
Ne'er from the future's landscape fly!
But life, with love and gladness beaming,
Still kindle rapture in thine eye;
And prove as bright, and fair, and gay
As this auspicious bridal day!

YOUNG DAMON.

(Collins.)

YOUNG DAMON of the vale is dead;—
Ye lowland hamlets, mourn!
A dewy turf is o'er his head,
And at his feet a stone;
His shroud, which Death's cold damps destroy,
Of snow-white threads were made;
All mourned to see so sweet a boy
In the earth for ever laid.
Pale pansies o'er his corse were placed,
Which, plucked before their time,
Bestrewed the boy, like him to waste,
And wither in their prime!
But will he ne'er return, whose tongue
Could tune the rural lay?
Ah! no; his bell of peace is rung,
His lips are cold as clay.
They bore him out, at twilight hour,
The youth who loved so well!
Ah, me! how many a true-love shower
Of kind remembrance fell!

Each maid was wo;—but Lucy, chief,
Her heart o'er all was tried;
Within his grave she dropped in grief,
And, o'er her loved one, died.

KIT CRACK, THE COBBLER'S, VISIT TO
THE SHIP-LAUNCH.

Air—"The Cobbler."—(Male.)

WHEN I was at home in my bed,
And dreaming of all sorts of things,
A thought, somehow, came in my head,
About all the queens and the kings;
I voke my old vife by my side,
Says she, what the devil's this clatter?
Says I, I've been taking a ride,
With all th' inflammable matter.

[SPOKEN.] Inflammable matter, says she, what's all that there? Why it's what they fill the balloons with, and so I vent up vith wone, that is, in my dream, you know, and when ve had fled over clouds and land, ve comed over the vater to France, and there looking down ve saw the crownation procession of Charley Dix, the French king; and so vwhile ve vas laughing at the fun, ve heard an Irishman below, calling out for us to take him vith us, for he'd sooner live in the air upon nothing, than starve in such a dirty land upon plenty, so ve pull'd him up, and set off home again, but when ve came for to let go the grand parachute, he bawled out, by J—s, man, and what are you after, do you think I'm to stop here, with you, and have my neck broke by the fall? so out of the car he jumps, and away he tumbled, head over heels, through the clouds and the smoke, and I voke out of my sleep, and found it all a dream—and

Fol de dol lol, &c.

What nonsense, says she, 'tis you talk,
What have you got to do i' th' air,
You'd best to the ship-launch go valk,
For all the vhole vorld vil be there;
The ship launch, says I, vhere is that,
It's over the vater, says she,
Says I, vhy, my dear, you're a flat,
'To think ve can valk on the sea.

Fol de dol lol, &c.

I gave my consent though at last,
And threw down my hammer and sprigs,
I fastened my trappings up fast,
So set off as merry as grigs;
Oh lud! what a sight 'twas to see,
Such numbers of people vere there,
The flags vere all flying vith glee,
It looked all the vorld like a fair.

Fol de dol lol, &c.

There vas lords and ladies so fine,
In tandems and new-fashioned gigs,
And four-in-hand, bang-up and prime,
And doxies vith new bang-up wigs;
There vere thieves and thief-takers by scores,
Vith many more common cha-rac-ters,
Pretenders of vit vho vere bears,
Lame ducks, bulls and bears, and contractors.

Fol de dol lol, &c.

My vife, when the fine folks did spy,
She vhispered me sly in the ear,
Do pull off your apron—my eye,
You disgrace me I vow and declare;
Vhat, says I, do ye go for to say,
That I'm to the craft a disgrace,
Aren't they cobblers all in their vay,
Though they strap up their sheep-skin vith lace?

[SPOKEN.] Lord bless your silly upper-leather skull, vhy don't you know now that all the vorld's

made up of cobblers, and though they don't always wear their *ecce ignum* in public as I do, that they vax up their ends at home in order to cut a splash abroad, and sing—

Fol de dol lol, &c.

A bottle the carfino took,
And o'er the ship's head he it broke,
Vhile all crowded round him to look,
Vith voice of a Stentor he spoke;
This here wessel I'm now 'bout t' name,
Vill prove, as the foe soon vill see,
The glory of England's proud fame,
Great Charlotte, the queen of the sea.

Fol de dol 'ol, &c.

Then into the vater she slid,
A terrible large hole she made,
Like a floating mountain she rid,
And the folks vaved their hats and huzzaed;
So ve vent i' the ale-house at hand,
And drank off a pot, full of glee,
Success to our native free land,
And Britons, the lords of the sea.

[SPOKEN.] Success—why, what should hinder them, so long as we have brisk trade at home, and our brave tars to man our shipping, why we shall always be able to join chorus with—

Fol de dol lol, &c.

HUNTERS WATCH SO NARROWLY, NARROWLY.

(Sir Walter Scott.)

THE toils are pitched, and the stakes are set,
Ever sing merrily, merrily,
The bows they bend, and the knives they wet,
Hunters live so cheerily, cheerily.

It was a stag, a stag of ten,
Bearing his branches sturdily;
He came stately down the glen,
Ever singing hardily, hardily.
He had an eye, and he could heed,
Ever sing warily, warily;
He had a foot, and he could speed,
Hunters watch so narrowly, narrowly.

I GRANT A THOUSAND OATHS I SWORE.

(John Bulteel, 1650.)

I GRANT a thousand oaths I swore
I none would love but you;
But not to change would wring me more
Than breaking them can do.
Yet you thereby a truth will learn,
Of much more worth than I,
Which is, that lovers vho do swear,
Do also use to lie.
Chloris does now possess that heart
Which did to you belong;
But though thereof she brags awhile,
She shall not do so long.
She thinks by being fair and kind,
To hinder my remove,
And ne'er so much as dreams that change
Above but those I love.

Then grieve not any more, nor think
My change is a disgrace;
For though it robs you of one slave,
It leaves another's place,
Which your bright eyes will soon subdue,
Vith him does them first see;
For if they could not conquer more,
They ne'er had conquered me.

WHILE I'M TOPING LUSCIOUS WINE.

[Translated from Anacreon.]

WHILE I'm toping luscious wine,
Care and grief forget to pine;
Ever jolly—ever free,
What are care and grief to me?
Gaily live, and live as I,
Shall I grieve when born to die?
For whene'er I'm toping wine,
Care and grief forget to pine.

Know, nor care nor grief
Will from death afford relief;
Then no more, with anxious strife,
Murder every hour of life.
Let us quaff the shining juice,
Bacchus gives it for our use.

For whene'er I'm toping, &c.

I SPRANG FROM A CELLAR; WE ALL
SPRANG FROM EARTH.Air—"In the Days of my Youth I could bill like a
Dove."—(G. Colman.)

I SPRANG from a cellar; we all sprang from earth;
Fal de ral, &c.
Then why should we kick up a dust about birth?
Fal de ral, &c.

Since upstarts can never their ancestors choose,
An emperor's sire may (like mine) have blacked
shoes.

Fal de ral, &c.

Oh! when I was christened, my father did say,
Fal de ral, &c.

"I'm resolved to get drunk, and black nothing to-
day."

Fal de ral, &c.

My mother agreed; down to dinner they sat!
And he gave her two eyes just as black as my hat.
Fal de ral, &c.

My father he forced me his trade to pursue;
Fal de ral, &c.

And leathered me daily, to clean boot and shoe;
Fal de ral, &c.

"To leather myself, now," says I, "the time
suits."

So I hopped off, one day, in a new pair of boots.
Fal de ral, &c.

LIFE IS SHORT, AND MEANT FOR
PLEASURE.

(Kenney.)

HEARTS like ours should ne'er have leisure
Here below for strife or brawl;
Life is short, and meant for pleasure,
Love and friendship claim it all.

What have we to do with quarrels?
Soldiers, if you must have blows,
Let them win a soldier's laurels,—
Aim them at your country's foes.

Hearts like ours, &c.

All this may be very pleasant,
But, since life is but a span,
Don't forget the wedding-present—
And remember I'm the man.

Hearts like ours, &c.

THE ARETHUSA.

(Prince Hoare.)

COME, all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While English glory I unfold,
Huzza, to the Arethusa!

She is a frigate tight and brave,
As ever stemmed the dashing wave;
Her men are stanch
To their fav'rite launch,
And, when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike, we'll all expire
On board of the Arethusa.

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out,
The English Channel to cruise about,
When four French sail, in show so stout,
Bore down on the Arethusa.
The famed Belle Poule straight a-head did lie,
The Arethusa seemed to fly,
Not a sheet, or a tack,
Or a brace, did she slack;
Though the Frenchmen laughed, and thought
it stuff,
But they knew not the handful of men, how
tough,
On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France;
We with two hundred did advance,
On board of the Arethusa.

Our captain hailed the Frenchman, ho!
The Frenchman then cried out, hallo!
Bear down, d'ye see,
To our admiral's lee,

No, no, says the Frenchman, that can't be;
Then I must lug you along with me,
Says the saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land,
We forced them back upon their strand,
For we fought till not a stick would stand
Of the gallant Arethusa.

And now we've driven the foe ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more,
Let each fill his glass
To his fav'rite lass;

A health to our captain and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew
On board of the Arethusa.

HERE FIRST I MET THE LOVELY MAID.

(R. Bloomfield.)

HERE first I met the lovely maid,
When hope was young, and dared not soar;
And round my heart a flame has played
That binds me to these shades the more.

Touched by the breeze, with graceful swing,
The tow'ring branches, mingling, play,
When the sap dances up in spring,
And when their autumn leaves decay.

What joys may rural conquerors prove,
Far from the dreadful conflict's roar!
I've rescued her, the maid I love:
Dear shades, I prize you still the more!

THE BOY IN YELLOW WINS THE DAY.

(Dimond.)

WHEN first I strove to win the prize,
I felt my youthful spirits rise,—
Hope's crimson flush illum'd my face,
And all my soul was in the race.
When weighed and mounted, 'twas my pride
Before the starting-post to ride;
My rivals dressed in red and green,
But I in simple yellow seen.

In stands around fair ladies swarm,
And mark with smiles my slender form;
Their lovely looks new ardour raise,
For beauty's smile is merit's praise.

The flag is dropped—the sign to start—
 Away more fleet than winds we dart;
 And, though the odds against me lay,
 The boy in yellow wins the day!

Though now no more we seek the race,
 I trust the jockey keeps his place;
 For still to win the prize I feel
 An equal wish, an equal zeal;
 And still can beauty's smile impart
 Delightful tremors through this heart;
 Indeed, I feel it flutter now—
 Yes, while I look, and while I bow.

My tender years must vouch my truth—
 For candour ever dwells with youth;
 Then sure the sage might well believe
 A face like mine could ne'er deceive.
 If here you e'er a match should make,
 My life upon my luck I'll stake;
 And, 'gainst all odds, I think you'll say,
 The boy in yellow wins the day.

CONJUGAL COMFORT.

(Dibdin.)

“DEAR John, prithee tell me,” cried Ruth
 To Gubbins, her husband, one day,
 “Dost think, in good sooth,
 I should swear but the truth,
 Did I swear what I'm going to say,
 That wedlock's a state,
 In good humour, that Fate
 Contrived to bless woman and man,
 And that Giles here's an ass,
 Who such fortune lets pass?
 All should marry as soon as they can.”

“Why, Goody,” cried Gubbins, “you know
 My thoughts of the thing 'fore to day;
 Nor, as I shall show,
 Need one many miles go
 To prove what I'm going to say:
 Did wives ever scold,
 Were they ugly or old,
 A spouse were a miserable man;
 But smooth is their tongue,
 They're all comely and young!
 Giles, get married as soon as you can.”

“If one's children one wished in their graves,
 Still plaguing one day after day,
 The girls Fashion's slaves,
 Thy boys puppies and knaves,
 One then might have something to say,
 But brats are no evil,
 They ne'er play the devil,
 Nor have wives from their duty e'er ran;
 Then since, my friend Giles,
 Wedlock greets you with smiles,
 Get married as soon as you can.”

Cried Ruth, “Will you let your tongue run?
 Here, you scurvy old villain, I rule!”
 “Rogues there are,” said the son,
 “But, Old Quiz, am I one?”
 Cried the daughter, “my father's a fool!”
 “Don't you see,” Gubbins cried,
 “I've the tenderest bride
 And best children that ever blest man?
 Giles, would you be driven
 To Bedlam or heaven,
 Get married as soon as you can.”

LOVE AND WINE.

(D. Carey.)

THY face, where ivy-garlands twine,
 Bedecked with many a ruby gem,

I leave, O, generous God of Wine,
 For sweeter joys than wait on them.

For Lesbia's love, for Lesbia's arms,
 The matchless fair, with looks beguiling,
 With waist that shows a thousand charms,
 And eye of most voluptuous smiling,

Who would not quit the dropping vine,
 And to the myrtle-shade repair,
 To press at Beauty's sweeter shrine,
 A form so faultless and so fair?

But should my Lesbia prove unkind,
 Whose smile some happier rival meets;
 O, blot the traitor from my mind,
 Thou laughing god of nectared sweets!

ENGLAND, OUR MOTHER, THE LAND
 THAT WE LOVE.

(Jesse Hammond.)

OH, bring me a bumper! a bumper of wine,
 For each Briton that loves to be free;
 The toast I shall give deserves nectar divine,
 To nourish fair Liberty's tree!
 'Tis that sweet spot of earth,
 The land of our birth!
 'Tis Liberty's throne,
 Where she's worshipped alone!
 'Tis the rock of the ocean
 That claims our devotion!
 'Tis England, our mother, the land that we love.
 Around her old Neptune encircles his arms,
 And Mars leads her sons to the fight;
 While Venus bestows on her daughters her charms,
 And Minerva gives wisdom and might.
 Here's that sweet spot, &c.

Unshaken she stood in the storms of the world,
 And shone, like a beacon, afar;
 And Europe beheld her broad banner unfurled,
 Like Liberty's bright blazing star!
 Here's that sweet spot, &c.

Then the voice of our country each bosom shall
 cheer,
 While she's lighted by Liberty's smile;
 And tyrants shall tremble the mandate to hear
 That bids us be true to her soil.
 Here's that sweet spot, &c.

A TRIP TO BATH;

OR, A PEEP AT THE ASSEMBLIES.

WHEN winter is over,
 And summer brings clover,
 From the George and Blue Boar,
 Where the coach starts at four,
 The wits and the cits
 Take their pleasuring fits,
 And hasten to Bath in a hurry;
 Crammed snug in their places,
 As horses in traces,
 While wheels loudly rattle,
 And passengers tattle,
 The ladies they handle
 Snuff, cordials, and scandal,
 And all is noise, hurry flurry.

[SPOKEN.] Now, then, are you all ready? No, Mr. Coachman, I'm not. Make haste, ma'am.—I was afraid you was gone without me.—No, ma'am, I took steps to prevent that.—You'd better give me the steps, young man, and leave 'em alone.—Dear me! I shan't relish travelling in this manner, this fat lady leaning upon me wo'n't make me any cooler.—When you've quite done with my

BACK, ma'am, I'll trouble you for it.—Dear me, how troublesome this gentleman's feet are.—Well, the coachman doesn't seem ready to start; I think I shall get out and stretch my legs a little.—O, for heaven's sake, don't do that, for they're quite long enough already.—La! look through the window at that creature, how she's dished up,—what a spectacle!—Yes, ma'am, and if you was there, there would be a pair of spectacles.—Now, then, are you all right?—Why, we were all right before.—Well, are you all right behind,—ya hip.

Hurry skurry, flight and flurry, rattle tattle,
on we drive,—
For Bath is the region to keep soul and body
alive.

After stretching and yawning,
Till twelve in the morning,
The folk move their pins,
And their dear joy begins;
To the pump-room we haste,
The waters to taste,
And to meet Messrs. Bob-tail and Tag-rag.
Then the libraries at two
Sport their raffles and loo,
Where we lose, all so funny,
Our tempers and money;
When, to wind up the day,
The assemblies, so gay,
Give their cards, cakes, their dancing, and
scan-mag.

[SPOKEN.] Well, here we are, all safe arrived at Bath.—D—n Bath, I was mad to come to Bath.—Then you're come to get your head shaved, I suppose.—You puppy, you've no head to shave.—No, I'm a Whig.—'Pon my soul, this pump-room is an uncommon fine place.—I say, there's old Suet, the butcher, playing cards.—How are you, Suet?—What are stakes?—Best rump, are a shilling; chuck, tenpence halfpenny.—I say, Tom, there's a fine girl.—I'll have a dance.—Tom, Tom, I wish you would not be so droll.—Droll! what d'ye mean?—I wish you'd keep your funny-bone out of my ribs.—Come, strike up; let's have the Bath waltz.

Hurry skurry, &c.

HOW BLITHE HAE I BEEN WI' MY
SANDY.

How blithe hae I been wi' my Sandy,
As we sat in the howe o' the glen!
But nae mair can I meet wi' my Sandy,
To the banks o' the Rhine he is gane.

Alas! that the trumpet's loud clarion
Thus draws a' our shepherds afar;
O, cou'dna the ewe-bughts and Marion
Please mair than the horrors o' war!

Not a plough in our land has been ganging;
The ousen hae stood in their sta';
Nae flails in our barns hae been banging,
For mair than a towmond or twa.

Wae's me, that the trumpet's shrill clarion
Thus draws a' our shepherds afar!
O, I wish that the ewe-bughts and Marion
Could charm frae the horrors o' war.

SEVEN WIVES.

Air—"Meg of Wapping."

SEVEN wives, in my time, a'ye see, I have had,
Pull away, pull away, so jolly;

Though six out of those would drive any man
And the first was carbuncled-nose Molly!
But Moll swigged so hard that she drank herself
dead;

And Peg was the next girl I married;
And she broke her larum while scolding in bed,
Pull away, pull away, then, I say,
For her tongue day or night never tarried.

The next, for I ventured again to the church,
Pull away, pull away, so merry;
Was Nan, who, the next day, left me in the
lurch,

And sheered off with Dick of the Ferry.
Then Sue, of St. Katharine's, I took for a wife,
And she made up four out of seven,
Who, in less than three weeks, lost, in child-bed,
her life!

Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,
For Sue and her brat's gone to heaven.

Coaxing Bet and the Widow next took me in tow,
Pull away, pull away, so jolly;
And soon Cuckold's Point, lord! they made me to
know;—

But they popped off,—and grieving is folly:
Bonny Kate, at last, came, and a wife the most
kind,

For show me a better, no, never!
And young chips we will get of the old block, d'ye
mind?

Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,
For our tars and Old England for ever!

OH, GENTLE FISHER, LISTEN.

A CANZONETTE

[Translated from the words, and adapted to the
music of the Venetian Canzonette, "O Pescator
dell' Onda."]

(Moncrieff.)

OH, gentle Fisher, listen
To my hail—

O'er waves that brightly glisten
Speed thy sail!

My ring I've lost—ah, wo!
Then thy gay gondola hasten,
Gentle youth, thy nets to throw
Where the currents deeply flow.

One hundred crowns, believe me,
Gentle swain!

In silken purse, I'll give thee
For thy pain,

If thou my ring wilt gain!
Then thy gay gondola hasten,
Gentle youth, thy nets to throw
Where the currents deeply flow.

Your gold, and silk purse, too, love,
I decline;

But one sweet kiss from you, love,
Must be mine:

For that your ring I'll gain—
For that my gay gondola hasten
O'er the waves, my nets to throw
Where the mighty currents flow.

He gained her ring that gay day,
Which he gave,

In church, to that fair lady,
Cupid's slave!

And still they bless the day
He did his gay gondola hasten,
For her ring his nets to throw
Where the rapid currents flow.

ZOUNDS! WHAT MEANS THIS CURSED
ROW?

A SESTETTO.

Air—"Country Bumpkin."—(H. M. Milner.)

AH, sir, how could you serve me so?
Was it for this that I came in the dark?
Good lack! that I should have such a beau!
Honour and honesty, without a spark

Vile wretch! is this the way you treat
Women of virtue and beauty like me?
Was it for this that you vowed and swore at my
feet?
Then to put up with such trollops as she!

Oui da! vat for you knock me down?
Never it is, dat I haf affront you:
Sacre donc! but you ave crack my crown,
And beat my body all black and all crew!

Lord! lord! what will become of me?
I've got myself into a pretty to do!
This comes of my master's a making a Don of
me!—

Won't you have pity, my darling?—nor you?

Hollo! and is it you, my dear,
Thus gallivanting, I catch in the fact?
Yes, yes! but I'll soon make you fear,
Thus to betray me when I turn my back.

Zounds! zounds! what means this cursed row?
Are all the devil's imps let loose to night?
Yes, sir! and they're going to maul me now;
If you don't save me, they'll murder me quite.

Vile slave! what are you doing here?
What are you after?—what have you been at?
Ladies and gentlemen, I, you perceive, am clear
Of all this vagary, this—I don't know what.

O, what a master is this cursed Don of mine!
All his own sins he would lay on my back;
Through this confusion, my innocence will not
shine,
Though I should swear, in the face, till I'm
black!

Fool! fool! do you think that I shall incline
E'er to forgive you injustice so black?
No; though at my feet you, repentant, should sigh
and whine,
I my revenge will record on your back!

Is this the man that I, weakly, thought so divine,
That thus can practise a falsehood so black?
Henceforth, in hopeless love, I'll pine,
Nor think that indulgence can e'er win him
back!

Ah! ha! dis prudent vife of mine,
On dis dam hubbaboo she turn her back;
I wish dat so good luck vas mine,
Den my right eye had not got dis hard smack.

So, sir, did you think for to twine
Arts such as yours round my heart in a crack?
That you could buy me as easily as my wine,
And, when you'd done with me, turn round your
back?

THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN.

(Reynolds.)

THE Maid of the Mountain, high bounding,
No voice through the valley was sounding,
When the moon-beam light
Shone awfully bright
On warriors, a captive surrounding;

Though to the rock chained,
Still ne'er he complained,
Nor death, nor base foemen he feared;
Yet, while his guard slept,
The poor captive wept,
And the Maid of the Mountain appeared.

The sun more than ever adoring,
The fate of the stranger deploring,
Her eye glancing round,
His chain she unbound,
To freedom the captive restoring.
The warriors slept on,
Their victim was gone,—
And gratitude lasting he swore;
Then cried from his heart,—
"No more will I part
From the Maid of the Mountain, no more!"

THE HEAVENS CAROUSE EACH DAY A
CUP.

(Lord Rochester.)

THE heavens carouse each day a cup,
No wonder Atlas holds them up!
The trees suck up the earth and ground,
And in their brown bowls drink around;
The sea, too, whom the salt makes dry,
His greedy thirst to satisfy,
Ten thousand rivers drinks, and then
Gets drunk, and brings them up again.

The Sun, and who as right as he?
Sits up all night to drink the sea;
The Moon quaffs up the Sun, her brother,
And wishes she could tope another;
If all things fuddle, why should I,
Of all things, be the one that's dry?
Well, I'll be content to thirst,
But too much drink shall make me first.

HAST THOU A SLEEPLESS PILLOW
PREST.

(Anna Maria Porter.)

HAST thou a sleepless pillow prest,
And vainly, vainly sought for rest?
Ah, say, have sighs and tears confest
That love was kindling in thy breast?

Alas! if not, why dost thou fly,
To haunt my path, my sight, mine eye?
Still looking, as thou wanderest nigh,
A world of idolatry!

Oh! cease, if vanity should be
The only aim that leads to me!
Oh! cease, while yet my heart is free,
From hope, and fear, and love, and thee.

THE JOLLY HORN, THE ROSY MORN.

AWAY, we've crowned the day,
The hounds are waiting for their prey;
The huntsman's call invites you all,
Come in, boys, while you may.
The jolly horn, the rosy morn,
With harmony of deep-mouthed hounds;
These, my boys, are heavenly joys,
A sportsman's pleasure knows no bounds.
The horn shall be the husband's fee,
And let him take it not in scorn;
The brave and sage, in every age,
Have not disdained to wear the horn.

Away, make no delay,
 The night shall crown the sports of day;
 The circling glass around shall pass,
 Be jovial while you may;
 The cheerful song shall mirth prolong,
 And mirth and joy shall know no bounds;
 Nimrod of old, as we are told,
 First urged the chase with horn and hounds.
 The horn shall be, &c.

THE POOR RECRUIT.

(Saville Carey.)

As I've plodded my way to some far country town,
 Full many a wearisome day,
 My purse has contained but a scanty half-crown,
 And that has soon melted away.
 Oft tired and sad, on some wint'ry road,
 With rain I've been wet to the skin;
 Of my knapsack grown tired, I've sought for abode
 At some friendly good alehouse or inn.
 I've hoped that good Fortune, in turning her wheel,
 Would cast me, perchance, on the place
 Where the wound of my bosom would instantly heal,
 At the sight of my Sally's dear face.
 She grieves, for she knows how I'm destined to roam,
 On the strength of my furlough to rest;
 And then she oft wishes her Allen at home,
 To bury his cares in her breast.

BEAUTY IN SMOKE.

Air—"Beauty in Tears."

OH, weep not, sweet maid, though the smoke from the chimney
 Brings tears from those eyes, and your sorrows provoke;
 May Cupids with roses throw up both the windows,
 To soften the anguish of Beauty in smoke.
 Though the turf it is bad, and this bog-deal wo'n't burn
 Ere the power of a bellows you try to invoke;
 But scarce has it lighted, when the smoke doth return,
 Which, to feelings like thine, is enough to provoke.
 Then come, dearest fair one, to him who adores you;
 Oh, do not say no,—or you'll kill him in joke!
 Oh, come to the dwelling of him who implores you,
 And fly far away from your cottage of smoke.

H, HAPPY! HAPPY! LET HER DREAM.

A SERENADE.

(Holcroft.)

THOU restless god, who lov'st to hold
 Thy vigils where Zelida dwells,
 In peaceful sleep the fair unfold;
 From starts and tremors, charms and spells;
 From goblin guard her, elf, and sprite,
 Which, prying, haunt defenceless night,
 With eye too free, and hand too bold.

Oh, happy! happy! let her dream
 Of some most sweet celestial theme,
 While sylphs glide smiling by, and sparry meteors gleam!
 With music charm her ravished ears,
 Such, and so heavenly, as the spheres
 To ancient sages played.
 These varied joys, oh Love, decree;
 Worthy her and worthy thee,
 To nightly soothe th' angelic maid.

THE TALE OF A PIG;

OR, HOW TO SAVE YOUR BACON.

JOSKIN said to his wife, as we're both rather poor,
 And our sow has grown lately a very great bore,
 We'll kill her at once, so he gave her a dig,
 And the poor sow began to bleed like a pig.
 Derry down, &c.

Joskin's wife shed some tears as she saw her sow bleed,
 For it was exactly her own size and breed,
 Then took to her bed, though 'twas very warm weather,
 When Joskin and she nightly pigged in together.
 Derry down, &c.

The priest of the parish came by, in his wig,
 And grunted, I surely smell out a tithe-pig;
 So in haste for a spare-rib he went, all a-gog,
 For our priest was in eating of pork quite a hog.
 Derry down, &c.

Joskin saw him approach, and it came in his head
 That his pork he would hide, with his wife, in the bed;
 Then swore to the priest, I've no pig, on my life,
 But what's now in the bed. Ah, that old sow, your wife.
 Derry down, &c.

Said the priest, you have often left me in the lurch
 With your pork, so that bed I shall make bold to search;
 When Joskin's wife emptied the jug on his wig,
 And asked the poor parson how he liked cold pig?
 Derry down, &c.

The parson now thought it was high time to fly,
 But having at that time a sty in his eye,
 He did not see the sow till his shins he was breaking,
 So poor Joskin, for once in his life, saved his bacon.
 Derry down, &c.

NATURE SMILES UPON YON SPOT.

Air—"Auld Lang Syne."—(K. O'Brien.)

NATURE smiles upon yon spot,
 The spot on Nature, too;
 But sweeter smiles my Mary's cot,
 That fronts the mountain blue;
 She leads a humble, happy life,
 Her sire is all her kin;
 A zest he feels in ev'ry strife,
 An angel dwells within.
 An angel dwells within, my love,
 An angel dwells within;
 A zest he feels in ev'ry strife,
 An angel dwells within.

Yon rose, now smiling in the bud,
 Expelling sweet perfume,
 The nipping blast, or rainy flood,
 May rife all its bloom:
 My love partakes the roses red,
 Likewise the lily's hue,

But lo! the rose soon hangs its head,
 And so may Mary too,
 And so may Mary, too, my love,
 And so may Mary, too;
 But lo! the rose soon hangs its head,
 And so may Mary's too.

But now I hear the passing bell,
 All Nature seems in gloom,
 The raven croaks upon the dell,
 And tells the virgin's doom.
 Now Mary's dead! her sire's in view;
 An angel's gone, he cried;
 He blessed the maid, had heaven in view,
 And, broken-hearted, died!
 And, broken-hearted, died my
 friend,
 And, broken-hearted, died!
 He blessed the maid, had heaven in
 view,
 And, broken-hearted, died.

//////////
 HONESTY IN TATTERS.

(Dibdin.)

THIS here's what I does—I, d'ye see, forms a
 notion
 That our troubles, our sorrows, and strife,
 Are the winds and the billows that foment the
 ocean
 As we work through the passage of life;
 And for fear on life's sea lest the vessel should
 founder,
 To lament, and to weep, and to wail,
 Is a pop-gun that tries to out-roar a nine-pounder,
 All the same as a whiff in a gale.
 Why now, I, though hard fortune has pretty near
 starved me,
 And my togs are all ragged and queer,
 Ne'er yet gave the bag to the friend who had
 served me,
 Or caused ruined beauty a tear.
 Now there, t'other day, when my messmate de-
 ceived me,
 Stole my rhino, my chest, and our Poll,
 Do you think, in revenge, while their treachery
 grieved me,
 I a court-martial called—not at all:
 This here on the matter was my way of arg'ing—
 'Tis true they ha'n't left me a cross,
 A vile wife and false friend, though, are gone by
 the bargain,
 So the gain, d'ye see's more than the loss.
 For, though Fortune's a jilt, and has, &c.
 The heart's all—when that's built as it should,
 sound and clever,
 We go 'fore the wind like a fly;
 But, if rotten and crank, you may luff up for
 ever,
 You'll always sail in the wind's eye.
 With palaver and nonsense I'm not to be paid off.
 I'm adrift, let it blow then great guns,
 A gale, a fresh breeze, or the Old Gemman's
 head off,
 I takes life rough and smooth as it runs.
 Content, though hard fortune, &c.

//////////
 MA CHÈRE AMIE.

MA chère amie, my charming fair,
 Whose smiles can banish every care,
 In kind compassion, smile on me,
 Whose only care is love of thee.
 Ma chère amie, &c.
 Under sweet friendship's sacred name
 My bosom caught the tender flame;

May friendship in thy bosom be
 Converted into love for me.
 Ma chère amie, &c.

Together reared, together grown,
 Oh, let us now unite in one;
 Let pity soften thy decree,
 I droop, dear maid, I die for thee.
 Ma chère amie, &c.

//////////
 BACCHUS, GOD OF ROSY WINE.

BACCHUS, god of rosy wine,
 Shed your influence divine;
 Fill to the brim the sprightly bowl,
 Nought but wine can cheer the soul.

By this Alexander fought;
 By this godlike Plato thought:
 This was, sure, the sacred spring
 Where the muses used to sing.

Mirth by this will ever smile,
 This will ev'ry care beguile;
 Ev'ry joy and social bliss
 Rises hence, and moves to this.

Love may beat his soft alarms,
 This excels e'en Nancy's charms;
 Often frowns deform her face,
 Wine has everlasting grace.

//////////
 THE SUN THAT ON MY NATIVE ISLE

(Cumberland.)

THE sun, that on my native isle,
 With milder radiance deigns to smile,
 Spares the sweet blushing maid its warns,
 Nor rifles, but refines her charms;
 Whilst you, that drive your panting flocks
 To dreary wastes, o'er barren rocks,
 Where, in the rolling sand immersed,
 The patient camel dies for thirst,
 Know how in vain it were to seek
 For bloom upon the Moorish cheek.
 Away! some darker damsel try,
 More to your taste—and pass me by.
 I do not like the savage grace
 Of whiskered lip and tawny face;
 The sly Italian's grin I dread,
 The Frenchman's gabble splits my head.
 I let the stiff and stately Don
 Of proud Castile go strutting on,
 For Russ or German, Dane or Dutch,
 In troth I care not overmuch;
 Give me the gallant British tar,
 Who, 'midst the thunder of the war,
 Will plunge into the briny wave,
 His vanquished, sinking foe to save.

//////////
 O, WE CAPERED AMONG THE
 LASSES, O!

(T. Dibdin.)

WHEN yet but a boy,
 'Twas ever my joy
 With mad-cap lads to mingle, O;
 At my stout quarter-staff
 There was none who dare laugh,
 For fear his two ears should tingle, O.
 Wake, session, or fair,
 I was sure to be there,
 And when fops were sipping from glasses, O,
 I drank fat ale,
 From flagon or pail,
 And made merry among the lasses, O;
 I danced among the lasses, O;

I pranced among the lasses, O;
 Right and left, in and out,
 Cross hands, round about,
 I whooped among the lasses, O.
 In war, when the lads,
 With their bucklers and plaids,
 Came piping away our cattle, O;
 Then was I to be seen,
 With my archers in green,
 In the pride of a border-battle, O.
 Like Britons we fought,
 As true Britons ought,
 For a land that all others surpasses, O;
 Scotch and English bands,
 Beat by turns, then shook hands,
 And feasted among the lasses, O;
 O, we capered among the lasses, O,
 We reeled among the lasses, O,
 Right and left, &c.

Then Jock-o -the-side,
 With his seven-foot bride,
 Though reckoned the king of good fellows, O,
 Took it highly amiss,
 That I gave her a kiss,
 When I'll swear he'd no cause to be jealous, O.
 For Alice and Kate
 So puzzled my pate,
 And Madge, who still many surpasses, O,
 All loved me so well;
 But I'll not kiss and tell
 How I frolicked among the lasses, O,
 O, I danced among the lasses, O,
 I pranced among the lasses, O,
 Right and left, &c.

JUTTA AND CASPAR.

(G. M. Lewis.)

A WOLF, while Jutta slept, had made
 Her favourite lamb his prize;
 Young Caspar flew to give his aid,
 Who heard poor Jutta's cries.
 He drove the wolf from off the green,
 But claimed a kiss for pay;
 Ah! Jutta, better 'twould have been,
 Had Caspar stayed away.
 They toyed till day its light withdrew;
 When night invited sleep,
 Fond Jutta rose, and bade adieu,
 And homeward drove her sheep.
 But ah! her thoughts were changed, I ween,
 For thus they heard her say;
 —' Ah! Jutta, better 'twould have been,
 Had Caspar stayed away!'

DOCTOR M'SAP TOOK MATILDA FOR WIFE.

(Charles Swan.)

SWEET rose of the summer, thine eyes intense
 glory
 Hath dazzled my soul, and so sweet is thy fame,
 That if thou'lt affect me hereafter in story,
 With mine future ages shall couple your name.
 Think, think when the genius of history rising,
 With her light beaming pencil shall scribble my
 life,
 In stateliest phrases—how sweetly surprising,
 That—Doctor M'Sap took Matilda for wife.
 Yes, yes! but my keen mathematical senses,
 This love hath so dulled—so encumbered my
 breast,
 That mechanics can't heave me,—with dull moods
 and tenses
 Is my sweet adolescence abstracted from rest.

Algebraical reasonings die as they're born—
 In the cloud that engendered them,—Euclid him-
 self,
 Alack! hath been viewed with unmerited scorn,
 Bespangled with cobwebs that cover my shelf.
 My ventiducts stopped—scarce a breath is embow-
 elled;
 Oh! virgin in effumability, I
 Shall be quickly diffused if my wounds are not now
 healed,
 With the balm that exudes from thy dulcified
 eye.
Nunc vale et vive, this heart's oscillation,
 Can thine alone guard from a fearful mishap,
 And oh! how luciferous will be the ovation,
 The resuscitation of Sandy M'Sap.

I AM SURE I SHALL NEVER FORGET HIM.

SWEET was the carol he warbled before me,
 Enough a cold vestal to move!
 O dear, I don't know what it was that came o'er
 me,
 Perhaps it was something like love.
 I thought 'twas some sylph when the carol began,
 And thought by neglect I'd not fret him,
 But O, lack-a-day, 'twas a handsome young man,
 And I'm sure I shall never forget him.
 Graceful his manner of kneeling before me,—
 Kissed my hand; I'd not got on a glove;
 And then at that moment, what was it came o'er
 me?
 Oh dear, I dare say it was love.
 He flattered, till I hid my face with my fan,
 He'd have knelt there till now, had I let him;
 But I couldn't be rude to a handsome young man,
 And I'm sure I shall never forget him.

THE BARD'S ADDRESS TO THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

(Mrs. Peck.)

SPIRIT of song! which erst hath raised,
 'Midst scenes of war, the impassioned lay,—
 And held in rapture, while it 'mazed,
 E'en grovelling reptiles of the day!
 Where have thy wondrous visions fled?
 Where now those powers which once were thine?
 'Is genius paralyzed, or dead?'
 Is fancy banished from thy shrine?
 Oh, no! they're only lulled to rest,
 Sunk for a time in nature's gloom!
 Within the chaos of her breast,
 They've found a temporary tomb!
 But they shall wake, once more to sing
 Of Erin's sons and deeds renowned:
 High towering on the muse's wing,
 The western bard shall yet be found.
 And when, by love of freedom fired,
 He chants the 'song of other times,'
 O Erin! be thy sons inspired—
 To spread thy theme to distant climes.
 Though now behind the western cloud
 The sun descending brings the night,
 Yet he shall rise again—and proud
 Shall Erin be to hail the light.

PEG OF MALLOW.

Air—"Roy's Wife."—(O'Brien.)

HAVE you seen sweet Peg of Mallow?
 Have you seen sweet Peg of Mallow?
 Sure, you'll say, I've happy been,
 The hour I wed sweet Peg of Mallow.
 Her hair was red—eyes of a-kin,
 Her mouth was wide, her cheeks were hollow;
 A wen went see-saw from her chin,
 Her skin like summer's rotten tallow.

Have you seen, &c.

In the street to hear her bawl,
 Faith, she'd stun you with her hollo;
 I treated Peg, the glass was small,
 It suited not her precious swallow.
 Have you seen, &c.

I saw her to St. Giles's Pound,
 And we were married on the morrow;
 Next day got drunk upon her round,
 I wheeled her home in her own barrow.
 Have you seen, &c.

Ochone! she's gone, for she has fled,
 But don't despise my Peggy's merit;
 For though the creature has gone dead,
 I'm sure you'll own she died with spirit.
 Have you seen, &c.

Oh, I've lost sweet Peg of Mallow!
 Whiskey killed sweet Peg of Mallow!
 I'm left alone, to grunt and groan,
 For whiskey-drinking Peg of Mallow.
 Have you seen, &c.

THE FULL-BRIMMING BOWL.

THE swain with his flock, by a brook loves to rest,
 With soft, rural lays to drive grief from his breast;
 The fop, light as air, loves himself to behold,
 The Briton, his foe, and the miser his gold!
 The pleasures I choose yield more joy to my soul,
 The delight of my heart is a full-brimming bowl.
 The huntsman, fatigued with the toil of the chase,
 By the side of a fountain delights to solace;
 At his mistress's feet the fond lover to whine,
 The beau, at the play or assembly to shine.
 The pleasures I choose, &c.

My Clara's enraptured to hear herself praised;
 The courtier to hear that his pension is raised;
 Some nymphs love the town, and in jewels to blaze;
 And some silent shades, with a lover to please.
 The pleasures I choose, &c.

Some love cards, some coffee, some dice, and some tea;
 Some talking, some fiddling, some dancing, some play;
 Their choice it is dull—there's a spirit in wine,
 Which more than enlivens with raptures divine.
 The pleasures I choose, &c.

AULD LANG SYNE.

(J. H. Dixon.)

OH, aft I've thought upon the hours
 I spent in early years,
 When Fancy strewed my path wi' flowers,
 An' life was free frae cares!
 Oh, aft I've thought upon the days
 When a' was bliss divine,
 The days o' youth, the happy days
 Of auld lang syne!

Of auld lang syne sae dear,
 Of auld lang syne;
 Oh, dear to me shall ever be
 The days o' lang syne!

When late I sought the village where
 I roamed, a careless boy!
 How changed, alas! a' seemed sa drear
 An' sad, where once was joy!
 The trees were felled which graced the brook,
 Yet still the sun did shine,
 An' sported o'er its breast as erst,
 In auld lang syne!
 In auld lang syne, &c.

No more upon the village-green
 The sportive children played;
 No more the aged sires were seen
 Beneath the hawthorn's shade!
 The dial fra' the kirk was ta'en,
 That told me aft the time,
 An' a' seemed altered sin the days
 Of auld lang syne!
 Of auld lang syne, &c.

The cot where did my parents dwell
 Was mould'ring in decay;
 No more its smoke rose in the dell
 But a' in ruin lay!
 No cheerfu' fire glowed on the hearth,
 Where once, wi' friends o' mine,
 I sat at eve, an' heard the tale
 Of auld lang syne!
 Of auld lang syne, &c.

Yet still I love the school-boy spot,
 Though a' my friends are gane,
 (Those friends who ne'er can be forgot,)
 An' I am left alane!
 The well-known scenes o' boyish sports,
 To cheer me a' combine,
 An' recollection, pleased, looks back
 On auld lang syne!
 On auld lang syne, &c.

Sweet village! ne'er I'll leave thee more;
 When a' my days shall cease,
 In thy kirk-yard, my troubles o'er,
 I'll rest mysel' in peace!
 Ah! though I've lang a wand'r'er been,
 Yet, in my life's decline,
 No more I'll leave the spot which tells
 Of auld lang syne!
 Of auld lang syne, &c.

GENTLE FRIEND, I KNOW THY HEART.

(Cumberland.)

GENTLE friend, I know thy heart
 Joys to see me fine and gay,
 Must I not repair by art
 Bloom that tears have washed away?

Ah, where is the pride
 Of the gem, if you hide
 Its elegant form from our sight?
 But see it displayed
 On the beautiful maid,
 It shines, and we gaze with delight.

Gentle friend, I am thy slave,
 Send me hence, and set me free,
 More than that I do not crave,
 More thou can'st not do for me.

THE WEARY WOODMAN.

THE weary woodman, worn with toil,
 O'er misty meadows walks,
 Where drooping daisies bathe in dews,
 And nurse the v'lets' stalks;

To kiss his prattling babes he hies
Far o'er the distant plain,
And listens to the warbling choir
Of ev'ning's pensive train.

To the deep wood the rooks repair,
Light skims the swallow o'er the scene,
And from the sheep-cote furrowed field
The ploughmen wrestle on the green;
Till evening, with a solemn light,
All o'er the cloudless azure steals,
When Cynthia, on the brow of night,
Stops, in her mid career, her wheels.

When morn ascends, and zephyrs break,
He takes his walk, with jocund health,
And trudges o'er the bloomy heath,
With monarch's bliss and beggar's wealth.
Now distant's heard each echoing stroke,
And ev'ry murmur of the wood,
The thunder of the falling oak,
Till eve steals on in silent mood.

~~~~~  
**I'LL TELL YOU HOW TO KEEP A LOVER,  
IF YOU'LL ATTEND.**

(Prince Hoare.)

LOVERS how to gain we all discover,  
But love with Hymen's chain is said to end,  
I resolve and vow to keep my lover—  
I'll quickly tell you how—if you'll attend.  
If, to wrath inclined, a word provokes him,  
With gentle speech and kind I'll anger cool;  
If with troubles crossed, I'll soothe and coax him,  
Nor think it labour lost a spouse to rule.  
Blithe if he appear, I'll laugh and chatter;  
But then, if grave his air, I'll silent be;  
Whatsoe'er his will may be, no matter,  
He'll surely have it still the same for me.  
Humble looks I'll wear if he should grieve me,  
But sharp resentment ne'er he shall discern;  
Never cross, but sad, if he will leave me,  
And I'll be ever glad if he return.  
Pleased at home to stay, when thus I find him,  
I'll strive, with converse gay, the hours t' improve;  
He'll forbear to roam, if nothing bind him;  
Who still to smiles comes home, his home will love.

~~~~~  
**YE SPORTSMEN ALL, ATTEND TO THE
CALL OF THE CHEERFUL HORN.**

YE sportsmen all, attend to the call,
The welcome call, of the cheerful horn!
Quit business for pleasure, nor thirst after treasure,
But purchase new life from the sweets of the morn;
See now Dapple-Bay in his foin waxeth gray,
And White-Lily stops with the scent in his chaps,
And now nimbly she bounds from the cry of the hounds,
Then, boys, haste away, without further delay,
'Tis with pleasure like this that we hail the new day!
Whilst cares of the state attend the great,
And courtier's prey on their country's wealth,
No stately ambition or sickly condition
Disturbs our repose, recreations, or health.
The fop, vainly-proud of his delicate self,
The miser, who doats on his ill-gotten pelf,
And the lover, who sighs, ogles, flatters, and lies,
Would they hither repair, they need not despair
Of enjoying sweet life with a mind free from care.

**MY HEART WILL NOT BREAK, AND MY
EYES WILL NOT WEEP.**

MY heart will not break, and my eyes will not weep,
For they've buried my true love afar in the deep;
Where the ocean is deepest, and loudest its roar,
They've buried my true love, far, far from the shore.

My mind it is dark, and my soul it is sad,
And some say that Mary, poor Mary! is mad;
But her reason remains—no madness has she,
For she knows that her true love lies deep in sea.

Alas! for the day that I saw him depart,
When a pang of despair wrung wildly my heart:
'O weep not, my Mary! O weep not,' he said,
As in anguish he raised from my bosom his head.

No more on my bosom that head shall recline,
Nor his lips press so softly and sweetly on mine;
For unshrouded he lies on a sand-bank to sleep,
And his lips are all white with the salt of the deep.

Roll on, thou dark ocean! ye waves rush along;
Ye sea-birds, scream louder; sing, mermaids, your song;

My William ye cannot arouse from his bed,
For unbroken and still is the sleep of the dead.

My heart will not break, and my eyes will not weep,
For they've buried my true love afar in the deep;
Where the ocean is deepest, and loudest its roar,
They've buried my true love, far, far from the shore.

~~~~~  
**AN UNSEASONABLE VISIT;**

OR, DEATH AND THE BONA-ROBA!

Air—" 'Twas past Ten o'Clock, and a Moonlight Night."—(E. J. B. Box.)

ONE morn, 'twas in Ratcliff-Highway,  
And in the month October;  
Oh! ne'er shall I forget that day,  
For Nell that day was sober!  
Sweet Nell I met, and in my eyes,  
Aurora, when she gilds the skies,  
With golden lustre, seemed less bright,  
And then her voice! Oh! sweet delight  
Enchanting *Bona-roba*.

Enraptured I her form beheld,  
While with the raven's vieing,  
Her voice in sweetest echos swelled,  
As she was oysters crying!  
And as I followed through her rounds,  
My ravished ears still caught the sounds,  
Which seemed to lullaby my cares,  
As 'twere the music of the spheres,  
In croaking accents dying!

The bright carbuncle, (that bespeaks  
A brilliant visage *tasteful*),  
Adorned my charming Nelly's cheeks,  
In short, she had a face full!  
Delightful 'twas to hear her sing,  
'Fresh oysters, crabs, and old salt ling;'  
I followed closely at her heels,  
I saw her style of skinning eels,  
Oh! that was truly graceful!

What could I do? just to my taste—  
For love, a full-weight treasure,—  
Her figure, shape; and then her waist,  
Was just eight feet, round measure;  
I seized her hand, the treasure pressed,  
But scarce had clasped her to my breast,  
When Nell, compelled her charms to give  
To death,—for me she could not live,  
Because she had not leisure.



He still lives a bachelor; drinks when he's thirsty;  
And sings like a lark, and loves Doctor Monro.

**DOCTOR MONRO.**

Air—"Humours o' Glen."—(Hogg.)

' DEAR Doctor, be clever, and fling off your beaver,  
Come, bleed me, and blister me, do not be slow;  
I'm sick, I'm exhausted, my schemes they are  
blasted,  
And all driven heels-o'er-head, Doctor Monro.'  
Be patient, dear fellow, you foster your fever;  
Pray, what's the misfortune that bothers you  
so?'  
O, doctor! I'm ruined! I'm ruined for ever!  
My lass has forsaken me, Doctor Monro.  
I meant to have married, and tasted the plea-  
sures,  
The sweets, the enjoyments, in wedlock that  
flow;  
But she's ta'en another, and broken my measures,  
And fairly confounded me, Doctor Monro.'  
I'll bleed and I'll blister you, over and over;  
I'll master your malady ere that I go;  
But raise up your head from below the bed-cover,  
And give some attention to Doctor Monro.  
If Christy had wed you, she would have misled  
you,  
And laughed at your love with some handsome  
young bean:  
Her conduct will prove it; but how would you  
love it?'  
' I soon would have lamed her, dear Doctor  
Monro.'  
Fach year brings a pretty young son or a daugh-  
ter;  
Perhaps you're the father, but how shall you  
know?  
You hug them—her gallant is bursting with laugh-  
ter—  
' Tha' thought's like to murder me, Doctor  
Monro.'

' The boys cost you many a penny and shilling;  
You breed them with pleasure, with trouble and  
wo:  
But one turns a rake, and another a villain.'—  
' My heart could not bear it, dear Doctor Monro.'  
' The lasses are comely, and dear to your bosom;  
But virtue and beauty has many a foe'  
O, think what may happen; just nipt in their  
blossom!'  
' Ah, merciful Heaven! cease, Doctor Monro.  
' Dear Doctor, I'll thank you to hand me my  
breeches;  
I'm better; I'll drink with you ere that you go;  
I'll never more sicken for women or riches,  
But love my relations and Doctor Monro.  
I plainly perceive, were I wedded to Christy,  
My peace and my pleasures I needs must fore-  
go.'  
He still lives a bachelor; drinks when he's thirsty;  
And sings like a lark, and loves Doctor Monro.

**WAKE, OH, WAKE; BEAUTY, WAKE.**

A DUET AND SEMI-CHORUS.

(Moncrieff.)

He.—AH, when awakes the gay guitar,  
And lute at beauty's bower,  
When prying eyes are distant far,  
Oh! then is love's own hour.  
Ne'er can woman's heart reprove,  
When music breathes the vows of love.

CHORUS.

Wake, oh! wake; beauty, wake,  
List, oh! listen to thy praise;  
Wake, oh! wake, love for thee now breathes  
His sweetest, sweetest lay.

She.—Who now my slumber softly breaks?  
What thrilling strains are these I hear!  
Ah, when to music beauty wakes,  
Far flies each anxious doubt and fear;

Ne'er can woman's heart reprove,  
When music breathes the vows of love.

## CHORUS.

Hear, oh! hear—lady, hear,  
List, oh! listen to thy praise;  
Hear, oh! hear, love for thee now breathes  
His sweetest, sweetest lays.

## GLEE.

Awakes the deer upon the hill,  
The skylark carols gay;  
The rose that blushes by the rill,  
Unfolds its buds to day.  
Ne'er can woman's heart reprove,  
When music breathes the vows of love.  
Hear, oh! hear, &c.

THE AGE OF APES AND MONKEYS,  
ON AND OFF THE STAGE.

Air—"Derry down."

IF you go to a playhouse, from cares to escape,  
You are sure to behold either *monkey* or *ape*;  
But for one *on* the stage we can see fifty *off*,  
Who, because they are mimicked, hiss nightly and  
scoff.

Derry down, down, down, down, derry down.

*White Surrey* still boasts of its strange *Monsieur*  
*Gouffe*,

Who from all his competitors keeps far aloof;  
Of monkeys and apes, he is worth the whole  
bunch,

Excepting *Mazurier*—the wonderful *Punch*!

Derry down, &c.

That *man* is an *animal* none can deny,  
Who is but *imitative*—and I'll tell you why;  
Like *Hanlet's* poor ghost, he 'a tale could unfold,'  
And so can each monkey we nightly behold.

Derry down, &c.

But a truce to philosophy—these are not times  
To speculate largely in dull prosing rhymes;  
For a difference wide now exists, 'tis most true,  
"Twixt the *Heights of Parnassus* and *Mines of Peru*.

Derry down, &c.

What with *Jacko* and *Jocko*, who gambol so gay,  
*Brazils* have got up a wonderful way;  
But let it be first only well understood,  
If John Bull *stends the monkey*, why all very good.

Derry down, &c.

OH! DID THOSE EYES, INSTEAD OF FIRE,  
WITH BRIGHT AFFECTION SHINE.

(Lord Byron.)

OH! did those eyes, instead of fire,  
With bright, but mild affection shine,  
Though they might kindle less desire,  
Love more than mortal would be thine.

For thou art formed so heavenly fair,  
Howe'er those orbs may wildly beam,  
We must admire, but still despair,  
That fatal glance forbids esteem.

When Nature stamped thy beauteous birth,  
So much perfection in thee shone,  
She feared that, too divine for earth,  
The skies might claim thee for their own.

Therefore, to guard her dearest work,  
Lest angels might dispute the prize,  
She bade a secret lightning lurk  
Within those once celestial eyes.

These might the boldest sylphs appal,  
When gleaming with meridian blaze;  
Thy beauty must enrapture all,  
But who can dare thy ardent gaze?

'Tis said, that Berenice's hair,  
In stars adorns the vault of heaven;  
But they would ne'er permit thee there,  
Thou would'st so far outshine the seven  
For did those eyes as planets roll,  
Thy sister lights would scarce appear;  
E'en suns, which systems now control,  
Would twinkle dimly through their sphere.

LONDON, WO TO THEE.

WHEN ink to cream is churned,  
And charcoal sneers at wheat,  
When London-bridge is turned,  
And ice is in a heat;  
When boys are changed to hammers,  
And Thames-street gnaws a flea,  
When Bedfordbury stammers,  
Then, London, wo to thee.

When wigs are water-cresses,  
Potatoes garter blue,  
Pigs comb their scattered tresses,  
And Pall-Mall feeds on glue;  
When Mother Goose a fly is,  
Roast pig an ounce of tea,  
A pert adverb the sky is,  
Then, London, wo to thee.

When Shakspeare is a tea-pot,  
Roast virtue but a snail,  
Cucumbers fall asleep hot,  
Or abstract beef a pail;  
When Nankeen hopes are rotten,  
A bell-rope toasts the sea,  
Mourn, mourn, ye balls of cotton,  
And, London, wo to thee.

When stripes of beer grow riper,  
And peaches scratch their leg,  
A purple mouse a viper,  
Cream-cheese a wooden peg;  
When toads make love in sonnets,  
St. Paul's a vis-a-vis,  
And cinders wear straw bonnets,  
Then, London, wo to thee.

When bishops swallow gutters,  
And salt beef walks on stilts,  
When Virgil's toe-nail flutters,  
Decanters wear Scotch kilts;  
When sore throats dig up vices,  
And twenty-one is three,  
When large round coals are slices,  
Then, London, wo to thee.

THE TAR WHO WAS WOUNDED AT SEA.

I'M returned from the ocean again, my brave boys,  
And the rage of the battle is o'er,  
Yet Time, the disperser of sorrows and joys,  
No ease to my breast can restore;  
For my limb was lopped off, ah! how dreadful the  
smart!

And I wander by fortune's decree;  
Let love, then, subsist in each true feeling heart,  
For the tar who was wounded at sea.

When I parted with Sue, and for fame bartered  
love,  
My anguish no words can explain;  
But the Valiant once boarded, I roused up, by  
Jove,

And forgot all my trouble and pain.  
I fought with the foe 'till my splinters were torn,  
And they left me for dead, dire decree!  
Although poor and helpless, still wanders forlorn.  
The tar—who was wounded at sea.

With tender compassion, regard his sad lot,  
Who from duty and love would not swerve,  
But still hazard his life—though his name be forgot,

His country and king to preserve;  
Let the mite of sweet pity be tenderly dealt,  
And warm this old bosom with glee;  
And gratitude ne'er will more strongly be felt,  
Than the tar's—who was wounded at sea.

YOUR CARE OR WOES, WHY, SINK THEM  
IN THE BOWL.

Air—"The Glasses sparkle on the Board."

(Jesse Hammond.)

O WHEN you hear the midnight bell  
Toll the departed hours,  
Then bid the rosy goblet tell  
What fleeting moment's ours;  
And as life's rapid current flows,  
And if it show you care or woes,  
Why, sink them in the bowl.

Or, if you hear life's spring will fade,  
And love and friendship dear,  
Then ask the goblet's generous aid,  
To make them blossom here:  
And think as each the bumper sips,  
Whilst wine inspires the soul,  
That, as he dips, some angel's lips  
Salute him in the bowl.

And when you hear Time's busy wing  
Will roll the winter on,  
Then bid the sparkling goblet bring  
Fresh joys when those are gone;  
And chase life's winter from your brows,  
Nor let it freeze the soul,  
But, if it shows you care or woes,  
Why, sink them in the bowl.

THE LAST BUGLE.

(E. H. Cumming.)

MARK! the muffled drum sounds the last march of  
the brave;  
The soldier retreats to his quarters—the grave;  
Under Death, whom he owns his commander-in-  
chief,  
No more he'll turn out with the ready relief;  
Yet, spite of Death's terrors, or hostile alarms,  
When he hears the last bugle, he'll stand to his  
arms.

Vorn out in the service, Death signed his dis-  
charge,  
In the grave pitched his tent, where he's pensioned  
at large  
In a corps of reserve, till the great muster-day,  
When the coward and hero shall each have their  
pay.

Then, spite of Death's terrors, &c.  
Farewell, brother soldier, in peace may you rest,  
And light lie the turf on your veteran breast,  
Till that great day when the souls of the brave  
shall behold the chief ensign, fair Mercy's flag,  
wave;  
Then, forced from Death's terrors or hostile  
alarms,  
When we hear the last bugle, we'll stand to our  
arms.

WHEN FIRST WE JOYOUS MET.

(John Ambrose Williams.)

WHEN first we joyous met,  
What raptures filled my breast!

And ne'er can I forget  
The truth thy smiles confessed.  
A thousand changing notions,  
Till then unknown emotions,  
With Hope's delicious potions,  
Embalmed or stole my rest.

Now youth's sweet hours are fled,  
The light of joy is o'er,  
A light that Time will shed  
On our old heads no more.  
Yet life's autumnal closing,  
Its season of reposing  
Is mild as that it rose in,  
With brighter hopes in store.

Peace to the aged heart!  
We gray in years have grown,  
Performed love's various part,  
Nor need we aught disown.  
And when to earth descending,  
Our boys and girls attending,  
We'll teach them, by our ending,  
A lesson for their own.

DON GIOVANNI'S FILLY IS THE FAVOU-  
RITE 'GAINST THE FIELD.

Air—"Epsom Races."--(Moncrieff.)

COME, haste along, and join the throng, ye rural  
swains and graces,  
For, on this day, by custom, they commence the  
annual races;  
The jockeys named for skill are famed, the horses  
entered are too,  
For breed, and feed, and deed, and speed, re-  
nowned both near and far too.  
And, to be won, old Lushington a silver cup will  
yield here,  
And Don Giovanni's filly is the favourite 'gainst  
the field here.

[SPOKEN.] Aye, aye; come, gentlemen, clear  
the course and make your bets, the horses are just  
going to start; Don Giovanni's bay, Caroline,  
against Lord Rattington's Alien. One heat for  
the ladies' plate: odds—two to one on Caroline.  
Clear the course, clear the course there.

The stand is manned, the stewards' true hearts  
rare joy soon they'll yield here,  
For Don Giovanni's filly's fully backed against the  
field here.

THE HUNTERS' HORN.

(Fitzsimons.)

SWIFT from the covert the merry pack fled,  
While, bounding, they spring over valley and  
mead.  
Wide-spreading his antlers, erected his head,  
The stag his enemies scorning.  
Oh, had you seen, then, through torrent, through  
brake,  
Each sportsman, right gallant, his rival race take,  
'Twould have pleased beauty's ear to have heard  
Echo wake  
To the hunters' horn in the morning.

Pleased was the forest, the mountain passed o'er,  
Yet freshly their riders the willing steeds bore;  
The river rolled deep where the stag spurned the  
shore,  
Yet owned no timorous warning,  
So close was he followed, the foam where he  
sprung  
Encircled and sparkled the coursers among,  
While the dogs of the chase their rude melody  
rung  
To the hunters' horn in the morning.

## THE WEDDING OF PAUDIEN O'RAFFERTY.

I'M sure you've all heard of Miss Biddy O'Dogherty,  
 How she got married to Paudien O'Rafferty,  
 But you hav'n't heard of the sporting fine wedding—  
 About throwing the stocking when they were a-bedding:  
 The bride was dressed out from the head to the tail,  
 Such cambrics, such ribbons, such muslins, and veil;  
 She looked so enchanting, so killing, bewitching,  
 To get the first kiss sure my mouth was a-itching.  
 Young Paudien, my jewel, was dressed out so neat,  
 He'd a pair of white stockings and pumps on his feet,  
 He'd corduroy breeches, all spick and span new,  
 He'd a red scarlet waistcoat, his coat dark sky-blue;  
 O, you souls, on his head he'd a neat carline hat,  
 And a tighter young boy there wasn't than Pat;  
 The girls all swore, 'pon their souls, without flattery,  
 They wished 'twas their lot to get Paudien O'Rafferty.

[SPOKEN.] Now, you see, the company that were assembled—

Was Dermot M'Murrough, that's uncle to Paddy,  
 And a half-sister's son of Biddy's own daddy;  
 There was three cousin-jarmins of Mrs. O'Dogherty,  
 With a grandmother's sister of Paudien O'Rafferty;  
 Now you see these were all of their own relations,  
 Besides all the strangers that got invitations:  
 There was Darby Delaney and Peter M'Mullen,  
 There was Nancy M'Manus and sweet Kitty Cullen.

Now we sat down to tea, when the clargy came in,  
 And quickly to tie them sure he did begin;  
 The bride, the sweet creature, she blushed up like fire,

And Pat, all attention, stood up hard by her;  
 And, when they were married, sly Pat, the young rogue,

Laid hold of Miss Biddy and got the first pogue;  
 So we all gathered round, and more joy fell a wishing,

Such shaking of hands, and such hugging and kissing.

Now, when this was all over, why then we sat down,

And the song and the glass went merrily round,  
 Soon a smoking hot supper was laid on the table,  
 With a "*Cead meala faultigh*," 'tis eat while you're able,

For there was muttor and turnips, and fine belly bacon,

And a thumping peas-pudding, of Biddy's own making;

There was a fat roasted goose, stuffed with praties and butter;

Now what do you think, wasn't that a good supper?

Now, while we were drinking the young couple's health,

Norah, Mooney, and Biddy, stole from us by stealth,

And Pat, the sly sleveen, he soon took the hint,  
 For he stripped off his clothes—to his darling he went;

But now was the fun, sure, of throwing the stocking—

For it hit Kitty Cullen—but where's rather shocking;

So we wished them good night, as the wedding was over,

And left the young bride and her darling in clover.

////////

## LABOUR, LADS, E'ER YOUTH BE GONE

A CHORUS.

(Dibdin.)

LABOUR, lads, e'er youth be gone,  
 For see apace the day steals on;  
 Labour is the poor man's wealth,  
 Labour 'tis that gives him health;  
 Labour makes us, while we sing,  
 Happier than the greatest king.  
 Then labour, lads, e'er youth, be gone,  
 For see apace the day steals on.

////////

## THE LONELY ISLE.

(Sir Walter Scott.)

NOT faster yonder rowers might  
 Fling from their oars the spray;  
 Not faster yonder rippling bright,  
 That tracks the shallow's course in night,  
 Melts in the lake away,  
 Than men from memory erase  
 The benefits of former days.  
 Then, stranger, go! good speed the while,  
 Nor think again of the lonely isle!  
 High place to thee in royal court,  
 High place in battled line;  
 Good hawk and hound for sylvan sport,  
 Where Beauty sees the brave resort,—  
 The honoured meed be thine!  
 True be thy sword, thy friend sincere,  
 Thy lady constant, kind, and dear,  
 And, lost in Love's and Friendship's smile,  
 Be memory of the lonely isle.

////////

## A MARRIED LIFE;

OR, BEWARE OF THE HORNS.

(T. Jones.)

WHILE moments of happiness glide on,  
 What comforts we find in a wife!  
 Though sometimes like ice that we slide on,  
 Where no one is sure of his life:  
 For when once the ice becomes broken,  
 The roses are all turned to thorns,  
 And the husband we know, by the token,  
 Is deck'd with a large pair of horns,

So a married life's—

A pleasing life, or a teasing life,  
 Or a squalling life, or a bawling life,  
 Or a winning life, or a sinning life,  
 Or a lazy life, or a crazy life;  
 And a husband we know, by the token,  
 Is frequently deck'd with the horns.

A wife, for better or worse, we take,  
 No changing when once we're tied;  
 Then cautiously act,—make no mistake,  
 Nor let beauty your passion decide:  
 For when you find out that the roses  
 You expected,—no longer adorns,  
 You'll find what my ditty supposes,  
 And be evermore deck'd with the horns,  
 For a married life's, &c.

////////

COME, CHEER UP, MY LADS, MERRY CHRISTMAS IS NEAR.

Air.—“ *Hearts of Oak.*”

COME, cheer up, my lads, merry Christmas is near,  
And I hope we shall all have a happy New Year!

Then eat your plum-puddings, and drink your strong ale,  
And may plenty and peace, in Old England ne'er fail;

O still may our flag be with lustre unfurl'd!  
Let's ever be ready, steady, boys, steady,  
And true to ourselves we defy all the world.

O still may our flag, &c.

The king, and the state, and the laws of the land,  
The good constitution our forefathers plann'd,  
To maintain them, we all with one heart should agree,

For while they protect us, Old England is free.  
O still may our flag, &c.

No hand of oppression we ever can fear,  
Our laws are the same for the peasant and peer;  
Our house is our castle, our fire-side our throne,  
And each man in Old England is sure of his own.

O still may our flag, &c.

Some men must be stronger, some wiser than others,

But good laws can unite them, to live like good brothers;

For while the strong labour, the wise ones will think,

And then in Old England we ne'er shall want chink.

O still may our flag, &c.

Then drink to the king, to the state, and the laws,  
With one heart, with one voice we'll support freedom's cause.

To commerce, to trade, to the plough, and the flail,

And may plenty and peace in Old England ne'er fail.

O still may our flag, &c.



YOUTH, DEAR SEASON, OF FOND PLEASURE.

(W. W. Waldron.)

YOUTH, dear season of fond pleasure,  
Wrapt in every gay delight;

In thy year thou ne'er can'st measure  
Days of gloom or sorrow's night:

From the sky no clouds alarm thee,  
E'en if there, they won't appear.

Autumn, spring, and summer charm thee;  
But no winter clouds thy year.

Days of bliss, ah! must we sever,—  
Thy sad absence must we mourn,

Will the aged bosom never  
Joy to hail thy sweet return?

No, thou bloom'st thy little hour,  
Transient then, thou pass'd'st away,

Short lived as the fragrant flower,  
Soon we mourn thy quick decay.

Then let Virtue, purest blessing,  
With her offsprings, Grace and Truth,

The chief treasures worth possessing,  
Light the breast of ev'ry youth:

Then, her richest odours given,  
Cheer us each succeeding day,

Whose sweet fragrance soars to heaven  
When life's pleasures pass away.



WHEN SHOULD LOVERS BREATHE THEIR VOWS?

(T. Moore.)

WHEN should lovers breathe their vows?

When should ladies hear them?

When the dew is on the boughs,

When none else is near them,

When the moon shines cold and pale,

When the birds are sleeping,

When no voice is on the gale,

When the rose is sleeping,

When the stars are bright on high,

Like hopes in young love's dreaming,

And glancing round the bright clouds fly,

Like soft tears to sheath their beaming.

The fairest smiles are those that live

On the brow by starlight wreathing,

And their lips the richest incense give

When the sigh is at midnight breathing;

Oh! softest is the checks' love-ray

When seen by moonlight hours;

Other roses seek the day,

But blushes are night flowers;

Oh! when the moon and stars are bright,

When the dew-drops glisten,

Then their vows should lovers plight,

Then should ladies listen.



JOLLY FRIARS TIPPLED HERE.

A GLEE.

(G. Colman.)

JOLLY friars tippled here

'Ere these abbey-walls had crumbled,

Still the ruins boast good cheer,

Though long ago the cloisters tumbled.

The monks are gone,

Well, well;

But that's all one,

Let's ring their knell,

Ding, dong! ding dong! to the bald-pated monk

He set the example,

We'll follow the sample,

And all go to bed most religiously drunk.

Peace to the good fat friar's soul,

Who, every day,

Did wet his clay

In the deep capacious bowl.

Huzza! huzza! we'll drink and we'll sing,

We'll laugh,

And we'll quaff,

And make the welkin ring!



FAR FROM THE WORLD TO FLY, WHERE CARE IS REIGNING.

(Kenney.)

FAR from the world to fly, where care is reigning,  
Hence all the toil of life, while thoughts disdain-

ing.

Here joys beguiling,

Here beauty smiling,

Here purest joys beguiling,

Here love and beauty smiling,

Arouse the manly heart to joys supreme!

For while within my dwelling,

Is seen no form compelling,

The laughing loves around in radiance beam,

Or when the martial strain

Shall rouse the warrior train,

What charm like woman can controul

The wilder passions of the soul.



## TRANSFORMATIONS;

OR, THE DAYS OF YORE.

Air—"Bow, wow, wow."—(Miss Bryant.)

THE ancients, so the story goes, when dead were  
turned to flowers,

To rocks, to animals, and stars, to grace the Gre-  
cian bowers;

But if the gods our present race turned to a vege-  
tation,

Good lack! 'twould be a blooming scene now in the  
British nation,

To grow, grow, grow,

The ancients died,

Then rose in pride,

To grow, grow, grow.

A fighter well might be box-wood, a scolding wife  
a nettle,

A singer, to reward his notes, be made a singing-  
kettle;

And dandy nondescripts who strut, might sink to  
dogs and asses,

While wise and good *reflecting* men are changed to  
looking glasses,

To grow, grow, grow, &c.

If Jupiter should take a trip below, too, just to spy  
land,

How rum 'twould be to see him turn a man into an  
island;

Or since M<sup>c</sup>Adam mends the roads, and levels  
down each by-way,

Mayhap, the god, by way of thanks, might turn  
him to a highway,

To grow, grow, grow, &c.

A toper well might be a vine, a baker turn to  
*plaster*,

A teaman bloom a great sloe-bush, a church a pep-  
per-caster;

A publican be turpentine, a grocer rocks of salt,  
sirs,

And brewers, too, might all be changed to any  
thing but *malt*, sirs.

To grow, grow, grow, &c.

A lover, then, might be a goose, an alderman a  
turtle,

A simpering, blooming, little miss a pretty sprig of  
myrtle;

A lawyer, too, might turn a screw, an overseer,  
I'll swear, sirs,

Might be a flint, a thief a *steel*, and a justice be a  
bear, sirs.

To grow, grow, grow, &c.

The living skeleton transformed might be the cata-  
combs, sirs,

The milkmen, too, might choose out chalk, or water,  
for their homes, sirs;

A watchman be a sleeping-draught—a pretty girl  
turn honey,

And a poet, too, might well be changed to any  
thing but money.

To grow, grow, grow, &c.

But now my song is at an end, no more I'll ring  
the changes,

But leave you, friends, to spend your time where-  
ever fancy ranges;

Though first, indeed, before I go, I'll for this fa-  
vour sue, sirs,

However time may me transform, to find no change  
in you, sirs.

To grow, grow, grow, &c.

## MASONRY WITH GENEROUS SKILL.

Air—"Sweet are the Charms of her I love."

WHILE arts and sciences do lie

In embryo in the human mind,

'Twas then the rough inclement sky

Made men employ their wits to find

A shelter from the piercing cold,

Hence caves and dens were dug of old.

But masonry, with generous skill,

Made cities, castles, temples rise;

With influence superior still,

Formed masons in societies,

Where friendship in perfection shines,

And harmony unceasing reigns.

Thus chaos wrapt in darkness lay,

When it the omnific fiat heard;

From womb of night sprang new-born day,

And thus the world's grand lodge was reared.

With joy angelic harps were strung,

From pole to pole creation sung.

## THE MIDSHIPMAN.

OF Britain's future hopes I sing,

From which unnumbered chiefs shall spring,

To guard their native land and king,

In short, I sing the midshipman.

When tossing on old ocean's foam,

Perhaps, a thousand leagues from home,

No danger can his mind o'ercome,

Or daunt the dashing midshipman.

Should hosts of foes appear in sight,

With joy he hails the coming fight;

No hostile fleets can e'er affright

The little fearless midshipman.

When shot like hail flies thick around,

Inflicting many a fatal wound,

Unawed he hears the cannon sound,

'Tis music to the midshipman,

The battle o'er, he views with pain

The deck spread o'er with numbers slain,

Nor pleads a wounded foe in vain,

To move a gallant midshipman.

His faults partake of virtue's hue,

For still to king and country true,

And though temptation may subdue,

Can never change a midshipman.

From thence a Nelson, Duncan sprung,

Brave Hood, and numbers yet unsung,

Let not, then, a despicable tongue

Defame the name of midshipman.

## TON TON SOUNDS THE HORN.

WHEN over the mountain's brow peeps the young  
morn,

The pack the dew dashing, ton ton sounds the  
horn;

The fox, scared from the kennel where cunning he  
lay,

Brushes off to the tally ho!—we burst away.

Up hill and down valley we rattle along,

No dog is at fault, for the scent it lies strong;

No hedge or ditch stops us, we circle the woods,

High over the swinging bar, dash through the  
floods.

The view-hollow given, the wild welkin rings;

Hark, hark! they re-echo, 'tis music for kings;

Men, horses, and hounds in loud harmony share

The chorus of Nature—can Nature forbear?

When down he went dodging, a double he tries,

O'er banks and hedge brushing, to cover he flies,

What inan can be tame, or be tempted to stay,

Or think upon safety, who hears hark away!

## THE ROBIN.

(Upton.)

STOP, boy, lay by that murdering gun,  
Thy direful aim forego;  
What harm has Bob, poor Robin, done,  
That thou should prove his foe?

No harm nor ill to thee or thine,  
That you should take his life;  
Then, boy, thy blood-fraught sport decline,  
Nor wage with innocence strife.

Does he not tune his sweetest song,  
To please the list'ning ear?  
From morn to night the strain prolong,  
Where'er he does appear?

Then spare the bird with bosom red,  
And what thou canst, too, give;  
He only craves some crumbs of bread,  
Then let poor Robin live!

## PUBLIC POLITICAL MEETINGS.

Air—"The London Newspapers."—(Beuler.)

In England, you see, folks of every degree,  
From the highest to the lowest, are all states-  
men;

The radical's a bore that in public will roar  
Against court-pensioners and placemen,  
Whilst the ministerial man, on a mysterious plan,  
Proceeds in a way that is stranger:

Forges pike-heads and shots for *green-bag* plots,  
And swears that the state is in danger.

Public meeting—plots defeating,  
Rebels spying—libels trying,  
Sword and sihe—tax and tithe,  
And each party the other e'er abuses.

SPOKEN.] Ha! Old Nick, I'm glad to see you  
at our meeting: dreadful times these, when our  
liberty's *violated*, our laws *debauched*, and *constitu-  
tion's* broken! But let's listen to the *horytars*.  
That there man with a face like the *red sea*, a hat  
like the *white sea*, a shirt like the *black sea*, and a  
mouth like the *bawltic*, is a vastly clever fellow;  
listen, and you'll *yhear*. (*Spoken in a different  
voice*.) Gentlemen—no, I'll not *disgrace* you by  
calling you *gentlemen*, gentlemen,—no, I'll call  
you *co-patrioters* and fellow-citizens, gentlemen. I  
am an upright, downright, plain, straight-forward,  
*mint-blank*, blunt, bold, open-minded, not-to-be-  
frightened, honest Englishman, and I rise to make  
a few observations on the deplorable conditions to  
which *rapeecious min'sters* have reduced my poor  
country, countrymen, women, and children. First  
and foremost, haven't they taxed every *thingk*?  
Formerly I could afford to drink *my wine*, now I'm  
obligated to drink *my water*. And what have they  
taxed us for? why, to support rotten boroughmon-  
gers, worse than *rotten cheesemongers*, *sinnercurist*,  
grooms of the *stool*, *bed-chamber* lords, *privy-chamber*  
gentlemen, *necessary* women, *spies*, *parasites*,  
informers, and inquisitors. It is they that *pray*  
and feed on, and devour, by inches, the poor *phea-  
santry* of this here country. Perhaps what I've  
said may be said to be contrary to law, but I don't  
mind the law—I came here to speak my mind  
fearlessly and uprig'teously. I've now, gentlemen,  
an important particular to relate:—a friend of  
mine has procured the bones of Mr. Thomas Paine.  
(*In another voice*.) I say, did he *bone* them? No;  
we dug 'em up, and each *bone* will be exhibited *pro  
bono*! Talking of Thomas Paine, gentlemen, puts  
me in mind of Christianity. *They* talk about  
'Christianity' when, look at the black corruption  
of our *clergyemen*. What, our chimney-sweepers?  
No; our bishops. Hollah, here come the soldiers!

Then I had better go; so, help us out of the wag-  
gon.

Then, search the world through, you'll find it true,  
Every rogue his neighbour accuses.

The public will storm for ever for reform,

And for that they will oft have a meeting,

There each one will strain, according to his vein,  
'Gainst government trickery and cheating.

Then major and mayor to the meeting repair,

To prevent breach of peace or a riot;

With soldiers at their back, and constables a pack,

Who crack people's heads to keep 'em quiet.

—Speakers spouting—people shouting,

Notes taking—heads breaking,

Sharp swords—seditious words,

So each one his power wrongly uses.

SPOKEN, *in a magisterial tone*.] Well, Oliver  
Pry, who have you got there; any body from the  
diabolical, riotous, radical meetings? An' please  
your honour's worship and glory, I o'erheard this  
here man and woman talking high treas-on. High  
*treas-on*! whom do the trees belong to; do they  
belong to me? An' please your honour's worship  
and glory, I mean they were speaking *erudition*  
against the state and his Majesty's worshipful com-  
pany of ministers. Hey! what! against the mi-  
nisters! flat high treason, by St. George and the  
Dragon! What were they talking about? An'  
please your honour's worship and glory, they were  
talking about *firing a beacon*. *Firing* a beacon!  
here's a flaming plot discovered! take him to prison  
directly. But I hope your worship will hear what  
I've got to say in my defence. No, I wo'n't;  
take him away; and as for the woman, I'll keep  
her back, to examine her privately; and then I'll  
send off the particulars to Lord Side—th. Take  
him away and keep him to hard labour till he's  
tried, then he'll be hung as sure as a gun. Well,  
Oliver, I think this will be a good job for us if we  
can bring it home to 'em. Yes, your honour's  
worship and glory, they can't do less than make  
you a *barren knight-man*, and perhaps they'll make  
me a *sinnercurer*. Well, the man was indicted,  
and his trial came on; but, as he happened to be  
tried by twelve jury-men instead of one *mayor*, it  
was soon found out that what Mr. Oliver Pry took  
to be *firing a beacon* was only the man talking to  
his wife about *frying of bacon*, therefore the man  
was acquitted; Oliver Pry turned out to be a rogue,  
and was rewarded with a place; the *mayor* proved  
an *ass*, and was knighted accordingly.

Then, search the world through, &c.

To meet in their turn ministerialists burn

To cut down the radical pest-tree;

Bills stuck here and there, notify that their

*Public meeting* will be held in a *vestry*.

There ministers of grace, and other men of place,

'Cause the people of blasphemy and treason;

Then petition the prince, and beg he'll not mince

Any thing to bring them back to reason.

Bring a bill in—'bout folks drilling,

Fire-arms showing—meetings going,

Laws re-dress—shackle the press,

For there in the press great abuse is.

SPOKEN.] A *right reverend* magistrate, parson  
Opiate, rose to speak. (*Spoken in a dull, drawl-  
ing, monotonous voice, as many divines preach*.)  
'Tis evident, gentlemen, that a great rebellion is  
on the point of breaking out;—a rebellion that will  
introduce all those barbarous brutalities, dreadful  
massacres, bloody executions, and horrible assas-  
sinations, which disgrace the annals of the French  
Revolution!—the people seem ripe for it; I cannot,  
indeed I need not, bring a greater proof than this  
—*no one comes to hear me preach*, and, if they do,  
gentlemen, they all fall *asleep*, though it is well

known to you that I preach as *long* and as *loud* as any minister of the gospel can afford to do for *one* thousand pounds per annum. And then, the deplorable and dreadful depravity, infamous licentiousness, and horrid blasphemy of the press! There are now, gentlemen, no periodical publications proper to be perused, except the *Courier*, the *Post*, and the *New Times*. The frequent radical meetings make one shudder! if it were not, gentlemen, for the activity of our police and the loyalty of our mayors, what would become of us? we should all be plundered of our property and slaughtered in our beds! every praise is due to them, and particularly to our late worthy mayor, to whom the words of the poet may be so well applied:—

“Spafields’ and Smithfield’s plot lay hid in night,  
Heaven said, ‘let At—ns see,’ and all was *light*.”

It is such as he, gentlemen, that keep the riotous, rebellious mob in proper subjection, and an English mob, gentlemen, is a monster like this:—

In body a *bull*, in heart a *lamb*,  
In voice a *lion*, in head a *ram*,  
Whose head full-but in a halter will poke,  
Then tamely submit to be led by the yoke.

Thus, search the world through, &c.

### THE SOUL-ENLIVENING GLASS.

(D. Carey.)

CAN her blushing charms surpass  
Yonder soul-enlivening glass?  
Fair and rosy must she be,  
Bacchus! if she rival thee.

Are the sweets that deck her lip  
Like the dew thy vot’ries sip?  
Balmy sweet those lips must be,  
Bacchus! if she rival thee.

Can the bliss her smiles dispense  
Pour oblivion o’er the sense?  
Sweet oblivion it must be,  
Bacchus! if she rival thee.

Can her mind, when these forsake her,  
Still a blooming goddess make her?  
Such an one, if such there be,  
She alone shall rival thee.

### THE FAIRY’S SONG.

(J. H. Dixon.)

WHEN the village is wrapt in quiet sleep,  
And the hum of voices is still,  
From our tiny mansions we softly creep,  
And hie to the thymy hill.

And there we trip with our nimble feet,  
While the moonbeams fall on the fell,  
And our melody is the music sweet  
That peals from the heather-bell.

And oft we gather a garland fair  
Of flowers and sprays so green,  
And a wild wreath forin for the flowing hair  
Of our lovely fairy queen.

And then, from the beautiful fairy land  
Where never did mortal tread,  
We send sweet dreams and visions bland  
To float round the peasant’s bed.

And ever we cause from the maiden’s breast  
All turbulent thoughts to flee,  
And we show her the form of her lover blest.  
Who sails on the moonlit sea,

We know not the woes of a world like this,  
No cares do our lives annoy,

Our days are a round of endless bliss—  
A scene of eternal joy!

### BETTY MARTIN AND MY EYE!

OR, ENOCH MOSS’S DISSERTATION ON WOMAN.

Air—“*A Piper in a Mead.w playing.*”

(E. J. B. Box.)

VAT ish vomans ven you try her?  
Dat ish arl I wants to know;  
Vhen for good you sell or buy her,  
Vat’s she more as outside show?

I’ve a wife vat costs me monies  
Every day vat ish I live,  
More dan, if dere better none is,  
I’d for fifty Venus’s give.

Vat’s her beauty arl, in von sense?  
Call her angel—vat a lie;  
Arl you mean’s no more as nonsense,  
*Betty Martin and my eye!*

Vat ish vomans, dress her fine up,  
But a chattering, gay macaw?  
If a sheep den be your sign up,  
You’re de *head*, but she’s de *jaw*.

If you mit Old Hymens deal vas,  
*Tight* as he may fit de ring,  
Vomans soon you *tighter* feel vas  
Got you in her leading-string.

Vomans, vonce she cuts your *mutton*,  
You vill never be at loss,  
She’ll (though you be quite a glutton)  
Find more as ’nough of *capser-sauce*.

If by auction-sale you lot her  
Out—knocked down for *bargain nice*;  
Of Satan’s apple who vat’s got her  
Finds he’s bought a *bitter slice*.

Now I’ll tell you, vonce for arl, vat  
Vomans like de vinds, vat blow  
Up changes,—now a storm, vat’s arl hot,  
Now more cold as frozen snow.

She’s as a hurricanes unruly,  
Uncertain as a farding toss;  
In short, she’s arl I tell, as truly  
As vat my name ish Enoch Moss.

### AH, WELL-A-DAY, POOR LADY!

(T. Dibdin.)

’TIS far away o’er yonder plains  
A cruel pagan tyrant reigns,  
And holds a Christian maid in chains,  
Ah, well-a-day, poor lady!

While every day some gallant knight,  
Who strives to win this lady’s right,  
Is by the pagan slain in fight.  
Ah, well-a-day, poor lady!

And e’er the sun forsakes the sky,  
Unless more powerful aid is nigh,  
The pagan she must wed or die.  
Ah, well-a-day, poor lady!

And now fair Eglantine is gone  
(By jealous pangs her bosom torn)  
To save her love, or die forlorn.  
Ah, well-a-day, poor lady!

### JERRY BLOSSOM’S DESCRIPTION OF MODERN EDUCATION.

My father, poor creature, so oftentimes said,  
That learning would only confuse my poor head,

Says he, my dear Jerry, thou know'st very well,  
Thou art quiet and will soon make a man of thyself.

So he got me a place wi' a lady hard by,  
Who soon took a liking and fancy to I,  
For she had a daughter and three bonny boys,  
Who all were at school for to make themself wise.

The first that came home a parson would be,  
For I ne'er see'd a monkey so wicked as he,  
For he call'd for his dogs and took up his gun,  
And shot at the chickens and call'd it but fun.

The next that came home I could never make out,  
For he strutted, and swaggered, and niggled about,  
He'd a large pair of gloves on, with nout but a  
thumb,  
And he talked about millers, and fibbers, and rum.

Miss Fanny came home so nimble and sharp,  
She capered about, and she strummed on the harp,  
And when she had nothing her mind to amuse,  
She sat like a cobbler and mended her shoes.

To make up the number, home came the young  
squire,  
Wi' a pair of long spurs, like the tongs by the fire,  
He was dressed like a coachman, for fun, I suppose,  
Wi' a couple of leeches tucked under his nose.

Thinks I, I shall never make nought of all  
these,  
So I'll go where they'll learn me to serve and to  
please,  
And if you, my kind gentlefolks, think that the  
best,  
I'll stick to it ever, and laugh with the rest.

### THE NOSEGAY.

(Arnold.)

I CULL'D for my love a fresh nosegay one day,  
She smil'd as I flew to her side,  
I check'd the soft sunbeam of pleasure's bright  
ray,

While thus I half playfully cried:  
These beauties and sweets, gentle maid, are like  
yours,

This nosegay thy excellence tells,  
The rose, to thy eye, like thy beauty allures,  
But its thorn, like thy virtue, repels.

The softest carnation that blooms by its side,  
In thy bosom is pity's soft glow,  
The lily, fair purity's image and pride,  
Resembles that bosom of snow.

The violet I found where, retreating from view,  
It shrunk from the popular gaze,  
Its modest retirement reminds me of you,  
So sweet, yet so heedless of praise.

The jasmine, so simple, so sweet to the sense,  
Of gentle and delicate hue,  
Recalls all thy talents, so void of pretence,  
So modest, so exquisite too,

The woodbine, where bees love their treasure to  
seek,

Is a type of affection like mine,  
But most may this unnotic'd flow'r, my wishes  
speak,  
And heart's case for ever be thine.

### THE GREAT MOGUL AND THE BLUE-BOTTLE.

(G. Colman.)

Air—"Of a noble race is Shenkin."  
OH! the Great Mogul, call'd Babor,  
Was a little fat punchinello;

On his Ottoman gay,  
How he dozed all day,  
Squat under a grand umbrella!

Air—"Cease rude Boreas."  
When a monarch so despotic  
Yielded to the drowsy god,  
Spreading round him a narcotic,  
All his court began to nod:—

Air—"We're a' noddin."  
So they all nodded, nid, nid nodded,  
All nodded, round the Great Mogul.  
When he chanc'd to wake, then how brisk they  
grew,  
When again he nodded, then they all nodded too;  
And they all nodded, &c.

Air—"Black Joke"  
But it happened one day, while to sleep he in-  
clined,  
That a mighty big fly, of the Hindustan kind,  
Kept buzzing just under the Great Mogul's nose.  
"By Mahomet!" bellowed the Emperor, then,  
"If that blue-bottle ever should plague me again,  
"My first lord in waiting, that minute, shall die,  
"Unless he immediately catches the fly,  
"That dares to disturb my imperial repose."

Air—"Maid of Lodi."  
Again soft slumbers coming,  
The Emperor ceased to speak;  
Again the fly came humming,  
And stuck upon his cheek.

Air—"Let the Toast pass."  
Then the first lord in waiting took aim with much  
grace,  
Calling all his good stars to assist him;  
And dealt the Mogul a sound slap in the face,  
Crying, "Curse the blue-bottle, I've missed  
him!

"Rot it, how dull!  
"Wo on my skull!  
"The fly has escaped, and I've floored the  
Mogul!"

Air—"Young Lobski."  
The Mogul got up, with fury fraught—  
A limner then his likeness caught,  
Which makes him look so grim, they say,  
On packs of cards, in the present day.  
The present day, &c.

### THE BRITISH THREE-DECKER.

(Bryant.)

WHEN old daddy Neptune lived over the water,  
He often convers'd with Britannia, his daughter,  
And, as Frenchmen and Spaniards were Irish-  
men's railers,

This Britain soon call'd us an Island of Sailors.  
Sing tureiaddle oh! tureiaddle oh!  
Whack fal de ral de ral tureiaddle oh!

Said he to his daughter, one day, at his dinner,  
This island's a ship, sure as I am a sinner;  
If it unfurls its sails and should go out a cruising,  
By the oakey! our foes she'll be quickly confusing.  
Sing tureiaddle oh!

Saint Patrick was cabin-boy neat and so pretty,  
He sang a good song, and was devilish witty;  
And when post-captain rated, he made the crew  
jolly,  
For he kill'd Mr. Care, and he drown'd Melan-  
choly.

Sing tureiaddle oh!

Now Paddy was gay, he was merry and frisky,  
Lov'd beef to be sure, but less water than whiskey,

And, och, when he died he left no one his chink,  
sir,  
For he spent it in whiskey, for Neptune to drink,  
sir.

Sing tureiaddle oh!

//////  
SWEET BARD OF WO!

(D. L. Richardson.)

SWEET Bard of Wo!

Oh! sweep again the plaintive lyre!  
And, while the gems of feeling flow  
A down the trembling wire,  
I'll bless the Minstrel's sacred art  
That calms the fever of the heart!

The spell-fraught gleam,  
That made thine early pathway bright,  
Hath vanished like the passing dream,  
In sorrow's troubled night;  
And mirth's broad glare but mocks the gloom,  
Like summer sunlight o'er a tomb!

Gay Hope was young—  
And she of love and joy would speak,  
But silent are the notes she sung—  
And oh! thine heart might break,  
But for the mournful harp of wo,  
That bids the soothing tear to flow!

Lorn Bard of Tears!  
Oh! sweep again the plaintive string!  
And while the strain that grief endears,  
A sound of peace shall bring;  
I'll bless the Minstrel's sacred art,  
That calms the fever of the heart!

//////  
FINE YOUNG WIDOWS.

MUST we be forgotten still,  
Fine young widows?  
Must we be forgotten still,  
And not think the treatment ill?  
Oh! this is enough to kill  
Fine young widows!

Thus to see preferred each ninny,  
Fine young widows!  
Thus to see prefer'd each ninny  
Spinster shrivell'd, lame, and grinning,  
Bachelors old, lank, and skinny,  
Fine young widows!

Let us boldly claim our meed,  
Fine young widows!  
Let us boldly claim our meed,  
Let us doff the sable weed,  
And in search of husbands speed.  
Fine young widows!

We will ask the men of sense,  
Fine young widows!  
We will ask the men of sense,  
If a house and sterling pence,  
Will give them the least offence.  
Fine young widows!

We, for Fate would have it so,  
Fine young widows!  
We, for Fate would have it so,  
Laid our former husbands low,  
Spent some time in decent wo,  
Fine young widows!

Yet one secret don't refuse,  
Fine young widows!  
Yet one secret don't refuse,  
Nor our confidence abuse,  
Our late husbands left their shoes.  
Fine young widows!

Come and try them, miss or hit,  
Fine young widows!  
Come and try them, miss or hit,  
They're not worse for wear a whit,  
We'll engage a ready fit.  
Fine young widows!

//////  
SMART YOUNG BACHELORS.

HERE we are a dashing set,  
Smart young bachelors!  
Here we are a dashing set,  
Over head and ears in debt,  
Seeking each a wife to get,  
Smart young bachelors!

When young maidens we implore,  
Smart young bachelors!  
When young maidens we implore,  
With an eye upon their store,  
'Tis for love, and—nothing more,  
Smart young bachelors!

Up to fashion's height we dress,  
Smart young bachelors!  
Up to fashion's height we dress,  
Quite the go—but, would you guess?  
Sometimes poor and penniless,  
Smart young bachelors!

Youth and beauty we pursue,  
Smart young bachelors!  
Youth and beauty we pursue,  
Though some wrinkled dame might do,  
With one thousand pounds or two,  
Smart young bachelors!

What a life 'twould be to us,  
Smart young bachelors!  
What a life 'twould be to us,  
Wife at home, and child at nurse,  
Not a penny in the purse,  
Smart young bachelors!

Ladies all, it matters not,  
Smart young bachelors!  
Ladies all, it matters not,  
Gentle, simple, tall, or squat,  
So you have the rhino got.

[SPOKEN.] Then, indeed, you have the command  
of them, and may choose a husband when you  
please, to keep him from the list of—

Poor old bachelors!

//////  
THE MYRTLE AND ARROW OF LOVE.

THE soldier who to battle goes,  
And danger braves for duty,  
Although he laughs at fear or foes,  
Like others, sighs for beauty;  
For Cupid's a general whom all must obey,  
As the bravest of mortals can prove,  
For no weapon, though keenest that art can dis-  
play,  
Can wound like the arrow of love.

The soldier from the field returns,  
To tell his martial story,  
With joy his ardent bosom burns,  
To gain the meed of glory;  
But glory you'll find little more than a name,  
And affection much sweeter will prove,  
For though grateful the much-envied laurel of  
fame,  
Much dearer's the myrtle of love.

O COME TO THE GROVE, WHERE THE  
CYPRESS-BOUGH SHADING.

(Wood.)

O COME to the grove, where the cypress-bough,  
shading

The calm gliding streamlet, in solitude grows ;  
When the last ray of brightness in heaven is  
fading,

And Nature seems hushed by herself to repose.

There, while the moon's ray on the foliage sleep-  
eth,

We'll talk how the prospects of life are o'er-  
thrown ;

And on each tale of sorrow that misery weepeth,  
We'll ponder, till sympathy makes it our own.

For love's disappointments our pity shall waken,  
For virtue and valour neglected we'll mourn ;  
Our sighs shall be given for bosoms forsaken,  
Our tears for the friends that can never return.

And, oh ! we will say, as the star-beams fleet o'er  
us,

And this shall be all the remembrance we crave,  
Some sensitive heart may hereafter deplore us,  
And pity's tears water the flowers on our grave.

////////

I'M EVER JOVIAL, GAY, AND FREE—AND  
SO YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT.

(Cobb.)

WHEN up to London first I came,  
An awkward country-booby,  
I gaped, and stared, and did the same  
As every other looby,  
With countenance demurely set,  
I doffed my hat to all I met,  
With—'Zir, your humble servant !'

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

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

She's gone, poor girl ! and in my cot,  
With friend and bottle smiling,  
I'd envy not a higher lot,  
The tedious hours beguiling ;  
If Care peeps in, I'm busy then,  
I nod—desire he'll call again,  
And am his humble servant.

Since life's a jest, as wise one's say,  
'Tis best employed in laughing ;  
And come what frowning cares there may,  
My antidote is quaffing :  
I'm ever jovial, gay, and free,  
For this is my philosophy ;  
And so—your humble servant.

////////

FOR YOU, PRETTY SALLY, FOR YOU.

(Upton.)

DEAR Sally, behold me returned from the wars,  
With a heart true and faithful as ever ;  
And though in my person disfigured by scars,  
Yet nought could my constancy sever ;

For true as the compass, a sailor's best friend,  
My love was to Sally directed ;  
And sure, I may say, since the war's at an end,  
In battle for you was protected,  
For you, pretty Sally, for you !

When mischief has hovered its omens around,  
And dark was the face of the ocean ;  
My heart ne'er the least of uneasiness found,  
Nor felt, but for you, an emotion ;  
When thunder and lightning pealed round us like  
shot,  
And billows tempestuous were rolling ;  
If a thought turned on thee, I each danger forgot,  
That thought was so kind and consoling,  
For you, pretty Sally, for you !

Full many's the time when my messmates have  
slept,  
And the mid-watch has fell to my duty ;  
From the day that we parted, a reckoning I've  
kept,  
For e'er in my mind was thy beauty ;  
But oh ! how can language my raptures impart,  
When homeward the vessel was steering ;  
'Twas almost too much, my dear girl, for my heart,  
My joy was so great and endearing !  
For you, pretty Sally, for you !

////////

THE FLY AND THE FISH.

A LITTLE fly one day did look,  
Fol lol de dol lol liddle dol de dee.  
At a fish within a brook,

Fol lol, &c.

The fly did gaze with eye so bold,  
Upon the fish who shone with gold,  
Who, although dumb, did a *tail unfold*,

Fol lol, &c.

Now flies have hearts like other things,

Fol lol, &c.

And 'tis well known that flies have stings,

Fol lol, &c.

And the fly, whose story here is sung,  
Was by a May-bee's beauty stung,  
And flies, like men, are by love wrung.

Fol lol, &c.

The fish, not thinking of the fly,

Fol lol, &c.

First opened his mouth, then oped his eye,

Fol lol, &c.

Not dreaming that a soul was nigh,  
He drank of the stream, and looked at the sky,  
And still went on most *swim-ming-ly*,

Fol lol, &c.

Said the fly, if from that fish's tail,

Fol lol, &c.

I could but steal a golden scale,

Fol lol, &c.

He ne'er could miss it when 'twas done,  
And if for my sweetheart it could be won  
It would make a nice hat for to keep off the sun,

Fol lol, &c.

The fly not feeling any dread,

Fol lol, &c.

By a mistake, for the tail took the head,

Fol lol, &c.

To snatch the scale he did not pause,  
Quite valiant in his May-bee's cause,  
But, alas ! fell into the fish's jaws,

Fol lol, &c.

MORAL.

All you young men that are in love,

Fol lol, &c.

Pray, let this tale a warning prove,

Fol lol, &c.

If you would for your sweethearts get  
A present of silk, lace, or net,  
Pray, mind and keep out of the jaws of debt,  
Fol lol, &c.

~~~~~  
I THOUGHT I SHOULD GO MAD WITH JOY.

(Male.)

WHEN first my Thomas, so neat and so smart,
sir,

Appeared, with his face full of smiles,
No longer I found I held my own heart, sir,
So easy our sense love beguiles;

But when he told me he loved me most dearly,
And begged I'd not act so coy,
I blushed, looked foolish, but answered sincerely,
And thought I should go mad with joy.

The ticket he gave me when last we parted,
When pearly drops filled both our eyes,
I hung on his bosom, near broken-hearted,
And Echo returned our fond sighs;
Should Fate now but grant a smiling behest, sir,
And Fortune shine on the dear boy,
Love backed with riches,—our wedding how blest,
sir,

I think I should go mad with joy.

Then, dressed out so fine—the pink of the fashion,
We'll both of the mode be the ton,
Sport a new tandem, so gaily we'll dash on,
And all our fine trappings put on:
Our servants so smart, new livery dressed in,
Our footman a little black boy,
F' hile lads and girls with envy are bursting,
We loth shall be stark mad with joy.

~~~~~  
**JERRY'S BATCH OF CAKES;**

OR, MY EYE AND PEGGY MARTIN!

Air—"I made love to Kate."

HERE am I so gay, I hope to make you merry;  
Here are cakes, come, buy away, encourage little  
Jerry;

The world, you will agree, of things that's strange  
partakes, sir,  
We're all one family, and all like different cakes,  
sir.

SPOKEN.] To be sure; there are your hot cakes  
and your cold cakes, your flat cakes and your sharp  
cakes, your dry cakes and your shy cakes, your  
biscuits and your any cakes—for my part, I recom-  
mend every one of you to

Buy nice cakes I sell, they're genuine I'm sartin,  
But, if the truth I tell, it's all my eye and Peggy  
Martin.

A coxcomb's head is chaff, like mould-crust, wo'n't  
bake, sir,  
Too puffy he's by half, and therefore called a cake,  
sir;

While the miser, lack-a-day, 's a gripe-cake, you  
may trust, sir,  
And the best that you can say, he's but a mouldy  
crust, sir.

SPOKEN.] I met a miser the other day—Hark'e,  
fellow, says he, are your cakes made of the best  
flour? O, yes, upon my honour, sir, says I. D—n  
your honour, says he, when I was in trade I had  
no honour. F'gad, he had me there; however, I  
advised him to

Buy a nice queen-cake, they're genuine, I'm sartin,  
But, if honour is the stake, it's all my eye and  
Peggy Martin.

A sailor, like a tea-cake, is moulded of the best,  
sir;

A bailiff, like a sea-cake, is d—d hard to digest.  
sir;

The doctor is an ill cake, sure you will agree, sir,  
And, if he gives a pill-cake, he pockets snug his  
fee, sir.

SPOKEN.] A German doctor came to attend my  
wife when she was dying. Oh, oh! says he, dis  
very bad country for de health, de people do die  
very fast here. Says I, Doctor, I'll be very much  
obliged to you to tell me the country where the  
people do not die, and I'll go there and end my  
days. 'Gad, I had him there! Come, said I,  
Doctor, and

Buy my cakes so fine, my wife's dead I'm sartin,  
For her to grieve or pine, is all my eye and Peggy  
Martin!

A prude, you know's a dry cake, neither bitter,  
sour, nor sweet;

A coquette we'll call a sly cake, that none would  
wish to eat;

A soldier is a rum cake, who frightens well our  
foes, sir,

And pretty miss a plumb-cake, a bride-cake, we  
all know, sir.

SPOKEN.] Few females, I fancy, but what are  
fond of a bride-cake, though they all declare, O  
dear, don't talk to me about husbands, I hate the  
nasty men, I'm resolved I'll never be married!—  
Till somebody asks you, said I. That's right,  
miss, take my advice, and

Bride-cake buy again, of this I'm sure and sartin,  
If you say you hate the men, it's all my eye and  
Peggy Martin!

A lover is a lean cake, softened by his fair, sir;  
And beauty is a queen-cake, that drives him to  
despair, sir;

Of spices made so pat, a lawyer is a ban cake,  
His client is the flat, and therefore like a pancake.

SPOKEN.] The law always bothers me, for it  
puts me in mind of a coffin, if once you get in you  
never get out again; therefore, sooner than meddle  
or make, I would advise you to

Buy nice cakes, and regale—of this I'm sure and  
sartin,

If lawyers tell a tale, it's all my eye and Peggy  
Martin.

Now, to sum up all my cakes, and make 'em in  
one batch, sir,

May the devil that hard cake, monopoly, once  
catch, sir,

In his oven, warm and deep, may he be baked  
secure, sir;

Whilst the wheat-cake may grow cheap, for to be-  
nefit the poor, sir.

SPOKEN.] And there's not the least doubt of it,  
as we keep unanimous at home; and, should our  
enemies choose to be troublesome, why, I'll tell  
'em this—

Our soldiers would take heart, and our seamen,  
too, I'm sartin,

Would tell our enemies it's all my eye and Peggy  
Martin!

~~~~~  
MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,

And neist my heart I'll wear her,
 For fear my jewel tine.
 She is a winsome wee thing, &c.
 The world's wrack we share o't,
 The warsle ay the care o't,
 Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
 And think my lot divine.
 She is a winsome wee thing, &c.

OH! THE JOYS OF GUZZLING!

OR, THE TOPERS' DUET.

A PARODY.

Air—"The Angler's Duet."—(J. Bruton.)

GAILY round the flowing bowl,
 See the jolly topers sit,
 Swigging hard, each jovial soul,
 Their eyes sparkling bright with wit.
 Fill your glasses,
 Jolly boys!
 What bliss surpasses
 Our joys?
 Charge! charge!
 Drink away!
 Here's a toast,
 Huzza! huzza!
 Huzza! huzza!
 Still with liquors bright galore,
 They swig away, and gaily roar;
 Thus, from morn till night they're fuddling,
 But then they get—
 Get what?
 Mawdlin.

Oh, the joys of guzzling! oh, the joys of guzzling!

Now gay Bacchus they're invoking,
 Now his name resounds with glee;
 Thus they spend their time in soaking,
 Thus in harmonious jollity.
 Avaunt, Care!
 Likewise Pain,
 Come not here
 While we've a drain:
 Enter Mirth;
 Begone, Sorrow!
 Here's no room;
 Call to-morrow.

But scarcely ere the morning's o'er,
 Each sleepy gets, and can no more:
 Then home they go, their spouses thinking
 That they have been—
 Been where?
 A drinking.

Oh, the joys of guzzling! on, the joys of guzzling!

A SAYING 'T WAS WHEN I WAS YOUNG.
 (Dibdin.)

A SAYING 'twas, when I was young,
 That golden carts take hay in,
 And in my ears my mother rung,
 Oft times, this self-same saying.
 My dad, who the main chance did think
 Of human cares the dearest,
 Would cry—whene'er thou goest to drink,
 The deepest stream's the clearest.
 I had an uncle, and his saw
 Was, take and never render;
 And this he gave me as a law,
 While yet my years were tender.
 My aunt had her good adage too,
 Who also was my tutor;
 Says she, whoever comes to woo,
 A dower's a handsome suitor.

Let me, good sir, add mine to theirs,
 Tell not your name for nothing;
 A rule I've found, in all affairs,
 Meat, washing, drink, and clothing.
 My girl, who has her parents' knack,
 For maxims adds a right one,
 No crows are found that are not black,
 Yet a rich crow's a white one.

DRUMION DUBH;

OR, THE IRISHMAN'S LAMENTATION FOR THE
 LOSS OF HIS BLACK COW.

OH! there was a poor man,
 And he had but one cow,
 And how he had lost her
 He couldn't tell how,
 But so white was her face,
 And so sleek was her tail,
 That I thought my poor Drumion Dubh
 Never would fail.

Agus oro Drumion Dubh
 Oro ah!
 Oro Drumion Dubh
 Mhiel agrah!
 Agus oro Drumion Dubh
 O, ochone!
 Drumion Dubh dheelis
 Go dea tu slan?

Returning from mass,
 On a morning in May,
 I met my poor Drumion Dubh
 Drowning by the way
 I roared and I bawled,
 And my neighbours did call,
 To save my poor Drumion Dubh,
 She being my all.

Agus oro, &c.

Ah, neighbours, was this not
 A sorrowful day?
 When I gazed on the water;
 My Drumion Dubh lay.
 With a drone and a drizzen,
 She bid me adieu,
 And the answer I made was
 A loud phillilu.

Agus oro, &c.

Poor Drumion Dubh sunk,
 And I saw her no more
 Till I came to an island
 Was close by the shore;
 And down in that island
 I saw her again,
 Like a bunch of ripe blackberries
 Rolled in the rain.

Agus oro, &c.

Arrah, plague on you, Drumion Dubh,
 What made you die?
 Or why did you leave me?
 For what and for why?
 I would rather lose Padeen
 Ma mhogiel beg ban
 Than part with my Drumion Dubh
 Now that you're gone.

Agus oro, &c.

When Drumion Dubh lived,
 And before she was dead,
 She gave me fresh butter
 To drink to my bread;
 And likewise new milk,
 That I soaked in my scon,
 But now its black water,
 Since Drumion Dubh's gone!

Agus oro, &c.

DO NOT THINK THAT LOVE IS LESS.

[Banquet of Music, 1689.]

Do not think that love is less
Which the tongue can ne'er discover,
Looks and silence best express
Truth and passion in a lover.

Only *he* deserves your heart,
Who loves most, with least professing,
And not *he* who has the art
Of addressing and caressing.

As your greatest bane avoid
Him who cunningly beseeches ;
Nor by rhet'rick be decoy'd ;
Fairest love makes fewest speeches.

Rather be to him inclined,
Who at distance sighs and trembles,
For who speaks the most you'll find,
Only wheedles and dissembles.

CHRISTMAS, THE SEASON OF JOY ;

OR, MERRILY PASS THE SONG AND THE GLASS.

Air—" *Gee ho, Dobbin!*"—(A. I. Mason.)

Now, worthies, the year hath again run its race,
Let's strive with hearts jovial its closing to grace,
And trust that a feeling within me attends,
Which welcomes with pride such a circle of friends.

Then merrily pass
The song and the glass,

And jocund good humour keep up to the last.

This ev'ning commences a season of joy,
When nothing of sorrow should mortals employ,
An earnest we, therefore, must offer this night,
Of proper respect to a season so bright.

Then merrily pass, &c.

Our forefathers e'er did this period hail,
As a signal for merriment's rule to prevail,
Let's prove the same spirit still runs in our blood,
And mirthfully follow example so good.

Then merrily pass, &c.

Old Time in his progress for once e'en must stand,
We'll shiver his glass, and distribute its sand ;
Thus, losing his compass, the thief must keep
still,

o witness our pleasure, in spite of his will.

Then merrily pass, &c.

Sages say, human nature's a sorrowful scene,
With little that's happy to brighten its mien ;
Then, surely, that little we doubly should greet,
That periods like this may in joy be complete.

Then merrily pass, &c.

Then while are exerted our gayest of powers,
All care to expel from these privileged hours,
May hope in the future hold up to our view
Returns of the season, our mirth to renew.

Then merrily pass, &c.

To conclude, as, I fear, I've detained you too
long,

I offer this simple excuse for my song,
Like a book's introduction, of substance quite hol-
low,

It merely premises that better shall follow

Then merrily pass, &c.

WOMAN IS A MATCH FOR MAN; BE HE
NE'ER SO WISE.

(Hayley.)

WOMAN is a match for man,
Though he be ne'er so wise,

For cunning plays about her tongue,
And magic in her eyes ;
Let youth and beauty mark him out,
The victim of a smile !

And down the mighty hero falls,—
A lion in a toil.

Then, husband, set your heart at ease,
For young I am, and fair enough,
And, only bring me to the proof,
I'll find a way to please.

For woman is a match, &c.

Why should fairy fancies hold
Poor mortals in a spell,

When simple woman, every day,
Can do the feat as well ?

Then trust my skill, and you shall see
What wonders I can do ;

For, sure, a wonder it must be,
To make a man of you.

But, Darif, set your heart at ease,
For young I am, and wise enough,

And, only bring me to the proof,
I'll find the way to please.

Yes, woman is a match, &c.

THE POWER OF WINE.

(Byerley.)

LET hoary Time do all he can
To rack the mind with cank'ring care,
I'll yet defeat his arts and plan,
And bid the morning still be fair.

Allied with Fate, he tries to blast
The glowing prospects of the hour,
And in the shades of darkness cast
Fair Pleasure's soft and rosy bower.

Time dropped his snows upon my head,
And on my cheek he graved a furrow ;
Fate tore my partner from my bed,
And gave me up to Care and Sorrow.

But when with wine I 'gan to glow,
Gay Laughter soon resumed his place ;
The snows of Time began to thaw,
And filled the furrows on my face.

THE BANNER OF BATTLE.

OH! calm are the sweets that the hamlet adorn,
And dear are the joys from affection that
spring ;

When the heart gaily dances in Youth's joyous
morn,
And Love fans the moments with halcyon wing.

But lost on his youth are those soul-soothing
charms,
As the smoke-wreath is lost on the cloud where
it curled,

When the trumpet of War calls the hero to arms,
And the banner of Battle is floating unfurled.

But the war-shout is hushed, and the conflict is
o'er,

And Peace, sweetly smiling, returns to the
grove ;

And Glory and Fortune the hero restore
To the cot of Content and the bosom of Love !

Delighted, he views all his heart holds most dear,
Away from him far shield and falchion aro
hurled ;

No longer the trumpet of War stuns the ear,
Nor the banner of Battle is floating unfurled

THE LIVELY PACK-HORSE BELLS.

(Pearce.)

ONE night, while round the fire we sat,
And talked of ghosts, and such-like chat;
A stranger, who had lost his road,
Till day should break, implored abode!
Pack-horses 'twas his lot to guide along,
Whose bells the trav'ler cheer with ding, ding,
dong!

Against distress, though we were poor,
My father never shut his door!
I know not how,—but, from that day,
Though formed by Nature brisk and gay,
I felt within my beating breast a tingling,
Whene'er the lively pack-horse bells went jin-
gling!

When first he wandered to our nook,
His course, it seems, he had mistook;
Now, twice a week he comes that way,
But never tells us he's astray;
And in his song my name I hear him mingling,
Each time his passing pack-horse bells go jin-
gling!

//////

THAT PRETTY WORD—YES.

(E. Mackey.)

YOUNG Harry he wooed me
And called me his love;
Then William he sued me
His vows to approve;
But I smiled, unconcerned,
When they begged me to bless,
And I only returned—
No—I cannot say YES!

But that wild urchin Cupid
Has spread out his snare;
And I am so stupid
I cannot beware;
There's a youth I could name,
If his love he should press,
I'd not cry, for shame,
No—I cannot say YES!

If he offered to marry,
And make me his bride;
I no longer would tarry,
But take him with pride;
To the church we'd away,
And his love I would bless,
With *love, honour, obey,*
And that pretty word—YES!

//////

MACPHERSON'S LAMENT.

(Written by himself.)

I'VE spent my life in rioting,
Debauched my health and strength;
I squandered fast as pillage came,
And fell to shame at length.

To hang upon a tree, a tree,
Accursed, disgraceful death!
Like a vile dog hung up to be,
And stifed in the breath.

My father was a gentleman,
Of fame and honour high;
O, mother! would you ne'er had borne me
The son so doomed to die.

The laird of Grant, with power aboon
The royal majesty,

Passed his great word for Peter Brown,
And let Macpherson die.

But Braco Duff, with rage enough,
First laid a snare for me;
And if that death did not prevent,
Avenged I well could be.

But vengeance I did never wreak,
When power was in my hand;
And you, dear friends, no vengeance seek,
It is my last command.

Forgive the man whose rage betrayed
Macpherson's worthless life:
When I am gone, be it not said
My legacy was strife.

And ye that blame, with cruel scorn,
The wand'ring gipsy's ways,
O, think, if homeless, houseless born,
Ye could spend better days.

If all the wealth on land or sea
Before my eyes were spread,
I'd give them all this hour to be
On the soldier's dying bed.

Though cut and hacked in every limb,
And choked with heaps of slain,
Glory and fame should be my theme,
To soften every pain.

My father was a gentleman,
Of fame and lineage high;
O, place me in the field, like him,—
Like him to fight and die!

//////

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

(T. W. Kelly.)

WHENE'ER to change my present state
Kind Heaven shall decree,
Be this the model of my mate,—
In mind and body free.

Let honour all his actions guide,
Be upright and sincere;
Let Virtue in his breast reside,
And lodge sweet Pity there.

Let him have never been the cause
Of injured virgin's tears;
Or sorrows which, by Nature's laws,
The feeling parent bears.

In learning and in sense complete,
And wholly free from pride;
No foppish dress, but plain and neat,
With reason on his side.

Let him be gen'rous, brave, and kind,
And then, oh! may I prove
The woman suiting to his mind,
That he can only love.

Blessed with a partner to my heart,
While life's so shortly spanned;
Nought shall divide, till death shal. part,
The matrimonial band.

//////

TEDDY O'CONNOR.

Air—"The Night before Larry was stretched."

(J. Murphy.)

ONE night, about five in the morn,
In the middle of foggy November,
My mother told me I was born,
Sure the day very well I remember.

Such a baby was ne'er seen before,
For beauty, I say, 'pon my honour, O!
The ladies, all did me adore,—
Sure, they christened me Teddy O'Connor, O.
Tol de rol, tol de rol da, &c.

So I grew up a nate and fine boy,
In figure so plump and so rosy;
My mother she called me dear joy!
And the ladies they called me their posy!
O, masha! they sent me to school,
Them thinking to teach me my letters, O!
But I can tell you all I was no fool,
For in larning I could bate my betters, O!
Tol de rol, &c.

Now, beginning, they taught me to know
That politeness would grace my fine figure,
And to London if e'er I should go,
Some lady's hand soon I should quiver;
By my sowl, O, now then, says I,
Your politeness itself do me pother,
To larn now is all in my eye,
O, be asey, and do not me bother.
Tol de rol, &c.

When first into London I came,
In love fell I all in a totter
With a sweet and most beautiful dame,
Whose name was Miss Judy O'Cottor.
By my sowl, she did me bewitch,
O, the sight of her gold made me crazy!
All over was I of an itch,
To clap my thumb on that sweet daisey.
Tol de rol, &c.

Miss Judy! long life to my dear;
My hand it is now that I offer;
And, believe me, my love, I'm sincere,
I respect the great name of O'Cottor!
On my honour, I now vow to you,
I was born in Dublin famed city,
Where all my estates are, it's true,
And my fortune it is nate and pretty.
Tol de rol, &c.

She consented, and, faith, you must know,
I didn't lose time, not a liffee,
Off straight to the church we did go,
And married were we in a jiffey!
Then awaken up all, my brave boys,
O never be low or faint-hearted,
While those females partake of our joys,
From the dear creatures may we ne'er be
parted.
Tol de rol, &c.

O, success to the pair of us all,
May Fortune attend on us ever,
May Ill-will and Deceit from hence fall,
And may we all live jovial together!
Dear creatures! I toast all your health,
With happiness may you live long,
Possessed of good-humour and wealth,
Mr. [name some person,] come, give us a song.
Tol de rol, &c.

THE CONTENTED LOVER.

(Cowley.)

I NEVER yet could see that face,
Which had no dart for me;
From fifteen years to fifty's space,
They all victorious be.
Colour, or shape, good limbs, or face,
Goodness or wit in all I find;
In motion, or in speech, a grace,
If all fail,—yet 'tis womankind.

If tall, the name proper slays;
If fair, she's pleasant as the light;
If low, her prettiness does please,
If black, what lover loves not night.

The fat, like plenty, fills my heart;
The lean, with love makes me too so;
If straight, her body's Cupid's dart;
To me, if crooked, 'tis his bow.

THE CLERKENWELL BALL.

Air—"Songs of Shepherds."—(W. H. Main.)

SILENCE, ye waltzers and dancers pragmatical,
Twisting and twirling your trotters in air,
Fig for your antics and tricks operational,
Who can your dancing with ours compare?
Spite of your vapours and puffs in the papers,
Now come, and cut capers with us if you dare;
But first hear the story of us in our glory,
At our ball so famous last Bartlemy-fair.
Spite of your vapours, &c.

Cock up your ears, then, and mind that ye hearkez
well,
Seldom such stories as this you shall hear,
'Twas at a turning that goes into Clerkenwell,
Sign of the house was the Bull-dog and Bear.
Price was a shilling, which all who were willing,
Dropt Brandynose's till in to matters square,
Then as each goes in, what rapture his toe's in.
To hear the folks rosin up two pair of stair.
Spite of your vapours, &c.

Blear-eyed Barney 'gan to flourish his fiddlestick,
But darkness for dancing not being thought fit,
Four short sixes did up in the middle stick,
Thus was our ball-room most handsomely lit;
Brisk went the fiddle, while brisk down the mid-
dle,
As sharp as a needle, each light-footed pair,
To *Voulez-vous dansez* and Harlequin's fancy,
Did caper and prance with agility rare.
Spite of your vapours, &c.

Four quart-pots were inside of the fender set,
Two half-gallons kept open the door,
Pipes and *backey* were placed in the window-seat,
Gin-and-water was running galore;
To open the ballet, a little French valet
Led clumpy-toed Sally to dance de la Cour,
But chancing to stumble on poor Sally's bumble,
Alas! both did tumble bang down on the floor.
Spite of your vapours, &c.

Next came tripping on light toe fantastical,
Bouncing Bet, from the Saracen's Head,
Hand in hand with big Bob, the gymnastical,
Six feet high, with her feathers so red;
Then a bandy-legged dyer, with gawky Maria,
And squinting Sophia, joined hands in a reel,
With Dumpy, the baker—the fat undertaker,
And slammaky Kate, with a hole in her heel.
Spite of your vapours, &c.

But oh! the catastrophe, dire and disastrous,
Muses with horror and sorrow declare,
Bull-dog and Bear was an old lath and plaster-
house—
Ceilings and roofings much out of repair;
So slap went the floor in 'mong ladies deploring,
And gentlemen roaring—Lord, how they did
swear;
I'm grieved to relate it, and sorry to state it,
But thus terminated our ball at the fair.
Spite of your vapours, &c.



Rail as you list, then, I shall yet,
For joke's sake, love poor Dingy.

OR JOKE'S SAKE, LOVE POOR DINGY.

(Dibdin.)

THE ladies' faces, now-a-days,
Are various as their humours;
And on complexions oft we gaze
Brought home from the perfumers!
Hid, as it were, beneath a cloak,
The beauty's false that wins you;
Then pardon me, by way of joke,
If I prefer my Dingy.

A handkerchief can rub away
Your roses and your lilies;
The more you rub, the more you may,
My Dingy dingy still is!
Besides, her hair's as black as jet,
Her eyes are gems from India;
Rail as you list, then, I shall yet,
For joke's sake, love poor Dingy.

I'LL CONQUER OR I'LL DIE.

(Moncrieff.)

To arms! I take Love's field,
And boldly all will dare;
Truth is my sword and shield,
My motto,—On, and brave despair.
Rope ladders soon shall scale your walls,
Success my hopes shall crown;
I'll storm your castle till it falls,
And boldly take your town.
Then loud sound Love's alarms!
My Julia is the cry;
To arms! to arms! to arms!
I'll conquer or I'll die.
Rope ladders, &c.

PAUDIEN O'RAFFERTY'S COURTSHIP.

WHEN I was a serving my time at Drogheda,
Minding my work, just as I ought to be,
My master's fair daughter, Miss Bidy O'Dogherty,
Bored a hole in the heart of young Paudien
O'Rafferty.

Miss Bid was a nice little girl, as she ought to be,
Courtied by half the young fellows of Drogheda,
Who longed to be kissing this sweet creature of
Drogheda,—

But she loved none so well as young Paudien
O'Rafferty.

Now to think upon this, faith, it made me conceited,

I went near the fire where Miss Bidy was seated,
She looked like an angel, when knitting her stocking,
O!

I put my arm round her neck, and laid hold of her
bottom,* O!

When I found myself close by my darling a sitting,
Says I, my dear creature, come, throw by your
knitting,

And listen awhile, till I tell how I love you, why,
And how much I adore you, Miss Bidy O'Dogherty.

O, can't you be aisy, Pat? don't be a teasing,
You've pulled out my needles, you see, by your
squeezing;
I've dropped all the stitches; you've quite spoiled
the stocking, O!

The dickens is in you, pray let go my bottom, O!
Her mother came running to us in the kitchen,
To see if Miss Bidy was minding her knitting;
Says she, what are you doing there, Paudien O'Raf-
ferty?

Faith, I'm courting your daughter, Miss Bidy
O'Dogherty.

* Bottom of thread, from which the knitter is supplied.

Her nose grew as red as a big turkey-cock's snout,
Says she, my young Pat, have I now found you
out?

But straight I will run and tell Mr. O'Dogherty,
What a hopeful apprentice is Paudien O'Rafferty!
Then I begged the dear girl no longer to stay,
But pack up her tatters, and with me set away;
So now she's no longer called Biddy O'Dogherty,
Faith, we're married, and now she's Mrs. O'Raf-
ferty.

THE ACCUSING LOVER.

(Upton.)

OH, say not that she sighs for me,
Because her lips are sweet;
Like Scylla, false, the sex can be,
Like Circe, breathe deceit.

Oh, say not woman's love is true,
That never felt its flame;
'Tis man she glories to subdue,
And love is—but a name!

THE REPENTANT LOVER.

(Upton.)

TELL not me of woman's wiles,
I, yes I've accused her wrong;
Oh, there is in woman's smiles
All that can to bliss belong!

Tell not me her heart is cold,
Feigning warmth she never knew;
Tell not me her price is gold,—
I have found her all that's true!

Tell not me that woman lives
But to jilt and laugh at man;
Nought in life such rapture gives,
Rapture such as woman can!

Tell not me she's false and vain,
Luring only to betray;
Man is proud to wear her chain!
Life's a gloom when she's away.

THE CHRONICLE OF FASHION.

WHEN Eve and Adam first were wed,
On dress they threw no thoughts away;
No fashions like our great folks led,
Nor silks nor satins bought away;
Of petticoat, coat, hat, or wig,
They never saw a particle;
They wore a leaf, nor cared a fig
For any other article.

But Fashion soon beat up recruits,
New modes in haste came stalking in,
For Nimrod wore a pair of boots,
Though not like ours for walking in.
When Charles the Second bore the sway,
They were a set of merry grigs;
'Twas then the ton to dash away
In square-toed pumps and periwigs.

Queen Bess no tippet wore, nor muff,
So fond of plaits and quillery;
With pasteboard looking three-fold ruff,
'Twas vastly like a pillory!
The ladies, too, of ancient fame,
With waist so taper, long, and small,
Not like each modern tasty dame,
Who hardly sports no waist at all.

Yet Fashion guides the hand of Art,
Gives commerce circulation, too,
To poverty can wealth impart,
And spur to emulation, too;
So may our high-born beauteous fair,
In whate'er mode they dress them, all
England's produce ever wear,
And then the poor shall bless them all.

FAREWELL! FORGET ME NOT.

(L. E. L.)

I SEE the white sails of thy ship,
The blue depths of the sea;
I hear the wind sweep o'er the wave
That bears thee, love, from me!
Thy flag shines in the crimson sun,
Now setting in the brine;
That sun will set to-morrow there,
But light no sail of thine!
Yet, with to-morrow's evening star,
Again I'll seek this spot;
'Twas here I gave my parting charge,
My last—Forget me not!

Around my neck there is a band,
'Tis made of thy dark hair;
Its links guard my heart's dearest prize,
A broken ring they bear!
A like pledge hangs upon thy breast,
The last sweet gift Love gave!
We broke that ring, we twined that hair,
Upon a maiden's grave;
A girl who died of broken vows,
(How can love be forgot?)
A fitting shrine for faithful hearts
To sigh—Forget me not!

How can I bear to think on all
The dangers thou must brave?
My fears will deem each gale a storm
While thou art on the wave!
How my young heart will cling to all
That breathes of thine or thee!
How I will plant thy favourite flowers,
And nurse thy favourite tree!
And thou! oh, thou! be shade or shine,
Or storm or calm thy lot,
Bear on thy heart our parting words,
Our fond—Forget me not!

Nay, pray thee, mother, let me gaze
Upon that distant sail;
What matters that my eye is dim,
Or that my cheek is pale!
And tell me not 'tis vain to weep
For him who is away;
That sighs, nor tears, will speed his flight
Of but a single day!
It is not that I hope to bring
My sailor to our cot;
But who can say, and yet not weep,
Farewell!—Forget me not!

FRIENDSHIP, LIFE'S MERIDIAN LIGHT.

Air—"Flow, thou regal purple Stream."

FRIENDSHIP, life's meridian light,
Beam around the board to-night:
Kindle every genial soul,
Hallow every flowing bowl.
Here thy bland effulgent dart
Wakes the soul and warms the heart;
Where's the gem that can surpass
The sparkling of this ruby glass?

Where's the gold can purchase bliss
Half so pure, so bright as this?
Where's the monarch half so free,
So jovial, and so blest as we?

WHEN I DREAM THAT YOU LOVE ME.
(Lord Byron.)

WHEN I dream that you love me, you'll surely
forgive,
Extend not your anger to sleep;
For in visions alone your affection can live,
I rise, and it leaves me to weep.
Then Morpheus envelope my faculties fast,
Shed o'er me your languor benign;
Should the dream of to night but resemble the last,
What rapture celestial is mine!
They tell us that Slumber, the sister of Death,
Mortality's emblem is given;
To Fate how I long to resign my frail breath,
If this be a foretaste of heaven.
Ah! frown not, sweet lady, unbend your soft brow,
Nor deem me too happy in this;
I sin in my dream—I atone for it now,
Thus doomed but to gaze upon bliss.
Though in vision, sweet lady, perhaps you may smile,
Ah! think not my penance deficient;
When dreams of thy presence my slumbers beguile,
To awake will be torture sufficient.

CROSS-READINGS IN THE NEWSPAPERS;
OR, OH! 'Twill MAKE A GRAND CONCERTO.
(Prince Hoare.)

RECITATIVE.

YESTERDAY the eclipse of the moon—
Was brought up for examination in Bow-street.

AIR.

Here the *violins* a little,
Twee, twee, twittle!

RECITATIVE.

The *hard gale* on Tuesday night—
Wind instruments!
Gave a crowded *roul* in Portman-square—

AIR.

Here the *drum!*
Trum, trum, trum!

RECITATIVE.

A fine plate of *strawberries* was served up—
Hautboys!—
To an overdrove *ox* running down Fleet-street;

AIR.

Horns! Ta ra!
Ta, ra, ta!

RECITATIVE.

The new *ghost* that appears in the *Bird-cage*
Walk—
Flutes con spirito!

Will accompany the *fiotilla* to England—
Flats in C.

AIR.

Bravo! better cannot be.

RECITATIVE.

'Their majesties will visit Covent-garden Theatre
Voices! Song!

With the blessing of order in a land of liberty!
Grand chorus!

AIR.

Bravo! suits me to a T.
Better, better cannot be.
Now let all proceed together,
Lover's Vows, with—Change of weather—
Lovers of sauces—Native groundsel—
Sun eclipsed—By advice of counsel—
Fleet at Boulogne—Heads in pillory—
British spirits—Old distillery—

Bravo! bravo! that I'll swear to—
Oh! 'twill make a grand concerto!

Hold! the devil! What's the matter?
Keep your horns there somewhat flatter!

To night the full-moon—
Take care you're in tune.
Gretna-green beauty—
Post-horse duty.
Wants a good place—
Pimples on the face.
In fine preservation—
The state of the nation.
Vermicelli—
Pains in the belly.
Union of hearts—
Gooseberry-tarts.
Service of the Turk—
Maid of all work.

Lottery—Hamburgh—Volunteers—
Ship-news—Theatres—House of Peers
Latin—satin—
Money—honey—
Scholars—dollars—
Sales by auction:
Teaching—bleaching—
Blacking—cracking—
Chicken—licking—
Bark decoction.

Bravo! bravo! that I'll swear to—
Oh! 'twill make a grand concerto!

LOVE! INSPIRING LOVE!

A DUET.

(Kenney.)

LOVE, inspiring Love!
Ordained by Heaven above,
Locks, bars, bolts I defy thee;
My heart with rapture burns,
And sooner e'er than fly thee,
I'll court each fair by turns.

My lord, they'll surely hear you,
And all our plans o'erthrow—
Softly, softly, some one's near you,
From this place pray quickly go.
If you lose here but a minute,
The wager you will never win it,
And all our plans o'erthrow;
So, from this place pray quickly go.

Your advice is now not wanted;
On this freedom I ne'er counted.
Oh, love! inspiring love,
Ordained by Heaven above.

Hark! I hear, I think they're coming;
Pray, sir, now, but leave your funning;
For a moment, pray have done,
As the silent grave be dumb.
I hear now, not lost now, the wager still is mine—
Here now, your wager's lost now, the wager is not
thine.

THE SKELETON HUNTSMEN.

Air—"Old Towler."

THE moon's eclipse proclaims our hunt,
The graves release their dead,
The *common man* lifts up the *wood*,
The *lord* springs from the *lead*;
The lady-corpses hurry on,
To join the ghostly crowds,
And off we go, with a ho! so, ho!
A-hunting in the clouds.
With a hey, ho, chivey,
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy.
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy.

No hill, no dale, no glen, no mire,
 No dew, no night, no storm,
 No earth, no water, no air, nor fire,
 Can do wild huntsmen harm.
 We laugh at what the living dread,
 And throw aside our shrouds,
 And off we go, with a ho! so, ho!
 A-hunting in the clouds.

With a hey, ho, chivey, &c.

Oft when by body-snatchers stoien,
 And surgeons for us wait,
 Some honest watchmen take the rogues,
 To be examined straight;
 We slip away from surgeons, and
 From police-office crowds;
 And off we go, with a ho! so, ho!
 A-hunting in the clouds.

With a hey, ho, chivey, &c.

HER SMILE I SHALL NEVER FORGET.

Air—"Jessie, the Flower of Dumblane."

(Jesse Hammond.)

FAREWELL, my dear Mary, the beams of thy
 beauty

No longer shall brighten the path I pursue,
 For loud on the blast rolls the mandate of duty,
 And glory bids pleasure and Mary adieu;
 But though, lovely maid, it seems madness to lose
 thee,

Yet absence shall soften the sigh of regret,
 For memory pledges, when fondly it woos thee,
 Thy smile, thy sweet smile, I shall never forget.

Farewell, my first love, but the tear that's now
 falling

Preserve as a relic, a relic from me,
 And each lonely hour my affection recalling,
 That heart-drop of sorrow thy lover shall be;
 And when thou hast brought my lost image before
 thee,

Let memory soften the sigh of regret,
 For the tear shall declare I must ever adore thee,
 And thy smile, thy sweet smile, I shall never
 forget.

Farewell, then, for ever, the night-star that listens,
 My vows may record in the temples above,
 And the last parting tear, in the moon-beam that
 glistens,

Shall stamp, as a seal, the sweet bond of my
 love;
 For I swear, till the night of the tomb overtake me,
 And the sun of my life shall for ever be set,
 My fondness for Mary shall never forsake me,
 And her smile, her sweet smile, I shall never
 forget.

THE ITALIAN MUSIC-MASTER.

(Dibdin.)

Io sono moosic maestro Jose come de St. Fiorenza
 Che sell de English poples ut, re, mi, fa sol, la,
 Che teach de pretty lathy de shak and de cadenza,
 Che mak so moshe astonitch de papa and de
 mama;

I teash all de sort to suprise de grand mato,
 L'aria, si dolce il flauto obligato,
 De recitativa accompagnamenti;
 Che kive soshe great telight to all the cognoscenti.

De capriccio ad libitum il penseroso,
 De presto, and den alla larga doloroso;
 De noisy bravura, so tintamar keeping,
 And den d'adagio, che set you all sleeping;
 L'allegro si gai; le grand maestuoso;
 Pastoralle si gentil; the mad furioso;

And good many more ting, for fee in de mano,
 That give good English cash for bad note Italiano.
 And den they sob and sigh away,
 And faint away and die away,
 And faint, and sob, and sigh,
 And turn up the vite of the eye,
 Like the dying magpie.

SPOKEN.] So, ven he very great rapture, look
 ope to heaven; can't see no more; I take the op-
 portunity, squeeze the younk lathy by the hand; I
 say, my tear angel, you must smile delight! (a
 fool in my eye;) it is impossible to resist-a me,
 fur, my lofe, you see,

Io sono moosic maestro, &c.

So den dere come de fish, de turtle, and de pies,
 And laugh and halloo, and make some noise:

The goose and the mustard,
 The boodun, the custard,
 And den, after dey dine,
 They drink all sort de vine;
 So the alderman, wid him jelly,
 He stuff his great belly;
 We go at it ding-dong;
 Monsieur, I knock you down for a song;
 Si, signior, vat sall I sing?
 Any ting you please; vat, any ting?

SPOKEN.] I cot soshe a crate cold, I too my
 pest; John don't make so noise.

I meet one pretty kirl, I say mine lofe and mine
 tear,

I wish, you please, little vipster in your ear;
 So she say, outlandish fellow! vid an air so scorn
 a fool;

I von't lofe you at all, sir; I shall lofe mine Jacky
 Bull.

Den I say, mine lofe and mine life, consent to ko
 wit me,

I show you von krاند ting so fine in my contree,
 Vid my friend Italiano, who always make a rule
 To spend the English guinea, and laugh at Jacky
 Bull.

Vat you tink te little devil say? she vo'n't take
 such a prance;

Whereabout, sare, your contree, since Italy gone
 to France;

Beside, you cheat, you leech, che trop of when
 you full,

Little England, I say, for ever, and honest Jacky
 Bull!

Den come again the noise, bravo! encore!

The Italian set de table in a roar,

While English merit he stay out of door.

SPOKEN.] Yes, to be sure, for you see, by this
 time, I ket very good foot in de family. I bring
 the letter to the gentleman from the French
 dansease, and to the lady from the fine flashy
 beau; but, one day, you see, devilish pad ting,
 the monkey pick out my pocket, in de presence de
 shentleman, de letter address to the lathy. Oh,
 diavolo! he kick me out of the house, swear I was
 de worse moosic-maestro che ever compose: bote
 I don't mind dis; I ket to anoder family, where I
 shake te shentleman by the hand, salute de lathy,
 stroke de chambermaid under the shin, introduce
 Master Jacky to the op'ra-girl; to be sure it's all
 very true, every body know dis. I make de hose
 my home, I too vat I please, now can it be other-
 wise? because,

Io sono moosic maestro, &c.

A MARINERS' GLEE.

(W. W. Waldron.)

SEE our sails, in swelling pride,
 How they bear us o'er the tide;

Lo! the space we leave behind
As we move before the wind;
Soon no object will there be
But the expanse of heaven and sea,—
Soon no object will we view
But the expanse of azure blue.

Now, my comrades, ho ye ho!
See triumphantly we go!
Soon no object will we view
But the expanse of azure blue.

Now 'tis near the close of day,
So, my comrades, pull away;
Now let's work, it draws near night,
When the sun will yield no light;
Darkness soon, ah! soon will veil
Ev'ry rope and ev'ry sail,
Then, oh! then we'll try in vain
To steer us o'er the stormy main.

Now, my comrades, &c.

A RECIPE TO MAKE A BEAUTY;

OR, THE CHARMERS OF 1825.

Air—"Yankee Doodle."

DOUBLE, double, toil and trouble!
Sisters, do your duty!
Fire, burn! and cauldron, bubble!
Let us make a beauty.
All that's fair come running there!
All ugliness keep out!
Your potent ware prepare! prepare!
And stir the charm about!

Double, double, &c.

You gatherers of Olympian dew
From fens you ne'er have been on,
Distillers of macassar, too,
And matchless bloom of Ninon!
Venders of rouge invisible,
And Kalydor of Rowland,
False masks you sell, white lies, to veil
Necks fit for black Negroland.

Double, double, &c.

Or, when at fading twenty-five,
You find us fast retreating,
Oh, fleeting is the life you give,
To charms at best but fleeting:
In vain for these you rob the dead,
Each buried grace retrieving,
We will a wreath of beauty braid
With flowers culled from the living.

Double, double, &c.

Round about the cauldron go,
The charmed draught enchanting;
First, here's from Chester's cheek a glow,
Blushed in her earliest granting:
A majesty from Bunn—a smile
From black-eyed Garcia given,
Like those that light the Elysian isle
When there is mirth in heaven.

Double, double, &c.

A garter stolen from Vestris' knee,
A ringlet of Leivan's,
And three notes of a melody
Sung by Miss Kitty Stephens;
A sigh caught murmuring from the lips
Of peerless Judy Pasta,
A kiss, snatched in the moon's eclipse,
From Chatterley by ——— Basta.

Double, double, &c.

A breath of heart from Mary Tree,
From blue-eyed Love a dimple,
A grace from Foote's pale brow—fair—free,
Caught from beneath her wimple,

As, speeding forth in love's fond dream,
She sought the Berkeley's dwelling,
And, uncommissioned, suffered him
To go a colonelling.

Double, double, &c.

Higher, higher mounts the fire!
Something still is wanting;
Throw in a tear from Kelly here—
A tear of Nature's granting;
(A grief like those the blest above
Shed o'er the ills by man done)
A lay of broken-hearted love
From Letty Lizzy Landon.

Double, double, &c.

Higher, higher mounts the fire!
Sisters, we are speeding!
Let the charm nor sink nor tire,
Lost for lack of feeding!
A cadence, caught upon the death,
From gentle Caradori;
Of Catalani's siren breath,
A memory—a story!

Double, double, &c.

Here's Wilson's first sweet sunny glance,
Culled on her home return,
And here a *pas*, from a new dance,
By Mrs. Oscar Byrne;
A promise here of future soul
From Glover's little Phillis,
And Fashion now, to crown the whole,
From Mrs. Arthur Ellis.

Double, double, &c.

Now, peace! the spell is working well,
And yet there needs an aid
To make it irresistible,
The beauty you have made:
If that be wanted still, nought boots
Your art and charmed cup,
A cheque at sight from Mrs. Coutts
Peace, ho! the spell's wound up!
Cease, oh cease, to toil and trouble,
You have done your duty;
Whose shall be the glittering bubble?
Who will buy a beauty?

BACCHUS, GOD OF JOYS DIVINE!

BACCHUS, god of joys divine!
Be thy pleasures ever mine!
Smile on this thy votary's prayer,
All else is not worth our care:
All our griefs bisk wine dispels,
Drinking ev'ry trouble quells.

When the goblet full is filled,
From the clustering vine distilled,
Then, indeed, I'm truly blest,
And ev'ry anxious thought's at rest;
While its potent juice I quaff,
Still I sing, and dance, and laugh.

Would you be for ever gay,
Mortals, learn of me the way;
'Tis not beauty, 'tis not love,
Will alone sufficient prove;
If you'd raise and charm the soul,
Deeply drain the spicy bowl.

A FIG FOR ALL THOSE WHO ARE FREEMASONS' FOES.

WITH plumb, level, and square, to work let's
prepare,
And join in sweet harmony;
Let's fill up each glass, and around let it pass
To all honest men that are free.

Then a fig for all those who are freemasons' foes,
Our secrets we'll never impart,
But in unity we'll always agree,
And chorus it—prosper our art.

When we're properly clothed, the master dis-
closed

The secrets that's lodged in his breast;
Thus we stand by the cause that deserves great ap-
plause,
In which we are happy and blest.

Then a fig, &c.

The Bible's our guide, and by that we'll abide,
Which shows that our actions are pure;
The compass and square are emblems most rare,
Of justice our cause to ensure.

Then a fig, &c.

The cowan may strive, nay, plot and contrive,
To find out our great mystery;
The inquisitive wife may in vain spend her life,
For still we'll be honest and free.

Then a fig, &c.

True brotherly love we always approve,
Which makes us all mortals excel,
If a knave should by chance to this grandeur ad-
vance,
That villain we'll straightway expel.

Then a fig, &c.

So our lodge, that's so pure, to the end shall en-
dure,
In virtue and true secrecy;
Then let's toast a good health, with honour and
wealth,
To attend the kind hands made us free.

Then a fig, &c.

THE JEW PEDLAR.

(Male.)

COME, cushtomers, round my shop flock,
Of articles here you the best will find,
Don't stand shilly-shally—or mock
Your fancies,—but choose as you feel inclined;
Here's bracelets for delicate wrist,
You sha'n't, ladies, find me o'ercharging you;
Here's love-cakes for those who'd be kist,
And a camphire-bag thrown in the pargain,
too;
Come, puy 'em, mai pretties, come puy mai coots,
prine;
If you're not in coot haste, you'll not be in time.

Here's podkins, and praid for your hair,
And locketts, with sharming pearl studding;
Here's all sorts of Prummagem ware,
And knives that can cut up—a pudding!
Here's vatches vat go till—they stop,
The finest gilt chains seen in nature,
Though I'm a great man with mai shop,
For sixpence I'll sell you a grater.

Come, puy 'em, mai pretties, &c.

Mai scissars vat cut—pest at twice,
Nut-crackers for those who their teeth have
lost;

Here's paints and pomatums so nice,
They're all going off now at under cost;
Mai ink-horns and fine sealing-wax,
A necklace will make you look killing;
If t' marry you any one ax,
A cold ring I sell for a shilling.

Come, puy 'em, mai pretties, &c.

Here's spectacles fit for all eyes;
A good stock of logic,—don't cheapen it;
Here's beads of all colour and size;
A two-penny show, only peep in it!

Steel thimbles your fingers to save, -

I've wonders, besides, would amaze you so;
If your head you're inclined, mam, to shave,
Here's a second-hand fine new jazey, O!

[SPOKEN.] Don't be alarmed, mai pretty dear,
it's all right enough; I bought it of Mrs. What-
d'ye-call-um, the alderman's wife's waiting voman,
—her mistress had it spick-and-span new from the
shop in Sheapside, and vore it once at mai Lord-
Mayor's teast, when a clumsy Irish vaiter going to
hand over a dish of flummery, knocked down a
vax candle—burnt off one peautiful locks, and
threw the ladies all into fits.—Mr. Paddy, in order,
my dears, you know, to set all into confusion again,
popped the vig into a tureen of soup to extinguish
it, and said it only wanted the head there to make
it a rare mess of mock-turtle—put I've had it made
up more petter as new, and here it is a pargain.

Come, puy 'em, mai pretties, &c.

A SWEET BLOOMING ROSE;

OR, THE CHAINS OF MY FAIR.

(T. Jones.)

A SWEET blooming rose in the lap of my fair
I laid, with a lily beside;
She accepted the tribute, approved of my air;
I asked her if she'd be my bride;
She gave her consent, to church off we went,
And, from that time, I vow and declare,
I did never repent! nay, am ever content
To wear the sweet chains of my fair.

Now, ye that are single, and wish through your
life

To live happy, take warning from me;
Make your choice with discretion, and take for
your wife

One whose chain even captives sets free:
Let deception's control ne'er fetter your soul,
Let your actions your motives declare;
Be assured, on the whole, you'll in happiness
roll,
And love the sweet chains of your fair.

WHAT ARE YOU A'TER?

OR, THERE NEVER WERE SUCH TIMES.

Air—"Merrily danced the Quaker's Wife."

(Beuler.)

MY song, like many others, has
A plentiful lack of wit, sirs,
But there are words which, like the gas,
Seem people's taste to hit, sirs.
Like jesters now, whose brains are fat,
I fain would raise your laughter,
By crying out—What are you at?
Or else—What are you a'ter?

Fol de rol, &c.

There never vas such times as these!

Sounds on each highway common;
Such phrases now are sure to please
Boy, girl, and man, and woman;
To-day, as I, behind old Grimes,
Was romping with his daughter,
Said she—There never were such times!
Said Grimes—What are you a'ter?

Fol de rol, &c.

There never were such times as these,
For beaus, and belles, and boxers!
The beaus, for certain, wear tight stays,
False bosoms, and false locks, sirs.

To imitate the female suits,
And make themselves look smarter,
Egad! they wear long petticoats,—
What next will they be a'ter?
Fol de rol, &c.

As beaus to ape the fair sex strive,
The fair, in emulation
Of these fine gents, will often give
A striking imitation!
One vexed a lady t'other night,
She boxed him like a tartar;
And made him roar, with all his might,
O dear! what are you a'ter?
Fol de rol, &c.

There never were such times as these
For grumbling and for gambling,
For riches, poverty, and peace,
And foreign countries rambling;
Great folks in debt now take French leave,
And trip to Paris quarter,
And leave their tradesmen here to grieve,
And cry—What are they a'ter?
Fol de rol, &c.

There never were such times as these
For politics and taxes,
And 'gainst all government spies and fees,
Now warm the nation waxes.
To save some tax the radical tries,
So drinks herb-tea and water;
But, as he drinks, his stomach cries—
O lord! what are you a'ter?
Fol de rol, &c.

The English now, both low and high,
Are filled with party-bother;
Newspapers try to edify
By bullying one another.
There never were such times—that's flat,
Since signing Magna-Charta!
All we can say's—What are they at?
And mind what we are a'ter.
Fol de rol, &c.

THE WOODLARK AND NIGHTINGALE.

(Upton.)

THE woodlark sings his wild-note song
Where bowery silence holds its reign;
Now softly sweet, now sweetly strong,
The feathered Orpheus of the plain.

Not Philomela, night's loved bird!
The woodlark's carol can excel;
Nor e'er more sweet musician's heard
Than the woodlark and nightingale!

Like morn's young breath, at break of day,
The aerial minstrels breathe each strain!
Steal the sad sighs of wo away,
And soothe to joy the wretch's pain.

THE GREEKS.

Air—"In Slumbers of Midnight."—(J. Lambe.)

ONCE proud, noble land! for empire and glory,
For grandeur, for honour, and heroes gone by!
Thou'rt in thy decline, ill-fated, and hoary!
The shouts of invaders thy powers defy.

Devastation and death now darken the nation,
Thy sons and thy daughters now die ere they
bloom,
Thy temples, thy trophies, now hurled from their
station,
Are mould'ring alike in the general tomb.

Shame, shame on those Greeks, whose jealous
contentions
Delay to avenge their spurned country's wrongs;
Shame, shame on such feelings, when those dis-
sensions
Our woes, our disgrace, and subjection pro-
longs.

Arouse, then, for vengeance! unite for re-
venging!

Strike for that freedom thy ancestors gave;
And thy noble reward will be, for avenging,
An honourable life, or a glorious grave.

LOVELY NANINE, THE QUEEN OF THE
MAY.

(Dibdin.)

OH! neat is the cot of sweet Kathlane the fair,
Do you love Nature's beauties, you'll find them all
there;

Sweet flowers, warbling birds, and clear rivulets
try

To regale every heart and delight every eye!
But the cot of all cots that gives joy to the heart,
Where Nature's but little indebted to Art,
For the ear, mind, and eye, where all pleasures
are seen,

Is the beautiful cottage of lovely Nanine.

The dwelling of Unah, where each rustic clod,
With his lilt and his chinters, enlivens the sod,
Where the rivulet gurgles the pebbles among,
And the sweet feathered warblers all join in the
song;

Where Pat, Teague, and Dermot, their partners
take out,

And neatly and handily foot it about,
Has its pleasures and pastimes, but better are
seen

At the beautiful cottage of lovely Nanine.

Thus of pleasures fair Kathleen and Unah take
part,

But Nanine has a Patrick, and Pat has a heart;
And the villagers say that they all understand,
The next coming May morning, she gives him her
hand.

Then hey for the wedding, Teague, Dermot, and
Pat,

There'll be pleasure in plenty, fait, you may say
dat;

For the hostess, all gaily, will then be hailed
queen

At the beautiful cottage of lovely Nanine.

WELL MET, BROTHER SPORTSMAN.

A DUET.

WELL met, brother sportsman, what say'st to the
morn,

Dost not think it a scent-lying day?
With the heart-cheering hounds and enrapturing
horn,

To the coppice let's hasten away.
The morning is fresh, and the winds are all still,
The daylight approaches apace,
The bright god of day tips with gold the blue hill,
And awaits for the charms of the chase.

This morn, by a shepherd hard by, was I told
That old renard has been in the field,
And stole a young lambkin away from the fold,
Besides many more that he killed;

Then, to horse, let's away, and abroad with the hounds,

We'll draw yonder copse, if you please,
Where Echo shall double and treble the sounds.
And the traitor recline at his ease.

'Tis agreed : come, away ! sound, sound the gay horn !

The hounds are impatient to go,
And blushing Aurora, fair queen of the morn,
Will chide us for loitering so.
Up mountains we'll climb, and we'll dart through the woods,
The hounds and the horns shall combine
With Echo's sweet notes rolling over the floods ;—
May such rapture for ever be mine !

POOR WILLIAM FOUND A WATERY GRAVE!

(Dick Wills.)

[The Poet of Greenwich-Hospital.]

THE rose had sipped the early dew,
And balmy sweets perfumed the air,
When William wept a last adieu
Upon the bosom of his fair :
" Farewell ! " he cried, " my lovely Jane ;
Though distant far across the main,
This heart to thee shall true remain
Till death its cords shall sever ! "

The morning breezes swelled the sail,
His vessel soon was lost to view ;
But evening brought the angry gale,
And vivid lightnings round them flew :
In vain the billows' force they brave :
Sinking beneath the oppressive wave,
Poor William found a watery grave—
And bade adieu for ever !

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Air—" *Madam Fig's Gala.*"—(A. I. Mason.)

GOOD folks, now the close of the year
Has brought us this season of leisure,
Be assured that your company here
Affords me the greatest of pleasure,
And I hope that this evening will show
Our object we all shall be gaining,
While flashes of merriment flow,
And mirthful good humour is reigning.
Merrily let the song pass,
Fill up with laughter the measure,
Circulate quickly the glass,
Crowning each moment with pleasure.

If Care should by chance dare to frown
In clouds of depression and sorrow,
The monster we'll promptly disown,
There's time for his visit to-morrow.
The world's busy strife we'll expel,
Nor let its disasters confound us,
But think of, what all must excel,
The circle of friends that surround us.
Merrily let the song pass, &c.

But short is the journey of life,
Then wherefore devote it to sadness,
Since few, 'midst its troublesome strife,
Are the moments e'er given to gladness ;
And when such a period as this
Occurs for our gratification,
We should strive so to heighten its bliss,
As to make up for years of vexation.
Merrily let the song pass, &c.

Time, rapidly stealing away,
Affords us this kind intimation—

That height of enjoyment to-day
Must certainly meet approbation.
And still we'll look forward with hope,
The future may, brightly appearing,
Afford us abundance of scope,
The remnant of life to be cheering.
Merrily let the song pass, &c.

May many returns of the year
Restore you a season so pleasant,
With numerous friends, it to cheer,
Like those who support me at present.
Accept my excuses I pray,
My song's in amusement no stronger,
You'll doubtless agree, when I say,
'Tis needless fatiguing you longer.
Merrily let the song pass, &c.

SEWING UP OF TIMOTHY STITCH'EM.

AT a village in Kent, as I have heard tell,
Lived a tailor, called Timothy Stitch'em,
Who could sigh and could groan, aye, and preach
very well,

So the neighbours all feared he'd bewitch 'em ;
He would oftentimes tell them a comical tale
About religion and cabbaging so neatly,
When collected together, their minds to regale,
He'd measure out a subject completely.

SPOKEN.] Now, my friends, I shall *cut out* my
subject by a well-shaped *pattern*, which, no doubt,
will *fit you* all as close as *wax*—there are many of
you whose understandings are become *threadbare*,
and, if you are not *turned* from that *coat* of wicked-
ness, Old Nick will *cabbage* you, to a dead cer-
tainty ; but I hope no one present will be such a
goose as to get within the length of his *sleeve-board*,
if you do, you will make a devil of a *job* of it, he
will *rub down your seams* and *work-up your button-*
holes, so that you will all be ready to

Sigh away, die away,
Moan away, groan away,
What comforts must certainly reach 'em,
Such sighs and such cries,
How they turned up their eyes
At the sight of little Timothy Stich'em.

Now Stich'em oft visited a farmer hard by,
Who heeded but little his advice,
But the wife on this doctrine would always rely,
And believed he could mend her in a trice ;
So Timothy, finding the farmer was deaf
To all he might preach, sing, or pray,
He would take care to visit his dear loving wife,
And console her when he was away.

SPOKEN.] Yes, Timothy always avoided the
presence of Farmer Fusty, in order to comfort the
wife with his devout doctrine, and also to comfort
himself with some good cordials which she could
procure ; and, one evening, when the farmer was
gone to market, they, not expecting him back very
soon, took the opportunity of regaling themselves
with cups of comfort, prayers, and what else I
can't say, but this *love-feast* had such an effect on
their spirits that they began to

Sigh away, die away,
Moan away, groan away,
What comforts must certainly reach 'em ;
Such sighs and such cries,
You'd have turned up your eyes
Had you seen little Timothy Stich'em.

Now the fire being warm, and their spirits so cool,
They both fell asleep very quick,
When some knowing wag took a peep through the
key-hole,
And opening for mischief to seek ;

Then, hearing them snore, he stole a black cat,
Then soon mounted to the chimney-top,
To her tail tied straw, with an old dirty hat,
And bundled her down-neck and crop.

SPOKEN.] Yes, pussy descended the chimney
very quick, with her straw packed up behind her,
as if she was set out on a long journey, but, un-
fortunately, her burden caught fire, so running to
the pious couple for protection, set their garments
on fire, so there was a pretty blaze altogether, and
their fright caused them to

Sigh away, die away,
Moan away, groan away,
What confusion must certainly reach 'em,
Such sighs, and such cries,
You'd have turned up your eyes,
Had you seen little Timothy Stitch'em.

This woman, through fear, called for help so loud
That the neighbours were struck with amaze,
Who assembled so fast that a wonderful crowd
Came to see Mr. Stitch'em in a blaze;
Now the farmer arrived in the midst of the clatter,
And with wonder he began to stare,
Soon the neighbours did explain the truth of this
matter,
When he raved like a man in despair.

SPOKEN.] Well, this is a pretty rig! but, how-
ever, I'll soon cool their courage and heat at the
same time, by tying them together with a cart-
rope, and sending them to hunt water-rats at the
bottom of the horse-pond: I think it is proper they
should have a soaker after their scorcher, so I'll
let them stick fast in the mud till they begin to

Sigh away, die away,
Moan away, groan away,
What confusion must certainly reach 'em,
Such sighs, and such cries,
How they turned up their eyes,
'Twas the sewing up of Timothy Stitch'em.

OH, LIBERTY! NAME DIVINE!

(Dimond.)

OH, Liberty!
High praise to thee!
Our fathers blessed thy name divine!
And, steeped in blood,
Unshrinking, stood
The priests and champions of thy shrine!
Thy cherished flame
Yet burns the same
As when of yore it warmed our sires—
Our hearts now beat
With all its heat,
Its generous glow, its faithful fires!

THE BIRTH-DAY SOCIETY.

Air—"Anacreon in Heaven."—(Upton.)

To the cause we're now met in, the birth of our
friends,

My song shall declare it a glad celebration;
For friendship, true friendship, by nature por-
tends

To rank for its value, the first in the nation.
O yes! and 'tis clear,

In a cause that's so dear,

We meet, and that truly, to celebrate here!

And where is the Englishman e'er can decline,
The birth-day of harmony, friendship, and wine.

That the world is a stage, where each one plays a
part,

We are told, and most true, by a heaven-born
poet;

And the man that acts up from a true honest
heart,

Will make his grand *exit* right well, and we
know it.

But while on this earth,

Let our lives pass with mirth,

And meet here to bumper a friend on his birth.

And where is the Englishman e'er can decline, &c.

Let faction and politics reign where they will,

Our birth-day society treats them as foes;

So the bottle goes round, to good humour we fill.

And care not, while here, how the jarring world
goes.

'Tis the charms of the fair,

Dear woman, I swear,

We are proud to acknowledge, and make, make
our care.

And where is the Englishman e'er can decline, &c.

To rub off dull sorrow, and discord defy,

We meet here determined to pull strong toge-
ther;

And while festive reason waits on us rely,

For the slaves of the dæmon we don't care a
feather.

Fiends of Hell, we can say,

To your torments, away!

We are met like good fellows to moisten our
clay.

And where is the Englishman e'er can decline, &c.

In a word, to sum up what our birth-days call for,

'Tis to pass now and then a convivial hour;

As for speeches and cavil, such things we abhor,

Which tend but too often our moments to sour.

So the toast and the song

Shall our pleasure prolong;

And to drink to us all health and wealth can't
be wrong.

And where is the Englishman e'er can decline, &c.

SAY, WHAT SHALL BE OUR SPORT
TO-DAY.

(T. Moore.)

SAY, what shall be our sport to-day?

There's nothing on earth, in sea, or air,

Too bright, too bold, too high, too gay,

For spirits like mine to dare.

'Tis like the returning bloom

Of those days, alas! gone by,

When I loved each hour, I scarce knew whom,

And was blest, I knew not why.

Aye, those were the days when life had wings,

And flew—oh! flew so wild a flight,

That, like the lark that sunward springs,

'Twas giddy with so much light.

And though of some plumes bereft,

With that sun so nearly set,

I've enough of light and wings still left

For a few gay soarings yet!

FILL HIGH THE BOWL—'TIS PERHAPS
THE LAST.

(Mrs. Rolls.)

FILL high the bowl—'tis perhaps the last,

The kindred warriors e'er may drain!

Oh, when to morrow's fight is past,

How few to pledge it may remain!

Fill high the bowl—'tis perhaps the last

That Beauty's hand may yield to thine!

Oh, when it o'er her lip has passed,

It gives a joy more sweet than wine!

Fill high the bowl—'tis perhaps the last

That will beneath this roof be crowned!

Soon the wild breeze, that murmurs past,
May sweep its rained wall around!

Fill high the bowl—'tis perhaps the last
In which we hail our fathers' fame!
Oh! when 'tis by our children passed,
May added glories gild their name!

Fill high the bowl—'tis perhaps the last—
In it come pledge the hero's grave!
For him, Death's pang, ere felt, is past—
It lingers only to the slave!

TEDDY O'BRADE AT THE ONE-HORNED
RED COW;

OR, A HOUSE FULL OF ODDITIES!

Air—“*In Cork lived Miss Molly O' Rig.*”

(E. J. B. Box.)

I WAS born up and bred in Arklow,
And lived BOOTS at the One-horned Red Cow;
But, one horn to her skull,
A cow must be a bull,

Nater makes some *odd* blunders we know,
Yet, a bull-calf can't be an old cow!

'Twas a house full of *oddities* queer,
Faith, my master had only *one ear*;
And my mistress had, (why
I can't tell,) but *one eye*;

Sure I thought them an *odd*-coupled pair;
Such two *odds* can't be *even*, that's clear!

With next *odd* in the house to begin,
All was *odd*, from the knee to the chin,

For the *sarvant-maid*, Peg,
Had for use, but *one leg*;

'Peg,' says I, 'love, what's got t'other shin?'
'Och! the devil burn this wooden pin!

What's *odd* too, to keep *odds* up to par,
A DUMB WAITER they kept at the bar;
And a *deaf* and *blind* COOK,
In the kitchen, to look

After boilings and stewings! *Ah! ha!*
Och! She *Madame Francaise* was, *begar!*

I for *oddness* long puzzled my brain,
Myself's *evenness* gave me great pain,
'Till I found out at last,
In *my* mould an *odd* cast,

Where my *oddness* long hidden had lain;
Och! I'll make out the case on't quite plain!

Look! I've got but *one* FACE to *my* HEAD!
That's *odd* too, and may *even* be said,
'Tis an *odd-side* what's blind,

For with no face behind,

Faith, I can't be look where my heels tread.
Och! an ODD-ONE then's TEDDY O'BRADE!

SORROW HATH TWINED A WREATH
FOR ME.

(D. L. Richardson.)

SORROW hath twined a wreath for me,
Made of the weeping cypress-tree,
And o'er my young, but troubled, brow
Hath thrown a mournful shadow now!

And, as the meteor, gleaming bright,
Misleads the wanderer of the night,
Young Hope, a fair, but faithless, maid,
Hath this too trusting heart betrayed!

Mine early joys have fled, like dreams,—
And life a cheerless desert seems,
Where nought invades the silence dread,
Save disappointment's hollow tread!

Lonely and sad, I sojourn here,—
A dark and withered heart I bear,—

While hope's gay beam, and sorrow's shade,
But mock the ruin they have made!

JOCK O' HAZEL-DEAN.

(Sir Walter Scott.)

WHY weep ye by the tide, lady?

Why weep ye by the tide?

I'll wed ye to my youngest son,

And ye shall be his bride;

And ye shall be his bride, lady,

Sae comely to be seen,

But aye she loot the tears down fa',

For Jock o' Hazel-dean.

Now let this wilful grief be done,

And dry that cheek so pale,

Young Frank is Chief of Errington,

And Lord of Langley-daic;

His step is first in peaceful ha',

His sword in battle keen;

But, aye, she loot the tears down fa',

For Jock o' Hazel-dean.

O' chain o' gold ye shall not lack,

Nor braid to bind your hair,

Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,

Nor palfrey fresh and fair;

And you, the foremost of them a',

Shall ride our forest-queen,

But, aye, she loot the tears down fa',

For Jock o' Hazel-dean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,

The tapers glimmered fair,

The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,

And dame and knight are there.

They sought her both by bower and ha',

The lady was not seen;

She's o'er the border and awa'

Wi' Jock o' Hazel-dean.

LOOK YOU NOW.

(C. Dibdin.)

THERE is a proferb ferry old,

Look you now! Look you now!

If hur prudence must be told,

Look you now!

This proferb is of ancient rules,

Ferry coot to caution fools—

'Never meddle with edge tools,'

Look you now! Look you now!

There is a fable pat enough,

Look you now! Look you now!

A snake once licked a file so rough,

Look you now!

So tore her tongue above, beneath;

Hur wished hur had not left the heath,

But 'kept hur tongue between hur teeth,'

Look you now! Look you now!

A story ferry coot I've heard,

Look you now! Look you now!

There was a Turk who wore a peard,

Look you now!

'Twas all hur pride, till once a clown

Pulled it so, when, with a frown,

The angry Turk was knock hur down,

Look you now! Look you now.

THE LAKE OF WINDERMERE.

(Dibdin.)

SLEPT from her mother's apron string,
Miss Pat, the 'prentice for her dear,

For love and Gretna-green took wing,
 And passed the lakes of Windermere.
 Cried dad, my boots, bring out the shay;
 Up love, we'll catch 'em, never fear;
 To Kendal, come, they're flown away:
 What shall we do now?
 Let's see the lakes of Windermere.
 See, see, of lakers, what a mob!
 I'd'clare 'tis d'lightful to come here;
 And yonder's Captain Thingumbob,
 Oh! charming lake of Windermere.
 Why, aye, the grouse and potted char,
 And trout and eels are noble cheer;
 But, my mind Greenwich-hill is far,—
 Upon my word I think so,—
 Beyond the lakes of Windermere.

"Servant, dear ma'am." "Ah! how d'ye do?"
 "Ah! Captain, pray what brought you here?"
 "Your letter;—on love's wings I flew
 To see the lakes of Windermere."
 "Zounds! there's the 'prentice and our Pat;
 I'll rate 'em soundly; stay you here."
 The Captain now in amorous chat,
 You see, my angel, I was punctual to my ap-
 pointment,
 Beguiles the time at Windermere.

"Dear pa!" "You hussy, hold your tongue,
 No single syllable I'll hear;"
 "Pity a pair so fond and young,
 And make us blest at Windermere."
 "What says your mother?" "In my sight
 Let not the wicked wretch appear;
 Would she had never seen the light!
 A little devil to interrupt us
 On these sweet lakes of Windermere."
 "My virtuous feelings thus to wound;
 Begone, vile wretch!" "Ma'am, in your ear,
 By accident this note I found,
 Here at the lakes of Windermere.
 'I've but a moment's time to write;
 That brute, my husband, is so near:
 Dear Captain, instant take your flight
 (You see, ma'am, you are discovered)
 On Cupid's wings to Windermere."
 "Dear mother, are you cruel still?"
 "She pleads her cause so well, my dear,
 Let's pardon her?" "Well, so we will,
 And enjoy ourselves at Windermere."
 Dad takes the qualms, away they call
 Captain, and all get glorious cheer,
 And enjoy,—while Nunky pays for all, poor easy
 contented dupe,
 The pleasures of gay Windermere.

OLD RINGWOOD.

YE darksome woods, where Echo dwells,
 Where every bud with freedom swells,
 To meet the glorious day;
 The morning breaks, again rejoice,
 And with old Ringwood's well-known voice,
 Bid tuneful Echo play.

We come, ye groves, ye hills, we come:
 The vagrant fox shall hear his doom,
 And dread our jovial train.
 'The shrill horn sounds, the courser flies,
 While every sportsman, joyful, cries,
 "There's Ringwood's voice again."
 The chiming notes of cheerful hounds,
 Hark! how the hollow dale resounds!
 The sunny hills how gay!
 But where's the note, brave dog, like thine;
 'Then urge the steed, the chorus join,
 'Tis Ringwood leads the way.

LOVE IS A SICKNESS FULL OF WOES.

(S. Danyell, 1623.)

LOVE is a sickness full of woes,
 All remedies refusing;
 A plant that with most cutting grows,
 Most barren with best using;
 Why so?
 If we enjoy it soon it dies;
 If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,
 Hey ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
 A tempest everlasting;
 And Heaven has made it of a kind,
 Not well, nor full, nor fasting;
 Why so?

If we enjoy it soon it dies;
 If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,
 Hey ho!

JERRY'S RAMBLE TO TOWN.

YOUR sarvant, I'm come to relate
 Of my rambles among the fine sights;
 I took leave of my sweetheart Kate,
 And in town thought to meet with delights;
 Thinks I, now I'm come to this place,
 I'll see all that is handsome and rare,
 But the folks crowd as if 'twas a race,
 Or at wonders was running to stare.

SPOKEN.] Well, thinks I, I'll be darn sorry if
 this an't worse than being at home working, though
 I have plenty to do there, 'tis true, because I'm
 a kind of all-works like; I sow the corn, go to
 plough or harrow, fetch the cows, clean the pig-
 styes out, work in the garden, thrash, chop wood,
 go to market along with our Mary, fetch water,
 help churn, and ringle the old sows, so I come
 here for a little pleasure; but if they call it plea-
 sure to be crowded and pushed, and thumpt, and
 bumpt, and lumpt about among all these here peo-
 ple, the devil take such pleasure, I say, for I have
 had no more peace than a toad under a harrow all
 day.

Tol de rol, lol de rol, &c.

Thinks I, I, at home or abroad,
 To no one bear animosities,
 So I'll just see what I can learn
 Among wonderful fine curiosities;
 I'll tell it out when I go back
 Among all my friends and their spouses,
 That the streets on both sides were bedecked
 With such nation kits of great houses.

SPOKEN.] Yes, there was such a raft of great
 overgrown houses and fine sights, that I really
 thought I had got into another world, and the
 people come swarming down the streets like bees
 in a hot summer's day; one fine cockney-looking
 gentleman axed me what it was o'clock? why, sir,
 says I, I can't tell; why not, says he, haven't
 you got a watch with you? Yes, sir, said I, and
 mean to keep it, for I have sewed it fast in my
 pocket.

Tol de rol, lol de rol, &c.

One evening I met in my way,
 As in the streets a musing I walked,
 A lady so handsome and gay,
 And most charming she chattered and talked;
 She axed me if I'd see her home,
 Her way being lonesome and dreary,
 Says she, sir, I can't go alone,
 Odd zounds! thinks I, now here's a query.

SPOKEN.] I was rather queered to be sure; but,
 however, thinks I, if I am to be robbed, stripped,

and murdered, it will only be the death of me that's all, so I went home with her, and she kept talking so fast that I had not room to say a word all the time; at last we come to her house and went in, so she told me to sit down, while she fetched me something to drink; so after she was gone, I looked all round the room, presently I heard a devil of a noise and fighting up stairs, so I scrambled out of the window and ran away as fast as ever I could; and as I was looking behind me, I ran slap up against an old watchman, and knocked him down sprawling.

Tol de rol, lol de rol, &c.

The devil, thinks I, 's in this town,
And I must look after my stops,
So I'll just take a rove up and down,
To see what they sell in the shops;
Then I heard the folks talk of the play,
So I posted towards it with speed,
And that night was to be, I heard say,
Some devilish *keen* acting indeed.

SPOKEN.] I got carried in with the crowd, and then I paid a shilling to a man what set in a cupboard like, then I went up stairs, very near seventeen story high, and I fancy I did look about me a little matter to think where I could have got to, for with the music, singing, dancing, and fine sights altogether, I was quite struck comical; but I was devilish glad to get out again, for they squeezed me very near as flat as an old shilling, and I was just a little matter glad to get home in the country again, for if I had staid there much longer, I should have been stifled, smothered, and smoke dried like a red herring.

Tol de rol, lol de rol, &c.

ELLEN'S WEDDING DAY.

(Bryant.)

HARK! through the vale, each cheerful sound
With happy shepherds stray;
And now they troll the merry round,
On Ellen's wedding day.
Oh, ting, ting, ting,
They merrily sing,
As o'er the hills they stray;
Let the tabor sound,
And the song go round,
'Tis Ellen's wedding day.

See how the sun with sparkling face,
Through wandering breezes play;
And ev'ry cloud with stately grace,
Proclaims the wedding day.
Oh, ting, ting, ting,
We merrily sing,
As o'er the hills we stray,
Let the tabor sound,
And the song go round,
'Tis Ellen's wedding day!

JACK OF GUINEA.

Air—"When I was a pure."—(T. Dibdin.)

GREAT way off at sea, where at home I've been-ee,
Buckra man fetch me from de coast of Guinea;
Christian massa pray, he call me heathen doggy,
Den I run away, for very much he floggy.
Ri tol lol, &c.

White man bring me here, and good Christian
make me,
Lady fair, O dear! for a footman take me;
Stand behind her chair,—she faro play for guinea;
Always she play fair,—yet she always winnee.
Ri tol lol, &c.

Lady run away, lawyer man now take me,
Latin word he say, and great rogue he make me;
Poor man dere I saw, go to law so funny,
He get all de law, but massa all de money.
Ri tol lol, &c.

Actor man so gay, for a sarvy hire me,
Tragedy he play,—playhouse never tire me;
Massa often die, den good wine he quaff-ee;
All the people cry—I and massa laugh-ee.
Ri tol lol, &c.

After dat I go, with a doctor livee,
Hold him hand out so,—den de fee dey givee;
Dey be fool enough, massa make great fussee;
He give de patient stuff, it make de poor man
worsee.
Ri tol lol, &c.

Negro girl I see,—love her sweet as honey;
Soon she marry me,—she and I get money;
Happy she and I,—live among our better,
To heaven go when die,—if buckra man will let us.
Ri tol lol, &c.

WEEP, LOVE, FOR 'TIS BLISS TO SEE THY PASSION IN SUCH PURITY.

(T. W. Kelly.)

NAY! cease not weeping, for thine eyes,
Wh-n drowned in tears, thy thrilling sighs
Have purer charms than smiles express,
For smiles oft spring from nothingness!
Oh! who can hear thee softly sob,
Or see thy lips so ripe for bliss,
And think 'twould be a sin to rob
Those lips of one voluptuous kiss?
When on thy cheek, of love's own hue,
Steal tears, like gems of morning dew,
Which April's budding roses wear;
Or, lighted by their sun, thine eyes,
Like diamonds from the mine appear,
Such brilliancy within them lies!
Then weep, love, for 'tis bliss to see
Thy passion in such purity.

Yes! weep, my love, thy tears can seek
No sweeter shrine than on thy cheek:
Nor can love's rosier bower eclipse
The roses of those humid lips;
Then let thy tears their station keep,
Refreshing, while they sweetly fall;
Those fragrant rose-buds let them steep,
They'll lose no incense, shed them all.
Oh! I could fancy thee the maid
Whom Jupiter with gold betrayed;
Or meek-eyed Pity, from the spheres,
Sent down to balm our bosom's wo,
And think thy tears but April tears,
Which Beauty sheds, that love may grow:
Then weep, dear, for 'tis bliss to see
Thy passion in such purity.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

(Oakum.)

As Christmas approaches, e ch bosom is gay,
For good cheer will always drive sorrow away;
Young Roger then kisses sweet Susan or Dolly,
While trimming the house up with ivy and holly.
For never as yet was it counted a crime,
To be cheery and merry at that happy time.
Then plenty of turkey, of chine, and roast beef,
Old English provision, allowed still the chief:
The cook, Roger whispers, his wishes to crown,
And Dolly says, give me a bit of the brown.
For never as yet, &c.

Then the luscious plum-pudding appears to the
eye,
And close at its heels the pleasing mince-pie;
When each mouth waters at such delicate fare,
Well pleased as they hope to come in for a share.
For never, as yet, &c.

With humming October the jorum is filled,
Which would make the heart glow, if with frost
it was chilled;

Then song, joke, and gambol, goes merrily
round,

And each, with good humour, is happily crowned.
For never, as yet, &c.

Twelfth-day you will find is just by in the rear,
When the rich sugared cake to the sight will ap-
pear;

Then sloven and slut, and the king and the queen,
With laughter come forward to heighten the scene.
For never, as yet, &c.

Thus filled with good cheer, and contented in
mind,

At Christmas we hope every comfort to find;
May the rich, who are blest with abundance in
store,

To crown the blithe season, make merry the poor.
For never, as yet, &c.

THE DEAREST OF THE QUORUM.

(Burns.)

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet
As the mirk night o' December;
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And private was the chamber;
And dear was she I dare na name,
But I will ay remember.

And here's to them that like oursel,
Can push about the jorum,
And here's to them that wish us weel,
May a' that's gude watch o'er them;
And here's to them we dare na tell,
The dearest of the quorum.

I CAN MEND BOTH YOUR SOLE AND YOUR BODY.

BEHOLD, Doctor Last, known for ages past,
I'm the man, as sure as a gun, sir;
Your pulses feel, or mend your sole-heel,
I'm the son of the seventh son, sir!
Bleed and blister,—gargle and glistler,
Patients buried under the soddy;
Scarify, dilute, or make a new book,
I can mend both your sole and your body.

When seated in my stall, should a patient chance
to call,

Myself I always fresh rig, sir;
For a doctor's sense and consequence
Lies in his cane and wig, sir;
With Latin words a fuss,—cook a saucepanabus,
I can break your teeth with words very oddy;
Paris come parabend,—lapstone and waxend,
I can mend both your sole and your body.

At inoculation, I'm the best in the nation,
And by fees I am scraping up the pelf, sir;
Though the physic that I give the patient may
outlive,

I shouldn't like to take it myself, sir;
Make a mortar of the stew-tub,—mix sal by salpo-
lyrist and rhubarb;
As a medicine for the false niddy noddly;
Damaged welt and upper leather I can always put
together,
For I mend both the sole and the body.

Betwixt you and me, the college all agree,
However I might bolus and have pilled him;
If a patient chance to die, he mustn't say 'twas I,
He mustn't say 'twas I that killed him!
An ague I can charm, knock a tooth out without
harm,
But, zounds! how you'd caper diddy doddly!
The ladies cry, in haste, let us fly to Doctor Last,
He cures both the sole and the body.

HAPPY THE MAN MUST PASS HIS LIFE.

(Rt. Hon. C. J. Fox.)

[This song can be read in alternateline lines, which
alters the subject completely.]

HAPPY the man must pass his life
Who's free from matrimonial chains;
Who is directed by his wife,
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

What tongue is able to unfold
The falsehoods that in woman dwell;
The worth in woman we behold
Is almost imperceptible.

Adam could find no solid peace
When Eve was given him for a mate;
Before he saw a woman's face,
Adam was in a happy state.

In the female race appear
Hypocrisy, deceit, and pride;
Truth, offspring of a heart sincere,
Ne'er found in woman to reside.

They're always studying to employ
Their time in malice, hate, and lies;
Their leisure hours in virtuous joy
To spend, ne'er in their thoughts arise.

Destruction take that man I say
Who makes a woman his delight;
Who no regard to woman pay,
Keeps reason always in his sight.

YE SONS OF HARMONY, ARISE.

YE sons of Harmony, arise,
The social night is ours;
See, Jove looks down from out the skies,
And strews our path with flowers.
The sparkling glass invites our lips,
With nectar filled divine,
As Bacchus, rosy boy, he dips
His wings in generous wine.

The laurel shades our brows to prove,
In Bacchus' mystic charms,
Twined with the wreath of gentle Love,
He smiles in Beauty's arms!
Then fill the goblet higher, boys,
Quaff off the rosy wine!
Ours are true pleasure's social joys,
A vollo's sons divine.

Ye sons of Harmony, &c.

I SAY ALL ARE TRIFLES AND NOTHING TO LOVE.

(Sir H. B. Dudley.)

LET the miser say all things are carried by gold,
Let courtiers on titles and places lay hold,
Let patriots their zeal for their country approve,
I say all are trifles, and nothing to love!

When statesmen are got to the end of their line,
And think, at one stroke, to complete their de-
sign,

Their planning and scheming imperfect will prove,
Unless they will top it, and crown it with love!

Let fine-fashioned fops, with their dress and their
grace,
Boast their unfeeling heart, and unchangeable
face;
Yet these pretty creatures, whom nothing can
move,
Might something be fit for, could we warm them
with love.

NO LIFE'S LIKE THE LIFE OF A
SOLDIER.

Now, without any doubt,
You're about to find out,
If you list to my mode of explaining,
How I'll keep you all jogging,
No soul ever flogging,
For that's the best method of training;
To all and to each,
While I preach, I shall teach,
What will make you genteeler and bolder!
On my plan, a rattan
Will ne'er fall on a man,
If his duty he learns like a soldier!
With a row-de-dow whack,
Shoulder arms in a crack,
Expert and alert, like a soldier.
With a row-de-dow, &c.

When war's alarms height'ning,
Swords bright'ning, like lightning,
The enemy charging like thunder;
Tooth and nail, thick as hail,
Yet let mercy prevail
The moment you find him knock under;
And spare all those Turks' lives,
Who have married four wives;
The cause—if ye want to be told here—
Four widows would need
Consolation indeed,
Unless pitied by each gallant soldier!
Then row-de-dow whack,
Shoulder arms in a crack,
No life's like the life of a soldier!
Then row-de-dow, &c.

You must march, though heat parch,
Or cold pinch, stiff and starch,
In search of the foe till you find him;
From each place, in disgrace,
Beat, he'll ne'er show his face,
Except when he's looking behind him!
In war line the trenches,
In peace love the wenches,
They'll make ye politer and bolder;
Your duty to beauty
Neglect, and I'll shoot ye!
Who loves not the fair is no soldier.
Then row-de-dow whack,
Present arms in a crack;
For beauty's the pride of a soldier.
Then row-de-dow whack, &c.

GOOD NIGHT ALL.

(P. Savage.)

Good night, all
Whose heads or hearts with aught are aching!
Weary hand and fevered brow,
Day is over—rest ye now,
Till the morn again is breaking.
Good night, all!

Rest ye, rest!
All noise is with the light decaying,
Hushed is every harsher sound,
Than the warder on his round!
And the quiet night seems saying,
Rest ye, rest!
In your sleep
Be dreams of heaven your souls beguiling!
And the sweetest dream of all,
To the lover's fancy call
Her he worships, kindly smiling,
In his sleep.
Good night, all!
Sleep on, till day's above you breaking!
Sleep—till with another morn
Other cares as well are born;
Sleep secure—your father's waking;
Good night, all!

LONG LIFE TO THE KING AND THE
PEOPLE.

A TRIO AND CHORUS.

'TWIXT the crown and the people were confidence
dead,
'Twould be like a man's body cut off from his
head,
A pond out of fish, or a loaf without bread,
Or without any church, a high steeple.
May the king love the people, the people the king,
May he who love neither deservedly swing,
While the lads of each island shall merrily sing
Long life to the king and the people.

While the lads of each island, &c.

Then let's stick close together, for if we divide,
We do that, which to make us, our foes have long
tried,
For the straighter we go, when we're all on one
side,
While on their own heads may they heap ill,
Who envy our nation as much as it thrives,
May their liquor be weak, discontented their lives,
May they run from their foes to be beat by their
wives,
Who wish ill to the king and the people.
May they run from their toes, &c.

THE SEA-BOY ON THE HIGH AND GIDDY
MAST.

(Pearce.)

To England's towers of oak, farewell!
No more for me shall be unfurled
The canvas in the gale to swell,
The ocean is no more my world;
Yet these life's earliest years I fearless passed,
A sea-boy on the high and giddy mast.
There oft, to cheer the midnight hour,
The helmsman with a fancy free,
His ditty to the waves would pour,
Of love on shore, or storms at sea;
And how the sea-boy, 'midst the rattling blast,
Keeps station on the high and giddy mast.
Dear were the sounds, though rude and hoarse,
Of helm-a-lee or helm-a-weather,
To bring the vessel to her course,
And keep the sails well filled together;
While on the look-out far my eyes were cast,
A sea-boy on the high and giddy mast.

LONDON COMPLIMENTS.

A DUET.

To a popular French Air.—(Miss Bryant.)

He.—GOOD morning, dear.
She.—Good morning, sir.

He.—You look so charming!

She.—Oh, sir, fie!

He.—Upon my life!

She.—I'm sure you err.

He.—A glance has shot me from your eye.

She.—How you talk, I wish you'd walk,
Nonsense!

Thus to flatter me.

He.—In this nation, by salvation,
Such beauty cannot flattered be.

Beauty cannot flattered be, &c.

She.—Enough of stuff.

He.—Upon my honour!

She.—Where's your honour, say, sir, do?

He.—In my heart, dear.

She.—Pardon me, sir,

For your honour's in your shoe.

He.—Gipsy!

She.—Tipsey!

Go your ways.

He.—Hear me, pray?

She.—Not me.

He.—Ah, do!

Wo'n't you? Then, farewell, thou false
one.

She.—Very well, kind sir, adieu!

Miss,

Both.—Very well, kind — adieu!

Sir,

SILENT LOVE.

(G. Colman.)

A LOVER often has been blessed
With a soft hand in secret pressed,
Or with a glance, or with a sigh,
Or with some other foolery
Of silent love.

And should the nymph, with roseate charms,
Glide, through night's darkness, to his arms,
Nestling there, while scandal sleeps,
Sweet are the joys, till daylight peeps,
Of silent love.

But bitter are the lover's woes,
When love no symptom dares disclose;
When to the fair, who fires his breast,
Not e'en a look must be expressed,
Of silent love;—

Then stolen pangs his sleep destroy,
And wring him, like the Spartan boy,
Who never would his theft impart,
But cloaked it, till it gnawed his heart,
Like silent love.

THE LOVES OF JUDY ROONEY AND
LOONEY CONNOR.

Air—"Nancy Dawson."—(O'Flannaghan.)

OCH! Judy Rooney, neat and tight,
'Twas she first gave my heart delight,
In bed I staid awake at night,
A thinking of her beauty;
For, oh! her eyes such conquest draws,
That she has gained the world's applause,
And Judy plays with hearts like straws,
With which a knot but few tie!

Resolved to speak my mind one day,
I sought Miss Rooney, where she lay
Reclining on a cock of hay,
Her cheek so rosy red, gra;
Says I, 'Och, Judy! give relief,
For love, that universal thief,
Has nearly kilt my heart with grief,
Unless with me you'll wed, gra.

The live-long night, the ne'er a wink
I get, but still of you I think;—
Since sorrow's dry, myself must drink,
Then bid not Looney part you;
For since my heart to you has flown,
My night-cap it has useless grown,
So e'en take that, they're both your own,
My night-cap and my heart, too.

With that the soul, she smiled to hear
Her lovely self to me was dear,
And Judy's smile brought hope to cheer
The faithful heart of Looney.

Upon the hay I bent my knee,
Your night-cap you may keep, says she,
But t'other trifle leave with me,
Your own true Judy Rooney.

So then I threw my cap at care,
And no one but ourselves being there,
I just made bold to kiss the fair,
While blushes crowded on her;
With downcast eyes she sighed, a power—
She owned, of youths I was the flower,
And Judy Rooney, from that hour,
Is Mrs. Looney Connor.

THE BRITISH OAK.

WHEN vegetation, from the new formed earth,
Called forth her first green progeny to thee,
She gave distinguished ominence of birth,
She marks thee for the forest's kingly tree.

Thou canst not brook the clime where tyrants reign,
And cringing slaves unmanly homage pay,
Still at the sight of loathed oppression's chain,
Thy verdure sickens, and thy nerves decay.

But in the land where liberty and law
Their blended influence happily unite,
Where justice keeps enormity in awe,
And weighs in equal beam the wrong and right.

There thou delightest to keep thy staple seat,
Luxuriant here thy honours spread,
The muses consecrate the loved retreat,
And taste and genius round it lustre shed.

Then rear thy green head to the summer gale,
Let all thy towering branches proudly wave;
For till the powers of vegetation fail,
No tyrant freedom's favourite shall enslave.

THE STEP-SONS OF FORTUNE.

YE step-sons of Fortune, who long have seen
clouded

The hopes which you cherished in life's early
day;

Oh! why should you weep, though the visions are
shrouded,

The dreams of your fancy have faded away.

Our fate, like our planet, with mountain and val-
ley,

May chequer the path where the pilgrim must
go;

While round the high mountain may waving winds
rally,

Which stoop not to visit the valley below.

'Tis noble to strive with the hardships which merit
Must oftimes endure ere its worth can be found;

'Tis base to submit and to humble the spirit,
For lacking what Fortune's gay minions sur-
round.

The coward may boast when to battle a stranger;
The fool head may flourish when Fortune does
bless;

But the test of the brave is the dark post of dan-
ger;

The trial of wisdom is doubt and distress.

Though we grow like the grass on the common of
Nature,
Which ranks not in beauty with flowers of the
field;
True worth is not buckled to beauty or stature,
Nor life to the fragrance the sweetest flowers
yield.
The lowliest plants may be useful and healing,
And baneful and worthless the gaudiest flowers:
So none from the station can judge of the feeling
Deep hid in our bosom, those secrets of ours.
Shall we measure our days, shall we fill up their
number,
By secret repining at Fortune's decree?
Or rousing at once from such cold mental slumber,
Throw from us our fetters, resolve to be free?
Resolve to be free from the tyrant that crushes;
The wretch who still pines that his fortune is
small;
Bend heaven our hearts with their hopes and their
wishes,
And black discontentment the tyrant will fall.
Yes, happiness waits for the hero whose valour
Can conquer all passions of mortal descent;
Fall, conquer, and not like the safe-landed sailor,
Still sigh to return to his own element.
Ah! hard is the task, for though discord oft mixes
Her voice with the passions of mortals below,
Yet strong is the chain of affection that fixes
Our hearts to the scene of our joy and our wo.

//////

MRS. VON TRUMP AND HER LOVER.

In Hamburgh's free city lived Mrs. Von Trump,
Adored by Von Drauzel dim Dandie:
She had legs, it is true, but between me and you,
One was cork, and the flesh one was bandy;
Odd to relate, spite of her gait,
Though *crooked* her legs, he would marry her
straight.

Mrs. Von Trump, on her back had a hump,
Her complexion was dingy and sooty;
For her hump Drauzel swore, he loved her the
more,

For a curve was the true line of beauty.
Her charms he'd extol, and swear by his soul,
She was one of the fair sex, though dark as a mole.

Von Drauzel persuaded: she yielded at last,
And waddled away to the altar;
O'er her hump was the knot of affection soon
passed,

Her legs fixed in the conjugal halter.
Von Drauzel alone could call her his own,
For her cork leg had now become bone of his bone.

The honey-moon over, I dread to relate,
The spouse of Von Drauzel dim Dandie,
Loved at routs, plays, and balls, to exhibit her
gait,

She also loved noyau and brandy.
Quarrels arose, and the story it goes,
As fate corked her leg, she would bottle her nose.

Soon sickness assailed her, prescriptions they
gave,

But her physic was rum, and she'd suck it;
Till, as Nature had sent her one foot in the grave,
With the other she soon kicked the bucket.
Then, you must know, her hump was laid low,
In her coffin, poor soul, her cork leg cocked its toe.
Von Drauzel was rife, he buried his wife,
And lived like a spinster the rest of his life.

ERE LIFFEY'S WATERS MEET' THE TIDE.

Air—" *Rog's Wife*."—(J. Tighe.)

ERE Liffey's waters meet the tide,
They roll by many lovely bowers;
There's one more fair than all beside,
For Kathleen's hands entwine the flowers.

You've seen the primrose in the glade,
Robed with purest dews of morning!
O, thus, in modesty arrayed,
She blooms, her native nelds adorning.
ERE Liffey's waters, &c.

'Tis not sweet Kathleen's gifted mind,
Her form so fair, her tresses flowing,
Alone compose the chains that bind
My soul in-love, so pure, so glowing.
ERE Liffey's waters, &c.

I heard her song of Innesfail,
The once renowned in martial story;
And sadly sweet as Banshee's wail,
She poured the strain for faded glory.
ERE Liffey's waters, &c.

O, 'twas a song of other years,
And cold the heart as frozen waters,
That would not join the maiden's tears
For Erin's sons, and Erin's daughters.
ERE Liffey's waters, &c.

//////

HE DRINKS, AND DRINKS FOR EVER.

A PARODY.

Air—" *Oh, say not Woman's Heart is bought*."

OH, say not life is dearly bought
By him who seeks for pleasure;
Oh, say not joy is wrongly sought
When whiskey's thought a treasure!
When first a youthful toper knows
Its fumes, he wanders never;
He gladdens at his pimpled nose,
He drinks, and drinks for ever.

Oh, say not whiskey does impair,
Nor like a poison rages;
Still seeking ev'ry vein to tear,
Nor cause such deadly changes!
Oh, no! the draught that first can warm
Will leave his stomach never!
Though all his friends may rant and storm,
He'll drink, and drink for ever.

//////

COME, COME, MY BRAVE LADS, TO THE SPORT.

Air—" *Loose, loose every Sail to the Breeze*."
(H. Powell.)

COME, come, my brave lads, to the sport,
And let the shrill horn sweetly sound;
Away to our fav'rite resort,
Where renard is sure to be found.
Come, come, my brave lads, come away,
Sly renard so soon to surprise;
How grand, then, will be the display
As over the meadows he flies.

Us hunters no care e'er annoys;
We're strangers to trouble or pain;
We envy no other men's joys,
And true hearted ever remain!
Come, come, my brave lads, come away,
Quick over the meadows to fly;
How grand, then, will be the display
When renard is going to die.



Father found a whip, and very glad was he. "How came this whip here without the leave of me?" "Oh! that's my nice stay-lace, my auntee sent to me." Then father laced her stays, and out of doors went she.

CHRISTMAS NUPTIALS;
OR, MATRIMONIAL DISCIPLINE!

Old Air in the Gentle Shepherd.—Arnold.

(With recitations, originally added by E.J.B. Box.)

'Twas on Christmas-day
Father he did wed,
Three months after that
My mother was brought to bed;
Father he came home,
His head with liquor stored,
And found, in mother's room,
A silver-hilted sword.

SPOKEN.] That was a pointed thing, you know; a pricking spur to the sides of suspicion; and, although he was a patient man as any of his clan, his patience was agitated as on that point he cogitated; and very naturally too; for what could he do? the sight of that was quite enough to put any patient man's patience into a very violent-distressingly hurricaneous sort of a

Fiddle de diddle de dum,
Te dum ti deedle dee!
Tiddle de riddle de rum,
Be-rump ti reedle ree!

How came this sword here?
Mother says, says she,
"Lovèe, 'tis a poker
Auntee sent to me."
Father he stamped and stared:
'Twas the first, I ween,
Silver-hilted poker
He had ever seen.

SPOKEN.] Now, that being the case, and seeing it in that place, before his face, he was puzzled to trace any thing but disgrace in such a tool; for he was no fool, and 'twas always his rule, when he couldn't be cool, to stir up the fire of his rage till it burst out in a blaze of

Fiddle de diddle de dum, &c.

Father grumbled on;
But, getting into bed,
As the luck fell out, *what's that?*
A man popped up his head!—"Eh!"
"That's my milk-maid," says she.
Says dad, "I never heard,
In all my travels yet,
A milk-maid wore a beard!"

SPOKEN.] Nor do I suppose he ever had; for, though he was my dad, he was a clever old lad; a man of bright parts and shining qualities, and a very great philosopher too, for he was the first who had skill and science enough in mathematics to find out and establish decisively the real right angle of the genuine geometrical

Fiddle de diddle de dum, &c.

Father found a whip,
And very glad was he.
"How came this whip here,
Without the leave of me?"—[That whip!]
"Oh! that's my nice stay-lace,
My auntee sent to me."
Then father laced her stays,
And out of doors went she.

SPOKEN.] That settled all, and brought every thing to the point: she was a good sort of woman, though she was my mother; she knew it was her duty to love, honour, and obey; so the devil a word did she say, but hopped away, as frisky and gay, and full of play, as if it had been day, in the month of May, singing

Fiddle de diddle de dum, &c.

GREECE, WHICH WAS DEAD, IS ARISEN
(Shelley.)

THROUGH the sun-set of hope,
Like the shades of a dream,
What paradise-islands of glory gleam!
Beneath heaven's cope,

Their clear shadows float by—
The sound of their oceans, the light of their
sky,
Burst like morning on dream, or like heaven on
death,
Through the walls of our prison,
And Greece, which was dead, is arisen!

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return;
The earth doth, like a snake, renew
Her winter-weeds outworn.
A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far;
A new Peneus rolls its fountains
Against the morning star.

Where fairer Tempe's bloom, there sleep
Young eyelids on a sunnier deep;
A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies!
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

O, write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth death's scroll must be!
Nor mix with Læian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free!
Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The glory of its prime,
And leave—if nought so bright may live—
All earth can take or heaven can give.

FILL THE GOBLET AGAIN!

(Lord Byron.)

FILL the goblet again! for I never before,
Felt the glow that now gladdens my heart to its
core;
Let us drink! who would not? since, through
life's varied round,
In the goblet alone no deception is found.
I have tried, in its turn, all that life can supply;
I have basked in the beam of a dark rolling eye;
I have loved! who has not? but what heart can
declare
That pleasure existed while passion was there?
In the days of my youth, when the heart's in the
spring,
And dreams that affection can never take wing,
I had friends! who has not? but what tongue will
avow
That friends, rosy wine, are so faithful as thou?
The breast of a mistress some boy may estrange,
Friendship shifts with the sunbeam—thou never
canst change;
Thou grow'st old; who does not? but on earth
what appears
Whose virtues, like thine, still increase with its
years?
Yet, if blessed to the utmost that love can bestow,
Should a rival bow down to our idol below
We are jealous; who's not? thou hast no such
alloy,
For the more that enjoy thee, the more we enjoy.
Then, the season of youth and its vanities past,
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last,
There we find, do we not? in the flow of the soul
That truth, as of yore, is confined to the bowl.
When the box of Pandora was opened on earth,
And Misery's triumph commenced over Mirth,

Hope was left, was she not? but the goblet wo
kiss,
And care not for Hope who are certain of bliss.
Long life to the grape! for, when summer is flown,
The age of our nectar shall gladden our own;
We must die! who shall not? may our sins be for-
given,
And Hebe shall never be idle in heaven.

THE TRUTH, WE KNOW, IS NOT, AT ALL TIMES, TO BE SPOKEN.

WHEN at your feet a lover kneels,
And owns his tender passion,
Describes the thousand pangs he feels,
As long has been the fashion,
Vows his heart by your frowns would be broken;
Should you, blushing, confess
That you love him no less,
O lud, how the swain
Would be shaking his chain,
And, unless one held fast,
Perhaps break it at last;
Oh! no, no!
The truth, we know, is not, at all times to be
spoken.
All's fair in love and war, they say,
But e'en, on most occasions,
What would become of mortal, pray,
Wer't not for some evasions?
The peace every hour would be broken.
Poor medicine and law
Would be not worth a straw,
Most husbands and wives
Would lead cat-and-dog lives,
Which no one, I trow,
Will pretend they do now,
Oh! no, no!
The truth, we know, is not, at all times, to be
spoken.

THE LIFE OF A HIGHWAYMAN.

Air—"There's nae Luck about the House."

(W. L. Rede.)

AT four o'clock one frosty morn,
John Brown was born, d'ye see;
So nature marked him from his birth,
A peep-o'-day boy he.
With sweets and pap the little chap
Was kissed, and hugged, and duckled,
As in *Lad-lane* the boy was born,
In *Milk-street* he was suckled.
To school he went, when bigger grown,
And wicked tricks was at;
And though the master horsed him for't,
He wasn't cowed at that.
Religious works he laughed at all,
To his relation's sorrow,
And even to 'LAW'S serious call,'
Said, 'call again to-morrow.'
From thence he was a 'prentice sent,
To calm his parent's fears;
And lest he should again break loose,
Had him bound for seven years.
In a watchmaker's shop he dwelt,
And there, as it is said,
All when he should have made a watch,
The rascal watched the maid.
At length, for tricks turned out of doors,
He knew not what to say;
So with company exceeding low,
He went on the high-way,

A clergyman he stopt one night,
 And much to his surprise,
 He first began to *eye his clothes*,
 And then to *close his eyes*.
 The heartless fellow shirtless made
 The victim of his wrath ;
 He took the parson's *coat*, and had
 No pity on his *cloth*.
 And Johnny Brown he paused not so,
 But no great booty meeting,
 First gave the priest a *beating heart*,
 And then a *hearty beating*.
 The Bow-street runners very soon,
 Determining to book him,
 Knowing he had a *shop-boy* been,
 Off to the *counter* took him.
 His lady wept, (for one he had,
 If I must own the truth,)
 That he had lost his *youthful hope*,
 And she her *hopeful youth*.

Then tied together with the flocks
 Of rogues, from near and far ;
 Poor Johnny Brown, he shook his *locks*
 At the Old Bailey *bar*.
 With *brass*, not *guilty* did he plead,
 But all in vain harangued ;
 For, as he had a *hanging* look,
 They said, he must be hanged.
 Though to the gallows *bound* to go,
 To whine he didn't choose ;
 And seeing sorrow *booted* not,
 He kicked off both his *shoes*.
 His *drunken* frolics all are past,
 No more he'll dream of such,
 Since just at eight o'clock one morn,
 He got a *DROP too much*.

FAREWELL TO NORTHMAVEN.

(Sir Walter Scott.)

FAREWELL to Northmaven,
 Grey Hillswicke, farewell !
 To the calms of thy haven,
 The storms on thy fell—
 To each breeze that can vary
 The mood of thy main ;
 And to thee, bonny Mary !
 We meet not again.
 Farewell to the wild ferry,
 Which Hacon could brave,
 When the peaks of the Skerry
 Were white in the wave ;
 The maid may look over
 These wild waves in vain
 For the skiff of her lover,
 He comes not again.
 The vows thou hast broke,
 On the wild current fling them,
 On the quicksand and rock
 Let the mermaidens sing them ;
 New sweetness they'll give her,
 Bewildering strain,
 But there's one who will never
 Believe them again.
 Oh! were there an island,
 Though ever so wild,
 Where woman could smile, and
 No man be beguiled.
 'Tis tempting a snare
 To poor mortals were given,
 And the hope would fix there,
 That should anchor in heaven.

TALLY HO! TALLY HO! AWAY WE GO.

(Bryan Corcoran.)

THE hunters ready,
 Are mounted steady,
 The rosy morning hails the throng,
 All nature singing,
 With music ringing,
 Must echo to the huntsman's song.
 Tally ho! Tally ho!
 Away we go,
 O'er the plains, o'er the mountains merrily,
 The stag is in view,
 With glee we pursue,
 And tramp o'er the minutes cheerily.
 See, see, 'tis no dream,
 He jumps in the stream,
 The hounds soon they bear him to land,
 Now writhing in gore,
 He can scamper no more,
 For, alas! he lies dead on the strand.
 Tally ho, &c.

ALL HANDS UP ALOFT.

ALL hands up aloft,—swab the couch, fore and
 aft,—
 For the punch clubbers straight will be sitting ;
 For fear the ship roll, fling off a full bowl,
 For our honour let all things be fitting ;
 In an ocean of punch, we to night will all sail,
 I' th' bowl we're in sea-room enough, we ne'er
 fear ;
 Here's to thee, messmate !
 Thanks, honest Tom, 'tis a health to the king,
 Whilst the larboard man drinks, let the starboard
 man sing !
 With full double cups,
 We'll liquor our chops,
 And then we'll turn out, with a who up! who up!
 But, let's drink ere we go, but let's drink ere we
 go !
 The wind's veering aft, then loose ev'ry sail,
 She'll bear all her topsails a trip ;
 Heave the log from the poop, it blows a fresh
 gale,
 And a just account on the board keep ;
 She runs the eight knots, and eight cups to my
 thinking,
 That's a cup for each knot, must be filled for our
 drinking.
 Here's to thee, skipper !
 Thanks, honest John, 'tis a health to the king,
 Whilst the one is drinking, the other shall sing.
 With full double cups, &c.
 The quartier must cun, whilst the foremast-man
 steers,
 Here's a health to each port, where'er bound ;
 Who delays, ('tis a bumper,) shall be drubbed at
 the geers,
 The depth of each cup, therefore, sound ;
 To our noble commander, to his honour and
 wealth,
 May he drown, and be d—d, that refuses the
 health.
 Here's to thee, Harry !
 Thanks, honest Will! old true-penny still ;
 Whilst the one is a-drinking the other shall fill
 With full double cups, &c.
 What news on the deck! ho! it blows a mere
 storm,
 She lies a try under her mizen ;
 Why, what though she does, will it do any
 harm ?
 If a bumper more does, us all reason ;

The bowl must be filled, boys, in spite of the weather,
 Yea, yea, boys, huzza! boys, let's howl altogether,
 Here's to thee, Peter!
 Thanks, honest Joe; about let it go;
 In the bowl still a calm is, where'er the winds blow.

With full double cups, &c.

FOR A HUSBAND MUST TARRY.

(C. Dibdin.)

AH, well-a-day,
 Now may hur say,
 Hur for a husband must tarry;
 Hur's young, and thought pretty,
 O, 'tis a pity
 That Ned hur e'er promised to marry.
 In vain he comes after hur wooing,
 In vain hurself Harry pursuing:
 'Tis wailing and wo!
 Hur must sigh heigho!
 And love, spite of Ned, cruel Harry.

Why did he come?
 Sweet was hur home;
 Care hur had never to parry;
 Now all's melancholy,
 Grieving and folly,
 Ah, sure to the grave 'twill hur carry!
 Of hur cruelty Ned is complaining,
 Hurself suffers Harry's disdain!
 'Tis wailing, &c.

THE JOYS OF CHRISTMAS.

(Hon. W. R. Spencer.)

BE merry all, be merry all,
 With holly dress the festive hall;
 Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
 To welcome merry Christmas.

And, oh, remember, gentles gay,
 For you who bask in fortune's ray,
 The year is all a holiday,
 The poor have only Christmas.

When you, with velvets mantled o'er,
 Defy December's tempest's roar,
 Oh, spare one garment from your store,
 To clothe the poor at Christmas.

From blazing loads of fuel, while
 Your homes with in-door summer smile!
 Oh spare one faggot from the pile,
 To warm the poor at Christmas.

When you the costly banquet deal
 To guests who never famine feel;
 Oh, spare one morsel from your meal,
 To feed the poor at Christmas.

When gen'rous wine your care controls,
 And gives new joy to happiest souls;
 Oh, spare one goblet from your bowls,
 To cheer the poor at Christmas.

So shall each note of mirth appear
 More sweet to heaven than praise or prayer,
 And angels, in their carols there,
 Shall bless the rich at Christmas.

THE GIPSY HAT.

(Upton.)

I SIGH for a maid, and a sweet little maid,
 And bonny Susanna's her name;
 Then well do I know, by my heart's panting so,
 The poor little thing's in a flame.
 For it throbs, throbs, throbs! and it beats, beats,
 beats!
 Goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat!
 And sure it's the case, I'm in love with a face,
 All under the gipsy hat.

That she's kind as she's fair, I freely declare,
 So none can my candour reprove;
 But then what I rue, (and believe me it's true,)
 Is, hang it, for being in love!
 For my heart throbs, throbs! and it beats, beats,
 beats!
 Goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat!
 And, ah! I'm afraid, for the face of the maid
 All under the gipsy hat.

That I've said all my life, I'd ne'er take a wife,
 And looked on all plagues that the worst
 I own,—for my hear' was then free from smart,
 While now,—oh, I think it will burst!
 For it throbs, throbs, throbs! and it beats, beats,
 beats!
 Goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat!
 And, ah! must I tell?—for the face of the girl
 All under the gipsy hat.

MISTER MANAGER STIFFDICK;
 OR, THE REHEARSAL OF A NEW MELO-DRAME!!!

Air—"Bow, wow, wow."—(E. J. B. Box.)

MANAGER Stiffdick, a man full
 Of parts and education;
 So learned, he knew B from a bull,—
 An adept, too, at translation!
 Could translate sense into nonsense,
 With ease and without trouble;
 While his acting powers were so immense,
 All the *lest parts* he could double!!

SPOKEN.] Mister Manager Stiffdick,—beg his pardon though for the *plain mister*, without the flourish adjunct, *esquire*, as he was always, as self-dubbed; and, according to his own *correct reading*, self-denominated *Mister Christopher Stiffdick, Esq. M.C.P.* a sort of handsomely subjoined parliamentary initial distinction, significantly implying, *Manager of a Company of Players*, necessarily expressive of *his own dignity*; *distingnen dignitatis in ipse, ab plebes!!* Manager Stiffdick was not only a master of players, master of plays, and master of parts, but was a master melo-drame writer, and a master mellow-dram drinker, also and likewise! Nothing was out of his way, for he stumbled over every thing; tragedy, comedy, farce, burlesque, melo, or pantomime; nothing came amiss to him, excepting the *miss of audiences*, and the consequent horrible *miss of the brandy bottle*, which often made an O. P. or opposite prompt exit, when the prompter, Tip, was not in the P. S. prompt side of his pocket!!! Mr. C. Stiffdick, M.C.P. was *getting up* a new melo-drame of his own; a great man in the terrific! amazingly adroit at scenic arrangement; perfect in the whole arcana of stage effect, situation, business, and minutiae of acting; and, as manager, he was completely *onde* for, and accomplished in, all the distinguishing managerial

Bow, wow, wow!

Blow-up, crow-up, show-up, row-up!

Row, row, row!

Rehearsal called,—the morning came,—
 The prompter at his table;
 Erect stood Stiffdick, courting fame,
 And dressed in rusty sable!
 Commander-in-chief, as he was, there
 He addressed his *corps dramatique*;
 “By G—d, I’ll forfeit each his share,
 Whose part’s not in his attic!”

SPOKEN.] “Come, come, clear the stage! all to your sides; ready; no reading parts this morning, d—me! I’ll forfeit the first I see with his part in his hand! All *serus* now;—prompter! where the devil are—oh! I see you are at the post!” “No, sir, I’m not; I am at the table.” “Well; that’s right, then you’re the *post* at the table! but come, let’s go on; and don’t be witty! Now ring the music in; we’ll go through it all *reglur*; mark the sides, business, and properties, as we go on: where’s the—d—n that fiddler! not come yet; drunk last night and can’t get up this morning, that’s it; forfeit him; put him down, d—me! Now here’s a cursed stop for the—stay, I’ll whistle the curtain-rising music myself!—(Whistles part of the *Black Joke*.)—There! now, now; who begins? zounds! the stage is *standing*.” “Well, sir; it wo’n’t *run away* then, till Blophosphorus walks on!” “Well; and where is he? why don’t he—who does Blo—?” “Why, you do it yourself.” “Do I? eh! so I do; then here goes. First, mark the wind though: a strong north-easter, O. P.—Now for it:—(The singer, as if entering from the wings.)

‘Hark! hark! how, now the madly wondering winds,

Darker than night’s dark darkest darkness rave,
 And fret, and stare; piercing the hollow deep,
 They from their peaceful slumbers rouse the fish,
 And in their faces look despair! While I,
 E’en I, could clip their wings, and—and—

Who the devil’s that laughing behind the scenes now? I’ll forfeit ye all,—every body,—the whole company! You have knocked me up; I was dead perfect to a letter; I was just got into the coal-pit of my finest speech, digging away gloriously! and now I’m stopped! What’s the word? no matter though,—I can’t go on, now I’m thrown out! Coaling it so nicely as I was, too!! Call the next scene. Mark, thunder and lightning, P. S. Get plenty of rosin, mind. Where’s Miss Trullygrow, for next scene? Come; she does Madame Lumpdorff, and she’s the *harrowing* of the piece!” “Sent a note, sir; she’s sick.” “Sick! can’t be sick; mustn’t be sick; sha’n’t be sick! there it is; knocked up again! not found this morning she’ll be lost at night! be behind instead of before; on one side when she should be in the middle! wo’n’t do; no catching her any where! d—me! I’ll discharge all that don’t attend; wo’n’t have my barn dis—theatre, I mean, disgraced! I’ll settle it all; it’s time I let you all know who is manager, and *he exercise* the proper *managerial*.”

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Quite wild with rage, now Stiffdick grew;
 More thick and agonizing,
 To every scene, (called on,) anew,
 Impediments arising,
 As if the author’s hopes to blast,
 By this confused rehearsal,
 The *bog-and-flounder* blight, at last,
 Became quite universal.

SPOKEN.] Poor Manager Stiffdick lost all patience at last. Mr. Manager, I sha’n’t act this part of Rummerella. Why, Miss Bottleby? Rummerella is exactly in your line; fine part! Is it too long for you? No, sir, it is too short, and no stuff in it to make any thing of. No stuff in it!—

here, let me see:—here, look at this beautiful sublime passage, speaking of your friend Crowina’s beauty:

“Fresh as the rustic shadows of the east,
 And blooming as the snows that gild the night,
 Kissing the blue-eyed cheek of Heaven!”

There! is not that *stuff* enough for any thing? So you wo’n’t do it, Miss Bottleby,—d—me! all alike. Here’s a situation for a manager! charming piece, too! the finest *mellow-dram* ever *produced*; more *pith*, more *marrow*, more *fat*, was never *consecrated* together in one piece: all spirit, all *energay*, all *pat-horse*; every thing to delight, astonish, and amaze; all *fat* and *fireworks*. Then my expense in bringing it out with striking *e-clatt*: a *transpirant* new half-moon put into the old sea-scene; three ounces of rosin-powder-lightning, and a gallery order to the brazier’s boy for a sheet of iron thunder! Benefit to-morrow night, tickets out, bills all delivered, too: “*New Mellow-dram of Blophosphorus and Rummerella*; or, *The Fatal Hen-Coop*.” Zounds! I shall go mad! raving, if we—Come,—I’ll be calm! Begin the last act, and try how we can—Where’s Mr. Gaskins? Three scenes of his Clamourclack over! fine part! Forfeit him; put him—oh! here he is; now we’ll go on. Sir, I wo’n’t do this part. No; what not Clamourclack? No, sir; he has not a line to speak! Not a line! how the devil do you mean? why the part is eight lengths! Yes; but not one line of fat in it! The comedy old man Chatterfeldtz is my line, and I wo’n’t do any thing else! Sir, Mrs. Stiffdick plays that; and she is perfect in it; dead perfect in the part, sir! but I see what it is; you want to take all Mrs. Stiffdick’s parts from her; but she sha’n’t give them up! Mrs. Stiffdick is the best old man in the country! Then I sha’n’t play at all in your—pooh! it’s all stuff! There! there’s a pretty fellow! says my play is all stuff! just now Miss Bottleby said there was *no* stuff in it! Oh! it is all to knock it up! to ruin me! Zounds and the devil! you’ll all drive me crazy! I shall run distracted, jump into a lime-pit, get smothered in whitening, and die of the scarlet fever! Oh! I’ll settle all at once; if I don’t, d—me! I’ll close the doors, and shut up my barn—theatre, I mean, discharge you all together, and double all the parts myself, till I get a new company! I’ll teach you what a manager’s authority is, and to pay proper respect to his—

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

HOW DEAR, HOW SWEET LOVE’S RAPTURES.

(Moncrieff.)

A DUET.

OH, love was never yet without
 The pang, the agony, the doubt,
 The anxious fear, the heart-sprung tear,
 The sigh, that lovers only hear;
 Which, if such were not passion’s leaven,
 Love would make earth more dear than heaven.

Yet still love’s sighs sound sweeter far
 Than music-breathing passion’s spell:
 Love only yields a joy in grief,
 Bestows a luxury in wo;
 There’s in love’s fears a soft relief
 Joy’s certainty can never know.

Which if such were not, &c.

How dear, how sweet love’s raptures,
 When passion meets return;
 How keen, how sweet love’s transports,
 When hearts in union burn.

THE EMIGRANT.

Air—"The Vale of Avoca."—(J. Lambe.)

DARK and drear was the day when we left our
lov'd isle,

Not a face on the deck was illumed with a smile :
Our feelings experienced a harrowing thrill !
So acute was the pang,—I remember it still.

Though in foreign climes I'm destined to toil,
I ne'er shall forget my dear native soil,
Nor friends that I valued, come fortune or ill ;
Though distant from all,—I remember them still.

And should fortune smile, I'll see them once
more ;

With joy I'll return to my blest native shore ;
Where liberty, commerce, and happiness fill
Every Englishman's heart,—I remember them still.

FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

[Music by J. Power, Strand.]

(T. Moore.)

FLOW on thou shining river ;
But ere thou reach the sea,
Seek Ella's bower, and give her
The wreaths I fling to thee ;
And tell her thus,—if she'll be mine,
The current of our lives shall be,
With joy along their course to shine,
Like those sweet flowers from thee.

But if in wandering thither,
Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,
Oh ! leave those wreaths to wither
Upon the cold bank there :
And tell her thus,—when youth is o'er,
Her lone and loveless charms shall be
Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
Like those sweet flowers from thee.

OH! KATTY NOW CAN'T YOU BE EASY.

SWEET Katty O'Lynch lived at Ballinahinch,
And her sweetheart was called Mister Casey ;
How sweetly she'd cry, as he'd constantly sigh,
Oh ! Paddy now can't you be easy !
And don't be coming over me with your
Tu ral lal lu, ral, tu ral, &c.

Oh ! Paddy now can't you be easy.

One morning, 'twas owned, in her chamber he
found

A man, that was not Mister Casey ;
Arrah ! who's this ? says he, 'tis my brother, says
she :

Oh ! Katty, now can't you be easy,
And don't be coming over me with your
Tu ral lal, &c.

The next time they met, she cried out in a pet,
Arrah ! Paddy, you've drove me quite crazy ;
Since you are the boy, wo'n't you marry me, joy,
Marry you, marry you ;
Arrah ! Katty, now can't you be easy,
And don't be coming over me with your
Tu ral lal, &c.

I WILL NOT, FAIR ONE! ASK THEE NOW.

(David Lester Richardson.)

I WILL not, fair one ! ask thee now
A pardon for my simple lays ;
It will not cloud thine open brow
To hear my voice of love and praise.
Though all on earth to thee I owe,
And higher meed thy virtues claim,
Thou'lt deem the numbers sweetly flow
That breathe and bless thy name.

And think not he, whose faithful heart
Dictates the rude, but honest strain,
Could ever feel one moment's smart
From the world's coldness or disdain ;
Enough if thou approve the lay,
And own that grateful love is mine,
Though haply it may ill repay
A tenderness like thine !

Dear object of each hope and care !
For thee my fervent heart shall glow,—
Still prompt and proud thy fate to share,
Through every change of weal or wo ;—
Oh ! heed not then the false world's smile,—
Thine is one fond and steadfast friend,
Who, from its insult and its guile,
Will guide thee, and defend !

LET SONG AND JOKE ABOUND.

Air—"There's nae Luck."—(A. J. Mason.)

AGAIN around me friends I view,
Who bring this hope to mind,
That we, in what doth hence accrue,
May much of pleasure find :
Preceding years 't has been my prayer
That mirth should gild the scene ;
And may this ev'ning nought of care
Or sorrow intervene.

CHORUS.

So Pleasure's cup fill to the brim,
The glass move quickly round ;
And while, through mirthful tides we swim,
Let song and joke abound.

The sinking traveller through the gloom
Of dark and wintry night,
The beacon views that marks a home,
Where all is pure delight !
So we, with Christmas season blest,
Should let the minds employ
Be lost to thoughts that have distressed,
And yield to festive joy.
So Pleasure's cup, &c.

The various ranks of human kind,
The peasant, prince, and peer,
With one according voice we find
This sacred time revere :
All give their hearts to jocund glee,
As best their powers display ;
So these few hours must show that we
The same glad homage pay.
So Pleasure's cup, &c.

Then since the past should not distress,
Where mirthful souls are found,
We less should let the future press
The thoughts that now abound.
For be that future dull or bright,
No sadness now must lower ;
So let's enjoy throughout the night
What's still within our power.
So Pleasure's cup, &c.

The flight of Time will not decrease,
Though gloomy we should be ;
Then wherefore should our pleasures cease,
While jocund hearts agree ?
With utmost voice, then, we'll maintain,
Pure mirth our only law ;
"The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw."
So Pleasure's cup, &c.

May all your hours this season be
Replete with earthly bliss,
And many returns, O, may you see,
Much happier still than this.

Excuse my song—its aim has been
Of action to bereave
All envious powers who'd intervene
To cross our Christmas eve.
So Pleasure's cup, &c.

**GOD SEND TO MY FOES ALL THEY
HAVE THOUGHT.**

(Queen Elizabeth.)

[Written, with charcoal, on a shutter, while a prisoner at Woodstock, 1554.]

OH, Fortune! how thy restlesse wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!
Witness this present prison, whither Fate
Could beare me, and the joys I quitt!
Thou caused'st the guiltie to be losed
From bandes, wherein are innocents enclosed,
Caused the guiltless to be strait reserved,
And freeing those that death had well de-
served!
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte.

THE PERPETUAL MOTION.

Air—"Darby Kelly."—(Bryant.)

WHEN first I went,
On courtship bent,
To court a girl so witty, O!
I thought her smart,
She won my heart,
And was so devilish pretty, O!
We soon were wed,
And put to bed,
I paid her strict devotion, O!
But her tongue I found,
The whole year round,
Was the perpetual motion, O!
With click, click, clack,
Her voice, alack!
Like squalls upon the ocean, O!
Both day and night
Would me affright,
For I found perpetual motion, O!
If I staid out,
You need not doubt,
Her lungs were ripe for action, O!
She'd squall and bawl,
'Then names she'd call,
And seemed to like detraction, O!
Her voice it rose,
Then, heaven knows,
From words her blows would follow, O!
She'd never tire,
But vent her ire,
And make me hoop and hollo, O!
With click, clack, &c.
But now once more,
My heart is sore,
She's gone, and left me easy, O!
But I again
Have sought out pain,
For another's come to tease me, O!
I little knew
The sex all through
Of talking had the notion, O!
But upon my life,
My second wife,
Keeps up perpetual motion, O
With click, clack, &c

THE BOLD CAMERONIAN'S GRAVE.

OH! mark that green mound 'mid the brown mocr-
land heath,
Where the sunshine and dew-drops are nursing
the blooms—
Where the spring-shower descends, and the sum-
mer gales breathe,
Like the soft sigh of woman, their breath of
perfumes!
And the mountain-bee murmurs its pleasure at
noon,
—In the breast of the flowers to the breezes that
wave;
And the sky-lark cowers down 'neath the bright
walking moon,
Where the bold Cameronian is laid in his grave.
He fought for his faith, as his father had fought—
He worshipped his God, as his father had
done;
And the night-psalm oft joined in some desolate
spot
Where his brethren a moment of safety had
won;
But the human blood-hounds on the worshippers
sprung,
Like the wolf on the lamb, that no shepherd can
save;
And woman's wild wail through the solitude rung,
And the bold Cameronian was led to his grave.
Alas! that the fate of his father he shared,
From the scourge of their country—the agents of
hell;
He prayed as he knelt, while his bosom they
bared,
And the winds of the desert were sounding his
knell.
His wife and his children were dragged to behold
The fall of the faithful, the blameless, and
brave!
The death-shot was thundered,—the death-drum
was rolled,
And the bold Cameronian was housed in his
grave!

THE STRANGER TRAVESTIE.

Air—"Drops of Brandy."—(Beuler.)

BARON WALDEBURG, who once lived in Germany,
(In England they call him the "Stranger,")
All at once grew quite solemn and *sermony*,
Because his fair wife proved a changer;
Now he was a smutty old boy,
And she a young tit, sweet as honey,
He 'spoused her because she seemed coy,
She him—because he had money.
Rumpti iddity iddity, &c.
"Adelaide" soon got used to a court,
She would gamble, would spend, and would
frame a lie;
The baron connived at her sport,
For he saw an increase in his family;
Two babies soon brought forth inamma,
To continue the family lineally,
And were as much like their papa
As old men's children are generally.
Rumpti iddity iddity, &c.
Then Adelaide raised her expenses,
And gambled with greater effrontery;
So the baron, on divers pretences,
Bundled her down in the country.
She didn't like this, and she got
With a friend of her husband's quite cozy;
Their heads they both laid in a plot,
And away she eloped from old spousy.
Rumpti iddity iddity, &c.

The baron did soon miss his wife,
 A misfortune too much for philanthropy;
 From the court he divorced him for life,
 And went and he courted *misanthropy*;
 His wife, at the end of a week,
 Found her love's passion a *weak* one;
 Off at *Passion-week's* end did he sneak,
 And left her a living to seek one.
 Rumpti iddity iddity, &c.

She wept, blew her nose, washed her face,
 Which good was as any bank-note for her,
 It got her a housekeeper's place,
 With the aid of a character *wrote* for her.
 More pious she grew every day,
 Forgave all who did any wrong to her;
 Gave the poor wine, though, they say,
 She gave them what didn't belong to her.
 Rumpti iddity iddity, &c.

Close by the count's, Adelaide's master,
 The baron, perchance, took his quarter,
 When, one day, a dismal disaster
 Upset the count's son in the water.
 The baron dived in—drew him out,
 But for all the count's praise he was glum to it,
 So the count, in return, gave a rout,
 And invited the stranger to come to it.
 Rumpti iddity iddity, &c.

Meantime, he found out who he was,
 And sent for the baron's two young ones:
 Baron came—saw children and spouse,
 Which set him a crying like onions;
 Man and wife stood, at first, you'll suppose,
 Like a couple of *ciphers*, disorderly,
 But soon, after a couple of *oh's!*
 They embraced each other most cordially.
 Rumpti iddity iddity, &c.

So the baron forgave his frail wife,
 Which does from all censure exempt her,
 And she lived with him faithful for life,
 Because—nobody else came to tempt her.
 O, women, stop at home in your house,
 Let morality guard you from danger,
 And then, if you have a *strange* spouse,
 Ne'er endeavour to make him a *stranger*.
 Rumpti iddity iddity, &c.

HARK! HOW SWEET THE WOODLARK SINGS!

(W. W. Waldron.)

HARK! how sweet the woodlark sings!
 She tells her amorous tale
 While her pennant flight she wings
 Across Ovoca's vale.
 How sweetly do her notes appear
 To move from realms above;
 How grateful to the ravished ear
 Her little tale of love.
 Oh, tarry still, and bless my sight,
 Sweet charmer of the grove,
 Ah, where thus fleetly bend thy flight?
 Why thus delight to rove?
 Oh, sweet enchantress, turn, and see
 The pleasure you impart,
 And let thy sweetest melody
 Still gratify the heart!

WOMEN, WINE, AND FRIENDSHIP!

(Byerley.)

It is not a bowl but a bottle I want,
 A bottle of wine and the friend of my heart:
 Of nectar the poets in garrets may rant—
 Can fancy the pleasures of drinking impart?

Of drinking, the pleasure, the pleasure's extreme,
 A friend still partaking each alternate glass
 Of port, hock, madeira, or vin de champagne,
 Such pleasures dry fancy can never surpass.

But if, in addition to drinking's pure joys,
 We add lovely woman, loved woman's sweet
 charms,
 We form a fond whole, which all canker destroys
 In friendship and wine, and a woman's fond
 arms.

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

(Johanna Baillie.)

No fish stir in our evening net,
 And the sky is dark, and the night is wet,
 And we must ply the lusty oar,
 For the tide is ebbing from the shore;
 And sad are they whose faggots burn,
 So kindly stored for our return.

Our boat is small, and the tempest raves,
 And nought is heard but the lashing waves,
 And the sullen roar of the angry sea,
 And the wild winds piping drearily;
 Yet sea and tempest rise in vain;
 We'll bless our blazing hearths again.

Push bravely, mates! our guiding star,
 Now from its tow'rlet streameth far;
 And now, along the nearing strand,
 See swiftly moves yon flaming brand;
 Before the midnight watch is past,
 We'll quaff our bowl, and mock the blast.

WHEN YOU'RE AT ROME BE A ROMAN

(M^cTarren.)

I WAS born one day,
 In the middle of May,
 When the lambs skip and play,
 And the trees look so gay,
 And my mother was a Sabine woman;
 As I lay on her lap,
 My mouth used to gap,
 So she fed me with pap,
 'Till I sunk in a nap,
 And my daddy he called me a rum one.
 Then I grew stout and strong,
 Very often went wrong,
 The pretty girls among,
 Till they dragged me along,
 And said for a soldier you must go, man;
 While my comrades were slain,
 I a prisoner was ta'en,
 Which saved me much pain,
 So I sung the old strain,
 Of 'When you're at Rome be a Roman.'

[SPOKEN.] Yes, that's the best philosophy, put
 the best face upon every thing; it's true I am but
 a serving man here, but then I'm better off than
 I was, and he that *serves* to-day, may be *served* to-
 morrow. The way to obtain distinction is to be ac-
 commodating; if a great man says, the north wind
 is south, acknowledge it—if a pretty girl says her
 eyes are diamonds, swear it—that's the way to get
 on—accommodate yourself to circumstances, and
 it's ten to one but your own circumstances will feel
 the accommodation.

Yes, flatter the proud,
 To the deaf talk loud,
 Let the rich be well bowed,
 And the pretty well vowed,
 And when you're at Rome be a Roman.

And now I'm in love,
 With as pretty a dove,

As e'er came from above,
 And full soon we shall prove
 All the joys that a married pair may;
 Our wedding shall bring
 All our friends in a string,
 And we'll dance and we'll sing,
 And we'll fit on the ring,
 And we'll frolic and frisk it and play;
 But e'er that takes place,
 We must say a little grace,
 For to save a wry face,
 Some cash in the case
 Is wanted the piper to pay.
 But, lord, I don't fret,
 There is time enough yet,
 For me and my pet,
 Twenty children to get,
 For 'Rome was not built in a day.'

SPOKEN.] Now "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good," the day that made my young master a married man, made me a freed-man—there's a wide difference—however, I'm content; and if I can but contrive to please my friends, it's all I hope for, and it ought to be the hope of all—down with ambition—put pride in the stocks, and let modest merit prosper—this is philosophy.

So I very seldom mope,
 But live in just hope,
 That soon, without trope,
 With the greatest I may cope,
 For 'Rome was not built in a day.'

THE EASTERN PORTALS OPEN WIDE.

(T. J. Daly.)

THE Eastern portals open wide,
 And Phœbus comes the world to cheer,
 The day receives with joy its guide,
 The shades of night soon disappear;
 So youth receives love's earliest ray,
 His heart bounds with the witching flame,
 And nature guides him on his way,
 He seeks, he pants for nought but fame.

But mark the crimson-tinted sky,
 That tells 'the sun his course has run,'
 And see the clouds of golden dye,
 They all proclaim his labour done;
 Thus time o'ertakes the thoughtless man,
 Though love still plays about his heart,
 And to us proves, that passion can
 Ev'n unto age a charm impart.

GIRLS SHY APPEAR WHEN MEN FIRST LEER.

(Pearce.)

GIRLS shy appear
 When men first leer,
 And steal aside,
 As if to *hide*!—
 But, daring grown,
 As things get known,
 They giggle, simper,
 Niggle, and whimper,
 And try to lure wherever they go,
 The 'squire, the jockey, the rake, the beau,
 The young, and the old ones,
 The timid, and bold ones;
 Yea, with the grave parson,
 They carry the farce on—
 And all are snared in a row.
 Of balls the pride,
 Thus Miss I've eyed,

The MINUET pace,
 With *blushing* face.
 But, ere the night
 Had taken flight,
 I've seen her ramping,
 Tearing—tramping!

Along the room in a COUNTRY-DANCE:
 Now figuring in with bold advance;
 Here *setting* and leering,
 There *crossing* and *fleering*:
 And when that's completed,
 Before she'll be seated,
 A mad SCOTCH REEL she must prance!

NELSON'S VICTORY AT TRAFALGAR.

(Dibdin.)

THEN, let us rejoice, for Old England so glorious
 A victory never was seen:
 We have often o'er five, nine, eleven, been victo-
 rious,
 But now we have taken nineteen;
 Yet 'twas earned by a wound that for years will
 want healing,
 A wound that at sea and ashore,
 Every Briton shall mourn with one heart and one
 feeling,
 Our hero, great Nelson, 's no more.

I sailed with him often in pretty hard service;
 More than once saw him wounded and smile,
 I was there when he gained such renown under
 Jervis,
 And he peppered the French on the Nile.
 I heard his last words that so grieved each by-
 stander,
 Words sounding so mournful and sweet,
 'Twas 'his love and farewell'—D—me, there's a
 commander—
 'To each brother tar in the fleet.'

But he's gone, and so nobly the French and the
 Spaniards
 Have been lathered, fore, aft, back, and sides,
 That we have not left a rope from the shrouds to
 the laniards,
 For in fighting we worked double tides:
 And the notion's a right one;—ah, where's such
 another,
 We've lost!—why the count's without end,
 The king a great subject, each sailor a brother,
 And every Briton a friend.

CORPORAL WHEEDLE.

WHAT joy can compare to the life of a soldier,
 When blest with the smiles of the fair!
 A kiss from a sweet pretty lass makes him bolder,
 And drowns all his sorrow and care.
 For our row de dow dow beats a strange palpi-
 tation
 In the bosom of each pretty girl in the nation;
 When they see me pursuing, as sharp as a needle,
 Oh! they fly to the arms of smart Corporal Whee-
 dle.

When our officer billets the men to their quarters,
 For a lively young lass we look out;
 The landlady's eyes look sharp after her daughters,
 And scarcely knows what she's about,
 For our row de dow dow, &c.

When I am disabled, quite unfit for each duty,
 And march down the hill of old age;
 I must then bid adieu to each favourite beauty,
 Chelsea quarters will finish life's stage.

Then in my last camp will I cheerfully sing,
 Bless my country, and life to my master, the
 King,
 No more in my duty as sharp as a needle,
 And,—when fired my last gun—farewell, Corporal
 Wheedle!

OH! COULD I KISS THY CHEEK.

(T. W. Kelly.)

Oh! could I kiss thy cheek, where glows
 Beauty's warm tint, as on a rose;
 How would my lips receive the bliss,
 Thus hallowed in that luscious kiss!

Oh! could thine eyes' bewitching glance
 Meet mine, in that enraptured trance,
 When fond, my love, I gaze on thee,
 How great would be my ecstasy!

And could I but thy form entwine
 In love's embrace, what joy were mine!
 Meet thy fond glance, sip thy sweet kiss!
 Oh! what on earth were greater bliss!

KING DICK.

Air—"Madam Fig's Gala."—(T. Scarnell.)

I SING of a warrior bold,
 Who was fond of both murder and strife, sir;
 On his back he'd a hump, I've been told,
 And his shins were as sharp as a knife, sir;
 His days he passed over in shame,
 (Believe me 'tis true every word, sir);
 He gained much tyrannical fame,
 And his name it was Dickey the Third, sir.
 Rum ti iddity, &c.

This comical outlandish dog,
 With ambition grew very big, sir;
 He grunted and growled like a hog,
 And stuck Harry just like a pig, sir;
 'Down, down to hell, rascal,' he cried,
 'Tis a proper place for you to enter;
 Go, tell brother Nick how you died,
 And tell him also that I sent you '
 Rum ti iddity, &c.

Now Dick bit his fingers and nails,
 And with passion got near out of breath, sir,
 To think what a number of tales
 He must tell to account for his death, sir:
 'I have it,' he cried, 'people may
 Inquire with wonder how fell he,
 But sure it is easy to say
 He died with the cramp in his belly.'
 Rum ti iddity, &c.

Then soon were the people appeased,
 Which made him more thirsty for glory;
 He felt himself very well pleased,
 To hear they had swallowed his story:
 But still he'd not finished his plan,
 Oh! no, for a very good reason;
 He had to destroy Lady Anne,
 For fear he should get hanged for treason.
 Rum ti iddity, &c.

Now Dickey to finish his work,
 Had many more schemes to contrive, sir;
 He grinned and he swore like a Turk,
 For still were two princes alive, sir:
 By jingo! he cried, with a frown,
 'I have those young dogs in my power;
 And to make me more sure of my crown,
 I'll invite them to sleep in the Tower.'
 Rum ti iddity, &c.

So their nunky they soon were both led,
 But against the whole plan were their hearts
 bent;

They didn't much fancy the bed,
 Nor did they much like the apartment:
 They stirred up a deuce of a row,
 But to end any more altercation,
 Consented, by making their bow,
 Just to please their good hump-back relation.
 Rum ti iddity, &c.

Then down they both laid to repose,
 And never did mortals sleep sounder;
 Two men stopt their mouths with the clothes,
 And killed them both dead as a flounder:
 Then Dick softly crept to the door,
 Cried, 'tell me if we are alone, sir;'
 'Tis done,' cried a son of a w—e,
 'So you'd better make haste to your throne, sir.'
 Rum ti iddity, &c.

Now soon did the sad news take flight,
 'Bout the deaths of those two murdered princes:
 The people saw all was not right,
 And their faces looked sour as quinces:
 One Richmond, in angry talk,
 'Gainst poor Dickey did loudly complain, sir;
 Swore he'd cut up his carcase like pork,
 And shorten the days of his reign, sir.
 Rum ti iddity, &c.

Then soon in a field they both met,
 Poor Dickey was pricked by remorse, sir;
 He bawled out aloud 'till he sweat,
 'My kingdom I'll give for a horse,' sir!
 'Your kingdom,' cried Richmond, 'good lack,
 'Tis mine, or the devil is in it;'
 Then whipt out his guts in a crack,
 And sent him to hell in a minute.
 Rum ti iddity, &c.

Then home trudged good Richmond, so gay,
 Was cheered as he passed through the town,
 sir;
 And, indeed, I have heard some folks say,
 He got for his trouble a crown, sir:
 So thus ends my wonderful tale,
 Take care not on justice to trample;
 And as long as you live never fail
 To take warning by Dick's sad example.
 Rum ti iddity, &c.

THE EVENING STAR.

(T. Campbell.)

GEM of the crimson-coloured even,
 Companion of retiring day,
 Why, at the closing gates of heaven,
 Beloved star, dost thou delay?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns,
 When soft the tear of twilight flows,
 So due thy plighted step returns,
 To chambers' brighter than the rose.

A NEW LADIES' DRINKING SONG;
 OR, GENUINE BOHEA AND SCANDAL.

Air—"Nothing in Life can sadden us."

(Miss Bryant.)

OH! ladies, these men are enough to madden us;
 They tease and perplex us with vows o'er and
 o'er;
 And though a true lover's sweet vows may oft
 gladden us,
 Still, what do we want, pray, with near half a
 score?
 Come, come, are ye ready, fill out the bohea to us,
 Hand round the toast, and let sorrow ne'er
 balk

The pleasure derived from a sweet cup of tea to us,
Which gives a new zest as we laugh and we
talk.

SPOKEN.] Happy to see you, Miss Mumps; pray may I be so bold as to ask the health of your intended? Dear me, ma'am, you really put me to the blush, for I have no intended, I assure you. Sweet *susceptible* creature; then, perhaps, you are privately married? Dear me! la, ma'am! good gracious! no! There, Mrs. Jaundice, did you mark her? No, madam; but I *remarked* her. Why, when you only mentioned her intended, she blushed. Yes, and that's a most conclusive sign of guilt, for blushing is too much out of fashion in the present day, without a very sufficient reason for it. But when you asked her whether she was married, madam, really her confusion was insupportable. Very unnatural, indeed; there's something wrong in Miss Mump's case, I'll be sworn. Is your tea to your liking, Mrs. Starch? Uncommonly good, thankee, ma'am; it's the best thing the grocer keeps in his house; for they say, Mrs. Teadust is only a so so kind of a woman. A little milk for Mrs. Sneer. Then, between you and me, I'd advise her to get a little of the milk of human kindness. A small piece of sugar for Miss Gall. He! he! she certainly does want a little *sweet* to her *bitters*. Yes; and, by-the-by, they say she's very fond of taking something else in her *bitters*, too. Fy! fy! let us leave the ladies alone, I beg, and—Oh! botheration, it's impossible to leave the ladies alone, when they're in their own sweet company,

Sing to the gents how we scorn them and flout 'em;
'Twas always the same since poor woman began;
And though the dear creatures we can't do with-
out 'em,

We tease and perplex 'em as much as we can.

What think you of Edward? Dear me! he's a
rover,

Who swears the same thing to each female he
meets;

And then Captain George is a *general* lover;

If a girl is quite sour, why he vows she's all
sweets.

And then there's vain Robert, his nonsense ad-
dressing;

If you smile at his folly, he'll think you're in
love:

While Richard declares that the girls are a bless-
ing,

And still says in secret,—an evil they prove.

SPOKEN.] How is your mother, miss? She *en-joys* a very bad state of health, I thank you, madam. No occasion to thank me, I assure you, for I don't envy her enjoyment. Have you heard the news? No; what is it? Why, I'll tell you a great secret; Miss Bloomly, you know, that paints so abominably, says, that Mrs. Ogle, who wears the glass eye, told her that Miss Queerface, with the false hair, informed her that Mrs. Drowsy, who spends all her nights at the gaming-table, told her that her little girl saw Mrs. Rednose go out this morning with a gentleman. Dear me! what a shame it is to scandalise so. Why, do you know, madam, that the propagator of the story is guilty of every vice you mention, herself, and was seen by nearly twenty people, to go out with a gentleman, and in the open night-time. Good gracious! how shameful it is to take away people's characters, to be sure. Why, what's that old lady laughing at in the corner? Why, ma'am, if you must know, it's at your very nice notions of character. And pray, ma'am, what is your opinion of it, then? I consider character as a plaything, invented to amuse a female party, where the poor creature is

so mutilated, that, perhaps, she never recovers from the ill usage of one evening, and leaves many a virtuous mind to pine in misery, through the false imaginations of a weak heart and a jaundiced imagination. Dear me! why I think we had bet-
ter
Sing to the gents, &c.

ALL WHEN SECURE IN COURTING.

Air—"All when my Farm is taken."—(Male.)

OH! now secure in my courting,
How delightful it will be my rivals to see,
With their sly looks, their frowns, and all levelled
at me,

Whilst I'm in her arms gaily sporting;
I'll stick by her both tooth and nail,

In spite of every gaby,

I'll never in my purpose fail,

However matters may be;

I'll have gigs, whips, rigs, trips,

Country jaunts, and pouting lips,

Horses, ponies, asses, slips,

And slip, p'rhaps, in my election;

I'll get a seat—I'll get in grace,

I'll get a sinecure, snug place,

Aye, and care not for inspection;

Then I'll strut so fine,

I'll bin my wine,

I'll write my franks,

I'll play my pranks,

I'll sell my vote,

I'll say by rote,

I'll mind myself,

I'll look for pelf,

I'll never flag,

I'll swear all's right,

I'll bounce and brag,

But never fight;

All now secure in courting,

All now secure in courting.

I'll set off to town with my loving wife,

And there we'll lead an irregular life,

For we know that is all now the fashion;

I'll go to the Op'ra, Madame Squaline to hear,

And she will be struck with my figure, it's clear,

For 'tis formed to inspire love's passion:

I shall win her—O! that's plain enough, some
day,

Then to keep up the sport,

At St. James's resort,

Then our grand concerts we'll give on a Sunday;

Then cards of invitation taking,

And our fresh appointments making,

Servants here and there sent,

My lady's compliment,

Will please honour us with your company;

What a flustrification,

With the grand preparation,

And packing up of all the trumpery;

For the flutes will be playing,

The trombone a braying,

Horns blowing,

Fiddlers bowing,

Bassoon grumbling,

Big drums rumbling,

Oboe sweet,

Piano neat,

Triangle jingling,

Welsh harp tingling,

Madame squalling,

Encore bawling,

That's right,

What a night,

Jingle-jingle, saw-saw, be-bo,

Toot, strum-strum, bravo, bravo,

All when secure in courting,

All when secure in courting.

GO, LOVELY FLOWER.

(Upton.)

THIS flower, so fragrant, I stole from the tree,
 To pleasure a lover's request;
 Who fondly called it an emblem of me,
 And asked it to lay on his breast.
 Then go, lovely flower, devoid of all fear,
 And tarry awhile near the heart of my dear.
 Sweet flower, that heart is to sympathy true,
 And knows not a tint of deceit;
 From the seed of endearment it budded and grew,
 And still with affection does beat.
 Then go, lovely flower, &c.

Yet should it, too warm for so slender a stem,
 Change a leaf of thy delicate face,
 O, do not, I charge you, the wearer condemn,
 I'll hasten, and die in thy place.
 Then go, lovely flower, &c.

I WILL EVER THINK OF THEE.

(Kenney.)

OH, whate'er my fate may be,
 I will ever, ever think of thee!
 In the busy hum of day—
 When the sober night is gay.
 Space nor time can ne'er divide
 The hearts that Love has firmly tied;
 Oh, whate'er my fate shall be,
 I will ever think of thee.

LOVE TURNED MUSIC MASTER.

(Dibdin.)

LOVE great Achilles taught to sew,
 Made bully Hercules turn spinner,
 And Proteus Jove a courting go,
 Who knew so well the way to win her!
 For me, though mad for all the fair,
 Not one would pity my condition,
 Smile on my fate, or chase my care,
 Till, taught by Love, I turned musician.
 Now gods and men, surpassing all,
 I tip them pretty well the go-by;
 Lead yielding females at the call
 Of my flute, my trumpet, horn, or hautboy.
 The blacksmith's daughter's heart I got,
 For while Love blew the flame to warm her,
 I the iron struck while yet 'twas hot,
 On the anvil played, and won the charmer.
 With a devotee I fell in love,
 With heavenly mind, and face of gorgon;
 And, while her thoughts were placed above,
 To win her heart I played the organ.
 To win Doll Gob, the cook, for life,
 The salt-box, lord! how I did thump it!
 Then, for the trumpeter and his wife,
 He played the horn and I the trumpet.
 The sexton's daughter loved me well,
 And oft my am'rous song kept time in,
 For none like me e'er tolled a knell,
 Or set the merry bells a chiming.
 Miss Hop would foot it toe and heel,
 And in the ball-room toil and labour;
 So, to win her heart, a highland reel
 I learnt upon the pipe and tabor.
 Welsh Win to gain, the harp I'd strum;
 The bag-pipes conquered Irish Katty;
 And 'twas the sprightly fife and drum
 That won the heart of lovely Patty.

Then, lovers, try no other wit,
 Success in courtship to insure you;
 By the tarantula Love when bit,
 Sweet music shall completely cure you.

WHEN THOU ART FAR AWAY. MY LOVE.

[From the Gaelic.]

(Donald Macpherson.)

O, LONG and dreary is the night,
 And heavy is the day;
 And sad and silent are the hours
 When thou art far away.
 When thou art far away, my love!
 When thou art far away;
 O, long and dreary is the night,
 When thou art far away!

O, sweet the blossom on the thorn,
 And sweet the new-mown hay;
 But, ah! to me no fragrance breathes
 When thou art far away.
 When thou art far away, my love!
 When thou art far away;
 No more the summer smiles for me
 When thou art far away.

O, sweet the bonny, blooming heath
 And sweet the morn of May;
 But Nature has no sweets for me
 When thou art far away.
 When thou art far away, my love!
 When thou art far away;
 'Tis gloomy winter all around
 When thou art far away.

Then hasten, Donald, back to me,
 No longer stay away;
 Then cheerfully shall summer sm. e,
 And all be blithe and gay.
 No longer stay away, my love!
 No longer stay away;
 But bring that peace I never knew
 When thou art far away.

THIS SHOWS THE HEART OF A SAILOR.

(T. Dibdin.)

'TISN'T the jacket and trousers blue,
 The song or the grog so cheery,
 That show us the heart of a seaman true,
 Or tell us his manners sincerely:
 'Tis the hour of strife, when venturing life,
 Where the spirit of Prudence might fail her;
 In battle he'll sing, "for Britannia and King,"
 And this shows the heart of a sailor.

'Tisn't his merriment, kindled ashore,
 By the cash much too quickly expended;
 'Tisn't his going to sea for more
 When the store in his locker is ended:
 'Tis the hour of distress, when misfortunes op-
 press,
 And Virtue finds sorrow assail her,
 'Tis the bosom of grief, made glad by relief,
 That pictures the heart of a sailor.

THE WIDOWED INDIAN.

(Busby.)

HERE, here sleeps the spouse of my love,
 Here o'er her the green turf I laid;
 But my soul, with what anguish it strove
 When for ever I wrapt her in shade.

Long, long were we blest on the heath,
It witnessed our fair passing days,
It witnessed her kindness till death,
It witnessed my love and my praise.

When through the red wave rose the sun,
At his noon-beams, when sickened the flowers,
When dews, and when darkness came on,
Soft peace and contentment were ours.
E'en the gloom of the winter could charm,
Burning summers flamed o'er us in vain,
The shrill howling north wind was warm,
And love soothed the storm on the plain.

Would you know all her deeds that were kind,
Count the sands in the ocean that lie;
Count the leaves borne away by the wind,
Count the lights that illumine the sky;
From the trees we've turned cautious away,
Lest our footsteps should crush them in youth,
With years we have seen them decay,
So long shone her love and her truth.

The streams the while changing have been,
From new channels reflecting the skies;
Where princes have feasted we've seen
The nettle and wild thorn arise;
Our pleasures so long did they last,
So long did our comforts remain,
But Comfort and Pleasure are fled,
Ne'er to visit Alknoma again!

O, Manilla! thy face was a light
Whose lustre was lent from above,
A beam all attractively bright
That shone round the steps of thy love!
Now she blesses some far-distant shore,—
Quick, quick to that shore let me fly!
Life! fetter Alknoma no more,
Let me seek her in yon purple sky!

JOLLY BOYS FOR EVER.

HANG your humdrum loobies,
Give me something clever;
A fig for clownish boobies,
Jolly boys for ever.

How pleasant the man that is witty,
With teasing love chat,
Looks sly, cocks his hat!
Then smiles in my face, with an impudent grace,
And tells me I'm wonderful pretty.

And then, with a pleasing love sonnet,
The sly one peeps under my bonnet;
Then snatches a kiss, I call up a frown,
Though the dear fellow knows
That the day is his own.

EDMUND OF THE HILLS.

[Translated from the Irish.]

(Lady Morgan.)

AH! who is that whose thrilling tones
Still put my tranquil sleep astray;
More plaintive than the wood-dove's moans,
And send my airy dreams away?
'Tis I! 'tis Edmund of the hills,
Who puts thy tranquil sleep astray,
Whose plaintive song of sorrow thrills,
And sends thy airy dreams away.

Here, nightly, through the long, long year,
My heart, with many a love-pang wrung,
Beneath thy casement, ever dear,
My sorrows and thy charms I've sung;

Thine eye is like the moon's soft ray,
Tinted with evening's faded blue;
Its first glance stole my heart away,
And gave its every wish to you.

Like a soft gloomy cloud thine hair,
Tinged with the setting sun's warm rays,
And lightly o'er thy forehead fair
In many a spiry ringlet plays.
O, come, then, rich in all thy charms,
For Eva I'm as rich in love,
And, panting, in my circling arms,
I'll bear thee to old Thuar's grove.

A GLASS OF RICH BROWN ALE.

Air—" *The Lass of Richmond-Hill.*"

(Jesse Hammond.)

LET gallants boast their bowers of bliss,
And raptured scenes of love;
Their feast a sigh—their heaven a kiss—
Their paradise the grove:
But I have more
True bliss in store,
And joys that never fail;
Whilst friendship's shrine,
My cot is mine,
And a glass of rich brown ale.

Let misers turn their riches o'er,
And gaze on bags of gold;
With my wealth they must be poor,
When all their treasure's sold:
But I have more
True wealth in store, &c.

Let monarchs, in their marble domes,
Boast a much grander lot;
I envy not their splendid homes
Whilst monarch of my cot!
There I have more
True bliss in store, &c.

MR SNIP AND MRS. O'DIP.

Air—" *Molly O'Rigge.*"

IN the Strand lived a tailor named Snip,
To Gretna he longed for a trip;
For he was in love,
Head and ears far above,
With the remnant of Mrs. O'Dip;
A rare beauty was Mrs. O'Dip.

He a note sent to Mrs. O'Dip,
Saying—" Pray, my dear ma'am, come and
sip,
In my parlour, your tea,
For I'll give you bohea
As fine as e'er touched lady's lip;
O, pray, come, my dear Mrs. Dip."

At six o'clock came Mrs. Dip,
(But she first took a draught of good slip;)
Mr. Snip was so smart
He soon *cabbaged* the heart
Of amorous Mrs. O'Dip;
How wastly purlite was poor Snip!

To church soon away they did trip,
But the bride gave the bridegroom the slip;
For, five minutes before
They had reached the church-door,
She eloped with a four-in-hand whip;
What a false-hearted Mrs. O'Dip!

Let her go, for who cares? said poor Snip,
Things off hap 'twixt the cup and the lip:
I'll go home, eat my mutton,
And not care a button
For faithless Mrs. O'Dip;
Good-by to you, Mrs. O'Dip.

O, ERIN, MY COUNTRY, FOR EVER
ADIEU.

By the side of the Ganges, whose mystical wave
Oft serves as a tomb to the exile and slave,
I mourn, but in vain, for the dear, beloved few
That bound me for ever, dear Erin, to you.

In vain does the east all its treasures display,
Or the free Asiatic enliven the day;
My bosom still beats for the dear, beloved few
That mourned my departure, dear Erin, from
you.

Unchanged is my heart though my spirit's sub-
dued,
The sunshine of hope oftentimes will intrude,
And tempt me to sigh for the dear beloved few
That bound me for ever, dear Erin, to you.

When the woes of the care-worn exile shall cease,
And the mandate of death brings a final release,
O, the last throb of Nature's eternal adieu
Shall be mingled in blessings, dear Erin, for you.

Farewell, honoured land of my forefather's birth;
Dear isle of delight! heaven's favour'd on earth!
To thy green-mantled bowers, and mountains of
blue,
O, Erin, my country! for ever adieu!

THE BAZAAR.

SURE London's the place, where, I've often heard
tell,

Or else I am sadly mistaken,
Where folly doth all other places excel,
Since John Bull you ne'er can awaken:
Then to keep him amused ingenuity tries,
Inventions they bring from afar;
Like a child for its rattle, or something else, cries,
So they found out the famous Bazaar.
High, low, rich, and poor, they all come from
afar,
Determined to peep at the famous Bazaar.

Where goods of materials are offered for sale,
The best in the country or city,
Who would not themselves of such bargains avail
I'm sure you'd their ignorance pity:
There ladies are suited with trinkets so fine,
And ringlets to hang o'er their faces,
With Prince's famed Lotion and Pomade Divine,
To make them out-rival the Graces.
High, low, rich, or poor, &c.

For bucks they've suspenders to fit with great
ease,

And garters their boots to be lacing;
With hats to fold up, or to wear as they please,
And spurs fit for lounging or racing!
Old maids they can suit with a patent peruque,
Or spencers trimmed neatly with frogs;
With a Queen of Scots' collar that might please a
duke,
Or with collars can furnish their dogs!
So I'd have you all run, Soho is not far,
And there you may peep at the famous Bazaar.

MAY MORNING.

A GLEE.

(Milton.)

NOW the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes, dancing, from the east, and leads with
her

The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose
Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale both boast thy dressing!
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

HARRY HAWSER'S MEDLEY.

(Arnold.)

IN the course of my life I have seen many na-
tions,

I've seen many states, and have filled many sta-
tions;

The valet by turns with the master I've been,
And in each various state various fortune have
seen;

With the high and the low, thus by turns we go,
With a hob, and a nob, and a jirk, and a bob!

SPOKEN.] But I'd always a great inclination to
be master;—so I sung—

“ Britons never will be slaves.”

A soldier I served in two fearful campaigns, sir,
And felt all the courage a soldier ne'er feigns, sir;
Then parade it, and strut in the sprightly cockade,
Which, all the world knows, oft a captain has
made;

From sloven to fop, then, by turns we hop,
With a hob, and a nob, and a jirk, and a bob!

SPOKEN.] But I didn't like a soldier's life;—so
I used to sing—

“ Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.”

A sailor I've been, and have ploughed the salt sea,
sir,

And, of all sorts of lives, still a sailor's for me,
sir;

I'll shun all the great, and their cursed civil
racket,

And change ev'ry suit for a sailor's blue jacket;
On the high and the low, still the wind may blow,
With a hob, and a nob, and a jirk, and a bob.

SPOKEN.] So now I care for nothing, but dance
upon deck and sing—

“ Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the king.”

NO ROSES THAT WREATHE ROUND YON
COT.

(J. Bruton.)

No roses that wreathe round yon cot
With the blush of her cheek can compete;
No zephyrs that break through yon grot
As her breath half so mild or so sweet!
Yet her heart oft harbours deceit,
And falsity lurks on her lips;
Her vows are as fragile as sweet,
And false as the air that she sips.

No lilies that grow in the grove,
With her fineness of form, can compare;
Nor angel in heaven above
Can match with the grace of her air.
Yet her heart oft harbours, &c.

The cygnet's fair plumage, so soft,
Can't vie with the down of her breast;
Nor lark, that sings sweetly aloft,
Seems half in spirits so blest.
Yet her heart oft harbours, &c.

The cowslip that spangles the vale
 Can't vie with the sweets of her lip ;
 Nor fawn that bounds over the dale
 Can move with her lightness of trip.
 Yet her heart oft harbours, &c.

////////

ELLEN ;

OR, THE MISERIES OF WAR.

(Rev. E. Mangin.)

BLUE eyes had gentle Ellen,
 And she had yellow hair ;
 No maiden in the valley
 With Ellen could compare ;
 And Ellen had a tender heart,
 To love and Edward true,
 And Edward was a seaman bold,
 The boldest of the crew.

But he must part from Ellen,
 And face the stormy sea ;
 For Edward was a sailor bold
 On board of the Victory !
 And when he would have said ' farewell !'
 O, then he could not speak ;
 So he, in silence, kissed away
 The tear from Ellen's cheek.

And now he's to the battle gone,
 That famous fight to see,
 When Nelson gained the laurel
 On board of the Victory ;
 But bloody was the wreath he won,
 For news had reached the shore
 How Nelson died for England,
 With many a hundred more.

And many a maid and widow
 In sorrow hung the head ;
 And many a little orphan mourned
 A valiant father dead.
 But gentle Ellen dares not run
 When the news had reached the shore,
 Some warning voice had whispered her
 That Edward was no more.

O, he was no more, and Ellen
 Has heard the deadly tale !
 No longer gentle Ellen moves,
 The envy of the vale ;
 Dim are her eyes with weeping,
 And wild is her yellow hair ;
 And the tender heart, that was so true,
 Is broken with despair.

////////

TO-MORROW.

(E. Mackey.)

IF my purse is light, why my heart is light,
 I scorn all thoughts of sorrow ;
 Against it I'll fight, with all my might,
 In hopes of a better morrow ;
 From joys divine and the rosy wine,
 I my portion of spirits will borrow ;
 With the wreath of vine I will entwine
 The roses of hope for to-morrow.

Then away, Melancholy ! thy presence is folly,
 In vain you would fill me with horror ;
 Whom try to appal ye, I'll live and be jolly,
 In hopes of more pleasure to-morrow :
 Drive dull care away, is my motto each day,
 And decay to each offspring of sorrow :
 I'll moisten my clay, and strive to be gay,
 In hopes of a pleasanter morrow.

THE CATALOGUE OF LADIES.

WHEN young I sung,
 Danced, played to a maid,
 Merry, gay, and witty, too ;
 Feel pain for Jane ;
 Blue eyes I prize ;
 Then fall in love with Kitty, too :
 Charming little creature,
 Brisk in every feature ;
 Eyes as black as sloes she had :
 Waist so taper,
 Cut a caper ;
 Oh ! she had nearly drove me mad.
 Charming creature,
 Form and feature ;
 She had nearly drove me mad.

Next miss I kiss
 Is Mary, sweet fairy ;
 Tall, and slim, and slender, too.
 Soon quit her wit ;
 Poor Nell, sweet belle !
 Fifty times as tender, too.
 She gives way to Nancy,
 Who, singing, struck my fancy ;
 For charms I always boasted her,
 She was merry,
 Brown as berry ;
 Every body toasted her.
 Yes, she was brown,
 For all the town
 Continually toasted her.

Then came new flames,
 Caroline all divine,
 Lively, arch, and pretty, too ;
 She flew when I knew
 Sweet Fan, who can
 Show you she is witty, too.
 An angel now I love,
 And if she'd but approve,
 My suit I hope to carry it.
 The die is cast,
 I'm caught at last,
 I'll marry charming Harriet ;
 For she's so fair,
 I vow and swear,
 I'll marry none but Harriet.

Farewell each belle,
 No more as before
 I must throw my leers about :
 Should I cock eye
 At a lass, alas !
 Wife will make a plaguy rout.
 Yet you're all such darling dears,
 That, did I live a thousand years,
 In spite of wind or weather, O !

Married, single,
 Still I'd jingle,
 I love you altogether, O !
 Nanny ! Fanny !
 Kitty ! Betty !
 Jenny ! Winny !
 Nell, or
 Bell, or
 Isabella, or Sophia,
 Or Maria,

Juliet, Jenny, Jane, or Joanna,
 Arethusa, Desdemona,
 All such charming, charming dears,
 That, should I live a thousand years,
 I'd love you altogether, O !

////////

SEE ! SEE ! HOW THE STEEDS SCAMPER
 OVER THE PLAIN.

See ! see ! how the steeds scamper over the plain
 While renard flies swiftly, alas ! 'tis in vain ;

All his knavery's over, for soon his last breath,
Will own that he's conquered by hunters and
death.

Dick Doubtful he tumbles right over the gate ;
Bob Bushbeat is thrown, how I pity his fate :
But see how the hounds scamper over the heath,
To see the fox conquered by hunters and death.

But see, it's all over, the echoing pack
Have got the poor fellow quite snug on his back ;
While each jolly boy they come up out of breath,
To see the fox conquered by huntsmen and death.

'TIS TRUE THIS LIFE'S A LANGUID STREAM.

Air—" *Auld Lang yne.*"

'Tis true this life's a languid stream,
How dark its course would keep,
If friendship's sweet and sunny beam,
Smiled not on its cold sleep.

For auld langsyne, my friend,
For auld langsyne,
We'll quaff a cup
Of friendship up
And auld langsyne.

Behold this brimming sparkling bowl,
To friendship quaff it up ;
This pure libation, where the soul
Is hovering o'er the cup.

For auld langsync, &c.

Then mem'ry shall bring back the days
When smiling hope was ours ;
Her white wings shedding fairy rays,
To light our path of flowers.

For auld langsyne, &c.

But give us Jove's ambrosial wave,
For we should quaff that stream,
When toasting her, whose ripe lip gave
The kiss of "love's young dream."

For auld langsyne, &c.

AFFECTIONS, MOST PURE, NOW UNITE US.

A TRIO.

(O'Kcefe.)

EXCUSE a fond maiden's confession,
Her blushes exhibit her bliss ;
My joy is too great for expression !
Suppose, then, you speak in a kiss.
Affections, most pure, now unite us,
Chaste pleasures now wait to delight us.

The music and bottle I'll bring.
The finch and the linnet invite us.
Fond turtles should pair in the spring.

Affections, most pure, &c.

Let lasses by you take example,
The lads should take pattern by thee ;
You give me of love such a sample,
That married I'll certainly be.
Ah ! what is the gay-blooming flower,
The transient sweets of an hour,
Compared to the charms of the mind !
Good humour to charm us has power,
When time leaves no beauties behind.
Ah ! what is the gay, &c.

THE BRITISH FAIR.

PHŒBUS, meaner themes disdaining,
To the lyrist's call repair ;
And the strings to rapture straining,
Come, and praise the British fair.

Chiefs throughout the land victorious,
Born to conquer, and to spare,
Were not gallant, were not glorious,
Till commanded by the fair.

All the works of worth and merit,
Which the sons of art prepare,
Have no pleasure, life, or spirit,
But as borrowed from the fair.

Reason is as weak as passion,
But if you for truth declare,
Worth and manhood are the fashion,
Favoured by the British fair.

MY NATIVE HILLS, MY NATIVE HILLS

MY native hills, my native hills !
Where childhood's dreamy day was spent,
Where trivial joys, and petty ills,
With youthful aspiration blent ;
Ye seem not as ye did to me,
When life was young, and thought was free.

Far fairer things have met my view,
And deeper, darker thought been mine ;
Ausonia in her vintage hue,
Of myrtle, mulberry, and vine ;
And sterile Appennine hath been
To me a more familiar scene.

To ride on the Atlantic's breast,
When the tornado rages there ;
On Arno's fragrant bank to rest,
And breathe Italia's balmy air ;
Will change the thoughts, howe'er we cling
To hazel glen and mossy spring.

But yet, my native hills, ye have
A hallowed influence on me,
Like that on pilgrim, at the grave
Of him who died on Calvary :—
The mingled feelings of delight
And melancholy, ye unite.

Upon your breast devotion dwells,
Though weaker it may haply be,
Than when it dwelt in desert-dells,
And Nature was its sanctuary ;
And ye contain the relic-dust,
Of those I loved, and watched, and lost.

And ye have eyes that beam on me,
And hearts whose throbs responds to mine,
And whispering of felicity,
Which tell me I should not repine ;
And, therefore, though I see your ills,
I love you well, my native hills.

O LOVELY WERE THE SUMMER HOURS.

(J. R. Planche.)

O LOVELY were the summer hours of innocence
and youth,
When every look was full of love, and every thought
was truth ;
When the rose of hope bloomed sweetly, and the
voice of beauty stole,
Like a seraph's song of gladness, o'er the pulses of
my soul.

There's a darkness on my day of life that ever must
remain,
There's a blight upon the flower, it will never
bloom again ;
And beauty's harp neglected lies, as silently and
lone
As the withered heart that bowed before the magic
of its tone.



To please both the rich and the poor, I wander about while I'm sleeping;
I sometimes break plates, to be sure, but then I know who pays for peeping.

SOMNO;

OR, THE SLEEP-WALKER AWAKE.

Air—"Madam Fig's Gala."—(T. Jones.)

I'M a comical fellow, folks say,
And by some I am thought a vain talker,
I travel by night and by day,
And am commonly called a sleep-walker;
Since our times they are none of the best,
I out of bed often glide, sir,
And in order to feather my nest,
I now and then work double tides, sir.
Rum ti iddity, &c.

I'm a bit of a dab at all trades,
To each art I well can a hand turn,
Can frighten young men and old maids,
Or dish an old scout of his lantern.
Though sleep o'erpowers my head,
A light still illumines my brain, sir;
I wander away from my bed,
To give my sweet Juliet a strain, sir.
Rum ti iddity, &c.

To please both the rich and the poor,
I wander about while I'm sleeping;
I sometimes break plates, to be sure,
But then I know who pays for peeping.
Though cash in these times runs so taper,
Yet, most things I find to come pat now;
I sing, and I dance, and I caper,
'And what do you think of that now?'
Rum ti iddity, &c.

In Romeo, or crooked King Dick,
They say I'm at home to a T, sir;
To Walter I change quite as quick,
Or the children, it's all one to me, sir.
Though I travel about in the dark,
I can make my voice lowly or louder;
Can give you the Prince of Denmark,
Or blow up a lawyer with powder.
Rum ti iddity, &c.

There's your player-folks make a great fuss,
Of lords and fine ladies, no fear on't,
No doubt, they'll be all taken worse,
If my wonderful power they hear on't;
The Haymarket hence will, no doubt,
Be thought the grand place for a peep, sir;
For I have the secret found out,
To charm all the folks while asleep, sir.
Rum ti iddity, &c.

But, let me go gently along,
Your moments while I am beguiling,
If you are but pleased with my song,
I must still keep awake to your smiling;
Your plandits I feel in my heart,
And while my best efforts I'm making
To gain them, I'll act any part
To please you, or sleeping or waking.
Rum ti iddity, &c.

THE RADIANT BRIDE.

A BOLERO SONG.

(Sir Lumley Skeffington, Bart.)

[Music, Delmaine, Soho-square.]

E'EN now the radiant bride I've seen,
With airy grace, the dance surprise;
Decked like a sylph, she moves a queen,
And wins all hearts, and thoughts, and eyes
Each glowing charm, by rapture is improv'd—
Why beats this breast? 'Tis not by envy mov'd,
Yet—yet—fond hope still whispers here,
Some hour I may as bright appear.

With eyes cast down, with blushing fear,
Fresh beauties o'er the fair expand;
While, glancing fire, the bridegroom near,
With tender pressure grasps her hand.
Joy and confusion in her looks are borne!
Why beats this heart? 'Tis not by envy torn;
Yet—yet—hope whispers to my breast,
Thus fondly shall thine own be press'd.

NEW YEAR'S EVE;

OR, FAREWELL TO THE FAST FLEETING YEAR.

Air—" *Fly from the World, oh! Bessy.*"

(Mackey.)

In a few fleeting moments this year will be past,
 And another commence its career;
 Then let us converse the short time it will last,
 Of that and the new-coming year.
 Ill-luck has attended the days that are gone,
 We'll from memory banish the theme,
 In hopes that the morrow's now fast coming morn,
 With a pleasanter aspect may beam.

If the year that's gone by has been teeming with
 joy,

May the new one continue the same;
 With fears we will not the fair vision destroy,
 Which seems our best wishes to claim.

May our joys be renewed all throughout the long
 year,

And each day with new pleasures be beaming;
 With minds free from guilt, we shall have nought
 to fear,

But our days be with happiness gleaming.

Then drive away sorrow afar from the board.

And of the past think but with pleasure;

To brood over miseries gone will afford

Time with fresh cares to fill up the measure.

Come, then, to the future we'll drink now, with
 hopes

That each morn we may meet with good cheer,
 Taking care that no trouble or wo interlopes—
 Here's farewell to the fast fleeting year!"

THE OLD BLUE BOAR;

OR, PARSON BULL AND THE LANDLORD'S WIFE.

Air—" *You're welcome to the Bell.*"

(Jesse Hammond.)

AROUND the edge of *Gander Green*

Stood houses near a score,

And there the village-church was seen

Close by the old *Blue Boar*;

Where Parson *Bull* threw a *sheep's eye*,

And warned his *flock*, as they passed by,

That they should booze no more,—

'For, don't you see,

Brethren,' cried he,

'The *Boar* has much more trade than me?

As God's in heaven that sha'n't be,

So beware the old *Blue Boar*!"

Yet tempted to this *Chapel of Ease*,

To take his evening-glass,

'Tis said the parson, on his knees,

Was often saying mass;

For, like a *goat*, he went astray,

And to the landlord's wife did pray,

'To love him evermore:—

'O fy! fy! fy!'

Said the land-la-dy,

'Your reverence sees the church close by?'

'Nay! *sink the shop*,' was all his cry,

'The church is but a *bore*!'

Yet still the parson hoped, no doubt,

To have a *greasy chin*,

For, as this *Farish Bull* turned out,

He heard the *sow lay in*;

Then back he went, and, by his wig,

He swore again to dine off *pig*,

If *ten* the old sow bore;

'For you keep *nine*,'

Said this divine,

'But, by the law, the *tenth* is mine.

'Oh, no!' said she, 'tis like my *sign*,

The *tithe-pig* is a *bore*!'

It happened on the sabbath next,

This *excellent* divine,

Though sorely vext, had fixed his text

About the *herd of swine*;

But ere the text his reverence took,

He found that he had *lost* his book,

Or left it at the *Boar* :

Then patience fled,

And ah! 'tis said,

The *Boar* run so much in his head,

That, 'stead of *swine*, this text he read,

'The devil's in the *Boar*!'

THE WINE VAULT;

OR, MY CELLAR'S MY CAMP, AND MY SOLDIERS
MY FLASKS.Air—" *The Hounds are all out.*"—(G. A. Stevens.)

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be,

For what can this world more afford,

Than a girl that will sociably sit on my knee,

And a cellar that's plentiful stored,

My brave boys,

And a cellar that's plentiful stored.

My vault-door is open, descend every guest,

Broach that cask, aye, that wine we will try,

'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taste,

And as bright as her cheek to the eye.

My brave boys, &c.

In a piece of slit hoop I my candle have stuck,

'Twill light us each bottle to hand;

And the foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,

For I hate that a bumper should stand.

My brave boys, &c.

We are dry where we sit, though the oozy drops
 seem

The moist walls with wet pearls to emboss,

From the arch, mouldy cobwebs in Gothic taste
 stream,

Like stucco-work cut out of moss.

My brave boys, &c.

Astride on a butt, as a butt should be strode,

I sit my companions among,

Like grape-blessing Bacchus, the good fellow's
 god,

And a sentiment give, or a song.

My brave boys, &c.

I charge spill in hand, and my empire maintain,

No ancient more patriot-like bled,

Each drop in defence of delight I will drain,

And myself for my Bucks I'll drink dead.

My brave boys, &c.

Sound that pipe, 'tis in tune, and those bins are
 well filled,

View that heap of Old Hock in the rear;

Yon bottles of Burgundy, see how they're piled,

Like artillery, tier over tier,

My brave boys, &c.

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,

All gloriously ranged in review,

When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks

As kingdoms I've yet to subdue.

My brave boys, &c.

Like Macedon's madman, my drink I'll enjoy,

In defiance of gravel and gout;

Who cried when he had no more worlds to sub
 due—

I'll weep when my liquor is out.

My brave boys, &c.

When the lamp is brimfull, see the flame brightly
 shines,

But when wanting moisture, decays;

Replenish the lamp of my life with rich wines,
Or else there's an end of my blaze.

My brave boys, &c.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear should be shed,
No *HIC JACET* be cut on my stone;
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
And say, *A choice fellow is gone,*
My brave boys,
And say, *A choice fellow is gone.*

////////

YOUNG BLUE-EYED MARY AND EARL EDWIN.

Air—" *Kate of Coleraine.*"—(Beuler.)

YOUNG Mary, the blue-eyed; whose beauties were
blushing,

Adown a lone valley, unseen by the world,
Was as pure and as free as the stream's water
gushing

In eddies, round lilies, with dew-drops im-
pearled.

Her eye beamed with pity, the poor and the weary
Were cheered on their path by her alms and her
care;

They called her sweet Mary, the young blue-eyed
fairy,

Whose heart was as good as her bosom was fair.

Earl Edwin, while coursing, first saw blue-eyed
Mary,

For the hare, as if knowing where innocence
dwelt.

All trembling, flew into the arms of the fairy,

And she for its life at Earl Edwin's feet knelt.

Then Edwin was charmed by the suppliant's
graces,

Her eye beamed with beauty, his heart felt its
power;

He owned he admired, and his flattering praises

Bewildered the maid, and she loved from that
hour.

By Edwin deluded, she fled from the haven,

The valley that nursed her in virtue and peace;

By splendour and love Mary's heart was en-
slaved,

But, ah! without virtue their pleasures soon
cease.

Soon cloyed by possession, her beauties no longer

Fill the heart of Earl Edwin with glowing de-
light,

He slighted her love, and aversion grew stronger,

As the tear of her eye blamed his frown and his
slight.

The worm of despair quickly cankered the blossom,

That once bloomed the beauty and pride of the
vale;

For the frown of the Earl deeply stung Mary's
bosom,

And the rose of her cheek became withered and
pale.

The heart of the lorn one with anguish was break-
ing,

Her pulse soon was languid, her eye-beam o'er-
cast;

Her life quickly ebbing—her soul was forsaking—
She languished—she died; but she loved to the
last!

////////

TOM TOUGH.

(Dibdin.)

MY name d'ye see's Tom Tough, I've seed a little
sarvice,

Where mighty billows roll and loud tempests
blow,

I've sailed with valiant Howe, I've sailed with
noble Jarvis,

And in gallant Duncan's fleet I've sung out yo,
heave ho!

And, more would ye be knowing,

I was cockswain to Boscawen,

And even with brave Hawke have I nobly faced
the foe;

Then, put round the grog,

So we've that and our prog,

We'll laugh in Care's face, and sing out yo, heave
ho!

When from my love to part I first weighed anchor,
And she was snivelling seed on the beach be-
low,

I'd like to cotched my eyes snivelling, too, d'ye
see, to thank her,

But I brought my sorrows up with a yo, heave
ho!

For sailors, though they have their jokes,

And love and feel like other folks,

Their duty to neglect must not come for to go,

So I seized a capstan bar,

Like a true honest tar,

And, in spite of sighs and tears, sung out, yo,
heave ho!

But the worst on't was that time when the little
ones were sickly,

And if they'd live or die the doctor didn't know.

The word was govod to weigh so sudden and so
quickly,

I thought my heart would break as I sung yo,
heave ho!

For Poll's so like her mother,

And as for Jack, her brother,

The boy, when he grows up, will nobly fight the
foe;

But in Providence I trust.

For you see what must be must,

So my sighs I gave the winds, and sung out yo,
heave ho!

And now at last laid up in a decentish condition,

For I've only lost an eye and got a timber toc,

But old ships must expect in time to be out of com-
mission,

Nor again the anchor weigh with a yo, heave
ho!

So I smoke my pipe, and sing old songs,

For my boy shall well revenge my wrongs,

And my girl shall breed young sailors, nobly for
to face the foe;

Then, to country and king,

Fate no danger can bring

While the tars of Old England sing out yo, heave
ho!

////////

SWEET FANNY, THAT LIVES IN THE VALLEY.

(Upton.)

MY Fanny is young, and my Fanny is fair,

My Fanny is kind and excelling;

And she lives, but I will not—I must not say
where;

Yet a neat little cot is her dwelling.

I met the loved maid with a blush on her cheek,

Yes, a blush that no jester dare rally;

And I sighed for the girl, the dear little girl,

Sweet Fanny, that lives in the valley.

My Fanny, I found, was the pride of the vale,

And yet Fanny knew not her beauty;

Contented to carry her milk and her pail,

And 'tend on her parents with duty.

O, yes! and I saw her with virtues so rare,
Nor Vice, nor its slaves, dared to rally;
And I sighed for the girl, the dear little girl,
Sweet Fanny, that lives in the valley.

My Fanny, the fairest, yet humble and meek,
I pressed, with affection to marry;
Kissed the tear from her eye and the blush from
her cheek,
And vowed that no longer we'd tarry.
To the church then I led her, and made her my
wife,
Resolved not to stand dilly dally;
For I sighed for the girl, the dear little girl,
Sweet Fanny, that lives in the valley.

THE WARDEN'S SONG.

(Dr. Anderson.)

FROM henceforth ever sing
The craftsman and the king;
With poetry and music sweet
Resound their harmony complete;
And with geometry, in skilful hand,
Due homage pay,
Without delay,
To the king and to our master grand;
He rules the free-born sons of art
By love and friendship, hand and heart.

Who can rehearse the praise,
In soft poetic lays
Or solid prose, of masons true,
Whose art transcends the common view;
Their secrets, ne'er to strangers yet exposed,
Reserved shall be
By masons free,
And only to the faithful lodge disclosed,
Because they're kept in mason's heart,
My brethren of the royal art.

THE HUNGRY GOAT AND THE COTTAGE-
COUCH;

OR, WINNY'S LAST HEIGHO FOR LLEWELLIN.

Air—"A Frog he would a wooing go."

(E. J. B. Box.)

LLEWELLIN went to Winny's cot,
Heigho! says Winny;
Winny was boiling green leeks in her pot,
When Llewellin came there, on his goat, in a
trot,

With a jig-up, prig-up,
Treacle and toasted cheese,
O, heigho, says Winny!

Dressed in his best, Llewellin came,
Heigho! says Winny;
'Twas spruce was Llewellin, his goat was the same,
But with hard three miles tit-up both tired and
tame,

With hur jig up, prig-up,
Treacle and toasted cheese,
O, heigho, sweet Winny!

Dismounted, then, Llewellin said,
Heigho, sweet Winny;
'Into your bedchamber let hur nag be led,
For hur's rid hur so fast, hur needs rest to hur
head;"

With hur jig-up, prig-up,
Treacle and toasted cheese,
Then heigho, dear Winny

That done; then dinner-table set,
Heigho, sighed Winny.

While she took out the leeks, nicely cooked in a
net,
And well-seasoned with pepper,—the best her
could get,

Dished with prig-up, jig-up,
Treacle and toasted cheese,
Sweet heigho, rare Winny!

Llewellin kissed lip, neck, and cheek,
Heigho, cried Winny;
While hur smiled in hur face as hur swallowed
each leek,

Swore hur'd stop at the cot, and make love the
whole week,

For such jig-up, prig-up,
Treacle and toasted cheese,
O, heigho, charmed Winny!

Llewellin stopped to tea and sup,
Heighoing Winny;
Forgetting hur goat to feed, poor hungry 'Tup!
Winny's bed being hay, the goat eat it all up;

What a jig-up, prig-up,
Treacle and toasted cheese,
Cruel heigho for Winny!

Then Winny did both frown and chide,
"Heigho, why, Winny;"
Cried Llewellin; "be curst, if hur'll make you
hur bride."

As hur bridled hur goat, off full tit-up to ride,
In quick jig-up, prig-up,
Treacle nor toasted cheese,
Sad heigho for Winny!

Poor Winny sobbed and wept full sore,
Heigho, lost Winny;
That Llewellin would these come a-wooing no
more,

She (her bed ate up) died in despair on the floor,
Her last jig-up, prig-up,
Done treacle toasted cheese,
Death heighoed poor Winny!

I'M A SPORTSMAN, 'TIS TRUE.

I'm a sportsman, 'tis true; I love game as my
life;

Indeed, it comes next to my children and wife;
And the birds, whether flying or fearful they run,
I pop, and they tumble, as sure as a gun.

If I follow the fox over meadow and heath,
I'm last at the bottle and first at the death;
I'm a true jolly fellow and up to the fun
Of old renard, and mark him, as sure as a gun.

Either stag-hunting, cock-fighting, sure I am
there;

At mauling a lion, or baiting a bear;
And still all the ladies, wherever I run,
Are after my person, as sure as a gun.

FAIR WISDOM, LOVE, AND POWER.

A HEBREW MELODY.

(Lord Byron.)

FAIR wisdom, love, and power were mine,
And health and youth possessed me,
My goblet blushed from every vine,
And lovely forms caressed me;
I sunned my heart in beauty's eyes,
And felt my soul grow tender,
All earth could give, or mortals prize,
Was mine by royal splendour.

I strive to number o'er what days
Remembrance can discover
Which all that life or earth displays
Would lure me to live over,—

There rose one day, there rolled one hour
Of pleasure unembittered,
And not a trapping decked my power
That galled not where it glittered.

The serpent of the field by art
By spells is won from harming,
But that which coils around the heart,
Oh, who hath power of charming?
It will not list to wisdom's lore,
Nor music's voice can lure it,
But there it stings for evermore
The soul that must endure it.

LONDON COMFORTS ;

OR, FOG AND RAIN.

Air—" *Teddy Blink and Bandy Jack.*"

OH, London's such a charming place, so fine and
so bewitching,
That country lads all thither haste, and for its joys
are itching ;
Papa and ma, good-by! they bawl, and off for
London starting,
Declare they think the country's all my eye and
Betty Martin.

SPOKEN.] Come, coachee, knock 'em along, my
boy. How far to Lunnun now?—Only five miles.
—I say, Bill, how d'ye like it?—Oh, wastly much.
—I say, how we spins along, don't we? eh, ah!
There's Lunnun! I say, coachee, vat's that ere
place like the top of a lantern?—O, that's St.
Paul's.—St. Paul's! I say, Ben, vat a rich man
St. Paul must have been to have such a precious
great house.—Bless me, vat a smoke!—I say,
coachman, put me down at Mr. Brisket's, the
butcher's, in Vitechapel, will you?—Yes, ma'am.
I say, coachee, vere do ve stop at?—The Blue
Boar, sir.—Vat a bore it will be if they can't let us
have a bed, eh, Ben?—Ees, I thinks as how ve
shall look like blue boars then; for ve may stop in
the street all night, and amuse ourselves by hear-
ing the vatchman bawl—

Ri fol, &c.

Their hands in both their pockets crammed, they
gape about so silly,
And then from side to side are jammed, whilst
rambling Piccadilly!
But now the rain begins to fall, while some for
coaches bawling,
Whilst Ben upsets an apple-stall as he is backward
falling.

SPOKEN.] There, you stupid country fellow, you
shall pay for my apples—you capsized 'em all into
the mud.—There, brother Ben, you've just got into
it.—No, brother Bill, I be just got out on't. Dang
that there gutter, I say. Look at my white cor-
derays; I'm just like a mudlark.—There, there's
my best umbrelly spoilt: that gentleman has run
the top of his'n smack through it.—Never mind,
ma'am; 'twill let in more air.—La, sir, I'm sure
my mamma had airs enough before.—There, that
fellow's splashed me from head to foot, 'pon
honour.—Lud, papa, I've lost my shoe.—Shoo,
shoo, come along; come, child, we'll go through
Exeter 'Change; we can't change for the worse.—
Take care, sir, you'll push your numberella into
my hye.—That's all my eye, ma'am.—Oh, I've
lost my patten.—That's a bad pattern to set.—My
pelisse is wringing wet through, I wow and pur-
test.—Turn it the other side, then, my darling, and
put the dry side outwards.—Tell you what, sir, if
you shoves me in that ere way again I shall be for
giving you what you may call a—What, sir?

Ri fol, &c.

And now a heavy fog arrives, just to increase vex-
ation,
While hurry skurry each one drives, and all is con-
sternation!
Says brother Bill,—We've lost our way . says Ben,
—We're done for sartin :
And both exclaim, in town to stay's my eye and
Betty Martin.

SPOKEN.] Bless my soul, says brother Ben,
what a nation smoke! there must be a large fire
somewhere.—Fire! no, no, says brother Bill, I've
just hit on't! 'tis water! they do every thing here
by steam.—Blow me, if one of the hingines isn't
burst, and we'll all be scalt to death.—Scalt, oh,
Lord, how shocking, cries brother Ben.—Terrible,
says brother Bill.—A light, a light, light, d—me.
—A man that would make light of this would make
light of any misfortune.—Bless me, sir, how
clumsy you are, you've run up against me, and
knocked all my teeth down my throat.—Beg par-
don, ma'am,—very sorry,—couldn't help it,—
quite accidental.—By your leave.—Take care of
your heads.—Take care of your pockets.—Oh, my
toes, my toes.—Put them in your reticule, ma'am.
—I'll thank you not to ridicule my wife's toes, sir,
if you please.—Why, here's quite a stoppage, I
declare.—Go; will you come?—Well, I'm going
to come to go as soon as I can.—Come, lather
away, my boys, cries a barber.—Skip along, says
a dancing-master.—Peg along, my lads of wax,
cries a shoe-maker.—I declare, says a dandy,
those men show their avocation by their vulgar
confabulations, 'pon honour, d—me.—You look as
if you were just taken off a shop-board as a pat-
tern, cries a tailor; stitched up, but not finished.
—By the powers, the fog's so thick, and there's
such a crowd, I'll just stand here till they're all
gone by, and sing—

Oh, London is a famous place,
So pleasant altogether,
But don't exactly suit my taste
In wet and foggy weather.

SOFT PITY NEVER LEAVES THE GENTLE BREAST.

A TRIO.

(R. B. Sheridan.)

SOFT Pity never leaves the gentle breast
Where Love has been received a welcome guest :
As wand'ring saints poor huts have sacred made,
He hallows ev'ry heart he once has swayed ;
And (when his presence we no longer share)
Still leaves Compassion as a relic there.

ST. PATRICK WAS AN HONEST SOUL.

SAINT Patrick was an honest soul,
No saint did ever look so big,
No sinner of the flowing bowl
So hearty ever took a swig ;
Och! whiskey rare so long he'd swill
As Dublin could a glass afford ;
Of love, too, th' old boy took his fill,
None so an Irish lass adored.

But, rest his soul, he is no more,
Since *Death*, that *taef*, has seized him fast ;
No toping boy on the Irish shore
So merry ever breathed his last :
The tribute to dear Pat we'll give
Of tears that fill the merry bowl ;
Though dead, his name shall ever live
In honest Paddy's very soul.

Come, boys, and fill your bumpers up,
 We'll have no cares or sorrow near;
 To-day we'll drown in t'other cup,
 And never for to-morrow fear;
 'Tis what our patron did of old,
 Who spent his days in glee and fun;
 We'll *toast* St. Patrick now *he's cold*,
 And drink and love as he has done.

HERE RESTS HER FORM IN SWEET
 REPOSE.

Air—" *Love's young Dream.*"—(J. Bruton.)

HERE rests her form 'neath the clay cold sod,
 In sweet repose;
 By sorrow blighted in its bud,
 Like some young rose!
 The path she traced
 Was but a waste
 Of darkening grief and gloom,
 Where Sorrow lowered,
 Till she, o'erpowered,
 Sunk to the tomb!

The daisy wild, and violet blue,
 Shall deck thy tomb;
 Each flower of simple matchless hue
 O'er thee shall bloom!
 These eyes shall lave
 Thy cold green grave,
 And keep them moist and fair,
 Till life shall cease,
 And I, in peace,
 Thy cold tomb share.

This bursting heart can ne'er know peace,
 Since thou art gone!
 Nor, till each vital throb shall cease,
 E'er cease to mourn!
 These lips shall pour
 Thy name each hour
 To heaven, in holy prayer,
 Till life shall cease,
 And I, in peace,
 Thy cold tomb share.

'Twas I.

A QUARTETTO.

Air—" *The Dusty Miller.*"

I MUST run away;
 But, from this hour, depend on't,
 I'll be sure to say—
 'Twas I, whate'er the end on't.

That's a dear!—and now,
 The owl, last night—who shot it?
 Why, master?

How, sir, how?
 Oh! 'twas I,—I had near forgot it.

Hey-dey! Miss Georgette!
 How dare you stand and chatter?
 No cherries gathered yet?
 How now, wife,—what's the matter?

Georgette, my dear, don't cry;
 Who got her such a snubbing?
 'Twas I—'twas—'twas I!
 Then I'll give you a drubbing.

Servants are a pest
 To ev'ry one about 'em;
 I shall get no rest
 Until I do without 'em.

Wives are but a pest
 To ev'ry one about 'em;
 Men are ne'er so blest
 As when they do without 'em.

How I tremble, least
 I lose my spouse and roses;
 Madam Mag wo'n't rest
 Until she all discloses.

Let 'em spit their spite,
 And beat me till they're weary,
 I'll bawl, with all my might,
 'Twas I, to please my deary.

BRITAIN'S BEST BULWARKS ARE HER
 WOODEN WALLS.

(Dr. Arne.)

WHEN Britain on her sea-girt shore,
 Her ancient Druids first addressed:
 "What aid," she cried, "shall I implore,
 What blest defence—by numbers pressed?"—
 "Though hostile nations round thee rise,
 (The mystic oracles replied,
 And view thine isle with envious eyes!
 Their threats defy, their rage deride;
 Nor fear invasion from your adverse Gauls,
 Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

"Thine oaks descending to the main,
 With floating forts shall stem the tides,
 Asserting Britain's liquid reign,
 Where'er her thundering navy rides;
 Nor less to peaceful arts inclined,
 Where commerce opens all her stores,
 In social bands shall league mankind,
 And join the sea-divided shores:
 Spread, then, thy sails where naval glory calls,
 Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

"Hail! happy isle, what though thy vales
 No vine impurpled tribute yield,
 Nor fanned with odour-breathing gales,
 Nor crops spontaneous glad the field;
 Yet, liberty! rewards the toil
 Of industry, to labour prone,
 Who jocund ploughs the grateful soil,
 And reaps the harvests he has sown:
 While other realms tyrannic sway enthral,
 Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls."

Thus spake the bearded seer of yore,
 In vision wrapt of Britain's fame,
 Ere yet Iberia felt her power,
 Or Gallia trembled at her name;
 Ere yet Columbus dared to explore
 New regions rising from the main;
 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
 Bear then, ye winds, in solemn strain,
 This sacred truth,—an awe-struck world appals,
 Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

JOY, WHEN MUTE, IS STILL THE
 SWEETEST

A DUET.

(Arnold.)

She.—How should language speak the feeling
 Of a heart, its love revealing,
 When with boundless love it beats?

He.—Words but weakly paint the glowing
 Passion, from the breast o'erflowing,
 When a fond return it meets.

She.—Joy, when mute, is still the sweetest;
He.—E'en as time unmarked is flectest.

Both.—But when lips are fondly greeting,
And in softest kisses meeting,
Is the lover's soul express't;
Then in silence both are blest.
No, no! love by thought inspires!
No, no! love no voice requires!
No! no!

THE LOTTERY OF WEDLOCK.

(Dibdin.)

THIS life is a lottery, wives are the prizes,
For every bachelor chooses a blank;
And as the premium lowers and rises,
According to goodness and virtue they rank.
That giggling thing there will turn up a fifty;
That flirt will no more than a twenty be found.
Not so yon wife, so prudent and thrifty,
She'll prove a prize of full ten thousand pound.
Then round with the wheel, no gold shall ye find,
The wealth of our lottery's confined to the mind.
Adventure then boldly, ill fortune despise,
'Tis the lottery of wedlock, and woman's the prize.
Should sometimes appear trifling failings congenial,
To fond inexperience, in minds immatured;
If vice have no share, and the failings are venial,
By kindness and sense be that ticket insured.
Do not ever by beauty alone be invited,
Which too oft with conceit is and vanity found;
But be beauty and goodness together united,
'Tis a capital prize, and the ten thousand pound.
Then round with the wheel, &c.

Much faith, for good luck, to odd numbers are given,
But adventurers for this may credulity thank;
'Tis the temper gives value, and that must be even,
Else 'twere better your ticket had turned up a blank.
Number three, I acknowledge, comprises the graces;
But so will the furies and harpies be found,
If the mind every virtue domestic embraces,
Ev'n or odd, high or low, you've the ten thousand pound.
Then round with the wheel, &c.

DRINK, DRINK, THE NIGHT IS WEARING.

(Connell.)

DRINK, drink, the night is wearing;
Time is flying, joy appearing;
Drink, drink!
For we've plenty of minutes to grieve, so they say,
And pain and dull sorrow not long stop away.
So drink, drink, the night is wearing, &c.
Smile, smile in the cup of gladness,
Thinking's folly,—grieving's madness:
Smile, smile!
For 'tis but for a moment they can appear,
And the smile, alas! often is checked by a tear.
So smile, smile, the night is wearing, &c.
Sing, sing! let music borrow
A ray to dazzle dusky sorrow.
Sing, sing!
And, oh! may our songs ever gladden the night,
Till peaceful we sink to the realms of delight.
So sing, sing, the night is wearing, &c.

ANNIE, THE FLOWER AND THE PRIDE
O' THEM A'.

WHEN winter's cauld blasts destroy nature's sweet grandeur,
And darkness steals on ere the mid afternoon;

Wi' heart warmed by love in the evening I wander,
Ay proud to meet Annie by light o' the main.
If stormy the wind o'er Benlomond be blowing,
And valleys around are covered wi' sna';
I heed nae wild winds nor the clouds were they fa'ing,
Ay fain to meet Annie, the flower o' them a'.

My plaid she ay hangs near the ingle when dreeping,
The rosy sweet smile her cauld lover can warm;
Oh, pity! (she'll say) thou hast got sic a steeping,
It prives to poor Annie, how fain thou wadst charm.

When seated together, ay cheerful and smiling,
How short seems the hours till I wander awa.
Ah! wo to the wretch wha delights in beguiling,
May sic ne'er see Annie, the flower o' them a'.

She's modest and cheerfu', a witching young creature,

Wi' ripe rosy cheeks and twa bonny black een;
The blessings o' health she ay shows in ilk feature;
Ane sweeter in Scotland nae mortal has seen.
When seated by Annie I'm ever delighted,
For none in her conduct could e'er find a flaw:
The wish o' my heart is to suin be united
Wi' Annie the pride and the flower o' them a'.

PREPARE, TO THE FIELD, MY BRAVE
BOYS, HASTE AWAY.

PREPARE, to the field, my brave boys, haste away,

The morning is clear and bids fair for the day:
Aurora's bright beams now dispel the fresh dew,
And bids us to horse, our fleet game to pursue.

To mount, then, prepare;

To the field we'll repair,

The woods and the hills they invite.

The horn sounds so sweet,

Our pack so complete,

No charms can we want to delight.

The hounds in full cry now announce to our ears,
With nose to the ground that sly renard appears.
Elate, we rush forward with horns and with hounds;

Tally-ho! is the word, and the valley resounds.

See, see, where he flies!

Alarmed by our cries;

How rapid, how subtle his flight.

The horn sounds, &c.

Poor renard, worn out, his life now must yield,
With shouts and with music re-echoes the field.
Then homeward, with transport, to crown the full bowl,

Drink health to the fair, and enliven the soul.

May health, love, and peace

Our blessings increase,

While beauty still gladdens our sight.

May ev'ry glass ring,

With God save the king,

And loyalty friendship unite.

LIST, MARY! TO THE CASEMENT COME.

(W. W. Waldron.)

LIST, Mary! to the casement come,

Thy faithful lover wakes;

Aurora has in splendour shone,

The dawning morning breaks.

The little lambkins sport around.

Now Nature's sons rejoice,

And all, though not with human sound,

In Nature's works rejoice.

Then, lovely maid, I prithee come;
 Ah! why so long delay?
 And in the pious concert join,
 To hail the coming day.
 While the dumb creatures of the field
 Their grateful thoughts express;
 Ah! can you fail your thanks to yield,
 For blessings numberless?

Then Mary, come, and let your charms
 With fair Aurora shine,
 And leave the slothful Somnus' arms,
 For one embrace of mine;
 One gentle word, in mercy speak,—
 One glance from that mild eye,
 Dissolves the tears that steal this cheek,—
 Dispels each struggling sigh.

THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

To battle called, when chivalry was young,
 A red-cross knight, sworn foe to cankered Care,
 While Christabel upon his corslet hung,
 Thus gaily carolled to the blue-eyed fair:
 "My sword is war's alone,
 My heart is all thy own;
 To die for love, or bravely fall in fight,
 'Tis both, both are glorious to the Red-Cross Knight."
 From Palestine returned, still fresh as May,
 With victory new beaming on his crest,
 Once more to Christabel he tuned the lay,
 And strained the charmer to his throbbing breast.
 "My sword is war's alone,
 My heart is all thy own;
 To live for love, and conquer in the fight,
 Both, both are glorious to the Red-Cross Knight."

A HUNGRY FOX ONE DAY DID SPY.

(T. Dibdin.)

A hungry fox one day did spy,
 Fal lal la, &c.
 Some nice ripe grapes, which hung so high,
 Fal lal la, &c.
 And, as they hung, they seemed to say
 To him who underneath did stay,
 If you *can* take me down you may.
 Fal lal la, &c.
 The fox his patience nearly lost,
 Fal lal la, &c.
 His expectations balked and crossed,
 Fal lal la, &c.
 Still licked his chops for near an hour,
 Till he found the fruit beyond his power,
 Then he went, and swore the grapes were sour.
 Fal lal la, &c.

THE PLOUGHMAN'S COURTSHIP.

(R. Bloomfield.)

DOWN Abner sate, with glowing heart,
 Resolved, whatever might betide,
 To speak his mind; no other art
 He ever knew or ever tried.
 And, gently twitching Mary's hand,
 (The bench had ample room for two,)
 His first word made her understand
 The ploughman's errand was to woo.
 My Mary!—may I call thee so?
 For many a happy day we've seen,
 And if not mine—aye, years ago,
 Whose was the fault?—you might have been.
 All that's gone by, but I've been musing,
 And vowed, and hoped to keep it true,

That she shall be my own heart's choosing
 Whom I call wife—hey, what say you?
 And, as I drove my plough along,
 And felt the strength that's in my arm,
 Ten years, thought I, amidst my song,
 I've been head man at Harewood-farm;
 And now my own dear Mary's free,
 Whom I have loved this many a day,
 Who knows but she may think on me?—
 I'll go hear what she has to say.

Perhaps that little stock of land
 She holds, but knows not how to till,
 Will suffer in the widow's hand,
 And make poor Mary poorer still.

That scrap of land, with one like her,
 How we might live, and be so blest;
 And who should Mary Jones prefer?
 Why, surely him who loves her best.

Therefore I'm come to night, sweet wench,
 I would not idly thus intrude.
 Mary looked downward on the bench,
 O'erpowered by love and gratitude,
 And leaned her head against the vine,
 With quickening sobs of silent bliss,
 Till Abner cried, "You must be mine!
 You must!" and sealed it with a kiss.

She talked of shame, and wiped her cheek;
 But what had shame with them to do
 Who nothing meant but truth to speak
 And downright honour to pursue?

THE DISREGARDED TAR.

THE sea was smooth, the winds were low,
 And from its source the village rill
 Retired, with mournful lapse, and slow,
 When poor Ben Hatchway, 'neath a hill,
 Thus mournful sighed, in deep distress:
 "Alas! my wants go unrewarded;
 But ah! no heart with meek redress
 Relieves the tar when disregarded.
 "When doomed by unrelenting Fate,
 Alas! I left my native land,
 What agonies did love create
 When blooming Mary left the strand;
 While hovering o'er the vessel's side,
 I thought my love she then rewarded,
 But since kind Fortune's men denied,
 My faithful heart is disregarded.
 "Shipwrecked! of all I had bereft;
 My life escaped a watery grave;
 Returned, some cordial still I'd left,
 But found that friendship was a slave
 To Avarice's greedy store,
 For, ah! my wants went unrewarded,
 And those these hands relieved when poor,
 By poverty's now disregarded.
 "But who shall still the raging storm
 That spread ill fate, alas! on me,
 When I, unpitied and forlorn,
 Shall sink beneath life's ruthless sea?
 Save happier climes, when, troubles o'er,
 My wants will then be sweet rewarded,
 When black ingratitude no more
 Shall crush the heart now disregarded."

THE MATCH-MAKER.

(C. Dibdin.)

I JOG through the world's varied scene,
 In spite of its rubs and its scratches,

Like the blacksmith of Greta-Green,
Get my living by making of matches.

SPOKEN.] You know my matches a'n't the only
ones that have to do with brimstone—so
I cry my matches as far as Charing-Cross ;
We all know the gray mare is oft the best horse.
Come, buy my matches !

All folks except scolds meet their match,
For by scolds even lawyers surpassed are ;
Law's limbs may be had by Old Scratch,
But a scold is the devil's own master !

SPOKEN.] We all love our *mother's* tongue, but
when it's joined to a wife's tongue, it's *two to one*
against poor Benedict. That's the way with me ;
so, when my wife begins—

I cry my matches to where it is said
There is a good woman without e'er a head.
Come, buy my matches !

Some matches 'tis wealth that cements,
When with Plenty's full horn love carouses ;
But some ladies they take its contents,
And leave all the *horn* to their spouses.

SPOKEN.] A great many people make a point of
abusing matrimony ; but it has many good points
about it for all that—to be sure, there's *Cuckold's*
Point—so

I cry my matches as far as Horn-fair,
And see a great many fine gentlefolks there.
Come, buy my matches !

Our churchwardens cannibals match,
For let them, (the proof we oft meet it,)
In the parish a bastard but catch,
And, to save all the charges, they eat it.

SPOKEN.] But I don't wonder at it ; for I went
to our churchwarden t'other day, and he snapped
so, I thought he was going to eat me. " Well,
Mr. Churchwarden," said I, " if you wo'n't let
me dine with you, I can dine with a greater man."
So I cried my matches until it was dark,
And dined with Duke Humphrey, in St. James's
Park.

Come, buy my matches !

Monopoly all would devour,
What a pity that justice don't him stone ;
But may those who monopolize flour
Be matched by the flour of brimstone.

SPOKEN.] Monopoly's a disease as bad as the
plague ; but I wonder, among all our quack pills
and drops, we hav'n't a cure for it ; I know one ;
so—

I cry my matches 'mong the Old Bailey shops,
But can't recommend Dr. Ketch's *new drops*.
Come, buy my matches !

ZEPHYR, FOR ONCE, MY WISHES BEAR.

(T. W. Kelly.)

ZEPHYR, for once, my wishes bear,
Oh, fly, and whisper to my fair,
When rosy ev'ning steals along,
And Philomel begins her song,
And, shrined within her roseate bower,
That gentle maid, of form divine,
Prepares to yield to slumber's power,
Tell her no heart can love like mine,
And whisper softly in her ear,—
I ask no greater boon or bliss,
Than, like thee, to be ever near,
Like thee, too, share her fervid kiss !

YOU NEVER DID HEAR OF AN IRISH- MAN'S FEAR.

(C. Macklin.)

You never did hear of an Irishman's fear,
In love or in battle, in love or in battle,
He's always on duty, and ready for beauty,
Where cannons do rattle, where cannons do
rattle.

By day and by night we love and we fight,
We're honour's defender, we're honour's de-
fender.

The foe and the fair, we always take care
To make them surrender, to make them surren-
der.

By day and by night we love and we fight,
We're honour's defender, we're honour's de-
fender :

The foe and the fair, we always take care
To make them knock under, to make them knock
under.

THE BRIGHTER HOURS OF LIFE ARE PAST.

(David Lester Richardson.)

THE brighter hours of life are past—
The sun of hope is set,—
Though its lingering beam, as it glowed its last,
Woke the tear of vain regret ;
It hath left a twilight gloom of sadness
I would not lose for the glare of gladness !

I sojourn on a foreign strand,—
I share the stranger's bowl—
Yet dear is the dream of my native land,—
Star of the wanderer's soul !
And of memory's chain (love's farewell token !)
Each sacred link hath remained unbroken !

THE THREE JOLLY PIGEONS FOR EVER.

(Goldsmith.)

LET schoolmasters puzzle their brain,
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning ;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives *genus* a better discerning.
Let them brag of their heathenish gods,
Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians,
Their qui's, and their qua's, and their quod's,
They're all but a parcel of pigeons.

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When methodist preachers come down
A preaching that drinking is sinful,
I'll wager the rascals a crown,
They always preach best with a skinfull.
But when you come down with your pence
For a slice of their scurvy religion,
I'll leave it to all men of sense,

But you, my good friend, are the pigeon.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then, come, put the jorum about,
And let us be merry and clever,
Our hearts and our liquors are stout,
Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever :
Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons ;
But of all the fine birds in the air,
Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

(Dibdin.)

SINCE custom commands us to give
Some wish to our friends at this season ;

And of those, by the public who live,
Is required all they can give in reason;
For me, I'd bestow ev'ry good
That can fall on child, woman, or man;
But, since I can't give what I would,
You'll permit me to give what I can;
And while your protection, my mind nobly lifts,
Like friends let us give and receive new year's
gifts.

If I could I'd to lovers impart
That condition so sweet and delicious,
That, as they hold honour at heart,
So might all their hopes be propitious;
To those, who to merit are blind,
Common-sense should recover the sight;
And in those who distress human kind,
Remorse should turn crime to delight.
'Twas for this wholesome end, that the mind nobly
lifts,
Sprung the custom to give and receive new year's
gifts.

Public speakers, a sound pair of lungs;
To guttlers, a choice of rich dishes;
To the ladies, the sweet gift of tongues;
And to placemen, the loaves and the fishes.
I'd give prudence to those, who to sail
Down the torrent of folly are bent;
And to those who at Providence rail,
I'd bestow the sweet balm of content.
'Twas for this wholesome end, &c.

LIBERTY.

Air—"Ye Banks and Braes o' bonnie Doon."

AH! what is summer's gaudy gear,
Or beamy morn, to captive ee;
Or music to the prisoned ear,
Save that wild cadence,—liberty.

The orient sun, with golden light,
May stud the palace of the free;
But noon-day gleams are dull as night,
To her who weeps for—liberty.

Young spring hath not a flower to charm,
Nor tint of grace, nor breath of glee;
Nor smile to cheer, nor ray to warm,
The heart bereft of—liberty.

For freedom is the sun,—the dew,—
Spring's life, and summer's fragrant sigh,—
We riot in its radiant hue,
And when its glory sets—we die.

THE CAPTIVE'S LAMENT.

(R. Hanse.)

I MAY deserve the fate I share,
That lessens naught the pain;
Though far removed, still those there are
I'd die to meet again.
But fate decrees, that this my will
Protracted thus should be;
Here I must stay and murmur still,
While days pass slow to me:
But better days there are in store,
Bright hope assures me so,
And soon I'll meet my love once more,
And bid adieu to wo!

WHITE HATS ARE QUITE THE GO.

Air—"Gee ho, Dobbin."—(Bryant.)

TIME was when white hats they looked devilish
funny,
But now in such things all the folks spend their
money;

For tailors, and cobblers, and barbers likewise,
Place a bit of white beaver right over their eyes.

Oh, the white hats, sir,

Oh, the white hats, sir,

You'll own that white hats are at present the go.

Your nobleman, certainly, wears his hat white,
And the ladies, 'od bless 'em, in them too delight;
So that dressed with white hat, coat and capes
nearly ten,

Ecod, the dear creatures, they look just like men.
Oh, the white hats, &c.

A radical, once, by his beaver we knew,
But now we have radicals all the town through;
And if hats make the radicals, to settle such ma-
ters,

Hadn't government better imprison the hatters?
Oh, the white hats, &c.

Your black-legs appear with their heads lily white,
Your loungers, thus beavered, walk forth day and
night,

Your Toms and your Jerrys by them are shown
pat,

And a gentleman now, sirs, is known by his hat.
Oh, the white hats, &c.

But I am not proud, sirs, but fond of my pelf,
Or else, I, perhaps, might just get one myself;
Still I am too wise e'er to grieve about that,
So for ease and for pleasure give me my old hat.
Oh, the white hats, &c.

But this I must say, since white hats rule the
roast,

As for heads and for hats, pray which is worth
most?

And this is my maxim, I'll live at my ease,
And my neighbours may dress themselves just as
they please.

Oh, the white hats, &c.

BRIGHT' BE THY DREAMS, WHILST THOU
ART SLEEPING.

(T. Moore.)

BRIGHT be thy dreams, may all thy weeping
Turn into smiles while thou art sleeping;
Those by death, or seas removed,
'Those who in thy spring-time knew thee;
All thou'st ever prized or loved,
In dreams come smiling to thee!

There may the child, whose love lay deepest,
Dearest of all, come while thou sleepest;
Still the same—no charm forgot—
Nothing lost that life had given,
Or if changed, but changed to what?
Thou'lt find her yet in Heaven.

NEW POLLY HOPKINS.

A DUET.

He.—A SUITOR, Polly Hopkins, I come again, I
come again.

She.—I've often told you, Mr. Tomkins, 'tis all in
vain,—'tis all in vain.

He.—As sure as fate.

She.—Don't tease me, fool.

He.—My love is great.

She.—Then let it cool.

He.—Oh! cruel, cruel Polly Hopkins, to tease me
so, to tease me so!

She.—Oh! silly, silly Tommy Tomkins, to urge me
so, to urge me so!

SPOKEN } Now, my dear Polly, whilst on my
knees, hear me swear, my love for you, upon my
soul and body, is all

Fal lal la, &c.

He.—Arn't I a beauty, Polly Hopkins, oh! pray disclose, oh! pray disclose!
She.—Yes; such a beauty, Mr. Tomkins, you'd scare the crows! you'd scare the crows!
He.—My shape's divine!
She.—Oh! pray not boast!
He.—My figure's fine!
She.—As a whipping-post.
He.—Oh! cruel Polly Hopkins, &c.

SPOKEN.] Polly! you're only spiteful because the girls of the village notice me. They all say, when I pass,—'What a pretty figure! What a pretty face! What eyes—like gas-lights!' But when I talk to you of my beauty, you always say—

Fal lal la, &c.

He.—Polly! I should be transported, if you'd agree, if you'd agree!
She.—With all my heart, sweet Mr. Tomkins, so let it be, so let it be.
He.—When shall we wed?
She.—What! be your wife?
He.—That's what you said—
She.—I meant for life.
 Oh! cruel Tommy Tomkins, &c.

SPOKEN.] Well, Polly, I always thought you loved me a little; but now I find your love for me is all—

Fal lal la, &c.

He.—Beneath some yew-tree's dismal shade, I'll go and die, I'll go and die!
She.—I'll see you buried when you're dead, so now good by, so now good by.
He.—With worms I'll sup—
She.—That's sorry fare!
He.—I'm quite screwed up!—
She.—I wish you were!
 Oh! cruel, cruel Polly Hopkins, &c.

SPOKEN.] Oh! Polly Hopkins! Polly Hopkins! I little thought you'd wish me to die! but as you are so cruel, I'm resolved to end my life. But, remember, I'll always haunt you. When the clock strikes twelve, every night, you shall hear my ghost, under your bed-room window, murmuring in a hollow voice,

Fal lal la, &c.

OH! WHERE'S THE HARM OF A LITTLE KISS?

OH! where's the harm of a little kiss?
 One, one—only one?
 And I'm sure my *heart* never went with *this*,
 But, e'en if it had, I can't see what there is,
 So very amiss
 In a little kiss—
 One, one—only one.

If the young man offered *you* a kiss—
 One, one—only one!
 How cruel 'twould be to take it amiss;
 Or, if it were stolen, I can't see what there is
 So very amiss
 In a little kiss—
 One, one—only one!

DEAR JIM, THIS BLACK JACK!

Air—"Dear Tom, this brown Jug."

DEAR Jim, this black Jack, now so full of stout whiskey,
 Out of which I now drink to fat Judy, so frisky,
 Was once a tin kettle, a soldered old squire,
 As ever boiled water for tea on the fire;

For simpering and singing it never was chid,
 And in boiling about always puffed off the lid,
 Always puffed off the lid.

As it happened to sit on the fire one day,
 With just water enough to simmer away,
 Old Katty stept out for a pinch of Foot's snuff,
 And forgot in this pot to leave water enough;
 The fire soon dried it, the sides were burnt out,
 The solder was melted, and off dropt the snout,
 And off dropt the snout.

The shell in the alley long time it had lain,
 And by travelling at dogs' tails was beat flat again,
 A wench picked it up—to the tinker brought back—
 Faith! out of the kettle he formed this black Jack
 Now sacred to whiskey, to mirth, and mild ale,
 Here's to fat Judy, of Kilmainham Jail.
 Of Kilmainham Jail.

JUSTICE QUORUM.

(C. Dibdin.)

MY name's Justice Quorum, I'm lord of this vil-
 lage,
 And, ifackins, I makes pretty toil of my tillage;
 I know little of law, so my wife, that the best is,
 Does the law part, while I manufacture the justice:
 All should live by their trade, or it isn't fair deal-
 ing,
 And it's just out of mine, that I should get a feel-
 ing:
 I don't always hear both sides, which strange may
 appear,
 To those who don't know that I'm deaf of one ear.
 A man feed me once with a small bag of barley,
 His opponent six beautiful geese brought to parley;
 Goosy carried the cause, when the chandler, of-
 fended,
 Cried, 'I gave you some barley, and on you de-
 pended.'
 Says I, 'true, but just after you left it, in hob-
 bled
 Six monstrous geese and the barley they gobbled;
 And, neighbour, you'll own, 'tis no new case to
 find,
 When a thing's out of sight it soon gets out of
 mind.'

SPEED THEE WELL, MARINER.

SPEED thee well, mariner, through the dark wave
 Safe may thy vessel in majesty sail;
 Ella still breathes a love-prayer for the brave—
 Sighs for his welfare, Bransbury Vale;
 She, whom thy last caress saddened to tears,
 Paining a heart, by its sorrows o'ercome,
 Pensive, thy memory faithfully wears,
 Ella will welcome the mariner home.

Mariner, thou hast twin little ones left,
 Smiling, unconscious their sire is afar,
 Clung to a bosom of quietude 'reft,
 Whilst thou art exposed to the tempest and
 war:

Yet Ella, in absence, will teach them a name,
 Endeared to rememb'rance, where'er thou mayst
 roam,

And the scions of love will enkindle a flame,
 To light the return of the mariner home.

Haste thee, then, mariner, ply through the wave
 To the saint of thy promise, whose haven of
 rest

Shall lull to repose every care of the brave,
 And thou with the kiss of regard shall be blest;
 And the smiles of a progeny, chaste as the gem
 Which hangs on the flow'ret of summer's young
 bloom,

Will beam on a father returning to them,
And joy shall revisit the mariner's home.

WOMAN, THE PRETTY CREATURE MUST
BE BOUGHT.

(Holman.)

WOMAN now by grace and feature,
Sighs and vows, will not be caught,
If you'd have the pretty creature,
The pretty creature must be bought.
You may swear—You may tear,
You may cry—You may lie,
You may kneel—You may feel
All the pangs that from love's raging fervours
arise,
And proclaim her an angel dropt down from the
skies.

No pity she shows
For your budget of woes;
She scoffs at your tears, and derides all your pain,
And e'en darling flattery assails her in vain.

Who then finds the way,
His addresses to pay,
In a stile which this whimsical creature can fix;
He who drives to her door
In a chariot and four,
Or Old Nick himself in a fine coach and six.

A CHOKE-PILL FOR HUMAN PRIDE;

OR, THE HISTORY OF MAN.

Air—“ *I sing the British Seaman's Praise.*”

(Collins.)

WHEN man first, like a blade of grass,
Upsprung from out the sod, sir,
He for a crab-tree's fruit, alas!

Felt sour affliction's rod, sir:
A serpent's guile through life he wailed,
Being by a serpent stung, sir,
'Till, dust to dust, once more he hailed
The soil from whence he sprung, sir.
Of life, how short then is the span,
How soon employed the spade, sir,
How proud of substance, upstart man,
How soon an empty shade, sir!

From Adam's down to Noah's days,
None can this truth deny, sir,
That all mankind found means and ways
T'increase and multiply, sir;
Their hosts, for numbers, did surpass
The quicksands on the shore, sir,
But quick their sands ran through the glass,
And now they're quick no more, sir.
Of life, how short, &c.

Sire Abram's seed, by zeal when fired,
To burn up heathenish chaff, sir,
If wanting Isaac's faith, when tired,
They leaned on Jacob's staff, sir;
Corn, wine, and oil, when all at hand,
Could Abram's sons refuse 'em?
But few looked for the promised land
That's lodged in Abram's bosom.
And yet, of life, how short, &c.

Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes,
And Persians once so proud, sir,
Though clang'ring Fame their mighty deeds
Proclaimed with trump so loud, sir;
Great Nimrod, now, and all his race
Have struck to one grim foe, sir,
And Cyrus, armed all foes to face
A woman's arm laid low, sir.
Alas! of life, how short, &c.

The moon-struck Macedonian wight,
Who aped celestial sway, sir,
By death confirmed, in pride's despight,
His godship was but clay, sir;
For, formed a mortal foe to peace,
A mortal's fate to share, sir,
He proved, at last, a scurvy piece
Of brittle crock'ry ware, sir.
Of life, how short, &c.

The head lies low that once upreared
The crescent o'er the cross, sir,
And, through his past life, never feared
Of future life the loss, sir:
Nor e'er did virtue sift from vice,
Like pure bread from the leaven, sir,
But, in his impious paradise,
A brothel made of heaven, sir.
Of life, how short, &c.

The breast where brav'ry knows no bound
Must to the heart-ache yield, sir;
Nor laurels, which the head surround,
Can from the head-ache shield, sir;
Nay, more, the bright imperial crown
Which Cæsar's brow adorns, sir,
On life's last pillow, when laid down,
May prove a crown of thorns, sir.
Of life, how short, &c.

Yet monsters o'er mankind would sway,
Who spurn at sacred order,
And, bloodhounds like, in quest of prey,
Break down each fence and border;
But dire destruction and dismay
Will yet o'erwhelm the crew, sir,
For dogs can only have their day,
But fiends will have their due, sir.
And he who, more a fiend than man,
Would earth and heaven invade, sir,
When justice his desert shall scan,
In hell may be repaid, sir.

LET US ALL GET DRUNK TO-NIGHT.

OVER the bottle let us join,
Nought can comfort give but wine;
Wine's the soul of happiness,
Wine cures sorrow and distress.
Then, my jolly comrades, here
Let dull sorrow disappear;
Pleasure looks upon us bright,
Let us all get drunk to-night.

Never mind what wives may say,
They can drink when we're away;
They can scold when we go home,—
To stop 'em all the plan's to roam.
Then, my jolly comrades, &c.

Waiter! Waiter! come, unscrew,—
The devil! we're too quick for you;—
Now the glasses 'gin to dance,
This is wine's delightful trance.
Then, my jolly comrades, &c.

THE CONTENTED BAKER;

OR, MY CHILDREN, FREEDOM, AND MY FRIEND

(Cross.)

BY nature soft as kneaded dough,
My heart, ne'er chilled by cold deceit,
When injury proclaims a foe,
Will glow with a warmed oven's heat.
Ne'er crusty I, though Fortune's blind,
To those around its comforts spare,

Give crumbs of bliss to all mankind
 Yet seem to stint me of my share :
 Still happy I, while pleased attend,
 My children, freedom, and my friend.

My sacks are few, and small my grain,
 Dame Fortune ne'er enlarged my store ;
 The rich oft treat me with disdain,
 And Grandeur flouts, because I'm poor ;
 But then my cherubs sweetly smile,
 Though robbed of a fond mother's care,
 Their infant prate can grief beguile,
 And fond endearments lull despair :
 So blest am I, while pleased attend,
 My children, freedom, and my friend.

WE'LL CHASE THE FOX OVER THE
 GROUNDS.

HARK! the huntsman's begun to sound the shrill
 horn,
 Come, quickly unkennel the hounds ;
 'Tis a beautiful, glittering, golden-eyed morn,
 We'll chase the fox over the grounds.

See, yonder sits renard, 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 chase.

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 valleys they skim it away,
 Now renard's almost out of sight ;
 But, sooner than lose him, they'll spend the
 whole day
 In hunting—for that's their delight.

By eager pursuing, they'll have him at last,
 He's so tired, poor rogue, down he lies ;
 Now starts up afresh—young Snap has him fast,
 He trembles, kicks, struggles, and dies.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Air—" *The Birks of Abergeldie*."—(Burns.)

CHORUS.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go ;
 Bonnie lassie, will ye go
 To the Birks of Aberfeldy ?

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
 And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
 Come, let us spend the lightsome days
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
 The little birdies blithely sing,
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
 The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
 O'erhung with fragrant spreading shaws,
 The birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crowned wi' flowers,
 White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
 And, rising, weets wi' misty showers
 The birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

THE CLOWN'S ODD SWEETHEART.

(C. Dibdin.)

A COMICAL lass I went to woo,
 She had a good face and a fortune, too ;
 She had but one eye, one arm, and one leg,
 But a monstrous handsome wooden peg!

SPOKEN.] But the leg and the *harm* were two to
 one in my favour ; and the eye, you know, enabled
 me to get on the blind side of her

Fal de ral, &c.

She'd one golden guinea, one silver crown,
 One hat, one cap, one cloak, one gown,
 One table, one chair, one three-legged stool,
 One basin for holding gooseberry-fool!

SPOKEN.] And I'm monstrous fond of that,
 it's the pleasantest kind of fool there is ;—I wish I
 had a large bason full now, I would so—

Fal de ral, &c.

One kettle she had, without a spout,
 One saucepan with one bottom out ;
 One knife, fork, spoon, one dish, one plate,
 One ladle, with which she broke my pate!

SPOKEN.] She wasn't content with making an
 impression upon my heart, but she must make one
 on my head too ; and she did give me such a—

Fal de ral, &c.

SHALL I TELL YOU WHOM I LOVE ?

(William Browne, 1616.)

SHALL I tell you whom I love ?
 Hearken, then, awile to me ;
 And if such a woman move
 As I now shall versifie,
 Be assured, 'tis she, or none,
 That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right,
 As she scorns the help of Art ;
 In as many virtues dight
 As e'er yet embraced a heart ;
 So much good, so truly tried,
 Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire
 To make known how much she hath ;
 And her anger flames no higher
 Than may fitly sweeten wrath :
 Full of pity as may be,
 Though, perhaps, not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
 And her virtues grace her birth ;
 Lovely as all excellence,
 Modest in her mode of mirth :
 Likelihood enough to prove
 Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is, and, if you know
 Such a one as I have sung,
 Be she brown, or fair, or —, so
 That she be but somewhere young,
 Be assured, 'tis she, or none,
 That I love, and love alone.

LET FOREIGNERS BOAST OF THEIR
COUNTRY SO FINE.

(Lady Morgan.)

LET foreigners boast of their country so fine,
Of their fruit, their good living, and harvest of
wine;

What land round the sea can with Erin compare,
For beauty, for courage, and love for the fair?
And as for the comforts of life when we're dead,
We have cruskeens of whiskey to eat with our
bread!

And the ladies ne'er take our flirtation amiss,
So we kiss whom we please, and we please whom
we kiss.

Then sing away merrily, o'er the glass cheerily,
Killing dull Care with a laugh and a song;
And thus we, true Irish boys, add to the ladies'
joys,

Coaxing and pleasing them all the day long.

Long life to St. Patrick, though now he's no
more,

For he drove ev'ry monster and plague from our
shore,

And his spirit shall still to protect us advance,
To stand by St. George 'gainst the dragon of
France;

And as for myself, by this twig in my hand,
For old Ireland I'll fight while I'm able to stand;
For so sweet a green island no country can boast,
And its ah, my dear Erin, yourself is my toast.

For we sing away merrily, &c.

ROGER AND DOLLY.

Air—"Calder Fair."—(Hudson.)

DOWN in our village lived a parson and his wife,
Who led a very decent sort o' comfortable life;
They kept a serving man and maid, as tidy as
could be,
The maid was fond of Roger—and Roger fond of
she.

The parson's wife kept Dolly so very close to
work,
She might as well been bred and born a Hottentot
or Turk;
But though she was employed all day, as close as
close could be,
Her thoughts were fixed on Roger, and Roger's
fixed on she.

The parson was an old man, and would have done
amiss,
For he got her in a corner, and axed her for a
kiss;

But she answered to him, as plain as plain could
be,
She wanted Roger, and Roger wanted she.

Cupid, that blind little god, had got so in her
head,
That, every night, as sure as ever she went up to
bed,

Before she went to sleep, she, as pious as could be,
Would pray she might have Roger, and Roger
prayed for she.

By love and work together, she was taken very ill,
The doctor he was sent for, and tried his best of
skill;

But she wouldn't take his stuff, though bad as bad
could be,

She only wanted Roger, and Roger wanted she!

When the parson found 'twas only love that made
her bad,

He very kindly said that she had better have the
lad;

The sight of him soon made her well, as well as
well could be,—

They married—she had Roger!—and Roger he had
she!

FROM THE MAIN-TOP-MAST HEAD.

A DUET.

FROM the main-top-mast head, as a sailor spied
land,

Whilst over the deck each wild billow rude
rolled,

Pleased he saw on the cliff a fair maid wave her
hand,

In token of help, ah! how sweet to behold.

The ship went to pieces, he swam soon to land,
She stretched forth to save him her lily white
hand.

From that moment they loved, and vowed never
to part;

But what are the vows of most lovers is known:
But if false they ne'er prove, yet, to try each true
heart,

Mischance may compel them their wish to dis-
own.

The ship went to pieces, she stretched forth her
hand;

She saved him; but, ah! they were wrecked upon
land.

SHEFFIELD IS A WONDERFUL TOWN O!

Air—"All among the Leaves so green, O!"

LADIES and gentles all,
I am ready at your call,
To sing a little song,
And I will not keep you long,
'Bout the sights of this wonderful town, O!
In Sheffield's praise, tune my lays,
For what 'tis famed shall soon be named,
I'll tell, don't doubt it, all about it.
Hey down, ho down, derry derry down,
Sheffield is a wonderful town, O!

For cutlery so famed
None with Sheffield can be named,
Where the people all their lives
Are making razors, scissors, knives,
In this very wonderful town, O!
Lots of files, all in piles;
Stones go round, razors ground;
Friday quick, goes boring stick;
Saturday get your pay,
Then regale yourselves with ale.
Hey down, ho down, &c.

Next the Market-place survey,
When round comes the market-day;
And there such sights you'll see,
That with me you'll agree,

This Sheffield is a wonderful town, O!

Lots of stalls against the walls,
Make your rambles through the shambles,
Beef and mutton, stuff a glutton,
Butchers cry, who'll buy?
Dogs and asses, pretty lasses,
If you gain Campo-lane,
Neville's ale, bright and pale,
You will find to your mind.

Hey down, ho down, &c

Next a lawyer 'mongst you came,
Lawyer Applebee, his name,
He could get you all estates,
Fill your pockets and your plates,
For the good of this wonderful town, O!
Points of law, well did draw,
House and land did understand;

Took the chaise various ways,
Law profession took possession,
With a hod took up a sod,
In he lets, sweepy bets,
Gets your brass, then, alas!
Off he waddles, then he schedules,
Hey down, ho down, &c.

In the church-yard all the people
Are gazing at the steeple,
Where the man, to point the spire,
Is each moment getting higher.
To amuse you in this wonderful town, O!
From the crate shows his pate,
See him climb, with stone and lime,
Lord! how high, people cry,
I'd rather he was there than me;
By gauls, if he falls.

Hey down, ho down, &c.

Last the playhouse in this street,
Where your favourites you greet,
And where actors, funny folks,
Make you laugh with cracking jokes,
For the joy of this wonderful town, O!
Act away, all so gay,
Sights so funny, for your money,
Believe not me, but come and see
Bell ringing, actor singing,
Then you roar encore.

Hey down, ho down, &c.

YOU MAY CHANCE TO BE FLEECED TO THE SKIN.

(Cowper.)

A THICK twisted brake, in the time of a storm,
Seemed kindly to cover a sheep;
So snug for awhile he lay sheltered and warm,
It quietly soothed him to sleep.

The clouds are now scattered,—the winds are at
peace,

The sheep to his pasture inclined;
But, ah! the fell thicket lays hold of his fleece,
His coat is left forfeit behind.

My friends, who the thicket of law never tried,
Consider before you get in;
Though judgement and sentence are passed on
your side,
You may chance to be fleeced to the skin.

MADAM VANDERCROUT.

(Dibdin.)

MA'AM Vandercrout, her weeds quite new,
Fifty, and richer than a Jew,
With voice of raven, and an eye
Might with the coddled gooseberry vie;
Fair as bull-beef, and then a form
Lovely as porpoise in a storm;
A ton of flesh, with gold hoops bound,
Just four feet high, and six feet round;
Thus formed, thus featured, and thus faced,
Her person and her purse thus graced,
No wonder lovers swarmed about
The charming Madam Vandercrout.

A lawyer begged his cause to plead,
Said if he liked each title-deed,
'Twixt Hymen, him, and her, that night
He'd draw indenture tripartite.
Come, come, said she, my man of law,
In your proceedings there's a flaw;
My goods and chattels you convey!
Please to convey yourself away!

You plead in vain, the trial's past,
You're nonsuited, ejected, cast;
You're ignoramus'd and thrown out,
Then sue not Madam Vandercrout.

An Irish jolman swore away,
He'd love for ever and a day;
And if she'd him for husband have,
Her lord and master were her slave!
Paddy, you've made a bull, cried she,
You want to make a slave of me;
I'm his who for my person seeks,—
Sure, e'n't you Irishmen all Greeks?
Nothing but loss with you I'd gain,
No, never, wid your seven's the main,
'Mongst Pharaoh's host shall fly about
The cash of Madam Vandercrout.

An auctioneer, a cunning dog,
Of her charms had made a catalogue;
With small talk keeping still a din,
Said he should like to buy her in.
Indeed, cried she, by fortune crossed,
Must I, then, wed to who bids most?
My person to the hammer brought,
And put up like a scurvy lot!
Be going, sir, least, with a frown,
Without reserve, I knock you down!
'Tis heart for heart, you babbling lout,
Must purchase Madam Vandercrout.

Thus lover after lover came,
The fortune courting, not the dame,
Which fortune, rather than enthrall,
She vowed she would not wed at all!
This conduct's given a hundred names,
Some say she drinks, some say she games,
But none have hit the truth, not one,
The fact is she has married John;
John's tall and comely, and, beside,
She knew him ere her husband died;
And now the history's fairly out
Of lovely Madam Vandercrout.

THE WISE MEN WERE BUT SEVEN

A GLEE.

(W. Laves.)

THE wise men were but seven,
Ne'er more shall be for me;
The Muses were but nine,
The worthies three times three!
And three merry boys, and three merry boys,
And three merry boys are we.

The virtues they were seven,
And three the greater be;
The Cæsars they were twelve,
And the fatal sisters three;
And three merry girls, and three merry girls,
And three merry girls are we.

NOVEMBER'S HAIL-CLOUD DRIFTS AWAY.

(Sir Walter Scott.)

NOVEMBER'S hail-cloud drifts away,
November's sun-beam, wan,
Looks coldly on the castle gray,
When forth comes Lady Anne.

The orphan by the oak was set,
Her arms, her feet were bare;
The hail-drops had not melted yet
Amid her raven hair.

And, dame, she said, by all the ties
That child and mother know,

Aid one who never knew these joys,
Relieve an orphan's wo.

The lady said an orphan's state
Is hard and sad to bear;
Yet worse the widowed mother's fate
Who mourns both lord and heir.

Twelve times the rolling year has sped
Since while, from vengeance wild
Of fierce Strathallan's chief I fled,
Forth's eddies whelmed my child.

Twelve times the year its course has borne,
The wand'ring maid replied,
Since fishers, on St. Bridget's morn,
Drew nets on Campside side.

Saint Bridget sent no scaly spoil,
An infant, well nigh dead,
They saved and reared, in want and toil,
To beg from you her bread.

That orphan maid the lady kissed,
My husband's looks you bear;
St. Bridget and her morn be blessed,
You are his widow's heir.

They've robed that maid, so poor and pale,
In silks and sandals rare;
And pearls, for drops of frozen hail,
Are glistening in her hair.

IF THEY PRESS TO THE POINT, WE ARE
MUM.

(Colman.)

THIS maxim let every one hear
Proclaimed from north to the south,
Whatever's took in at your ear
Should never run out at your mouth.
We servants, like servants of state,
Should listen to all, and be dumb;
Let others harangue and debate,
If they press to the point, we are mum.

The judge, in dull dignity dressed,
In silence hears barristers preach;
And so, to prove silence is best,
He'll get up and give them a speech,
By saying but little, the maid
Will keep her swain under her thumb;
And the lover that's true for trade
Is certain to kiss, and cry mum.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

(Fraser.)

THOUGH distant from thee and the wild waves of
ocean

Forbid such a hope as to meet ever more,
They bind not our hearts from a kindred emotion
In turning again to the days that are o'er;
Remembrance may cling to the joys we have
tasted,
And wake, in a measure, on raptures anew;
But think not—for, ah! thy pure tears would be
wasted

In brooding o'er them and our long, last adieu!
Farewell, ever dear, though to part be corroding,
When glory invites me 'tis mine to away;
Though the first bolt that flies should fulfil thy
foreboding,
Nor that, nor thy tears, should entice me to stay;
Yet think not, though tame swell the heart of thy
lover,
His bosom to thee can be ever untrue;
Till energy is fled shall my thoughts ever hover
On thee, my fond love, and our long, last
adieu.

KING ARTHUR'S COURT, AND THE ORIGIN
OF DRUNKENNESS

OR, THE HINT OBLIQUE.

Air—"All the World is a Chase."

(E. J. B. Box.)

WHEN great, little Tom Thumb,
Famed in war, home was come,
Crowned with conquests, King Arthur (to feather
Tom's cap) swore, by his bowl
Of rack-punch, every soul
Of his court should get dead drunk together!
Together, together,
Noble heads of strong leather,
All for honour, get dead drunk together!

Ere those beastly days, then,
Of King Arthur, few men
Would get drunk, save the mob—that's the *ca-*
naillie;

But, since his time, 'tis found,
Kings, queens, nobles, all round,
Typify drunken hogs at the swill-pail.
Together, together, &c.

'Twas King Arthur's court that
Set example,—and pat
Then excuse was—the little war stripping!
Now, a butcher let loose
From field-slaughter 's in use
For the revel-drunk honour of tipping.
Together, together, &c.

To those days of disgrace
As we drunkenness trace,
In King Arthur's court originatea
All that riot, no doubt,
In the nocturnal rout
Where now, shamefully, wealth's dissipated!
Together, together,
Where the heads of strong leather
And high fashion get dead drunk together.

THUS THE MIDNIGHT TEMPEST RAGING.

(Sir H. B. Dudley.)

THUS the midnight tempest raging
Strikes the sailor with dismay,
Furious winds, and waves engaging,
Banish every hope of day.

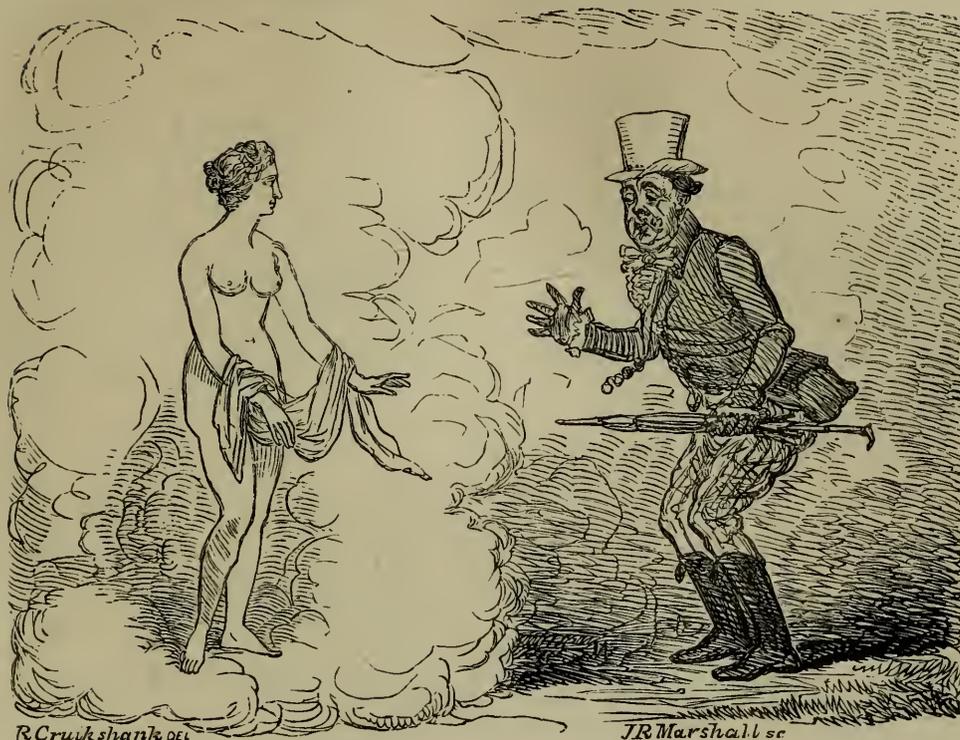
But, at dawn, their wrath subsiding,
Ocean wears a tranquil face;
Joy, through every current gliding,
Calms his bosom into peace.

A GLOOM IS ON THY TROUBLED HEART.

(David Lester Richardson.)

A GLOOM is on thy troubled heart that shall not
pass away,
Like gray mists from the shrouded hill, or storms
from April day;
There is a shadow on thy brow, a tempest in thy
soul,
No earthly hope may banish now, no mortal voice
control.

For she, the charm, the life of life, hath vanished
from the scene,
And thou art left to mourn in vain a vision that
hath been;
Alas! too like a sunny beam from some celestia-
cime,
That with a transient radiance touched the fitting
wings of Time.



R. Cruikshank del.

J. R. Marshall sc.

They've got me in the picture-shops, they have, upon my honour;
I'm next to Venus, which, they say, is quite a libel on her.

THE ADVENTURES OF PAUL PRY.

[Music, Mayhew & Co. Old Bond-street.]

I've just dropped in to make a call, I hope I don't intrude now,
'Tis but Paul Pry, how are you all? pray do not think me rude now:
They say that I've gone out of town, but that, indeed, 's a story,
Or how could I appear to make my handsome bow before ye,

Poor Paul Pry.

Ev'ry body laughs when they behold Paul Pry.

Because I take an interest in other people's business,
I'm bumped and thumped, and snubbed and drubbed, until I feel a dizziness,
Which makes me vow I'll never do a kind and worthy action,
For whatso'er I meddle in,—I ne'er give satisfaction.

Poor Paul Pry.

Every body fleers and jeers at poor Paul Pry.

One night as next the wall I walked, my way in caution groping,
I spied a ladder next a window, placed there for eloping.
I knew this was not *Quite Correct*, so to the top did clamber,
And as I just dropped in, I saw a man hide in a chamber.

Poor Paul Pry.

What a situation 'twas for poor Paul Pry.

Who should the lady's father be but my friend,
Colonel Hardy,
I pointed to his daughter's room, and bid him not be tardy;

He quickly kicked me out of doors, and called me lying fellow;
But I came back, because I had forgot my umbrella.

Poor Paul Pry.

Every body's mischief falls on poor Paul Pry.

'This umbrella cost me one-and-ninepence in the city;
'To lose an article so useful, would be shame and pity.

I often, too, forget my gloves, affairs my mind distract so,
While people can't forbear from laughing when they see me act so.

Poor Paul Pry.

Every body laughs when they behold Paul Pry.

One lucky act has crowned my life, I saved a man from marrying,
By *fishing* up some letters that down the stream were hurrying.

A housekeeper she tried to *hook* her *gudgeon* of a master,
But I saved the old bachelor from such a sad disaster.

Poor Paul Pry.

Every body laughs when they behold Paul Pry.

They've got me in the picture-shops, they have, upon my honour;
I'm next to *Venus*, which, they say, is quite a libel on her.

No matter, if my friends still smile, their plaudits ne'er denying,
To yield them more amusement, why I'll still continue *Pry-ing*.

Pry, Pry, Pry,

Every body laughs when they behold Paul Pry.

WHEN TWO AGAIN ARE ONE.

WHEN my sweetheart away from me flies,
All the night bitter tears fill my eyes :
But, oh! when I see him, my spirits return,
And thence I this lesson for true lovers learn :
There's nothing that either can do,
When one and one are two ;
Nor nothing that cannot be done,
When two again are one.

In the gay village dance when we meet,
How wildly my glad pulses beat!
When he leads out another, I turn,
Oh! I grieve—but this lesson I learn :
How deeply the fond heart may rue,
When one and one are two ;
But, oh! every sorrow is done,
When two again are one.

THE MONKEY ;

OR, DEAR CREATURES, WE CAN'T DO WITHOUT THEM.

Air—" *Oh! nothing in Life can sadden us.*"

(Beuler.)

" OH! nothing in life can sadden us,
While we have plenty of horrors in store ;
With these, and a few clever monkeys to gladden us,

Show me the fool who'd wish to see more."
Thus said each manager, singing in one key,
" I for tragi or comedy don't care a sou ;
For if I had not a prime devil and monkey,
I must, I am certain, soon shut up my house.
Dear creatures! we can't do without one,
They're all that's attractive and pleasing to man ;*
Scratching, grinning, and jumping about one,
We'll seek for them, pay for them, all that we can."

" Oh! let us drink health to those who divert us :
Here's to *Von Weber*, may he weave us some more

Skeleton chorus' and demon concertos,
Faustus' and *Freischutz'*, and devils galore!
Here's to gay Paris that brought out great *Jocko*,
And send such prime monkey-men ever o'er here :

And here's to that one, who beats Jacko Macca-cho,
Monkey *Mazurier*, *vosre sante, monsieur.*"
Dear creatures! we can't do without one, &c.

A bumper to *Gouffe*, you'll say he's a bold one,
Whenever you see him jump all round the house ;

He is such a devil, you'd think with the old one,
His ma, Madam *Gouffe*, proved false to her spouse.

Here's monkey *Wieland*, the youth of Old Drury,
Whose acting alone filled the manager's purse ;
His ma wa'n't a monkeyess, I can assure ye,
But he certainly must have had one for his nurse.

Dear creatures : we can't do without one, &c.

Here's to the young *German ape*, of the wild clan,
Cousin-germain to all the monkey-men brood ;
And here's young *Grimaldi*, whose pa was a *Wild Man*,

And young *Joey* shows that he's from the same wood.

* Managers..

To see all this monkey tribe grinning so spiteful,
And all without small-clothes keep jumping about ;
Scratching themselves with all-fours, it's delightful!

So delicate, too, that the ladies all shout.
Dear creatures! we can't do without one, &c.

And then their intentions are always so ethic,
For others' misfortunes they all seem to feel ;
And then, when they die, it is so pathetic,
It's ten times more moving than *Siddons* or *Neil*!
We'll marry our monkeys to daughters of tragedy,
Then we'll get full purses, and they'll get *eclat*,
Then let us managers drink to their progeny,
Here's to all *monkey-men*! huzza! huzza!

Dear creatures! we can't do without one, &c.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

(Ryan.)

How oft we view, without a sigh,
A year eventless pass us by ;
As if we thought the wings of Time,
By Heaven were given to us alone,
To waft us to some sweeter clime,
Or some soft love-illumined zone.

Our morn of life alone gives birth
To folly or ephemeral mirth ;
And months and years roll on, when soon
Man gains his azimuth of life ;
But fleetly sets that cloudless noon,
In Pleasure's sea or Folly's strife.

Why, tell the rest?—He fleetly dies ;
While relatives, with tearful eyes,
And hearts, o'erfraught with wo and gloom
Bend o'er, and dire libation give,
And place a statue—weeping tomb,
O'er him, who knew not how to live.

Folly shall steal forth from her bower,
At noon's congenial noisy hour,
And calling Wit, in sportive jest,
Shall tell him, with triumphant laugh,
" A son of mine lies sleeping here,
And Wit must write his epitaph."

Then Wit his shining pen shall trace,
Upon the snow-white marble's face,
And write, " Here slumber's Folly's child,—
And were just half the world to fall,
And be in lots compactly piled,
The line, I think, would serve for all."

TEDDY MOLLOY.

Air—" *Carrotty Poll.*"—(J. Murphy.)

OH! dear, oh! dear, what a phillilu now I am in,
Because I am told that I must be bold,
Sure enough, you must know it's to sing.

Is it sing that you mean? oh! dear honeys, for why

Would you be after so tasing poor Teddy Molloy,
Whose heart if it could, oh, yes, and it should,
Be pleasing to all who on me now call.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! a drop of that crature, my joy,

And then for to mend I will make an end,
And begin with poor Teddy Molloy.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! in love, you must know,
once I fell

With one *Judy M'Quire*, who did me require,
To marry herself, sure as well ;
That thing which I did oft times I repent,
She having seven small children to make me re-
lent.

All girls and boys, what comfort, what joys,
To tease my poor life with their wrangling and noise.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! bad manners, she did me decoy,

I not being aware, she did then insnare
The heart of poor Teddy Molloy.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! if whisky should bother my brain,

Not contented at all, right at me she'd fall,
Unless she herself had the drain.

On St. Patrick's Day I was asked out to sip,
Thinks I to myself I'll give you the slip.

And faith, sure I did, both bravely and well;
Yet out she soon smelt me, which way I can't tell.
Oh, dear! oh, dear! she soon put an end to my joy;

For with a loud strain she then bothered the brain
And the heart of poor Teddy Molloy.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! come, Judy, be asy, says I,
Don't be minding the matter, but holding your chatter.

Avourneen, dear Judy, I'd cry.

But at me she'd storm, just like a mad bull,
You spalpeen, she'd cry, you have got yourself full
Of whisky, and all, you are ready to fall.
When she would thump and so bump me, that out
I would call.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! adieu to all comfort and joy,
For my wife why so bold is a monstrous scold,
To the heart of poor Teddy Molloy.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! her blows, faith 'n sure was
no joke,

So not liking her way, without more delay,
I soon put a wheel in her spoke.

Now who should be master, we both of us tried,
When of grief her heart broke, so one day she died,
Which ended my wo, and my love to forsake,
I buried her decent each night with a wake.
Oh, dear! oh, dear! adieu to you Judy, my joy,
Who often perplexed, teased likewise and vexed,
The soul of poor Teddy Molloy.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! here single I'm now to be
had,

Ready to coy, my time to employ,
With a female whose pockets ne'er sad.

To their health now I drink, at their anger I'll
wink,

May they live long and happy, their fortune to
chink:

And likewise all here, I'll toast a good cheer,
A very merry Christmas and a happy new year.
Oh, dear! oh, dear! by my soul, I shall now feel
great joy.

If Mr. ——— will sing, e'er his praises shall ring,
Round the heart of poor Teddy Molloy.

BLACK SLOVEN.

LAST Valentine's day when bright Phœbus shone
clear,

I had not been hunting for more than a year;
Taleo, taleo, taleo, taleo.

I mounted Black Sloven, o'er the road made him
bound,

For I heard the hounds challenge, and horns
sweetly sound.

Taleo, taleo, taleo, taleo, taleo, taleo, taleo.

Hallow into covert, old Anthony cries,

No sooner he spoke, but the fox, sir, he 'spies;
Taleo, taleo, &c.

This being the signal, he then cracked his whip,
Taleo was the word, and away we did leap.

Taleo, taleo, &c.

Then up rides Dick Dawson, who cared not a
pin,

He sprang at the drain, but his horse tumbled in;
Taleo, taleo, &c.

And as he crept out, why he spied the old ren',
With his tongue hanging out, stealing home to his
den.

Taleo, taleo, &c.

Our hounds and our horses were always as good
As ever broke covert, or dashed through the wood;

Taleo, taleo, &c.

Old renard runs hard, but must certainly die,
Have at you, old 'Tony, Dick Dawson did cry.

Taleo, taleo, &c.

The hounds they had run twenty miles now or
more,

Old Anthony fretted, he cursed, too, and swore;
Taleo, taleo, &c.

But renard being spent, soon must give up the
ghost,

Which will heighten our joys when we come to each
toast.

Taleo, taleo, &c.

The day's sport being over, the horns we will
sound,

To the jolly fox-hunters let echo resound;
Taleo, taleo, &c.

So fill up your glasses, and cheerfully drink,
To the honest true sportsman who never will
shrink.

Taleo, taleo, &c.

SWEET BETTY OF BILLINGSGATE.

Air—" *Kitty of the Clyde.*"

A PARODY.

A BOAT unmoored from off Bankside,
Young Charley he was rowing;

With him *Bet Flounder* oft was seen,
To Billingsgate a-going.

Young Charley he *Bet Flounder* loved,
And to her he'd his love relate,

To please each night and morn he stroved,
Sweet Betty, of Billingsgate.

Sweet Betty, sweet Betty, &c.

As on they rowed, he told his tale,
How, that on her he was *doating*;

The boat was upset by a gale,
Like a flounder she was floating.

He plunged into the river wide,
Nor did he a moment wait,

To save his dear, his destined bride,
Sweet Betty, of Billingsgate.

Sweet Betty, sweet Betty, &c.

Betty she is a high-born fair,

A dustman was her daddy,
Her mammy she sold wooden ware,

Her brother was a Paddy.
Sweet Betty, at length, young Charley blest,

And she took him for her mate,
And happy now with her he lives,

Sweet Betty, of Billingsgate.
Sweet Betty, sweet Betty, &c.

THE AFRICAN PRINCE'S LAMENT

[Who sold a fine Negro-Boy for a Watch.]

WHEN avarice enslaves the mind,
And selfish views alone bear sway,

Man turns a savage to his kind,
And blood and rapine mark his way;

Alas! for this poor simple toy,
I sold a blooming Negro-boy.

His father's hope, his mother's pride,
Though black, yet comely to the view,
I tore him helpless from their side,
And gave him to a ruffian crew—
To fiends, that Afric's coast annoy,
I sold the blooming Negro-boy.

From country, friends, and parents torn!
His tender limbs in chains confined,
I saw him o'er the billows borne,
And marked his agony of mind;
But, still to gain the simple toy,
I gave away the Negro-boy.

In isles that deck the western wave,
I doomed the hapless youth to dwell,
A poor, forlorn, insulted slave,
A beast, that *Christians buy and sell*;
And in their cruel tasks employ
The much-enduring Negro-boy.

His wretched parents long shall mourn,
Shall long explore the distant main,
In hopes to see the youth return,
But all their hopes and sighs are vain;
They never shall the sight enjoy
Of their lamented Negro-boy.

Beneath a tyrant's harsh command,
He wears away his youthful prime.
Far distant from his native land,
A stranger in a foreign clime;
No pleasing thoughts his mind employ,
A poor, dejected, Negro-boy.

But He who walks upon the wind,
Whose voice in thunder's heard on high,
Who doth the raging tempest bind,
Or wing the lightning through the sky;
In his own time will sure destroy
The oppressors of the Negro-boy.

TO BE SURE;

OR, MARY ROSEBUD AND MASTER RALPH.

(Hudson.)

WHEN I wur at whoam I wur in a sad plight,
A doing o'summat fra' morning to night;
I hoped such a life could not always endure,
There wur nothin' but work, work, work, work, *to*
be sure,

Derry down, &c.

One morning it happ'd I wur making o'hay,
I spied Mary Rosebud a-coming that way:
'Here, Ralph!' she cried out, I quickly ran to
her,
'Help me over the stile!' 'oh,' says I, '*To be*
sure.'

Derry down, &c.

I lifted her over, and then felt all o'er
A sort of a somehow, I ne'er felt before;
So I said, as I got myself closer up to her,
'Mary, you'll grant me one kiss, *to be sure?*'

Derry down, &c.

Says I, when I'd gin her one sweet melting
smack,
'If you don't like it, why give it me back:'
Said she, 'Mr. Ralph,' and she looked so de-
mure,
'What makes you so *imp'runt?*'—'Why love, *to*
be sure.'

Derry down, &c.

Says I, 'Will you marry?' while down her head
hung,
She answered, 'Why, Ralph, we're both of us too
young,

And if we wur married, we'd always be poor;
And we might ha' some—children,' says I, '*To*
be sure!'

Derry down, &c.

'I have saved up three pounds,' says I, 'safe in
purse,
So let us get married for better, for worse;
'Twill happiness bring to us both quite secure,'
'But d'ye think we shall do?' 'Lord,' says I, '*to*
be sure!'

Derry down, &c.

Her kisses so sweet did the minutes beguile;
When who but old master should come o'er the
stile:

Says he, 'Master Ralph, dost thee think I'll en-
dure?

Do you call this working?' says I, '*To be sure.*'

Derry down, &c.

Says he, 'Now I'll just tell ye what, Master
Ralph,

You're getting too lazy and saucy by half;
You don't do no work—you're as thin as a skewer,
But ye feeds nation well!' 'Yes,' says I, '*to be*
sure.'

Derry down, &c.

One word brought another—he got in a rage,
Discharged me at once, but first paid me my wage.
I've gotten a good place, no longer I'm poor,
So I'll marry sweet Mary—I will, *to be sure.*

Derry down, &c.

THE STEAMER BRAVES BOTH WIND AND
TIDE.

A CHORUS.

THE wind may blow,
And the tide may flow,
But the steamer is stayed by neither;
For her boast and her pride
Is to brave wind and tide,
And not care a farthing for either.

Yo, yo!

Let her go;

There's a foaming sea, and she'll merrily dance
To the rigadon boys on the coast of France.

THE TRIUMPH OF WINE.

(Dibdin.)

WHAT though from Venus Cupid sprung
No attribute divine
(Whate'er the bawling bards have sung)
Had he, his bow till Bacchus strung,
And dipped his darts in wine:
Till old Silenus plunged the boy
In nectar from the vine,
Then love, that was before a toy,
Became the source of mortal joy;
The urchin shook his dewy wings,
And, careless, levelled clowns and kings,
Such power has mighty wine.

When Theseus on the naked shore
Fair Ariadne left,
D'ye think she did her fate deplore,
Or her fine locks or bosom tore,
Like one of hope bereft?
Not she, indeed, her fleeting love
From mortal turns divine,
And as gay Bacchus' tigers move,
His car ascends amidst a gorge

Of vines, surrounded by a throng,
Who lead the jolly pair along,
Almost half gone with wine.

Ma'am Helen loved the Phrygian boy,
He thought her all his own,
But hottest love will soonest cloy,
He ne'er had brought her safe to Troy,
But for the wife of Thone.
She, merry gossip, mixed a cup
Of tippie, right divine,
To keep Love's flagging spirits up,
And Helen drank it every sup;
This liquor is, 'mongst learned elves,
Nepenthe called, but, 'twixt ourselves,
'Twas nothing more than wine.

Of Lethe, and its flowery brink,
Let musty poets prate,
Where thirsty souls are said to drink,
That never they again may think
Upon their former state.
What is there in this soulless loss,
I pray you, so divine?
Grief finds the palace and the cot,
Which, for a time, were well forgot;
Come here, then, in our Lethe share;
The true oblivion of your care
Is only found in wine.

THE WITHERED ROSE.

(David Lester Richardson.)

'Twas eve—the lover's sacred hour,
And murmured every silver fountain;
The setting sun had kissed the bower,
And smiled farewell unto the mountain,—
When he who loves such scene full well
Received thy little fragrant spell;
Its bloom had fled,—I poured a shower
Of tears upon the faded flower!

Oh, lady! 'tis a painful feeling,
And clouds the boding heart with sadness,
To think how Time's cold grasp is stealing
The glowing rose of youth and gladness!
That, perchance, another morrow
May bring the blighting gale of Sorrow,
That breathes upon the fair one's dower,
And leaves her but—a withered flower!

EPILOGUE SONG TO JOHN BULL; OR,
AN ENGLISHMAN'S FIRE-SIDE.

(G. Colman.)

SINCE epilogue speaking to me is quite new,
Pray allow me the help of a fiddle or two;
I'm as strange to this job as the man in the
moon,—
But, I think, if I sing, I shall speak to some
tune.

Fal lal lal la, &c.

Now, touching this comedy, critics may say
'Tis a trumpery, Bartlemy-fair kind of play;
It smells, faith, of Smithfield, we all must al-
low,
For 'tis about Bull, and the scene's a Red Cow.

Fal lal lal la, &c.

Yet not without moral the author indites,
For he points to the blessings of Englishmen's
rights;
Let a duke wrong a brazier, the barristers all
Know that brass can do wonders at Westminster-
Hall.

Fal lal lal la, &c.

But was ever a tale so improbable told
As Peregrine's swimming with huge bags of gold?
Should a man who sinks cash, with his cash wish
to swim,
'Tis a pound to a shilling his cash would sink
him!

Fal lal lal la, &c.

Let us find some excuse for this strange over-
sight,
Let's suppose that his guineas were most of them
light;
Nay, the guineas for grappling the shore he must
thank;
'Tis amazing, of late, how they stick in the
Bank!

Fal lal lal la, &c.

Now, in art, if not nature, Tom Shuffleton's
found;
He's one of those puppies who better were
drowned;
Of the worst Bond-street litter,—such whelps none
admire;
Chuck 'em all in the Thames, they wo'n't set it on
fire!

Fal lal lal la, &c.

Oh! Mr. Dennis Bulgruddery lives with his dear;
They're in stile, and agree just like thunder and
beer;
An Irishman's blunders are pretty well hacked;
But how charmingly, sure, Mr. _____ did act!

Fal lal lal la, &c.

Then success to John Bull, let his toast be his
pride;
Bless the king of John Bull, and John Bull's fire-
side;
At John Bull's fire-side should a foe dare to
frown,
May John ne'er want a poker to knock the foe
down.

Fal lal lal la, &c.

Now I've touched on the principal points of the
play,
Shall it run a few nights, or to night run away?
Your votes, friends and critics, we now rest upon;
The ayes have it, I think—though it mayn't be
nem. con.

Fal lal lal la, &c.

SUCCESS TO ALL MASONS, AND GOD
SAVE THE KING.

How glorious their virtue who nobly contrive
The means to keep freedom and friendship alive,
Who, firmly united, in harmony sing,
Whose hearts are true blue to their country and
king;
All masons are such, hear the trumpet of Fame,
Our order is happy, and glorious the name.

Let poor thoughtless wretches prepare to a club,
Get liquor, get drunk, and perhaps get a drub,
We ne'er let such fools our society join,
For love and good-will crown each glass of our
wine;
You ne'er hear a mason another defame,
Our order is happy, and glorious the name.

The rules we adhere to are loyal and right,
A mason's a patriot to speak or to fight;
How blest were great Britain, to combat her foes,
If all knew as much as a freemason knows,
To all social virtues we justly lay claim,
Our order is happy, and glorious the name.

The ladies confess, with a satisfied air,
That none like a mason is formed for the fair;
A whisper, a look, and some moments' chit-chat
Soon brings on agreement, and love, and all that;
Each beauty's convinced that sincere is our flame,
Our order is happy, and glorious the name.

Old Time our society's worth shall enroll,
And masons be honoured from pole unto pole;
Now raise up your voices, and cheerfully sing
Success to all masons, and God save the king!
As spotless as snow is our story in fame,
Our order is happy, and glorious the name.

YOUNG DONALD, OF EDINBOROUGH
TOWN.

(Upton.)

"AND where are you going," he said, "pretty
maid?"

Did Donald, young Donald, of Edinborough
town.

"To bring up my kine, and a-milking," she said,
"All down in the meadows, a-down, a-down,
a-down."

"Then I must go with you, who love you so
well,"

Said Donald, young Donald, of Edinborough
town.

"No, no," said the lassie, "I'll go by myself",
"All down in the meadows, a-down, a-down,
a-down."

"Come, come," says he, "Jenny, we'll gang to
the kirk."

Did Donald, young Donald, of Edinborough
town.

"O, no," said the lassie, "I must to my work
All down in the meadows, a-down, a-down,
a-down."

"Then Susie," he answered, "is waiting for
me,"

Did Donald, young Donald, of Edinborough
town.

"Hoot, hoot, lad!" said Jenny, "to kirk let us
flee,

A-down in the meadows, a-down, a-down,
a-down."

WHEN BENDING O'ER THE LOFTY YARD.

(Fisher.)

WHEN bending o'er the lofty yard,
The jolly seaman reefs the sail,
Though whirlwinds roar, he grapples hard
The swinging beam, nor dreads the gale:
When hidden rocks and sable clouds
Impede the shattered vessel's way,
The boatswain, clinging to the shrouds,
Undaunted pipes his midnight lay.

And, ere the wreck begins to sink,
Ere through her sides the billows pour,
The sailor bravely stops to drink,
Then grasps the mast, and gains the shore:
Thus, Harriet, were I moored with you,
No threatening danger would I see,
But laugh at Terror's pale-faced crew,
And baffle life's tempestuous sea.

Or, haply, should soft Zephyr blow,
We'd leave the port and share the gale;
While Bacchus called all hands below,
And Fortune, laughing, set our sail;
From quicksands of domestic care,
Where Jealousy's loud breakers roar,
From Sorrow's coast we'd steer afar,
Till Death should tow our boat ashore.

DITTO, DITTO, DITTO!

OR, MARK BENJAMIN'S PICTURE OF CHRISTIAN
CONSCIENCE.

Air—"Gee up, Dobbin."—(E. J. B. Box.)

DERE'S no Jew,
Vat you've knew,
More as Benjamins just
(Dat's myself),
Ven de pelf
In his hand you was trust;
And more trute,
Vat's to boot,
Deal mit me and you'll find
Not von jot
In a lot
Vill I cheat you, though blind.

[SPOKEN.] Dat you would see as plain as a nose
on ma face, if you vas plind as a bat vat has no
eyes in his head: arlways ma vay to deal honest,
so as vat I wouldn't trick a penny out of a bargain,
vat if I vas put in a pound by it! So, you see, I
don't carry ma conscience in ma pocket, though
I'm a Jew, as vat some many Christians do:
dere, take dat for a relish to your next breakfast
of profit-porridge; it vill do you good if you vas
get it down; while I shall sing vat as 'tish mit you

In Christian practice,
Conscience hacked is,

And mangled more vorse as 'tvas ever by Jew.

'Tish de plot
Vat you've got
In arl trade vat you deal
Makes your heart,
Every part,
More as hard as cast steel;
Custom come,
Vat to hum,
If your conscience vas nice,
For your gain,
Would it strain
Out twice-double fair price?

[SPOKEN.] Tevil o' von bit of vat it vould, if it
vas honest; dat's anoder nut for you to crack mit
your conscience! I knows vat its teet is sharp
enough to bite at any ting vat ish nibble in de
monies. But yours ish so curse hungry conscience
vat is so glutton; vat swallow every ting greedy!
If you vas have six times de call for vat you sells,
at vonce you clape on four times so more profits
upon every customer for your conscience; while
our peoples takes off vat ish arl proper mit reason,
because ve knows dat vat twenty customers at one
shilling each is arlways better as three at eighteen-
pence a-piece profits. But you say vat as how you
must live! Vell, and mustn't a Jew live too? but
den—not—I,—tammed vat if I'd have such a rob-
reason conscience at arl to carry about mit me!
Dere, now I sees de frown outside dat part o' your
face vat vo'n't laugh because your conscience don't
like to hear trute: but it's no matter; if it curse
me for quizzing it, 'tish arl's von to Mark Benja-
mins; I speaks honest vat it ish mit you

In Christian practice, &c.

Dere's no doubt,
Ven arl's out,
Vat I says ish arl fair;
For, 'tish trute,
From de root,
Mitout splitting a hair.
Cent per cent,
Not content;
So, poor foolish John Bull,
By de vay,
You make pay
For his thickness of skull!

SPOKEN.] Dat's more vorser as robbing an innocent little school-child of its bread and butter, or vheedling a poor baby out of its apple mit a cock's feather; if I vas breakfast upon such cheat I knows vat I couldn't sup upon my conscience, and sleep in peace after it. Poor Johnny! vonce he pop his nose in your shop, you vas tickle his eye mit a butterfly's ving while your finger gets to de bottom of his pocket. Vat ish arl your dash and looking-glass flash but a butterfly-splash into a bankrupt-smash? Vat's a crash, to pocket de cash, by a Bench white-vash, to come out clean as a penny and bold as a brass knocker. Den, a nice conjuring trick of your conscience, vat pays two-and-a-half per cent. dividend to your creditors, and pockets two hundred per cent. for yourself clear, to make a fresh start mit over again, vat ish ditto, ditto, ditto! It ish a nice pretty school for your conscience to go to; and who vas de fool but poor Johnny Bull, vat pays for it arl, board and lodging into de bargains! Poor Johnny is so pleased mit gewgaw shows dat ven you dazzles his sight he is so stone blind he vo'n't see vat vay your cheat vas creep into his pocket. It ish great shame to play such trick mit his poor innocence, while it ish tearing conscience arl to rags mit knavery. Now I've told you arl vat ish stubborn fact, I wishes you pleasant dreams mit your afternoon nap, and ven you vakes remember vat as I tell you, dat,

In Christian practice,
Conscience hacked is,

And cut up more vorse as 'tvas ever by Jew.

THE TEAR.

Air—"Believe me."—(Jesse Hammond.)

O, MARY, when morn breaks and brightens the hour,

And gilds the green waves of the sea,
My memory wanders away to the bower
That was sacred to love and to thee:
And then my sad spirit doth mournfully rove
Round the spot to my bosom so dear,
Fondly tracing the scenes of our earliest love,
Till remembrance awakens the tear.

O, Mary, when'er I see night coming on,
And the sunbeams are hast'ning away,
I think of the scenes that for ever are gone,
And sunk, like the orb of the day.

Then, then my sad spirit, &c.

O, Mary, whenever the moon I behold,
As in splendour she sails through the sky,
I think, oh! how swift the bright seasons have rolled,

And how fast the soft pleasures flew by.
And then my sad spirit, &c.

MY MUGGING MAID.

A PARODY.

(James Bruton.)

WHY lie ye in that ditch, so snug,
Where Sal, the sow, is oft laid,
With hair all dangling down thy lug,
My mugging maid?

Say, mugging Moll, why that red rag,
Which oft hath me dismayed,
Why is it now so mute in mag,
My mugging maid?

Why steals the liquor through thy snout,
By mulberry's blue arrayed,
And why steals thy throat the hiccup out,
My mugging maid?

Thy stall that held fine fish and fruit,
Why is't o' one side laid,
That fish and fruit ye loved to hoot,
My mugging maid?

Why is thy mug so wan and blue,
Where mud and muck are laid?
Say, what's the matter now with you,
My mugging maid?

The flask that in her fist appeared,
The snore her snout betrayed,
Told me, that Hodges' max had queered
The mugging maid!

THE WRECK OF THE COMET STEAM-BOAT, 1825.

DARKNESS is on the wave—
The sea heaves sluggishly—
The winds are in their cave.
Slumbering silently:
Dun is the seaman's track,
Uncheered by starry glow;
And all above is black—
And lightless all below.

Two ships are on the sea—
No need of wind have they
To speed them rapidly
Forth on their watery way.
Like creatures of the deep
They ply their forward course,
Breaking old Ocean's sleep
With heavy sounds and hoarse.

Look through the darkling veil
Night hangs upon the wave—
Death's own eternal pale—
The universal grave!—
Mark yon tall bark—the din
Of life that is about her—
Love, hope, and mirth are in,
And ruin is without her.

Youth is slumbering there,
And Age—as beautiful—
Hushed is the heart of care—
Beauty's love looks are dull—
Here young Hope's honey breath
The waking lover quaffs—
And yonder see where Death
Sits on the wave and laughs.

The vessels near!—they ply—
They meet!—that fate hath caught her:
A sudden crash!—a cry!—
A wail above the water—
A hiss of quenching flame—
A rush of billows on her—
The hungry waves are tame—
The sea is smooth upon her.

A voice is on the deep—
Hoarse are the whirlwind's lungs—
The sea starts from her sleep,
And lifts her billowy tongues—
'A sorrow for the dead!—
Friend—countryman—and stranger—
And a curse for him who fled
His fellow-men in danger!'

WE GO TO THE CHASE OF THE HARE

O'ER the plain see the pack how they bound,
The morning looks on them so fair;
The steeds, full of life, paw the ground,
And we go to the chase of the hare

Now, how we all set off with glee,
See the poor timid thing flies in fear;
While each, anxious the foremost to be,
Gallops on to the chase of the hare.

But now on the ground she lies lost,
Her prospects, how fearful and drear;
By the hounds she is mangled and tost,
And we grieve for the death of the hare.

DRINK OLD ENGLAND DRY.

Air—"Lumun is the Devil."—(Bryant.)

SINCE I'm named for a song,
First I'll wet my throttle,
Come, waiter, don't be long,
But bring another bottle;
First, I'll toast my friends,
Then my sweethearts pretty,
And then, to make amends,
I'll drink my comrades witty.
Too ral loo, &c.

Here's to all those boys
Who are so brisk and funny,
Here's those who prompt new joys,
And those that lend me money;
Here's the jolly man,
And may he ne'er grow thinner,
For he, whene'er he can,
Invites me to a dinner.
Too ral loo, &c.

Here's to charming Bet,
For she's a maid so jolly,
And here's to lovely Let,
And here's to plump faced Molly
And here's to Sukey Sly,
Likewise to pale-faced Jenny,
Who looks with roguish eye,
And tells me I'm a ninny.
Too ral loo, &c.

Now to lovely Nan,
For she's the best of lasses,
But not forgetting Fan,
Who cheers me in my glasses;
Fill to Lucy, dear,
Who crowns my life with blisses,
For she it is can cheer
Each passion with her kisses.
Too ral loo, &c.

Now a bumper toast,
Fill the goblets—brimmers,
For we will rule the roast
Until sweet day-light glimmers;
Fill, oh! fill my boys,
All sorrow we defy, sirs,
We'll taste of social joys,
And drink Old England dry, sirs.
Too ral loo, &c.

CEASE, YOUNG LOVE.

(W. W. Waldron.)

CEASE, young Love, to aim thy dart,
Thou knowest 'tis vain such arts to try;
No more to thee I'll yield my heart,
No more for thee I'll heave a sigh.
Then plume thy wing, I'll joy and sing;
Then prithee fly, no more I'll sigh;
Then, ah! how vain thy shaft to aim,
No more I'll weep, no more complain.

Then why, young Love, thus wish to tease;
How sad my heart when thou didst reign;
But ne'er again such arts as these
Shall in my bosom hold domain.

Away, away, why thus delay,
Thou'st had thy day, no more delay;
Young Love, young Love, I prithee fly,
No more I'll weep, no more I'll sigh.

PRETTY DEARY.

(C. Dibdin.)

ADOWN a green valley there lived an old maid,
Who being past sixty her charms began to fade,
She of waiting for husbands was weary;
She was monstrously rich, that for me was enough,
And sadly I wanted to finger the stuff,
So says I, will you marry me, deary?
Pretty deary!
O, la, fal, &c.

Says she, "you embarrass me coming to woo,"
And she tried how to blush, but she blushed rather
blue,
For her cheeks of the roses were weary;
Says she, "I am told you're a sad little man,
And cheat all the dear pretty girls that you can;"
Says I, "don't believe it, my deary!"
Pretty deary!
O, la, fal, &c.

She consented that I for the license should go,
When across her mean time, came a tall Irish
beau,
Who, like me, in pocket was peery;
Out of his calf's head such a sheep's eye threw
he,
That a queer little *hop-o'-my-thumb* she called me,
And he diddled me out of my deary!
Pretty deary!
O, la, fal, &c.

THE LAST OF THE DEER.

(Sir Walter Scott.)

THE last of the deer on our board has been
spread,
And the last flask of wine in our goblets is red;
Up, up, my brave kinsmen! belt swords, and be-
gone,—
There are dangers to dare,—and there's spoil to
be won.

The eyes that, so lately, mixed glances with ours,
For a space must be dim, as they gaze from the
towers,
And strive to distinguish, through tempest and
gloom,
The prance of the steed, and the top of the
plume!

The rain is descending, the wind rises loud,
And the moon her red beacon has veiled with a
cloud;
'Tis the better, my mates, for the warder's dull
eye
Shall in confidence slumber,—nor dream we are
nigh.

Our steeds are impatient,—I hear my blithe gray,
There is life in his hoof-clang, and hope in his
neigh;
Like the flash of a meteor, the glance of his
mane
Shall marshal your march through the darkness
and rain!

The draw-bridge has dropped, and the bugle has
blown,
One pledge is to quaff yet,—then mount, and be-
gone;—

To their honour and peace that shall rest with the
slain!
To their health and their glee that see Treval
again.

OH, REST THEE, BABE, REST THEE.

(Terry.)

Oh! slumber, my darling,
Thy sire is a knight,
Thy mother a lady,
So lovely and bright!
The hills and the dales,
From the towers which we see,
They all shall belong,
My dear infant, to thee.
Oh, rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep on till
day;
Oh, rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while
you may.

Oh, rest thee, my darling,
The time it shall come,
When thy sleep shall be broken
By trumpet and drum;
Then rest thee, my darling,
Oh, sleep while you may;
For war comes with manhood,
As light comes with day.
Oh, rest thee, babe, &c.

JACK AT GREENWICH.

(Dibdin.)

WE tars are all for fun and glee,
A hornpipe was my notion;
Time was I'd dance with any he
That sails on the salt ocean;
I'd tip the roll, the slide, the reel,
Back, forward, in the middle;
And roast the pig, and toe and heel,
All going with the fiddle:
But one day told a shot to ram,
To chase a foe advancing;
A splinter queered my larboard gam,
And, d—me, spoiled my dancing.
Well I'm, says I, no churlish elf;
We messmates be all brothers;
Though I can't have no fun myself,
I may make fun for others!
A fiddle soon I made my own,
That girls and tars might caper;
Learnt 'Rule Britannia,' 'Bobbing Joan,'
And grewed a decent scraper:
But, just as I'd the knack on't got,
And did it pretty middling;
I lost my elbow by a shot,
And, d—me, spoilt my fiddling.
So, sometimes, as I turned my quid,
I got a knack of thinking
As I should be an invalid,
And then I took to drinking;
One day called down, my gun to man,
To tip it with the gravy;
I gave three cheers, and took the can,
To drink the British navy;
Before a single drop I sipt,
Or got it to my muzzle,
A lanridge off my daddle whipt,
And, d—me, spilt the guzzle.
So then I took to taking snuff,
'Cause how my sorrows doubled,
And pretty pastime 'twas enough,
D'ye see, when I was troubled:

But Fortune, that mischievous elf,
Still at some fun or other,
(Not that I minds it for myself,
But just for Poll and mother,)
One day, while laying on a tack,
To keep two spanking foes off,
A broadside comes, capsizes Jack,
And, d—me, knocks my nose off.

So, in Misfortune's school grown tough
In this same sort of knowledge;
Thinking, mayhap, I'd not enough,
They sent me here to college;
And here we tell old tales, and smoke,
And laugh while we are drinking;
Sailors, you know, will have their joke,
E'en though the ship were sinking:
For I, while I get grog to drink
My wife, or friend, or king in,
'Twill be no easy thing, I think,
D—me, to spoil my singing.

HER BOSOM'S THE MANSION OF
PEACE.

RECITATIVE.

SOFT Zephyr, on thy balmy wing
Thy gentlest breezes hither bring;
Her slumbers guard, some hand divine!
Ah, watch her with a care like mine.

AIR.

A rose from her bosom has strayed,
I'll seek to replace it with art;
But no, 'twill her slumbers invade,
I'll wear it, fond youth! next my heart.
Alas, silly rose! hadst thou known
'Twas Daphne that gave thee thy place,
Thou ne'er from thy station hadst flown,—
Her bosom's the mansion of peace.

THE WATCHMAN OF THE PARISH.

Air—"The Beadle of the Parish."—(H.S. Fuller.)

I'M an old one on the town,
That cry the hour around,
And make rogues and thieves rather scarish;
At night I raise the cry,
I protect the sleeping eye,
I guard each bolt and lock,
As I cry past ten o'clock,
Why, because I'm the watchman of the parish.
Starlight night,
Moon shone bright,
Reeling home,
Drunkards come,
Move along,
Come, push on.

[SPOKEN.] Come, walk on there, ma'am, you
mus'n't stand picking up your gemmen here; my
orders is to clear the streets: so push on, ma'am.
—La! cries the poor unfortunate, ar'n't you good-
natured, old boy? it's a cold night: what say you
to a drop of precious?—Say, why it would be very
much the thing: but I have one objection against
the bribe. Indeed, father, and what is that?
Why, first, it would encourage vice; secondly, it
would rob the distressed; and thirdly, I should be
guilty of neglect of duty. Why, old pad, who are
you?

Why, zounds! I'm the watchman of the parish.

I'm the man of noisy fame,
Old Dozcy is my name,
And the girls say I'm angry and bearish;

At my box I take my stand,
 With my lantern in my hand,
 And to drown all noise and prattle,
 I spring my watchman's rattle,
 Why, because I'm the charley of the parish.

Thieves about,
 Find 'em out,
 Watch the cry,
 Rattles fly,
 Such a patter,
 Noise and clatter,

With the rattles of the charleys of the parish.

SPOKEN.] Watch, watch, watch! (*Imitate the rattles.*) stop thief, stop thief; hold him fast, hold him fast. What's the matter, sir? The matter, you rascal, you've stole my watch. Watchman, I give charge. And, sir, I give charge. Here's my card, I deny your charge, sir; and, as a gentleman, will punish you for so gross a mis-statement; search me, search me. Shame, shame, cries the mob, to charge a gentleman with such an act. I'll swear he took my watch, I saw it go, when two more chaps came by, and pass was the word; I gave the alarm, and I'll make good my charge. Come along, sir, to the watch-house. Stop, I give charge of that gentleman, I give charge of that fellow, I give charge of that fellow. Zounds, cries the watch, charge yourself, for the devil a charge can I make of either of you. Bravo, cries the gang. Who are you, says the gemman? Who am I?

Why, zounds! I'm the watchman of the parish.

I'm the guardian of the night,
 At whom wags take great delight,
 And call it life in London so wagarish;
 Then turn topsy turvy down,
 Our box upon our crown,
 And then to save long parleys,
 Their cry is, floor the charleys,
 Why, zounds! he's a watchman of the parish.

Go it Tom,
 Come, push on,
 See they sherry,
 Floor 'em Jerry,
 Caught at last,
 Watch-house fast,

Where they're charged by the watchman of the parish.

SPOKEN.] Well, Tom—Jerry, here we are at last, cooped up in the d—d strong hole of the watch-house. Oh! Tom, I told you what these confounded spees would bring us to; to think, Jerry, what a d—d clatter them rattles kicked up, our heads being lighter than our heels. Turning the corner of that narrow street, slap I went against the old scout; down was the word, fairly caught—and here we are, two pretty dickies in the cage. And then, Tom, what will the world say of a public examination to-morrow, at the office; I think you had better offer terms to purchase liberty, and make an exit at any price. Why, I think, Jerry, your advice is in very good season. I'll see what can be done. Most honourable and worthy master, keeper of the strong hold of this delightful mansion, we two, nothing but good ones, having a little of too much good humour in us, to let any one else be in humour, unfortunately, met a trifling jar with your worthy guardians of the out-door, have thus obtained their friendly assistance in a lodging for the night; being desirous of making a removal, and trusting the name of a sovereign will remove the barrier, restore liberty, and heal all broken heads, we should be happy to drink in a bowl of punch to the

Watchman of the parish, &c.

THE ROSE.

(T. W. Kelly.)

PLACE this flower in thy bosom, my dear,
 'Tis the earliest rose of the year;
 What better an emblem can be
 Of beauty, of love, and of thee?

Ah, that blush and that glance seem to say
 Thorns encircle this young bud of May;
 Fear them not, the care still shall be mine
 To keep thorns from that bosom of thine.

WONDERFUL SIGHTS.

Air—"Drops of Brandy."

THE world full of wonders is grown,
 And still every day they're increasing;
 When you've heard my song, you'll all own,
 They never are like to be ceasing.

A monster of late has appeared
 Who beats former wonders all hollow;
 The truth I can't tell, but I've heard
 He means all the world soon to swallow.
 Oh, Lord! what a deuce of a twist!

Fal, lal, lal, &c.

He a pipe of the Monument made;
 Took the dome of St. Paul's for a bowl, sirs;
 With Colossus, at Rhodes, too, 'tis said,
 He walked through the streets cheek by jow,
 sirs:

His appetite, too, is so sharp,
 That, once, when he wanted a feast, sirs,
 The Tower he took down at a gape,
 And swallowed up all the wild beasts, sirs.
 My eye, what a deuce of a twist!

Fal, lal, lal, &c.

Vauxhall-Gardens he put in his boot,
 And at foot-ball, oh dear, he's so clever,
 With one touch of his sweet little foot
 He kicked London-Bridge into the river.
 He next took his way to the Mint,
 And there, sirs, he cut such a caper,
 He pocketed all that was in't,
 So now we get nothing but paper.
 Oh, dear, what a deuce of a chap!

Fal, lal, lal, &c.

The India-House, Bank, and Exchange
 Were hid in his large waistcoat pocket, oh!
 And what, sirs, was equally strange,
 He wore Carlton-House as a locket, oh!
 The watchmen astounded were quite,
 And alarmed for the good of the nation,
 When he told them that he, ev'ry night,
 Drank the 'Thames as a cooling potation.
 Oh, dear, what a deuce of a gulp!

Fal, lal, lal, &c.

Then over the Mansion-House straight
 He jumped, all so handsome and clever,
 But, oh! what misfortunes await—
 He tumbled right plump in the river.
 He swallowed the boats in a crack,
 And the vessels had shared the same doom,
 sirs,
 But the devil caught hold of his back,
 And, diving, he carried him home, sirs.
 My eye, what a precious good go!

Fal, lal, lal, &c.

ADIEU! ADIEU! ELIZA, DEAR.

[Music, W. Hodsell, 45, High Holborn.]

ADIEU! adieu! Eliza, dear!

We yet again may meet;

Then, sweetest love! sad Sorrow's tear
 Shall change to joy so sweet!
 That o'er bright smiles will soft reveal
 What tongue can never speak!
 To paint such joys as then we feel,
 All language were too weak.

As exiles gaze upon the star
 That o'er their home may shine,
 So my true heart to thee afar
 Shall fondly still incline;
 Yes, sweetest love! 'twill never stray,
 But ever constant be;
 For, though I may be far away,
 I will sigh alone for thee.

Eliza, dear! adieu! adieu!
 I feel my sad heart ache;
 But, ere its love shall fade for you,
 Its dearest string shall break;
 One kind kiss, Eliza, sweet,
 I'll keep it pure and free
 From other lips; and, when we meet,
 Again restore't to thee.

COME, FILL UP, LET A CUP TO THE HEALTH OF WOMAN PASS.

A QUARTETTO AND CHORUS.

Air—"I'd sooner have a Guinea than a One-Pound
 Note."—(Moncrieff.)

COME, fill up, let a cup
 To the health of woman pass;
 English, French, still a wench
 Will be sugar in the glass;
 Here's our wives, bless their lives,
 They're not near, our deeds to note;
 So come, all great and small,
 Boys, that wear a petticoat!
 And he who wouldn't drink it till all the seas are
 dry,
 May his purse and courage fail him when a glass
 and lass are by.

And he who wouldn't, &c.

Come, fill up one more cup,
 Now we're in a foreign land,
 To the isle that can smile,
 And 'gainst ev'ry nation stand;
 Whose bright name still gains fame,
 Where'er her flag's unfurled;
 England, dear! without peer,
 The glory of the world!
 And he who wouldn't drink it till all the seas are
 dry,
 May his strength and courage fail him when the
 enemy are nigh.

And he who wouldn't, &c.

Come, fill up one last cup,
 And I'll give you *magnum charter*!
 No denial—and trial
 By jury!—which who'd barter?
 No applause—king and laws!
 Constitution, army, fleet!
 With the city—and 'twere pity
 To forget poor Tooley-Street.
 And he who wouldn't drink them, why I've only
 this to say,—
 May the Bank of England fail him when he's got
 a bill to pay.

And he who wouldn't, &c.

THE IRISH WELCOME.

A PARODY.

Air—"The Meeting of the Waters."

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
 As the vale where the beef and the white cabbage
 meet;
 With potatoes galore, and strong beer at one end,
 In one corner yourself, in the other your friend.
 But it was not that Nature had shed o'er those
 scenes
 The head of white cabbage, instead of bad
 greens;
 But, when that was all over, we had potheen in
 store,
 With a welcome I'd give it, which makes it much
 more.
 Then no more of your valleys, with your moun-
 tains so high,
 Where there's nought to be had but a bleak wind
 and sky!
 But come to the cottage, where plenty you'll see,
 With a "*Keith mille falthu*," you're welcome to
 me.

HARRY'S GONE A-COURTING.

(Upton.)

HE'S gone, yes, he's gone! but I wo'n't tell you
 where,
 But Harry's gone a-courting, a-courting I vow;
 He's gone to see the maid, pretty maid with auburn
 hair,
 And she lives—but I wo'n't tell ye, wo'n't tell ye
 now.
 But Harry's gone a-courting, a-courting, poor lad,
 And says, he'll have a wife, if there's one to be
 had.
 Ah! poor Harry!
 He can no longer tarry;
 To go through life, must have a wife,
 And marry, marry, marry!
 He's gave, yes, he's gave her a ribbon, I protest
 And vows that he'll make her a present of a
 cap;
 A true bleeding-heart in a brooch, for her breast,
 And a pretty little pug-dog, to nurse in her lap.
 So Harry's gone a-courting, a-courting, poor lad,
 And says, he'll have a wife, if there's one to be
 had.
 Ah! poor Harry!
 He can no longer tarry;
 To go through life, must have a wife,
 And marry, marry, marry!
 He's bought her a bullfinch, and parrot, on my
 life,
 A pair of silk-garters, a squirrel, and a ring;
 A new cuckoo-clock, to amuse her when a wife,
 But hopes when they're married, that the cuckoo
 wo'n't sing.
 So Harry's gone a-courting, a-courting, poor lad,
 And says, he'll have a wife, if there's one to be
 had.
 Ah! poor Harry!
 He can no longer tarry;
 To go through life, must have a wife,
 And marry, marry, marry!

THE DANDY BRAZIER;

OR, A COUNTENANCE WELL COPPER-CASED!

Air—"Peggy of Derby, O!"—(E. J. B. Bos.)

I'M a handsome man of metal,
 And for copper, or tea-kettle,

When a job I take,
To mend or make,
So handy, that
No brazier like me can
Mend a lady's pot, or pan,
In short, I'm called, ' *The Ladies' Brazier*, DANDY
MAT!"

'Tis my beauty, without boasting,
Makes the ladies, while me toasting
In their tea-cups,
Get the hiccups,
Not the brandy, no;
For while getting winky-eyed,
Oft have they in raptures cried,
Like Mat Muggins there's no other Brazier Dandy-
Beau!!

Now my face and figure such is,
I think with some heiress-duchess
Soon to Gretna-green
I shall be seen
Drive off in haste!
While I in my face have brass,
That 'twill as a LORD'S well pass!
Nay, a DUKE'S than mine is seldom better COPPER-
CASED!!

//////////

FLATTERY.

(E. Mackey.)

TRUST not the flatt'rer's wily tongue,
Ye gentle modest fair;
Avoid the strains by flatt'ry sung,
Of sycophants beware.

Trust not the fawning parasite,
Beware the baleful theme;
Tempt not by lure the with'ring blight,
To taint thy virgin dream.

For flattery is the offspring true,
Engendered in these times,
Of masked hypocrisy, who drew
Her breath in other climes.

Then, oh! take heed, ye gentle fair,
Of flattery's specious guile;
Avoid the tempter's artful snare,
Which would thy steps beguile.

//////////

BOBBY AND HIS MARY.

A PARODY ON DULCE DOMUM.

To the same Air.

IN Dyot-street a gin-shop stood,
Oft sought by footpads weary,
And long had been the blest abode
Of Bobby and his Mary.
For her he'd nightly *pad the hoof*,
'The *gravel-tax* collecting,
For her he never shammed the *snite*,
Though *traps* tried to detect him;
When evening came, he sought his home,
While she, distracted woman,
She hailed his sight,
And, ev'ry night,
The gin-shop rung,
As they sung,
Oh, Bobby and his Mary, &c.

But soon this scene of cozey fuss
Was changed to prospects queering,
The *blunt run shy*, and Bobby brushed,
To get more *rag* not fearing;
To Islington he quickly run,
A weary traveller dropped on,

But by surrounding *traps* was caught,
The *ruffles* soon they popped on.
When evening came, he sought not home,
While she, poor stupid woman!
Got *lushed* that night;
Oh, saw his sprite!
Then heard the knell
That bids farewell!
Then heard the knell
Of St. Pulchre's bell!
Now he dangles on the common!

//////////

NOW, TELL ME, ARTIST, CAN SHE LOVE!

(Forrest Promiscuous, 1650.)

Now, tell me, artist, can she love?
Or, loving, can she constant prove?
Constant she is, and love she can,
But hard it is to find the man.
What one to please her must he be?
Worthy and perfect, such as she.

Then must I of her love despair,
For she so perfect is and fair,
As the best worthiness in me
Cannot come near in least degree;
Shall I then strive to quench my fire?
No, rather love, and still admire.

For she Love's proper subject is;
Who loves not her doth love amiss.
I'll love her then; and, by her love
So perfect, I will hope to prove
That she may love what she hath taught,
And once be caught by what she caught.

//////////

THE SEAMAN'S GLEE.

(I. C. Cross.)

WHILE our bark cuts the seas,
And big oars cut its tide,
We Corsairs with ease
O'er the rough ocean ride,
Trolling loud the seaman's glee,
Jollily! jollily!

To meet the enemy we push on,
And take them in tow;
Like lions then we rush on,
To conquer the foe:
Such havoc and slashing,
Guns firing, swords clashing—
The battle grows warm—
Shot on shot are quickly poured in,
Then grappling and boarding,
Man to man, and arm to arm,
A dying comrade's groans we hear,
Impressive pity drops a tear,
While fierce revenge each Corsair does in-
spire,
Redoubled ardour wings his ire;
His eye-balls roll with hideous glare,
Contagion's in his breath;
Mercy ne'er bids him weekly spare;
His missile weapon's winged with death.
They fall, they die,
The crew shout victory!
Victory! victory!
And loudly troll the seaman's glee,
Jollily! jollily!

//////////

NOW, YIELD THEE, SIR KNIGHT O' THE HEATHER BELL.

"Now, yield thee, sir knight o' the heather bell,
Now, yield thee, sir knight, to me;

Now, yield thee, sir knight o' the heather bell,
Or the vanquished death ye'll dee."

The wounded chief has raised his arm,
And on that arm a shield;
And he has sworn by his halidome
To foeman he'll ne'er yield.

Defiance lowered in his daring glance,
But he 's looked at his wounded thigh,
And he has glanced at the broken brand
Which on the sward did lie.

Dark has waxed the victor's brow,
And dark his glaring eye—
On the vanquished's breast he has placed his foot,
And he 's brandished his sword on high.

" Now, yield thee, sir knight o' the heather bell,
Now, yield thee, sir knight, to me;
Now, yield thee, sir knight o' the heather bell,
Or, by the word of a knight, ye'll dee."

Wanly shines the moon, on Culloden's plain,
On the brow of a warrior slain;
His body is there—his soul is on high—
But his heart's with his prince o'er the main.

MY WIFE SHE HAD A RED, RED NOSE,
AND SHE'D DRINK 'TILL ALL WAS
BLUE.

Air—" *My Love is like a red, red Rose.*"

(I. R. Planche.)

MY wife she had a red, red nose,
And a face like a full moon;
Her voice was like a fiddle, when
Completely out of tune!
And she another fault had yet,
Which now I'll tell to you;
'Twas when she could the liquor get,
She'd drink till all was blue.
She'd drink till all was blue—she would.
She'd drink, &c.

She drank till all was blue—she did,
And when she could no more,
She laid her down and died—she did,
As many have before.
I know not where her spirit's gone,
But this much I'll declare,
If this the same in taste and tone,
Lord help the spirits there!
Lord help the spirits there—say I!
Lord help, &c.

BREAD, CHEESE, AND KISSES ARE
SWEET.

A DUET.

(M. G. Lewis.)

She.—Sons of gaudy wealth, I'll not
With envy view your lucky lot,
While the peaceful, lowly cot
With smiling Love I share!

He.—Poor my drink, and plain my meat,
Yet Joy will come and draw a seat;
For bread, and cheese, and kisses sweet,
He counts the choicest fare.
Fal de ral, &c.

She.—Thus fellows still tell us,
But the vision soon is o'er;
Small bliss is found in kisses,
When the honey-moon is o'er.

He.—Nay, dearest! wherefore fearest
Lest my love too light should be?
From thee never can I sever
While thine eyes so bright shall be.
Fal de ral, &c.

She.—But when time dims those eyes
Which you now so fondly prize;
When their flame fades and dies,
Wo'n't you break your vow?

He.—Then too blind mine will be
Any change in yours to see;
And they'll still look to me
Just as bright as now!
Fal de ral, &c.

TO WISDOM I PROFFERED MY VOW.

[From the French]

(W. H. Ireland.)

To Wisdom I proffered my vow,
But, ere I could compass my end,
O, Reason! I needs must allow,
I found thee a dull, irksome friend.

To Folly, enraptured, I flew;
I swam in the stream of delight;
But Time the false curtain withdrew,
'The charm was dispelled from my sight!

So better to pass away life,
And taste of the sage and the free;
Dame Reason I'll choose for my wife,
And Folly my mistress shall be.

My wishes, in turn, they shall share,
Each wavering fancy employ;
My wife shall avert ev'ry care,
My mistress shall plan all my joy.

FATHER MACSHANE.

OLD father Macshane he was holy and fat,
Sing farallal, &c.
He sprinkled my forehead, and christened me
Pat;

Sing farallal, &c.
He said to my parents,—You ugly old pair,
Arrah! how could you get such a beautiful heir?
With your chi chi, &c.

Then Father Macshane he took hold of my chin,
Sing farallal, &c.
And drank my success in a noggin of gin;
Sing farallal, &c.

Moreover, he prophesied, certain as fate,
If I lived to be big, I should be mighty great.
With my chi chi, &c.

One day, says my mother, (sure, I was her joy,)
Sing farallal, &c.
My darling, you now are a hobbledle hoy;
Sing farallal, &c.

To make a big fortune, Pat, seek out the way;
So at times I made love, and at times I made
hay.
With my chi chi, &c.

Farewell to young maids, a rich old one appears,
Sing farallal, &c.

I must now be in love with a lady in years,
Sing farallal, &c.

Though elderly beauty is apt to be tough,
Let it tender the cash, then it's tender enough.
For my chi chi, &c.

WHAT CARES SURROUND A MONARCH'S BROW.

(Bentley.)

WHAT cares surround a monarch's brow,
And weigh the splendid sufferer down;
Known victim of each public wo,
A silent martyr of his own.
With the bright circle of a crown,
Around our temples grief we bind;
And press beneath the royal gown
The vulture that devours the mind.

For us no social bosom heaves,
No sympathetic sorrows roll;
But faith, proscribed with friendship, leaves
A dreary solitude of soul!
The ills of life alone we taste,
Thus insulated from our race!
Preside with Famine at the feast,
With Misery have the power to bless.

LET THE HORN'S JOLLY SOUND ENCOURAGE THE HOUND.

RECITATIVE.

Now peeps the ruddy dawn o'er the mountains'
top,
Its different notes each feathered warbler tunes;
The milkmaid's carol glads the ploughman's ear,
The jolly huntsman winds his cheerful horn,
And the stanch pack returns the loud salute.

AIR.

The hounds are unkennelled, and now
Through the copse and the furze will we lead,
Till we reach yonder farm on the brow,
For there lurks the thief that must bleed;
I told you so—didn't I?—see where he flies,
'Twas Bellman that opened—so sure the fox dies.
Let the horn's jolly sound
Encourage the hound,
And float through the echoing skies.

RECITATIVE.

The chase begun, nor rock, nor flood, nor swamp,
Quickset, or gate, the thundering course retard,
Till the dead sounds proclaim the falling prey,
Then—to the sportive squire's capacious bowl.

AIR.

O'er that, and old beer of his own,
This song bright and wholesome we'll sing,
Drink success to great George, and his crown,
For each heart, to a man, 's with the king;
And next we will fill to Jove's favourite scene,
The rich isle of saints, Britannia I mean,
Where men, horses, and hounds,
Can be stopped by no bounds,
For no spot on the earth e'er bred sportsmen so
keen.

HOLIDAY TIME.

Air—"Mutton Pies."

OH! health and long life to you all,
My masters and mistresses too,
Once again I am here at your call,
'To say, from my heart, How d'ye do?
'Tis holiday-time, as you know,
And the coach pretty crowded I drive,
But the best fare of all—gee ho!
Is to see my good friends all alive.
Rum ti iddity, &c.

Oh! could you but see what odd folks
I drive in my carriage and four,
Why, truly, in spite of all jokes,
You'd laugh, if you ne'er laughed before;
Rum ti iddity, &c.

For here is a poor little tailor,
Squeaking out for room pretty oft,
And here, with his girl, sits a sailor,
Who bundles poor Stitch up aloft.
Rum ti iddity, &c.

Now here is old Shortweight, the baker,
And there is a virgin from Wapping,
Next to her sits a prim-looking Quaker,
With Bobby, the beau, famed for hopping;
Then here is a city-apprentice,
And there is a gentleman's lacquey,
With Pullout, the great puffing dentist,
And the milliner's man, master Jackey.
Rum ti iddity, &c.

Then there is, oh! dear, how you squeeze,
With shambling Joey, the sawyer,
Little Snob, rather lame in his knees,
With half of the devil, the lawyer;
But what are their callings to me,
Or how they are crammed, so I drive, oh!
Yet, I carry some queer ones, you see,
And in holiday time, all's alive, oh!
Rum ti iddity, &c.

HARK! THE DRUM NOW BEATS TO ARMS.

HARK! the drum now beats to arms,
The word is given to form the line;
The soldier's breast with ardour burns,
All fear of death he nobly spurns,
Resolved in gallant deeds to shine.
Though bombs and shells
Are soldiers' knells,
He boldly fights
For England's rights;
And swears for King and home he'll die,
Or nobly gain the victory.
Now, in the midst of fire and smoke,
He rushes on the mighty foe;
The brazen trumpet fires his soul,
When cannon their dread thunder roll,
He deals out death at ev'ry blow.
Though bombs and shells
Are soldiers' knells,
He boldly fights
For England's rights;
But, hark! the battle's won, I'll fly,
And loud proclaim the victory!

WINNY WO'N'T BE MINE.

Air—"Auld lang syne."—(O'Brien.)

I HAVE my goats, a cow, and horse,
And Sunday suit, that's fine;
And I have something that's not brass,
Still Winny wo'n't be mine.
Still Winny wo'n't be mine, I fear,
Still she'll not be mine;
O Winny wo'n't be mine, my dear,
No, Winny wo'n't be mine.

We both have gambolled o'er the vale—
I helped to milk her kine,
And quaffed with her my home-brewed ale,
Still Winny wo'n't be mine.
Still Winny, &c.

On yon high rock we sat to view
The wide spread rolling brine;
It's there I vowed I would be true,
Still Winny wo'n't be mine.
Still Winny, &c.

O'er Erin's western hills so blue,
We see the sun's decline,
Though grass and spray woo maiden dew,
Still Winny wo'n't be mine.
Still Winny, &c.

The moon, low trembling in the wave,
Where sailing barks gay shine ;
And, like the moon, I trembling crave,
Still Winny wo'n't be mine.

Still Winny, &c.

She is as placid as she's fair,
Her person's beauty's shrine ;
With me all pleasure she will share,
Still Winny wo'n't be mine.

Still Winny, &c.

I stopt away, to try my skill,
It chanced to tell ; in fine,
We met by chance,—she cried I will,
Indeed, I will be thine.

Indeed, I will be thine, my Taff,
I'll willingly be thine ;
I vow I will be thine, my Taff,
If you'll be only mine.

SCARCE HAD THE PURPLE GLEAM OF DAY.

SCARCE had the purple gleam of day
Glanced lightly o'er the glowing sea,
When forced by fortune's shafts away,
My native land, I quitted thee.
There, though the sable raven soar,
And nightly screams her death-fraught yell ;
Though rav'ning ban-dogs bay my door,
And howling wolves o'er pace the dell ;
Though ice-winged tempests fret the sky,
And chill the early flow'ret's bloom ;
Though still we see our rose-buds die,
And in the snow the lily's tomb :
And these tired feet each soil have prest,
Where joy and pleasures seem to be ;
Where all, by smiling Heaven is blest,
Still, native land, I sigh for thee.

OUR BOLD-HEARTED LORDS OF YORE.

(Dimond.)

OUR bold-hearted lords of yore
From Roman helms the laurel tore,
With bosoms bare, they braved the war,
Impelled the spear or whirled the car :
Great Cæsar paused in mid career,
His eagle screamed a note of fear !
And trenched with gashes deep and wide,
Each dying hero sternly cried,—
“ Oh! native land, I fall for thee,
Thy shrines, thy hearths, and liberty.”

Peace to the chiefs of other days!
The bardish dirge has sung their praise ;
The poor man's prayer and orphan's sigh
Have whispered their sweet elegy.
Their forms are lost, their souls survive,
In sons their great forefathers live ;
And down the far-stretched line we trace
The ancient virtue of the race.
Still like the prophet's mantle given,
Whene'er the sire was born to Heav'n.

THOSE LONDON BELLES, THOSE LONDON BELLES.

Air—“ *Those Evening Bells.*”—(Miss Bryant.)

THOSE London belles, those London belles,
Ah! what a tale their beauty tells,
Of suff'ring beaus and wounded hearts,
The dire effect of Cupid's darts.

Perhaps that maid, with eyes of blue,
Has often made a sad to do ;
And many a heart with anguish swells,
While thinking of the London belles.

Ah! yes, how sweet it is to me,
To take a social cup of tea,
And while the heart in comfort dwells,
To hear the chat of London belles.

For then they scan their dress,—the play,
Though wo to those who are away,
For Scandal often leaves her cells,
To join the chat of London belles.

E'en Jove peeps down, with looks of love,
And Juno, jealous, frowns above,
To see young Beauty gladly dwells,
To deck the charms of London belles.

And so 'twill be in other times,
Fond hearts will sing in softer rhymes,
And cloud the praise this ditty tells,
While ages grace the London belles.

THE DREAM ON ANACREON.

[From the Greek.]

(Dr. Heighington.)

WHEN gentle sleep had charmed my breast,
And lulled my senses all to rest,
With my deluded eyes I seemed
To view Anacreon whilst I dreamed.
A garland on his head he wore,
And in his hand a lyre he bore ;
Harmonious sounds around him broke
In melting strains whene'er he spoke.

And as he touched the dancing strings,
The loves that waited clapp'd their wings ;
Old he appeared, but silver hair,
That made him old, had made him fair ;
His beauties like the roses shine,
His smiles were cheerful as his wine,
A Cupid led the reeling bard,
At once his conduct and his guard.

His wreath he took, his wreath that spread
Fresh blooming glories round his head,
And with a smile, said he, receive
The noblest present I can give.
With joy I bowed, my homage paid,
Proud of the present which he made,
The fragrant flow'rs breathed sweets divinc,
That smelt of him, and he of wine.

Then, unadvised, with heedless haste,
The chaplet on my brows I placed ;
The chaplet, warmed with gay desire,
Breathed gentle flames that love inspire.
Now in my blood Anacreon reigns,
Love and Anacreon fill my veins ;
'To his soft strains my passion move,
Until I'm wholly lost in love.

WHEN I WAS A YOUNKER, AND LIVED WITH MY DAD.

(O'Keefe.)

WHEN I was a younker, and lived with my dad,
The neighbours all thought me a smart little lad ;
My mammy she called me a white-headed boy,
Because with the girls I liked to toy !

There was Ciss,
Priss,
Letty, and Betty,
And Doll,

With Meg,
Peg,
Jenny, and Winny,
And Moll!
I flatter
Their clatter,
So sprightly and gay;
I rumble 'em,
Tumble 'em,
That's my way'

One fine frosty morning, a going to school,
Young Moggy I met, and she called me a fool!
Her mouth was my primer, a lesson I took,
I swore it was pretty, and kissed the book.

But school,
Fool,
Primer,
Timmer,
And birch,

And boys, for the girls, I leave in the lurch!
I flatter their clatter, &c.

It's well known I can dance a good jig,
And at cudgels from Robin I won a fat pig;
I can wrestle a fall, and the bar I can fling,
And when o'er a flaggon can sweetly sing!

But pig,
Jig,
Wicket,
And cricket,
And ball,

I'll give up to wrestle with Moggy a fall!
I flatter their clatter, &c.

////////

THE LOVER'S ADIEU.

Air—“*The Bard's Legacy.*”

THE lamp of night will soon cease burning,
Then dip once more in the cup of Joy;
Away with Sorrow! that child of Mourning
Our soul-drawn kisses will soon destroy!

Or if a tear of affection gushing,
Should dim the glance of thy blue-eyes' ray,
O, drop a tear in this red wine, blushing,
And drink the wine and thy woes away!

Yet, if the bursting sigh of mourning
Is still, my Ellen, to fondness dear,
O, check not, then, that sigh's returning,
But bathe its perfume in a tear!
Let the sweet drops of wo bedew thee,
For Fancy tells, in those fears of thine,
That I will meet, as I ever view thee,
A heart as fond, and as true as thine.

O, when upon this wide world a stranger,
And wand'ring far from my native isle,
The bolt of battle, or blast of danger,
May leave me low on some distant soil:
When the last sigh on my lip is dwelling,
I'll think it meets, on the zephyrs, bland,
A tear-dewed sigh from my angel Ellen,
To soothe my shade in a distant land.

And, O, when laid on a clay-cold pillow,
And sleeping far from my long-lost home,
Or slumb'ring low on the ocean's billow,
And lulled to death on a bed of foam!
The star of love o'er the moorland glowing,
Or trembling down on the wild deep breast,
May cheer the last sigh from my own heart flow-
ing,
And light my soul to a realm of rest.

////////

THE DROP OF A DRAM.

SEARCH all the world over, through all times and
ages,

And, if you read history aright,
You'll find that great men, from the kings to their
pages,

Would as lief go to drink as to fight.
Now, be easy, dear creature! have done with com-
plaining,

Your troubles are all but a dram;
To be sure, there's no sport like the toils of cam-
paigning,
When cheered with a bit of a dram.

[SPOKEN.] O, my dear creature, if you was in
the heart of a battle!—arrah! just suppose your-
self in the midst of it now, and had lost three of
your legs and two of your arms, and had a little
drop of the crature in your third arm, it would
cheer your old heart, and make you sing

Tooral lal lural lal la.

They say the Grand Turk swallows oceans in pri-
vate,

And, faith, I believe it that same,
For he's drained his whole kingdom so terrible
dry,

That his capital's all in a flame.
Then be easy, &c.

There was a great empress, called queen Rusti
Fusti,

A queer sort of queen, to be sure;
They say the old devil got wonderful busky,
And all of a thirst after power.

Then be easy, &c.

There's another great emperor, called King of Ger-
many,

Good faith, and he's none of the least;
He hobnobs with his friends, for to keep peace and
harmony,

And drinks with his sword in his fist.
Then be easy, &c.

////////

JUST SO.

A DUET.

(T. Dibdin.)

He.—HE lived with a master, as rich as a Jew,
And a merry young maid had he;
Thé master was ugly—

She.— Just like you,

He.—But the maid was as pretty—

She.— As me.

He.—He first squeezed her hand, which she took
not amiss,

She.—What next? for I long for to know,

He.—Then, just in this manner he offered a kiss,
But she slapt his face—

She.— Just so.

She.—Well, I own 'twas a little ill-natured, too,

He.—Don't come near—your intent I see.

She.—She was monstrous cross,

He.— Yes, just like you.

She.—He was very ill used—

He.— Like me.

But what, do you think, the fool did next?

He held up a guinea, thus:

She.— No!

He.—Yes, he did: and, dear me, how the block-
head was vext

When she snatched it away—

She.— Just so.

////////



Beneath her bow-window young Shannon took his station ; the night it was dark, so he whispered " Yeo ho ! " Then sweetly serenaded her, with whack now, botheration, Mrs. Wilkins, will you marry me ? " O, no, my love, no."

PADDY SHANNON AND WIDOW WILKINS.

Air—" Ah! no, my love, no."—(Cumberland.)

PADDY Shannon, high mounted on his trotting little pony,
Set off in a gallop from Leather-lane to Bow,
To ogle Widow Wilkins, whom he courted for her money,
And, tugging at his bridle, cried—" Whoa, my love, whoa."

Beneath her bow-window, young Shannon took his station ;
The night it was dark, so he whispered—" Yeo ho !"
Then sweetly serenaded her with whack now, bo-
theration,
Mrs. Wilkins, will you marry me ? " O, no, my love, no."

O, cruel Widow Wilkins, to refuse me would be horrid,
My spirits are so high, and my finances are so low ;
All the brass in my pocket has mounted to my forehead !
Dear Widow, wo'n't you marry me ? " O, no, my love, no !"

O, ye powers! bellowed Pat, with jealousy I quiver ;
I'm love-sick,—with pistols, to Battersea I'll row,
And shoot at my dear image, as reflected in the river !
She sighed, in tender sympathy, " Aye, go, my love, go !"
Then waved her lily hand, and cried, " Go, my love, go."

WELCOME WE THE MERRY MAY

(Southey.)

CHEERFUL on this holiday,
Welcome we the merry May ;
On every sunny hillock spread,
The pale primrose rears her head ;
Rich with sweets the western gale
Sweeps along the cowslipped dale ;
Every bank, with violets gay,
Smiles to welcome in the May.

The linnet, from the budding grove,
Chirps her vernal song of love ;
The copse resounds the throstle's notes,
On each wild glade sweet music floats,
And melody from every spray
Welcomes in the merry May ;
Cheerful on this holiday,
Welcome we the merry May.

HIST! DEAREST, HIST! THY MARY WAKES.

A PARODY.

Air—" *Mary, dear Mary, list, awake!*"
(Miss Bryant.)

HIST! dearest, hist! thy Mary wakes,
For thy silver-toned voice all slumber breaks,
The soft dreams of fancy e'en fled at the sound,
But, hush! are there listeners? look, love, around.
The watch-dog is moving—my father speaks—
Oh, breathe not a word! for, if he awakes,
Though the moonlight seems listening over the land
To the whispers of angels like me,
Yet my father, well armed, with a sword in his hand,
Will prove but a mortal to thee,
My dear Harry,
Would prove but a mortal to thee

Ah, love, do I see thee? oh, yes, it is thou!
And give me your hand; yes, I press it now;
Thy smile plays so sweetly, just like the moon-
beam

That trembles so softly in yonder stream;
But stay, stay, no raptures, for danger flies,
Though true love, I mark him, now peeps from
thine eyes.

But cease—from the casement I'll instantly glide,
For the voice of the flatterer to me
Can charm not, while Virtue continues my guide,
And so let Affection guide thee,
My dear Harry, &c.

Hark! some one is stirring; my dearest, fly;
Ah, kiss not my hand—but now, love, good by—
Yet stay, I have something to tell thee still;
Yes, yes, I will meet thee, by yonder hill,
To-morrow at seven—now, dearest, away;
Yet stop, love, for yet I have something to say,
And now I've forgot half the tale I would tell,
All, all is forgotten but thee;
So glide o'er the garden—now, dearest, farewell,
Go dream of thy love, like me,
My dear Harry, &c.

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

Air—"The Whirligig World, O!"

(Jesse Hammond.)

WHAT poet would engage
To sing the wonders of the age
Or the heroes of a nation
Without some inspiration?
So, fill a bowl of nectar,
That I may toast each Hector,
Who made a mighty noise in the world, O!
Mighty shades
Of royal blades,
Or demagogues,
And fighting dogs,
Who got a name
In fields of fame,
'Mid the rattle
Of the battle—

Heigh down! ho down!
Drunk with their renown,
Like whirligigs, they spun the world,

There was Alexander Great,
He fought at such a rate
That he thought his work was done,
'Cause he lodged in Babylon,
But, at last, before he died,
He fairly sat and cried,
To conquer another little world, O!

Fighting dog,
Fond of grog,
Made a fuss
At Granicus,
Got his name
In fields of fame,
'Mid the rattle
Of the battle—

Heigh down! ho down!
Drunk with his renown,
This whirligig at last left the world, O!

There was Cæsar, of Rome,
Who could seldom stay at home,
With his *veni, vidi, vici*,
And truly such a nice eye,
That he could see his legions
Conquering in regions
Where scarcely his flag was unfurled, O
Frank and Gaul,
Beat 'em all,

In Belgic war
The conqueror,
Got his name
In fields of fame,
'Mid the rattle
Of the battle—

Heigh down! ho down!
Great was his renown,
Yet this whirligig at last left the world, O!

But, to cut the ancients out,
Bonaparte he rose, no doubt,
Great captain of his day,
Who, for universal sway,
In the east and in the west,
Could never be at rest,
Whenever his banner was unfurled, O.

But he would go
To Moscow,
And glory lost
In the frost,
And then he flew
From Waterloo,
And left the rattle
Of the battle—

Heigh down! ho down!
Great was his renown,
Yet this whirligig at last left the world, O!

But away with foreign lumber,
We have heroes out of number,
And you pretty well know
Messrs. Wellington and Co.
Who took away the boast
Of the mighty Gallic host
Wherever their banner was unfurled, O!

A gallant band,
Who nobly stand,
To live or die
For victory,
Who got their name
In fields of fame,
'Mid the rattle
Of the battle—

Heigh down! ho down!
Give 'em their renown,
Ye whirligigs that govern the world, O!

And perish ev'ry slave
That would insult the brave,
Or make warriors the sport
Of the whirligigs at court,
And let the wretch be slain
Who our banner would stain,
That so long has been the pride of the world, O.

With freedom blest,
Above the rest,
Our heroes stand,
A mighty band,
Who got a name
In fields of fame,
'Mid the rattle
Of the battle—

Heigh down! ho down!
Great is their renown,
For our whirligigs have spun round the world, O!

ADIEU, FAIR MAID.

(W. W. Waldron.)

ADIEU, fair maid, 'tis glory's call
Compels me thus to part;
To thee I leave my life, my all,
To thee consign my heart.
Should absence prove my charmer true,
How dear the gift will be;
And, when its pulses throb for you,
Think, think, oh, then, of me!

But should it, in the gloomy day
Of battle's dread alarms,
Neglect the accustomed homage pay
To fair Amanda's charms;
Oh, let it not her bosom move,
It still can faithful be,
This, this its constancy can prove,
Think, think, oh, then, of me.

Should death for ever seal mine eyes,
To fill a warrior's tomb,
Oh, then, the grateful offering prize,
'Twill be Amanda's doom!

How blest, in blissful realms above,
United e'er we'll be;
No envious absence mars our love,
Think, think, till then, of me.

////////

THE PROPHETS.

IN the tenth book of Job, which I now mean to quote,
At the third and fourth verses, you'll find it thus wrote:

Old Moses invited some prophets to dine,
And drink a few bottles of gooseberry wine.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Then Moses was placed in the chair in a trice,
And Aaron, his crony, deputed his *vice*;
When the glass moving quick, and the wine being strong,
Moses declared they should each sing a song.
Derry down, &c.

They all looked askew, which friend Moses soon saw,
But what Moses said, why, you know, sir, was law;
So he frankly declared, that should any decline,
He would fine each defaulter a bumper of wine.
Derry down, &c.

Then Aaron sung first, as *vice*-president should,
And stated the law as at that time it stood,
When the thumb-stick he handled, and said, with a nod,
They would soon see their president drunk as a hog.
Derry down, &c.

Then Elijah, Elisha, and old Hezekiah,
Begged leave to tell Moses it was their desire,
Since each man must sing, to obey his decree,
That, with his permission, they'd give him a glee:
Derry down, &c.

GLEE.

How merrily we live that prophets be,
Round the world we roam with pious glee,
Foretelling great events to a certainty,—*ad libitum*.
Little David, it seems, was the next of their choice,
For they very well knew he'd an excellent voice;
But he vowed he cou'dn't sing—they swore it was a thumper,
And poor little Davy was fined in a bumper.
Derry down, &c.

Then Solomon rose, resplendent in glory,
And said he had much rather tell them a story;
But the cry against that was a great deal too strong,
For they would have nothing but 'Solomon's Song.'
Derry down, &c.

SOLOMON'S SONG.

I've kissed and I've prattled with fifty fair maids,
And changed them as oft do you see?

But of all the fair damsels that danced on the green,
Dear Sheba's the queen for me, &c.
Rear-admiral Noah, whom much has been said of,
And his jaunt on the water, which we all have read of,
Not liking thin gooseberry, called for a dram,
And then gave 'em the song which he sung
young Ham.

Derry down, &c.

NOAH'S SONG.

And hearing up to gain the port,
Some well-known object had in view;
An abbey, tower, or harbour-fort,
Which ere the flood old Noah knew;
While oft the lead the seaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot sung,
By the mark seven.

Then Ezekiel rose next, sir, a very great smoker,
But in lighting his pipe, burnt his nose with the poker;
Being skilful in music, and proud of his voice,
With exquisite fancy this song was his choice.
Derry down, &c.

EZEKIEL'S SONG.

Of the ancients it's speaking, my soul, you'd be after,
That they never got how come you so;
Would you seriously make the good folks die with laughter,
To be sure the dog's tricks we don't know,
With your smalliluh nonsense, and all your queer boderns,
Since whiskey's a liquor divine:
To be sure the old ancients, as well as the moderns,
Did not love a sly sup of good wine.
Did not love, &c.

Next Habakkuk rose, for they took 'em in course,
But Habakkuk's cold had made Habakkuk hoarse;
He declared he cou'dn't sing any more than the moon,
But if Moses pleased he would whistle a tune—
'LILLABULLERO.'

Derry down, &c.

Jeremiah rose next, sir, at Moses' desire,
Whom wit, sir, nor wine could ever inspire;
And in strains which would suit the commemoration,
He sung them a verse of his own *Lamentation*.
Derry down, &c.

Then rose up little Jonah, who looked like a jelly.
For he was just come, sir, out of the whale's belly,
For three days and three nights he was left to despair,
So he sang unto Moses what he suffered there.
Derry down, &c.

JONAH'S SONG.

Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer,
List, ye landsmen, all to me;
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea.

In the horrid belly pent, sir,
Think on what I suffered there;
Forced to keep a dismal lent, sir,
And to breathe infectious air.

Nought but fish to feed upon, sir,
And compelled to eat it raw;
For my hopes were almost gone, sir,
Ere I left the monster's jaw.

Then Sampson rose next, once in prowess so big,
But at that time friend Sampson had just got his
wig;
He related the tale of his dire mishap,
How his wife shaved his head, as he slept in her
lap.

Derry down, &c.

SAMPSON'S SONG.

Oh! dear, what can the matter be,
Oh! dear, what can the matter be,
Sampson has lost all his hair!
Oh! that I e'er should have taken so sound a nap,
Oh! that I e'er should have taken it in her lap,
Oh! that I had but tied on my red night-cap,
That Sampson had ne'er lost his hair.
Oh! dear, what can the matter be, &c.

They next called on Job, as a song was his forte,
And they begged, as 'twas late, that his song might
be short;
So he sung Chevy Chase to a dismal psalm tune,
Which the prophets all thought would have lasted
till noon.

Derry down, &c.

Now Moses, it seems, sir, who good hours kept,
Whilst they sat a-singing, why, he sat and slept;
But waked by the noise, sir, of calling *encore*,
He bad them get home, for they should drink no
more.

Derry down, &c.

Well-bred Aaron, it seems, sir, at this took of-
fence,
And swore want of good manners showed want of
good sense,
This caused a dispute—some reflections were cast,
But, for decency's sake, we'll not mention what
past.

Derry down, &c.

////////

THEN WE WILL GO TO SCOTIA, DEAR.

Air—" *My Highland Home*."—(J. Mackey.)

THY Highland home, where tempests roar,
Where northern blasts contend;
Thy brooks and braes all whitened o'er,
While glitt'ring snows descend:
But cold would be thy Emma's heart,
Who'd scorn with thee to rove
O'er highland hill, or lowland part,
Through desert, or through grove.
Then we will go to Scotia, dear,
And never more will roam;
Content shall bless our humble cheer,
Beneath our Highland home.

When simmer comes along the vale,
We'll pluck the sweet blue-bell;
The thistle green, the lily pale,
Or gowan from the dell;
Thus happy, we'll pass life with glee,
While prattlers round us smile,
And none will be more blest than we
Around our bonny isle.

Then we will go, &c.

////////

MR. SQUAD AND HIS WIFE.

MR. SQUAD, as they say, was not half so bold,
As his gay lady-wife was a terrible scold,
Who was witty, and pretty, and smart, and all
that;
But, in truth, she'd some reason to scold, I'm
afraid,
For she lately detected him kissing the maid,

So he very much stared, when she told him one
day,
My love, if you like, you may go to the play,
Which is witty, and pretty, and smart, and al
that.

Now Squad was a lover of plays that were witty,
But much more in love with his lady's maid,
Kitty,

So witty, and pretty, and smart, and all that;
With lawless emotion his bosom now burned,
And in secret alone by the garden returned,
The moon, with her horns, was just rising in
view,
Fatal omen! that told him that he was *horned too*,
Though so witty, and pretty, and smart, and all
that.

Ye gods! all his optics descried
His wife, with a tall dashing youth by her side,
Perhaps witty, and pretty, and smart, and all
that;

Mr. Squad, bolting out, cried, with dreadful gri-
mace,
'Vile woman, now dare look your spouse in the
face,'

She screamed, then exclaimed, 'Thou base
wretch,' in a whine,

'My maid has confessed all your wicked design,
For she's witty, and pretty, and smart, and all
that.

'I'm resolved on revenge, I your footsteps have
waylaid,

And my cousin, the captain, I've brought to my
aid,

Who is witty, and pretty, and smart, and al
that;

With him you may settle the case in dispute,
And I'll give you, gratis, this lesson to boot,
When next with my maid you would kiss, and all
that,

Pray, remember your wife *may return tit for tat*,
For she's witty, and pretty, and smart, and al
that.'

////////

THE JOYS OF SPORTING.

Air—" *Come, my Soul, post the Cole*."

COME, haste away, the morning gray
Calls us all to pleasure;
Hounds and men scamper then
To the horn's sweet measure.
Over brooks, through tangled nooks,
Health and joy we're courting:
Then post away, and sing huzza
To the joys of sporting.

Foaming steeds, matchless deeds,
Brighten every minute;
Then a lass, and sparkling glass,
With liquor placed within it:
Oh, these joys are such, my boys,
'They're worthy of our courting;
So away, sing huzza.
To the charms of sporting.

////////

PHELIM O'FLAM.

PHELIM O'FLAM is my name,
A hunter of fortunes am I;
In love I would wish to get fame,
For I know how to ogle and lie.
O'Row may delight in hard knocks,
For such fun I would not give a d—n,
For I love to conquer the fair,
Oh! I drop on my knee and I swear,
My sweet girl, now take Phelim O'Flam

An old Hebe with never a tooth,
 I swear is as *bauteous* as Venus ;
 Though she's ugly, lame, and uncouth,
 Now, you'll own, I'm a clever young *genus*.
 I catch hold of her dry withered hand,
 And flattery down her throat cram,
 Then who can such courtship withstand ?
 Oh ! she quickly obeys Love's command,
 And her shiners are Phelim O'Flam's.

When I get a young widow in tow,
 Oh, I give her a sackful of bother ;
 Say her husband's been dead long ago,
 And 'tis high time she thought of another :
 She blushes, and heaves a soft sigh,
 'Tis thus the wolf catches the lamb ;
 I drop on my knee, heave a sigh,
 Get consent by the look of her eye,
 What d'ye think now of Phelim O'Flam ?

//////////
JACK RATLIN.

(Dibdin.)

JACK RATLIN was the ablest seaman,
 None like him could hand, reef, and steer ;
 No dangerous toil but he'd encounter,
 With skill, and in contempt of fear :
 In fight a lion—the battle ended,
 Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove :
 Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit,
 Yet did he sigh, and all for love.

The song, the jest, the flowing liquor,
 For none of these had Jack regard ;
 He, while his messmates were carousing,
 High sitting on the pending yard,
 Would think upon his fair one's beauties,
 Swear never from such charms to rove ;
 That truly he'd adore them living,
 And dying sigh to end his love.

The same express the crew commanded,
 Once more to view their native land ;
 Among the rest brought Jack some tidings,
 Would it had been his love's fair hand :
 Oh, fate ! her death defaced the letter,
 Instant his pulse forgot to move,
 With quiv'ring lips and eyes uplifted,
 He heaved a sigh and died for love.

//////////
HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

Air—" *The good old Days of Adam and Eve.*"

(Beuler.)

OH, dear ! it is beyond believing
 How people now are given to thieving ;
 How high and low each other's cheating,
 Juggling, bilking, and brow-beating.
 There are some men who boast much feeling,
 Yet from the poor are always stealing ;
 They cheat the nation worse than smugglers,
 And when found out they cut their jugulars.
 Sing high, sing low, it is no jest, sirs,
 Honesty is far the best, sirs.

One Samuel Swipes, a good strong porter,
 Stole Suke's heart when he went to court her ;
 But when she was his for better or worse, sirs,
 She stole the rhino from his purse, sirs.
 When he came home quite drunk and funny,
 She from his pocket stole his money ;
 He oft suspected and harangued her,
 She gave the lie and then he banged her.
 Sing high, sing low, &c.

They had two babes who'd fight and sputter,
 And steal each other's bread and butter ;

Upset fruit-stalls, steal the apples,
 In spite of laws in church and chapels.
 Their dad now lived with Mr. Water,
 Who dealt in wine and bottled porter ;
 Swipes drank the wine, at last, in sport, did
 Steal some *port*, and was *transported*.
 Sing high, sing low, &c.

When Swipes' two children did grow bigger,
 The boy became a noted *prigger* ;
 Of turning pockets was a quick learner,
 But soon got turned to a Brixton turner.
 His sister lived in service snugger,
 But stole the wine, and tea, and sugar ;
 Till she got, through being unwary,
 In the Pen-i-ten-ti-ary.
 Sing high, sing low, &c.

Now Mrs. Swipes went out a charing,
 For candles' ends and good cheese paring ;
 But, lud ! she wa'n't content with these, sirs,
 But took whole candles and lumps of cheese, sirs.
 She smuggled some butter in her bonnet
 One day, and going, she put on it,
 Cook made her stop to baste the meat, sirs,
 And Swipes' prize melted down t' her feet, sirs.
 Sing how, sing low, &c.

In butter thus was Swipes now roasting,
 When for some salt cook sent her posting ;
 'Twas Christmas time, the air did cut her,
 She looked like a carrot cooled in butter.
 Her pockets now had four eggs good in,
 With plums all stolen to make a pudding ;
 But, ah ! she slipped, ('twas frosty weather,)
 And smashed her eggs and all together.
 Sing high, sing low, &c.

Next Mrs. Swipes went out a nursing,
 But this place she did much worse in ;
 Her patient was ill with the phthisic,
 And Swipes served out his wine and physic.
 One day the mistress went to walk out,
 Swipes got a bottle—drew the cork out,
 She gulped that down with two bottles more, sirs,
 Then fell a sprawling on the floor, sirs.
 Sing high, sing low, &c.

Stolen goods though sweet, says a wise one,
 Often times will prove a poison ;
 The mistress when come home set at her,
 But Swipes couldn't tell what was the matter.
 " Oh ! ma'am, some'at works me down and
 up'ards ;"
 Ma'am saw why, when she looked in the cup-
 b'ards,
 She'd drank the wine and some'at which caught
 her—
 She'd swallowed a bottle of julap and water.
 Sing high, sing low, &c.

Now all who love things under the roses,
 Pray go read o'er the laws of Moses ;
 Especially that which all surpasses,
 But coveting other's oxen and asses.
 'Tis best to mind laws, written or oral,
 They serve to make mankind keep moral ;
 For justice, soon or late, makes folly see
 That honesty's the greatest policy.
 Sing how, sing low, &c.

//////////
YES IS THE WORD I LOVE THE BEST

(Merry.)

YES is the word I love the best,
 It always sets my heart at rest ;
 When I ask a pretty girl for a kiss,
 What pleasure there is if she answer YES ;
 Yes, yes, yes,
 What pleasure there is in a kiss.

No is the word I hate the most,
It makes me fit to give up the ghost;
When, instead of a kiss, I get a blow,
And, instead of a smile, a sulky NO!
No, no, no!

How I hate the word and a blow.

Young maids are wrong to make a fuss,
If a man like me desires a buss;
For I am certain to be at a loss,
Whenever they pout, and are devilish cross;
Cross, cross, cross!
I detest to be at a loss.

YES is the only word to please,
It sets a youth so much at his ease,
It gives him an air and manner fine,
And a winning look, just the same as mine;
Mine, mine, mine;
Yes, it gives him a manner fine.

WHEN GLORY'S THE PRIZE.

(Upton.)

LET Venus spread beauty to fetter mankind,
And Bacchus in drinking delight;
'Tis glory, proud glory! enraptures the mind,
And strengthens the hero in fight!

Then, Fame, let thy trumpet, thy trumpet re-
sound,
And echo the strain to the skies!
The soldier in battle more valiant is found,
When glory, bright glory! 's the prize!

THE WATCHMAN AND THE LAMP- LIGHTER;

OR, THE MAID OF BARBICAN.

Air—" *Away with this Pouting and Sadness.*"

IN Smithfield there lived a fond lover,
A poor little ugly man;
He was forty, or yet something over,
And watchman of famed Barbican:
He liked a fair maiden, called Polly,
Who lived in a sarvice hard by,
And as love made 'em both *moloncolly*,
They'd meet in his watchbox to cry.
Then pity this poor little watchman,
Who told you the hours of the night;
But whose flame was put out by a *dark* man,
Although he was called the Gas-light.

As she lay in her bed she would listen,
To hear him cry out "one o'clock!"
Being certain the cry it was *hisen*,
The street-door she'd softly unlock!
Then into the night-house he'd go, sir,
And fetch her some biscuits and beer,
Then they'd go, and they'd sit in the watchbox,
And shed o'er their supper a tear.
Then pity this poor, &c.

But, one Saturday morning, being hurried,
From him she was forced to decamp,
And was caught in Long-lane, rather flurried,
By a lamplighter trimming his lamp!
Who straightly fell deeply in love, oh!
With this here poor young sarving maid,
And her heart being given to rove, oh!
She listened to all that he said.
Then pity this poor, &c.

Next night the poor watchman called *one*, sirs;
But, good lack! all his calls were in vain,
For Polly was *lit* with the gaslight,
And Charley might now *call again*,—

Who, in turning the street, soon *turned* whiter,
When to his hard gaze was displayed,
In the arms of a dirty lamp-lighter,
The form of this false sarvant maid.
Then pity this poor, &c.

He looked on the couple with horror,
And wished for to make a retreat;
And, says he, "Sir, I'd give you a *beating*,
If I might come off of my *beat*."
But, his thumb popping up to his nose, sir,
The Gas, with a genteelish knock,
Said,—“ My lad, do'n't you wish you may *git*
it?”
And so laid him flat on his back.
Then pity this poor, &c.

But his rattle in rage then a-springing,
The *Charleys* all ran to the fray,
And *charges* at each other flinging,
To the watchhouse they bore 'em away;
There they stopped in the dark-hole so long, sirs,
And it being quite damp where they *lied*,
They caught cold,—ah, my sorrowful song, sirs,
Of consumption all three of 'em died.
Then pity this poor, &c.

'TIS NOT YOUR SAYING THAT YOU LOVE.

(Mrs. Aphra Behn, 1685.)

'Tis not your saying that you love
Can ease me of my smart;
Your actions must your words approve,
Or else you break my heart.

In vain you bid my passions cease,
And ease my troubled breast;
Your love alone must give me peace,
Restore my wonted rest.

But if I fail your heart to move,
And 'tis not yours to give,
I cannot, will not, cease to love,
But I will cease to live.

FILL UP THE GLASS.

Air—" *Fin ch' an dal Vino.*"—(H. M. Mitre.)

TIME well employing,
New sweets enjoying,
Life never cloying,
Gaily shall pass.

From every care shrinking,
All sorrow and thinking
Chasing by drinking,
Fill up the glass.

Women inviting,
To share our delight in,
Professions inditing,
False vows ever plighting,
Till perfect we're quite in
Gaining a lass.

From sweet to sweet roving,
Fresh joys ever proving,
The pleasures of loving
What joy can surpass.

Early beginning,
Victory winning,
Betwixt wine and women
Let my life pass.

THE SAIL CLINGS LAZILY DOWN THE
MAST.

A BOAT GLEE.

[Translated from the Spanish.]

Air—" *La Barquilla*."—(Lord Nugent.)

GOOD night, love, from over the main, good night,
At this hour so calm and chill;
Though the heart, as the sunbeam, be warm and
light,

It may sink at its parting still.
For the last smile of day fades fast in the sky,
And its last blush is on the sea;
Then take this kiss and the faithful sigh
That wafts it home to thee.

The sail clings lazily down the mast,
And our galley sleeps in the tide,
Like the sea-bird that floats on the dark wave past,
With his broad wing closed to his side.
Then give way, lads, give way, stretch out the oar,
Through the sparkling brine give way,
And to gentle hearts and bright eyes on shore,
Sweet rest till return of day.

Over pathless wastes and through shades of eve,
Our vessel's lone journey lies;
And faint and far o'er the land we leave,
The glimmering twilight dies.
Yet, as pure and as true as the track which she
gives,
In her deep bright wake through the sea,
Is the trace which in faithful memory lives,
And points towards home and thee.

Give way, for the stormy saint's feast is nigh,
And the sun's path draws to the line;
Then pull stout through the calm of this fav'ring
sky,
And we'll moor ere the morning shine.
Then give way to the brave bark, cheerly as strong,
Through the sparkling brine give way;
See, she moves in light and she moves in song,
So speed the return of day.

THE HOAX;

OR, THE RED HERRING HUNT.

(T. Jones.)

'Twas five in the morning, nine lads from the
city,

Who scarcely before had crossed horses' backs,
Set off for the chase all buxom and pretty,
Well mounted, no doubt, on nine old hacks.
A terrier and lurcher was brought by Will Whim-
ble,

Two hounds that were lame by Harry Le Gay;
Thus smartly equipped, these knights of the thim-
ble,

Sat off for the sports of a grand field-day.

SPOKEN.] Imagination labours in vain to de-
scribe the starting of these high-bred youths; it
was fortunate for them, that the early hour of the
morning secured them from interruptions of the
idle and ignorant, for the blood of the animals, and
the fire of the riders, would most likely have ex-
cited the vulgar laugh that speaks the vacant mind.
Of the horses, three were blind, two were lame,
one broken winded, one spavined, and the other
two so nearly worn out by age and fatigue, that
the riders looked better able to carry than they.
Ben Buckram, a buckish blade, was the only one
who mounted spurs, the rowels of which were in-
cautiously struck so unmercifully into the sides of
his Rosinante, that away she flew, and soon dis-
posed of her burden, while the rest, impatient for
the sport, followed the game in view, crying,

Yoicks! yoicks! so ho! tally ho! huzza!

The hounds, they were told, would throw off at
eleven,

So scampered away all as fast as they could,
Ben Buckram had mounted again, and by seven,
Each lad had been decently rolled in the mud.
Tim Twist for a spur, had stuck fast in his heel
A bodkin, to use which he knew the right way;
But his nag when he felt the full force of the steel,
Spoilt his relish for sport on this grand field-day.

SPOKEN.] The poor devil, as lean as a starved
rat, giving a start and a groan, pitched Tim nine
feet, full measure, over his head, and there broke
his fall by breaking his arm and her knee. This
was a dreadful disaster: it stopped the whole party;
they got him to a cottage at some distance, where,
as the song says,

"If you are sick, or in fits tumble down,
You reach death, ere the doctor can reach you
from town."

Bill Buttonhole was despatched to the next village
for a surgeon, but, on the road, Bill threw his stick
at, and knocked down a turkey-cock, who, espying
his scarlet waistcoat, had accosted him in the
usual way, gobble, gobble, gobble, which Bill, in
his haste, took for cobbler, cobbler, cobbler; and,
indignant at this stain upon the cloth, had taken
summary vengeance on the offender. The owner
of the bird soon dismounted the young gallant,
and demanded payment, which our hero not being
able to comply with, his horse was detained as
security, and he was forced to travel on foot. This
delayed time. The doctor, however, at length ar-
rived, and found matters not quite so dangerous as
might have been expected. The charger was re-
deemed, and after Tim had been bled, blistered,
bound up, and put to bed, the rest of the party
started again, with a

Yoicks! yoicks! &c.

The time, by disasters, had thus been delaying,
Till Sol had attained his meridian height:
The hounds caught a scent, which these sportsmen
obeying,
Pursued till they saw the dull shadows of night.
They rode, and they hallooed, without game in
view,
The dogs ran till so tired they lagged by the way;
Each thought he saw something, and each swore
'twas true,
That he relished the sports of this grand field
day.

SPOKEN.] It was truly diverting to hear Ralph
Remnant, and Sam Sagity, who were the orators
of the party, tell the tale to the wonder, delight,
and astonishment of their friends. Ralph had vi-
sited some of the debating societies of London,
and as he had caught a small portion of their fire,
he was reckoned an acute fellow at telling a story.
"Ha! ha! ha!" said Ralph, beginning with a
broad horse laugh, "'Twas glorious sport." "So
it was," cried Sam, with an irresistible lisp, which
increased the laugh of all present. "Yes, yes,"
continued Ralph, "you know we heard the hounds
to the right of the turnpike-gate, and, had it not
been for a flock of sheep that raised a confounded
dust, and kept up a continued ba, ba, ba, we
should have seen them, no doubt. How the horses
pricked up their ears and started with ardour,—
the hounds caught the scent, and away we went,
neck or nothing, with, high over! yoicks! yoicks!
high over! tantivy! ha, ha, ha!" and thus by
the help of a little throwing the hatchet, or what
is termed embellishment, had almost gone so far
as to swear he saw a whole party of the country
gentry in pursuit of sly renard a little a-head;
when an old huntsman, who had hitherto been
silent, assured all present, that no game had been

started,—that no hounds had been out. This waggish old sportsman, having learned their intentions, while they were delayed by poor Tim Twist's disaster, had crossed their road, and traversed a considerable portion of the neighbouring counties, with a red herring at his horse's heels. He, however, assured them, he was glad to find they had been so highly amused, and concluded with an invitation to a future meeting; when, if they would attend him, equally well mounted and equipped, he would show them in reality, what they had only enjoyed in imagination. These nine youths looked blue, and withdrew one by one, while the huntsman endeavoured to cheer up the pack by concluding his account with a view halloo, (*here the view halloo should be introduced,*) and a

Yoicks! yoicks! &c

SOLDIERS KNOW NO SORROW.

(G. Colman.)

BRISKLY beat the hollow drum!
Merry see the soldier come!
Pikes and halberts gleaming;
Colours gaily streaming;
Troll the martial measure:
'Tis the soldier's pleasure—
Briskly beat the drum!

Soldiers know no sorrow;
We're merry men, on English ground, a-ground:
Careless of to-morrow,
We gaily march the country round a-round.

THE WITHERED PRIMROSE.

(W. Holloway.)

SWEET flower! in what secluded dell,
Or lonely brake, on mossy bed,
Where the first buds of April swell,
Didst thou expand thy modest head,
And look abroad, with moistened eyes,
On dewy meads and sunny skies?

Oh! luckless was that rover's hand
That plucked thee from thy parent stem,
And bore thee from that region bland,
To this sad refuge, drear and dim!
Shut up from air and cheerful day,
To breathe thy fragrant life away.

Such Emma was,—the gay, the young,—
So bloomed she in her virgin state,
While to a mother's heart she clung—
So sweet her spring, so short her date!
Snatched from her home, in frailty's hour,
She withered in the spoiler's power!

Alas! for her, who, frail as fair,
Rests on a villain's vows her trust;
Who shall her deep-felt wrongs repair,
Or raise her honour from the dust?
Ah! none:—when virtue's day is o'er,
Like thee, she fades to bloom no more!

A CATALOGUE OF THE GRACES;

OR, LARRY O'COG'S JUMP OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE.

Air—"If you can caper as well as you modulate."

(E. J. B. Box.)

OCH! in Leinster, I had a young crature, my sweetheart,
As buttermilk luscious! a nate fashioned tit,
What, before I left home to drive here in a sea-cart,
Loved me dearly as ever a cat loved her kit!

She was comely and round as a Kilkenny dumpling,

With a skin like a big speckled pratie's hide clear;

Amongst hundreds of others, what loved me—my plumping,

Swate Judy, I reckoned most fair of the fair!

For of black or brown beauty-tints, rosy fat faces,
Ruby-lip, fair-cheek, or tawney-dip dye;
Give me the swate lass with these two charming graces,

A carrot-red head and squint-languishing eye!!

Since I'm here been in England, I plenty can muster

Of swate cratures, what prize me as dear as their lives;

While they hang round my neck, just like bees in a cluster,

All their hearts' honey-hope is to make me their wives!

Sure there's Patty, and Polly, and Lucy, and Lydia,

Nell, Nanny, and Fanny, and merry brown Joan;

Och! and Hetty, and Letty, and Becky, and Bridgy,

With swate tazing to marry, can't let me alone!
But of black or brown beauty-tints, &c.

As in travel from London to Leinster I came here,
Sure *at*che lass I was met in my way overtook
Me, and smiled in my face, (that's what's got up my name here,)

While she turned round behind me my BEAUTY to look!

As I walked through your streets here, at first quite a stranger,

Sure the cratures was stared all the eyes in their head;

'Och!' cried I, to myself, 'Sure there's mighty great danger,

All these darlings for LARRY O'COG will go dead!!'

Yet of black or brown beauty-tints, &c.

But, at last,—I suppose the job's cooked up by nater,—

I jumped out of the FRYING-PAN into the FIRE!

For I married a squinting, fat, red-headed crature,
What, as KITCHEN-COOK, oft let herself out to hire!

And now *took* to my arms, she's still so fond of *basting*,

By the powers, she'd be BASTING me morning and night,

If I wouldn't be give her a small bit of tasting

What shellelagh can do with her notions of fight!'

So for black, brown, or rosy tits, since such the case is,

My wife's *beauty* and *manners* may last till she'll die;

And though with her must die *my two favowrite GRACES*,

Be'to-morrow, by J——, I don't think I'll cry!

I'LL LOVE THEE, SWEET, FOR EVER.

(Bryant.)

WHAT though yon blooms a tender flower,

Shall I despise thee?—never,

Though fortune shines or sorrows pour,

I'll love thee, sweet, for ever.

And if you breathe the bitter sigh,

Or ever think of grief,

My heart would burst—or else 'twould die,

'Till it had brought relief.

Then while I live I'll live to love,
I'll part with thee—oh, never!
For while there is a heaven above,
I'll love thee, sweet, for ever.

//////////

HOMPEREY AND LEMONSUCK.

A DUET.

ZOUNDS, Mr. Homperey, no you hear de knocker going?

Allons to de porte, and see who's dere.

No, Mr. Lemonsuck, though' you look so very knowing,

You may go and open it, I wo'n't, I declare.

Rascal, villaine, beefeater, and vagabone,
Know ven you speak a me, you parlez to a gentilhomme.

Soup meager, frigasee, frog eater, and bag of bone,
Hold your saucy tongue, or else 'tis ten to one
you're sent ill home.

Go to de door, you rascal, don't you hear the knocking,

I'm determined here I'll stand, as still as de stock.

Master and missus, and all the maids will here be flocking,

There they go again, don't you hear the knock.

Mr. Homperey, you must know, sare,

Dat me vill never go, sare,

Me not porteur, no, no, sare;

Me butler, and valet-de-chambre,

Me dress so fine and neat,

Louis-d'ors me have dix-huit.

Mr. Homperey, you must know, sare, &c.

Go to the door, you rascal, don't you hear, &c.

Master and missus, and all the maids, &c.

I'd have you to know, great Mounseer Parlez-vous,

Though not so well paid, I'm as good a man as you,

And that frigasee frogs, and your dainty French stew,

Must bow to the beef of Old England—

Oh! the old English roast beef.

Go to the door, you rascal, don't you hear, &c.

Master and missus, and all the maids, &c.

//////////

THOU WILT NOT BID ME GRIEVE.

(T. W. Kelly.)

THOUGH countless leagues divide us,

And ocean's ills accrue;

Though distance long has tried us,

Yet still our hearts are true!

Shall Time, then, change, or chide us,

That falsehood we pursue?

No, the vows that first allied us

In absence we'll renew.

But years may still roll o'er, love,

Before we meet again;

And Fashion's giddy store, love,

Will yield thee many a swain;

While thousands to adore, love,

Will follow in thy train,

And will the vows they pour, love,

Be always breathed in vain?

Yet, yet I will not doubt thee,

Thy heart could not deceive,

And mine would break without thee,

I live but to believe

That those who sigh about thee
Will ne'er thy faith bereave,
Though Wealth and Grandeur flout thee,
Thou wilt not bid me grieve.

//////////

THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER.

(Male.)

OH, yes! oh, yes! oh, yes!

This grand proclamation

Must go through the nation,

Must meet every ear,

(I mean those of the fair,)

So, sweet lasses, beware,

Of your hearts have care,

But first arrange yourselves in prim array,

This is to give notice—mind what I say—

Whether pretty miss,

Or a witty miss,

Tall miss,

Small miss,

Bold miss,

Old miss,

Leering miss,

Jeering miss,

Winking miss,

Blinking miss,

Prudish miss,

Rudish miss,

Smugly miss,

Ugly miss,

Or the tight miss,

But the right miss,

Is the miss that I want, whether

With a neat little foot that will fit this glass slip-

per,

Oh, yes! oh, yes! oh, yes!

A neat little foot that will fit this glass slipper.

Your hearts examine, pray;

Will not conceit now say,

Though you look so demure,

That you are the miss, sure,

By your leave, then, I'll try,

What, now blushing, oh, fy!

Though I doubt much that you'll blush, when you

say

T' our prince with the parson—love—honour—

obey!

Whether pretty miss,

Or a witty miss, &c.

Our sweet prince is confined,

Much disturbed in his mind;

All his appetite gone,

He cannot lie alone,

And at stake is his life,

All for want of a wife.

That only miss he's determined to wed

To have and to hold at board and at bed;

Whether pretty miss

Or a witty miss,

Tall miss,

Small miss,

Bold miss,

Old miss,

Leering miss,

Jeering miss,

Winking miss,

Blinking miss,

Prudish miss,

Rudish miss,

Smugly miss,

Ugly miss,

Or tight miss,

But the right miss,

Is the miss that he'd have, whether
With a neat little foot that will fit this glass slip-
per,

Oh, yes! oh, yes! oh, yes!

A neat little foot that will fit this glass slipper.

KEEP THOSE TEARS FOR ME.

(T. Moore.)

WHEN 'midst the gay I meet
That blessed smile of thine,
Though still on me it turns most sweet,
I scarce can call it mine
But when to me alone
Your secret tears you show,
O, then I feel those tears my own,
And claim them as they flow.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love thee less,
But keep those tears for me.

The snow on Jura's steep
Can smile with many a beam,
Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,
How bright soe'er it seem;
But when some deep-felt ray,
Whose touch is fire, appears,
Oh, then the smile is warmed away,
And, melting, turns to tears.
Then still with bright, &c.

FALSTAFF'S RAGAMUFFINS.

(Collins.)

FAITH and troth, I'm so shamed of my soldiers,
They shall never beat the march through Coventry;

Zooks! they're the laughing-stock of all be-
holders!

Such a ragamuffin group,

That you'd swear the tattered troop

Were newly dropped, or taken down from Ty-
burn-tree.

So bare and so beggarly, they're mere food for
powder,

Yet they'll fill a pit, as well as better men, d'ye
see;

And their bare bones, I own, of my paunch makes
me prouder,

As, without any ribs,

Four fingers on the ribs,

May prove they never borrowed their bareness
from me.

And then there's no more (I must speak it to my
shame, too)

Than a shirt and a half in my whole company,

And those both were stolen from the last inn they
came to;

But, while there's washerwomen,

They'll never want for linen,

As they'll find enough on ev'ry hedge and tree.

WE'LL GANG TO KIRK AWA'.

(Upton.)

MY Jamie is a bonny boy, a bonny boy is he,
And many miles, o'er fields and stiles, he comes a
wooing me;

And though they say we shanna wed, and make a
mickle din,

The laddie whispers, soft and kind, "Hoot, dinna
care a pin.

Sweet Jenny, leave the prating folk, dad, mither,
bairns, and a',
And let them see we'll married be, and gang to
kirk awa'."

My dad is grown a sour mon, and baits us with his
tongue,

My mither, too, who joins with him, forgets when
she was young;

But let them scold, and let them frown, and churls
they truly be,

I'll bear it all for Jamie's sake, who whispers still
to me,

"Sweet Jenny, leave the prating folk, dad, mither,
bairns, and a',

And let them see we'll married be, we'll gang to
kirk awa'."

My granny's kind, and takes our part, where'er we
are not by,

And Jamie's prayers are joined with mine, she
munna, wiuna die!

For, while we have a friend in her, and kind, in-
deed, is she,

My Jamie's words, like dulcet birds, still whispers
soft to me,

"Sweet Jenny, leave the prating folk, dad, mither,
bairns, and a',

And they shall see we'll married be, and gang to
kirk awa'."

LET MASONS BE MERRY EACH NIGHT
WHEN THEY MEET.

LET masons be merry each night when they meet,
And always each other most lovingly greet;
Let envy and discord be sunk in the deep
By such as are able great secrets to keep;
Let all the world gaze on our arts with surprise,
They're all in the dark till we open their eyes.

Whoever is known to act on the square,
And likewise well skilled in our secrets so rare,
Are always respected, whether wealthy or poor,
And ne'er yet was careless of things that are pure,
Their actions are bright, and their lives spent in
love,

At length we'll be happy in the grand lodge above.

We are brothers to princes and fellows to kings,
Our fame through the world continually rings;
As we lovingly meet, so we lovingly part,
No mason did ever bear malice at heart;
The fool that's conceited we'll never despise,
Let him come to the lodge and we'll make him
more wise.*

The sanctum sanctorum by masons is framed,
And all the fine works which the temple contained,
By Hiram's contrivance, the pride of my song,
The noise of a tool was not heard all along,
And the number of masons that round it did
move,

By him were directed, inspired from above.

I TRAVELLED AMONG UNKNOWN MEN.

(Wandsworth.)

I TRAVELLED among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea,
Nor, England, did I know, till then,
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream,
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time, for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I see.
The joy of my desire,

And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showe I, thy nights concealed
The bowers where Lucy played,
And thine is, too, the last green field
Which Lucy's eyes surveyed.

MY SPIRITS ARE YOUTHFUL AND MELLOW.

COME, fill us a bumper around,
Here's a health to all good-humoured lasses ;
There's nothing on earth to be found
So cheerful as full-brimming glasses :
They make a man gen'rous and bold,
They enliven each jovial fellow ;
You may see, though I'm growing old,
Yet my spirits are youthful and mellow.

Dear woman I love in my soul,
The truth with freedom I tell ye,
Push about the full-flowing bowl,
Here's a health to the good-humoured Nelly :
Dear Nelly's a girl of such mould,
How happy am I when I-squeeze her ;
For, believe me, though I'm growing old,
Yet I'm able and willing to please her.

No neighbour I slander or cheat,
I covet not this, that, or t'other,
If a good humoured fellow I meet,
Why that good-humoured fellow's my brother.
Thus my years without sorrow are told,
Unheeded they glide o'er my folly,
You may see, though I am growing old,
Yet my spirits are youthful and jolly.

No scholar nor pedant am I,
Nor lawyer, nor grave politician ;
The cares of this world I defy
Whilst good humour's my only physician.
Let honours be bartered for gold,
I'll live and I'll die a good fellow ;
Then they'll say, though he was growing old,
Yet his spirits were youthful and mellow.

THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE.

(J. S. Knowles.)

SHE listens—'tis the wind, she cries ;
The moon, that rose so full and bright,
Is now o'ercast ; she looks—she sighs—
She fears 'twill be a stormy night.
Not long was Anna wed ; her mate,
A fisherman, was out at sea ;
The night is dark—the hour is late—
The wind is high—and where is he ?
Oh, who would love—oh, who would wed
A wandering fisherman, to be
A wretched, lonely wife, and dread
Each breath that blows when he's at sea ?
Not long was Anna wed ; one pledge
Of tender love her bosom bore :
The storm comes down—the billows rage—
His father is not yet on shore.
Oh, who would think her portion blest
A wandering seaman's wife to be,
To hug the infant to her breast
Whose father's on the stormy sea ?
The thunder bursts—the lightning falls—
The casement rattles with the rain,
And, as the gusty tempest bawls,
The little cottage quakes again.
Slic doesn't speak—she doesn't sigh,
She gazes on her infant dear,
A smile lights up the cherub's eye,
Which dims its mother's with a tear.

Oh, who would be a seaman's wife ?
Oh, who would be a seaman's child ?
To tremble for her husband's life,
To weep—because her infant smiled !

Ne'er hadst thou borne a seaman's boy—
Ne'er hadst thy husband left the shore—
Thou ne'er hadst felt the frantic joy
To see thy Robin at the door,
To press his weather-beaten cheek,
To kiss it dry and warm again,
To weep the joy thou couldst not speak,
So Pleasure's in the debt of Pain.

Thy cheerful fire, thy plain repast,
Thy little couch of love, I ween,
Were ten times sweeter than the last,
And not a cloud that night was seen.
Oh, happy pair ! the pains you know
Still hand-and-hand with pleasure come,
For often does the tempest blow,
And Robin still is safe at home.

JOLLILY DANCE AND SING.

Air—" *Away with Melancholy!* "—(Moncrieff)

AWAY with fright and quarrel,
Black eye, cracked heads that bring,
Let us attack the barrel,
And jollily, jollily sing
Tol lol.

Let's drink, like hearty fellows,
Our country and our king,
Burn old King Rose's bellows,
And jollily dance, and sing
Tol lol.

A SIGH FOR MY FRIENDS, BUT A TEAR FOR MY LOVE.

(J. W. Collins.)

WHEN distant, my love, from my country and thee,
And far from the friends that now circle the bowl,
Oh ! think not my heart can an instant be free
From thy charms, so deeply engraved on my soul !
No, dearest ! though oceans between us may foam,
Still shall memory's tribute, wherever I rove,
When I think on past, happier hours at home,
Be a sigh for my friends, but a tear for my love !

Oh ! then 'twill me, from some rocky cave,
To view the white billows, as, curling, they pass,
And fancy I trace thy fair form in the wave,
As bright as this instant illumine my glass !
Then madly I'll gaze on the high-swelling main,
And think to my sight my loved country appears,
That I see thee—I fly to embrace thee again,
Till reason dissolves my wild frenzy in tears.

And oft will I stray, by the moon's silv'ry light,
When lilies bloom fresh, from the day's sunny showers,
And softly, and calm, breathes the gale of the night,
As fearing to steal the ripe dew from the flowers :

The strings thy white fingers so often have moved
 Shall pour on the breeze their soft-swelling
 strain,
 And fondly I'll pause o'er the notes we have
 loved,
 To snatch their wild beauty from Echo again.

BARNEY MACLEAN.

OH! here's Barney Maclean keeps the sign of the
 Pot,
 And, arrah, believe me, no very bad lot;
 You'll find a snug cabin, both neat and clean,
 At the Three-legged Pot, kept by Barney Mac-
 lean.
 There's humming old stingo,—'twas brewed in Oc-
 tober,
 My customers praise it, when reeling home, so-
 ber;—
 'Tis drunk by the doctor, the 'squire, and the
 dean;
 Come, taste, and be drinking, with Barney Mac-
 lean.
 Faith, I'll give you a toast,—Here's Ireland, my
 boy;
 Our king, Heaven bless him, and send him much
 joy;
 So good luck for ever to our Erin so green,
 Shall be all drank in bumpers by Barney Mac-
 lean.

So if hungry or thirsty, make haste to the Pot,
 Nor fear I'll be wrong, sirs, in casting the scot;
 No "Tricks upon Travellers" was ever yet seen
 At the Three-legged Pot, kept by Barney Mac-
 lean.

THE VIOLET NURSED IN WOODLAND
 WILD.

A DUET.

(Macnally.)

He.—THE violet nursed in woodland wild,
 Young Zephyr's bride, Spring's first-born
 child,
 Whose vest in heaven's tint is died;
 How fade its beauties on the sight,
 No more its perfume yields delight,
 When the rich rose unfolds its pride.

She.—The feathered tribes, who in the groves,
 With shrills mellifluous, woo their loves,
 As Nature's self inspires the strain;
 Their melting music fails to please,
 Harsh and untuneful are their lays,
 When Philomel awakes the plain.

Both.—The maid endowed with virtue's grace,
 Appears with soul-subduing face,
 And shines in Beauty's sphere supreme;
 Each nymph that won the heart before,
 By her eclipsed, can charm no more,
 And all her sovereign power proclaim.

THE WHEEL OF LIFE.

Air—"Derry down."

THE wheel of our life does so quickly turn round,
 And nothing of certainty in this world is found;
 The midwife wheels us in, and Death wheels us
 out;
 Good lack! good lack! how things are wheeled
 about.

Derry down, &c.

While some few aloft on Fortune's wheel go,
 And, as they mount up high, others tumble te-
 low;
 For in this we all agree, that Fate first did will
 The great wheel of life should never stand still.
 Derry down, &c.

The courtier, he turns to gain private ends,
 Till he's so giddy grown he forgets his old friends;
 Prosperity deceives the ambitious and vain,
 And wheels on so fast it turns them out again.
 Derry down, &c.

While some turn to this, to that, and each in his
 way
 Cheats and scrapes up what can't purchase one
 poor day,
 All this is below the true-hearted and gen'rous
 man,
 Who lives and lets live, to be happy's his plan.
 Derry down, &c.

And thus we're wheeled about in this life's short
 farce,
 Till, at last, we are wheeled off in a rumbling
 hearse;
 The midwife wheels us in, and Death wheels us
 out,
 While thus we poor mortals are ever wheeled
 about.
 Derry down, &c.

A BOAT WAS CALLED FROM SHORE.

(Upton.)

"A BOAT, a boat!" was called from shore,
 Sweet Jenny's breast was burning,
 In hopes to see her love once more,
 From war and seas returning.
 The ship was moored, safe moored, in port,
 Each tar with gladness bounding;
 And Jack, no longer Fortune's sport,
 His Jenny's name was sounding.

"A boat, a boat!" she cried, "to meet
 The one so slowly rowing!"
 But, ere she could the call repeat,
 Her heart with joy was glowing,
 The youth had clasped her to his breast,
 Where she was dearest ever;
 And soon the church their wishes blest,
 To part again—no, never!

THE QUIETUS.

(Dibdin.)

RAIL on at joys that are not thine,
 That thus thou leer'st at envy's brink,
 'Tis not because we drink good wine,
 But 'tis that thou hast none to drink.
 What, though two roads before us lie,
 We on no crooked path shall fall;
 For, that we may not walk awry,
 We'll drink till we can't walk at all.

Thou say'st that wine's the cause of strife;
 That, to the brain when it ascends,
 We quarrel, so do man and wife,
 And then, like them, we're better friends;
 But here thou shalt not have thy will,
 Nor coax good fellows to a brawl,
 Rather than of our friends think ill
 We'll drink till we can't think at all.

Thou call'st the glass a foe to love;
 Why, fool, 'tis Cupid's dearest boast,—
 What fair did celebrated prove,
 Till celebrated as a toast?

But imperfections should there be
That sometimes to their lot may fall,
Rather than faults in ladies see
We'll drink till we can't see at all.

Thou say'st that treason lurks beneath,
And our convivial pleasure sours;
Thou liest, that monster does not breathe
That dares profane a king like ours;
But, our firm loyalty to prove,
And choke thee with thy ranc'rous gall,
Rather than in a faction move,
We'll drink till we can't move at all.

Yet, after all, abuse our joy;
Indulge this cynic spite of thine;
When thou hast said thy worst, old boy,
Thou canst not say we drink bad wine.
We envy no man's pleasures, we,
Still ready at each generous call,
Nay, rather than speak ill of thee,
We'll drink till we can't speak at all.

LIGHTLY AS THE MOMENTS FLY.

A CHORUS.

(Soane.)

O'ER the meadow, o'er the mountain,
By the greenwood, by the fountain,
Where the bee in daylight glows,
Tippling nectar from the rose,
Lightly as the moment's fly,
Trip it, trip it, merrily.

Where a thousand, thousand flowers
Fling around their od'rous showers,
Where the purple violets blow,
Where the golden cowslips grow,
Lightly, &c.

FROST FAIR;

OR, A LARK UPON THE THAMES.

THE frost was very hard, and the coals were very dear,
The days were very short, and the nights were very queer,
The cattle, male and female, all were playing slipper games,
When Johnny Bull set off to have a lark upon the Thames.

SPOKEN, *in different voices.*] O! ma'am, impossible; you can't pass here without handing over the brads, you must *tip!* Tip, sir, what d'ye mean?—Mean, why *pay* to be sure. Indeed, I did not imagine our language was capable of so much improvement.—There, ma'am, keep to the left, and then to the right, then straight forward, and follow your nose, or else you may slip in.—Here's my cock up, a halfpenny a throw.—Here's my cock up, three throws a penny.—Come, come, no opposition, that's what I call *smashing*; for this is the most wonderful wonder, this here paper was printed on the Thames, in February, 1814, and only a penny a piece!

To tumble down, crack your crown,
Hodges' gin, pray walk in,
I've had a slip, and broke my hip,
O what a rig, I've lost my wig,
Odsbobs, how my wife will stare O!
When I tell her of my loss,
Oh! she'll be monstrous cross,
But 'twas all on the Thames so rare O!

The women all were mad to go and see the fun,
And with their husbands' linen to the popshop
they did run;

So Mr. Two-to-one filled up his ticket with the names,
And all the ladies went to have a lark upon the Thames.

SPOKEN, *in different voices.*] I say, Dick, lend us a hand, here's a voman and a young un fell in this here hole here.—Vell, ma'am, how d'ye like it? I hope you are not vet.—O! I am drowned to a dead certainty.—Hot! hot! hot! all a penny a slice!—Let me have two slices and a half, sir, that will be twopence-halfpenny.—Can't make half a slice, my dear, if I was to do that, I should

Tumble down, &c.

At reason and good argument the ladies all are clever,
So to keep the fun alive they wish the frost may last for ever;
And what care I, says Sukey, should the house be all in flames,
If I can only run and have a lark upon the Thames.

SPOKEN, *in different voices.*] There, be a good girl, Sally, and put on a clean pin-a-fore, and you shall go on the ice to-morrow—it mayn't freeze again, and then you wo'n't have another opportunity! La! pa, don't it always freeze in frosty weather? There's a sensible girl, Mr. Soapsuds, only sixteen the thirty-second of next month, and knows every letter in the alphabet except the W. Here is a full, true, and most affecting, and most cutting account of all the ladies and gem'men who was drowned on the Thames this here hard frost, and the names of all those who have

Tumble down, &c.

To prevent all disappointment, and to do away all fear,

A fair upon the river will be kept up once a year,
Where Sam and Dick, and Jack and Bill, and all such pretty names,
With Sall and Moll, and Peg and Poll, may lark upon the Thames.

SPOKEN.] O, yes! O, yes! O, yes! this is to give notice, that a premium will be paid to the man or woman who brings the first waggon-load of ice towards freezing the Thames, at the beginning of January, 1826, where all persons are desired to assemble, to

Tumble down, &c.

OH! SAY NOT THAT MY HEART IS DEAD

(L. E. L.)

Oh! say not that my heart is dead,
For that my lip has learned
A lesson from the lapse of time,
Which it would once have spurned.

I must live with the false, the cold,
And I must seem like them;
And thought and feeling wear the mask,
That yet they most condemn.

Oh! say not that my words are false;
They may not dare be true:
What am I, that I should forsake
The path which all pursue?

'Tis sad to see how all around,
To gilded idols kneel;
And strive to be like one of those
Who cannot think or feel.

Alas! alas! to pass in peace
Through a world so chill, so lone,
The throbbing pulses should be steel,
And the heart should be of stone.

THERE'S NO SUCH JOY AS SCOLDING.

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

The instant that I ope my eyes,
Adieu all day to silence ;
Before my neighbours they can rise,
They hear my tongue a mile hence.
When at the board I take my seat,
'Tis one continued riot ;
I eat and scold, and scold and eat,
My clack is ne'er at quiet.

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold,
I ever am complaining ;
Too fresh, too stale, too young, too old,
Each guest at table paining :
Let it be fowl, or fish, or flesh,
Though of my own providing,
I still find fault with ev'ry dish,
Still ev'ry servant chiding.

But when I go to bed at night,
I surely fall a weeping ;
For then I lose my great delight,
How can I scold for sleeping ?
But this my pain doth mitigate,
And soon disperses sorrow, —
Although to-night it be too late,
I'll pay it off to-morrow

YE SONS OF PHILANTHROPY, BROTHERS OF CHARITY.

(Hatt.)

YE sons of philanthropy, brothers of charity,
Yours be the praise now of angels above ;
The widow, the orphan, ye know no disparity,
All, all share your bounty and brotherly love.
When sickness bows down both the meek and the poor,
Like men ye relieve, and like men ye redress ;
To the wretched ye ope hospitality's door,
While your deeds are enrolled in the hearts that ye bless.

May ye prosper and flourish, till time it shall end,
And the heaven-born work be the last that shall fall ;
Whilst the compass that guides on each brother and friend,
Shows the heart which it points to,—humanity's call ;
May harmony, love tune each chord, and the soul
Be the map where philanthropy's boon is engraven :
May discord nor strife never reign with control,
And your last lodge of all—be the grand lodge of heaven.

TACK AND HALF TACK.

(Dibdin.)

THE Yarmouth-roads are right a-head,
The crew with ardour burning,
Jack sings out, as he heaves the lead,
On tack and half tack turning,
By the dip eleven !
Lashed in the chains, the line he coils,
Then round his head 'tis swinging ;
And thus to make the land he toils,
In numbers quaintly singing,
By the mark seven !

And now, lest we run bump ashore,
He heaves the lead, and sings once more,
Quarter less four !
About ship, lads ; tumble up there ; can't you see.
Stand by, well, hark ! hark ! helm's a lee.
Here she comes up, tacks and sheets, haul, main-sail haul,
Haul of all.

And as the long-lost shore they view,
Exulting, shout the happy crew :
Each sing, as the sail he furls,
Hey, for the fiddles and the girls.

The next tack we run out to sea,
Old England scarce appearing ;
Again we tack, and Jack, with glee,
Sings out, as land we're nearing,
By the dip eleven !

And as they name some beauty dear,
To tars of bliss the summit,
Jack joins the jest, the jibe, the jeer,
And heaves the ponderous plummet,
By the mark seven !
And now while dangerous breakers roar,
Jack cries, lest we run bump ashore,
Quarter less four !

About ship, lads ; tumble up, &c.

Thus tars at sea, like swabs at home,
By tack and tack are biassed ;
The furthest way about we roam
To bring us home the nighest,
By the dip eleven !

For one tack more, and 'fore the wind,
Shall we in a few glasses,
Now make the land, both true and kind,
To find our friends and lasses :
By the mark seven !

Then heave the lead, my lad, once more,
Soon shall we gaily tread the shore,
And a half four !

About ship, lads ; tumble up, &c.

WHILE THE BLUSHES OF MORNING.

Air—" *The thatched Cottage.*"

WHILE the blushes of morning fall soft o'er the dale,
And zephyrs disturb the wild bee from his sleep ;
I rise from my neat little cot in the vale,
When around the small lattice the moss roses creep.
And as I am straying the fresh flowery green,
Where dew-drops are shining beneath the sun's beam,
How sweet to reflect, with a conscience serene,
Unpolluted and tranquil, like yon flowing stream.

Thus, when I behold a sharp rancorous thorn,
Amid the sun's glow all its venom'd leaves spread,
I think how the bosom might often be torn,
Where the sunshine of pleasure is smilingly shed.
And the wild rose of June 'midst the hawthorn wove,
So invitingly blushing 'mid thorns that infest,
Is like to a beautiful object of love,
That invites—but to wound the susceptible breast.

Yon tow'ring oak, with soft ivy entwined,
Whose green shining buds in its shelter came forth ;
How simple, yet true it brings home to the mind,
The beauties of friendship so rare upon earth.

And the dew that at night on the sharp thorn
streams

Is like to the tears of the love-wounded breast ;
And the dew that at morn on the blushing rose
beams

Is like the sweet passionate tears of the blest !

FILL FROM THE BOWL. EACH JOVIAL
SOUL.

Air—" *Push about the Jorum.*"—(O'Brien.)

FILL from the bowl, each jovial soul,
Ne'er from its joys keep shrinking ;
Your spouse may scour, fret, sneer, or scowl,
They'll think you wise when blinking.

Fill your glasses to the brim,
And toast your friends and lasses ;
Here's to them, and three times him,
Who catered first for glasses.
Fill your glasses, &c.

It is not midnight yet, my boys,
The cock will give us warning ;
Ne'er flinch your glass, but fill and pass,
Till Phœbus dawns the morning.
Fill your glasses, &c.

The dawn appears, we will away,
And homeward stagger, wise in :
Then with our spouses fondly play,
And hinder them from rising.
Fill your glasses, &c.

Some future eve we'll meet again,
Through friendship and enjoyment,
And concord shall for ever reign,
It sweetens each employment.
Fill your glasses, &c.

Then let's enjoy this life awhile,
And still so happy spend it ;
The glass and song our time beguile,
And may kind fortune end it.
Fill your glasses, &c.

HAST THOU ESCAPED THE CANNON'S
IRE.

(Miss Seward.)

HAST thou escaped the cannon's ire,
Loud thundering o'er the troubled main ;
Hast thou escaped the fever's fire,
That burnt so fierce on India's plain !
Then, William, then I can resign,
With scarce one sigh, the blooming grace
Which in thy form was wont to shine,
Which made so bright thy youthful face.

That face grows wan by sultry clime,
By watching, dim those radiant eyes,
But valour gilds the wrecks of time,
Though youth decays, though beauty flies,
An honest heart is all to me,
Nor soil nor time makes that look old,
And dearer shall the jewel be
Than youth or beauty, fame or gold.

JEM VEST AND MRS. VATTS, OF VIND-
MILL-STREET.

JEM VEST, a tailor, spruce and neat,
Right fol de riddle lol de la,
Loved Mrs. Vatts, of Vindmill-street,
Right fol, &c.
Mrs. Vatts was crooked, had one eye,

While Jem's humped back stood all awry,
One six foot, t'other three foot high,
Right fol, &c.

At making love he was no fool,
Right fol, &c.
He brought with him a three-legged stool ;
Right fol, &c.

Cried Jem, because you sha'n't stoop down,
I'll get on this ; but, with a frown
'Stead of a kiss, she cracked his crown,
Right fol, &c.

He cast at her a voful leer,
Right fol, &c.
Cried he, you've broke my heart, my dear,
Right fol, &c.
Poor Vatts, you've cause to curse your luck,
Ven to his heart his bodkin stuck ;
Cried she, you've done it now, my buck !
Right fol, &c.

Now, every night, when tailors meet,
Right fol, &c.
At the Cauliflower, in Vindmill-street,
Right fol, &c.
His ghost appears, and, with a rhine,
Cries, think of Vest, who, in his prime,
Vos got by love into a *lune*.
Right fol, &c.

WHEN ERIN ROSE AT JOVE'S COMMAND.

(S. Fraser.)

WHEN Erin rose at Jove's command,
The gods combined to bless her,
And wondering at the gifted land,
They cried, who shall possess her ?
Jove, with a smile, exclaimed, the isle
Is worth my own reserving ;
But though the throne eclipsed my own,
'Tis his the most deserving.
'Then, sire,' cried Mars, ' the throne is mine,
For when the battle calls 'em,
Her sons conduct my foremost line,
Nor death itself appals 'em.'
Cried Love, ' No, no, she's mine, I'll show,
My arrows long have bought her,
The bravest heart yields to my dart,
When shot by Erin's daughter.'
' She's thine,' cried Jove. ' No, no,' cried Truth,
Nor Love, nor Valour wins her,
I rule the heart of every youth,
And every maiden in her.'
' Go, go,' cried Jove, ' Truth, Valour, Love,
Though worthy of her either,
I'll not divide sweet Erin's pride,
Possess the throne together.'

POOR LUDDY.

(T. Dibdin.)

As I was walking down the Strand,
Luddy, Luddy,
Ah, poor Luddy, I. O.
As I was walking down the Strand,
The traps they nabbed me out of hand,
Luddy, Luddy,
Ah, poor Luddy, I. O.
As I was walking, &c.

Said I, kind justice, pardon me,
Luddy, Luddy,
Ah, poor Luddy, I. O.
Said I, kind justice pardon me,
Or Botany-Bay I soon shall see,
Luddy, Luddy,
Ah, poor Luddy, I. O.
Said I, kind justice, &c.

Sessions and 'sises are drawing nigh,
 Luddy, Luddy,
 Ah, poor Luddy, I. O.
 Sessions and 'sises are drawing nigh,
 I'd rather you was hung than I,
 Luddy, Luddy,
 Ah, poor Luddy, I. O.
 Sessions and sises, &c.



I THINK OF THEE—I THINK OF THEE.

I THINK of thee—I think of thee,
 And all that thou hast borne for me;
 In hours of gloom, or heartless glee,
 I think of thee—I think of thee.

When fiercest rage the storms of Fate,
 And all around is desolate,
 I pour on life's tempestuous sea
 The oil of peace, with thoughts of thee.

When Fortune frowns, and Hope deceives me,
 And summer friendship veers and leaves me,
 A Timon—from the world I flee,
 My wreck of wealth—sweet dreams of thee.

Or if I join the careless crowd,
 Where Laughter peals, and Mirth grows loud;
 Even in my hours of revelry,
 I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee—I think and sigh,
 O'er blighted years, and bliss gone by!
 And mourn the stern, severe decree
 That hath but left me—thoughts of thee.

In youth's gay hours, 'mid Pleasure's bowers,
 When all was sunshine, mirth, and flowers,
 We met—I bent th' adoring knee,
 And told a tender tale to thee.

'Twas summer's eve—the heavens above—
 Earth—ocean—air—were full of love;
 Nature around kept jubilee,
 When first I breathed that tale to thee.

The crystal clouds that hung on high
 Were blue as thy delicious eye!
 The stirless shore, and sleeping sea,
 Seemed emblems of repose and thee.

I spoke of hope—I spoke of fear,—
 Thy answer was a blush and tear;
 But this was eloquence to me,
 And more than I had asked of thee.

I looked into thy dewy eye,
 And echoed thy half-stifled sigh;
 I clasped thy hand, and vowed to be
 The soul of love and truth to thee.

The scene and hour are past; yet still
 Remains a deep, impassioned thrill;
 A sunset glow on memory,
 Which kindles at a thought of thee.

We loved—how wildly and how well,
 'Twere worse than idle now to tell!
 From love and life alike thou'rt free,
 And I am left to think of thee.

Though years, long years, have darkly sped
 Since thou wert numbered with the dead,
 In fancy oft thy form I see,
 In dreams, at least, I'm still with thee.

Thy beauty, helplessness, and youth,
 Thy hapless fate, untiring truth,
 Are spells that often touch the key
 Of sweet, but mournful, thoughts of thee.

The bitter frown of friends estranged;
 The chilling straits of fortune changed;
 All this, and more, thou'st borne for me,
 Then how can I be false to thee?

I never will—I'll think of thee
 Till fades the power of memory;
 In weal or wo, in gloom or glee,
 I'll think of thee—I'll think of thee.



JOHN, JOHN, GO AND SADDLE MY STEED.

JOHN, John, go and saddle my steed,
 Betty, Betty, run up to my wife;
 What! me stay at home! O, indeed,
 I'd rather now give up my life!
 Sure, though Pleasure smiles on us at home,
 And our wife every comfort may yield,
 Still give me the gay lads that will roam
 Away to the sports of the field.

The devil! she's blowing me up,
 Gad! I never can bear a set down,
 So now for a good stirrup cup,
 Then tell her the bird he has flown!
 For, whenever my old woman scolds,
 Her tongue she so clever can wield,
 My heart wanders until it beholds
 Some ease in the sports of the field.



FAREWELL, MERRY MAIDENS.

(Sir Walter Scott.)

FAREWELL, merry maidens, to dance, song, and
 laugh,
 For the brave lads of Wistra are bound to the
 Haaf;
 And we must have labour, and hunger, and pain,
 Ere we dance with the maids of Dunrossness
 again.

For now, in our trim boats of Norway deal,
 We must dance on the waves, with the porpoise
 and seal;
 The breeze it shall pipe, so it pipe not too high,
 And the gull be our songstress, whenc'er she flits
 by.

Sing on, brave bird, while we follow like thee,
 By bank, shoal, and quicksand, the swarms, of
 the sea,
 And when twenty score fishes are straining my
 line,
 Sing louder, brave bird, for the spoils shall be
 thine.

We'll sing while we bait, and we'll sing while we
 haul,
 For the deeps of the Haaf have enough for us
 all:—
 There is toisk for the gentle, and skeite for the
 carle,
 And there's wealth for bold Magnus, the son of
 the Earl.

Huzza! my brave comrades! give way for the
 Haaf,
 We shall sooner come back to the dance and the
 laugh;
 For life without mirth, is a lamp without oil;
 Then mirth and long life to the bold Magnus
 Treil.





RC

Judy's so constant, I'll never forsake her;
She's as true as the moon, only, one afternoon,
I caught her asleep with a hump-backed shoemaker.

LOONEY MACTWOLTER.

(G. Colman.)

OH, whack! Cupid's a mannikin;
Smack on my heart he hit me a polter.
Good lack! Judy O'Flannikin!
Dearly she loves *nate* Looney Mactwolter.
Judy's a darling, my kisses she suffers;
She's an heiress, that's clear,
For her father sells beer;
He keeps the sign of the Cow and the Snuffers.
She's so smart,
From my heart
I cannot bolt her.
Oh, whack! Judy O'Flannikin!
She is the girl for Looney Mactwolter.
Oh, whack, &c.

Oh, *hone!* good news I need a bit;
We'd correspond, but *larning* would choke her.
Mavrone! I can't read a bit;
Judy can not tell a pen from a *poker*.
Judy's so constant, I'll never forsake her;
She's as true as the moon—
Only, one afternoon,
I caught her asleep with a hump-backed shoe-
maker.
Oh, she's so smart, &c.

LOVE'S WEALTH.

(Alaric A. Watts.)

WELL, what if Fortune frown, love,
Heed not her fickle ray,
There are joys our hopes will crown, love,
That cannot thus decay!
Talk not of gems and gold, love;
What are gold and gems to me,
Whilst my shrining arms enfold, love,
A prize—a prize like thee?

The wealth for which I pant, love
Is a heart, a form like thine;
The only gems I want, love,
May soon, may soon be mine!
The diamonds of thine eyes, love,
All brilliants else eclipse,
And no other gems I prize, love,
Save the rubies of thy lips.

Then, I prithee, no delay, love,
Lest Hope fall sick the while;
Let's tie the knot to-day, love,
Nor wait for Fortune's smile;
The heavens are blue and bright, love,
Our hearts and hopes are gay;
Then a fig for Fortune's spite, love,
We'll tie the knot to-day.

TOBY LAYEMDOWN.

Air—"Bow, wow, wow."

YOU may, perhaps, a question ask, what I'm
about to sing, sir,
So, not to keep you in suspense, I'll on the table
bring, sir,
The tale of tales which I shall chant of tittering
Toby's story,
Who was of Taunton village town each toper's
theme and glory.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Old Layemdown, our parish-clerk, and undertaker,
too, sir,
Our sexton-man, and carpenter, eclipsed in trade
by few, sir;
The merry soul, with spirits good, of joke and
mirth the toast, sir,
His tittering chops, and crack-face jests, over all
would rule the roast, sir.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

This cheerful wag one day, as oft his little hat he courted,
 And, like a child, of sense bereft, on him his mates they sported;
 Too drunk to stand, they bore him home, and a coffin-subject made him;
 Then straight repaired to the church-yard, and in a grave they laid him.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Next morning, loud the hue and cry throughout the village ran, sir,
 The coffin it was wanted home for farmer Giles's sou, sir;
 No Toby Layemdown was seen, nor nowhere could be found, sir,
 Till Parson Paunch in church-yard went, and found him under ground, sir.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Awhile the parson gazed so wild, his eyes would scarce believe, sir,
 That what he saw was flesh and blood, yet, his doubts for to relieve, sir,
 'Mid all his fears, he called aloud,—Friend Toby, Toby, hey man,
 When he arose, and to the parson loudly bawled out, amen!

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Why, man, the parson to him said, what have you here been doing?
 Why, sir, says Toby, looking round, my head, sure, 's been a brewing;
 By faith, I am in Timmy's box, aye, and his grave, I swear, sir,
 Why, how the dickens came I here, it's strange I do declare, sir.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The story round was quickly spread, and folks began to peep in,
 With neighbour, how didst like thy bed, in church-yard ground to sleep in;
 But he their taunts returned with smiles, for nothing care can smother,
 And resurrection Toby's called a worthy friend and brother.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

YOUNG LOVE.

(T. W. Kelly.)

YOUNG Love once on a winter's day,
 When thick the snow fell on the ground,
 Was wandering lone, as legends say,
 Yet no where shelter found:
 His path lay through a gloomy wood,
 But stripped was ev'ry shelt'ring tree!
 The wild wind's rage the boy withstood,
 'Till, ah! a corse lay he!
 And the urchin's last bequeath,—
 Dark hemlock, in a rosy wreath.

COMICAL LUNNUN;

OR, WIT AND MANNERS.

Air—"Gee, oh, Dobbin."—(Beuler.)

To learn wit and manners I came up to town,
 And, thinks I to myself, when at inn I set down,
 As gents, with white napkins, kept bowing to me,
 La! how witty and civil all cockney folks be!

Hey for Lunnun,
 O, rare Lunnun!

Surely Lunnun's a comical place.

In best clothes out I went, early next day,
 When sweep ran against me, and then ran away;
 "I don't wonder that you look so black," said a wag,
 "For I see that young sweepy has gi'en you the bag."

Hey for Lunnun, &c.

Soon after, a maid, who was washing a door,
 With a pail of foul water did sluice me all o'er;
 In a pet I turned round, when the impudent slut
 Said, "Ne'er mind, my dear sir, it will wash off the soot."

Hey for Lunnun, &c.

I walked through the streets till I got pretty dry,
 Then went into coffee-house, breakfast to buy;
 I asked landlord to serve me out some, when, said he,
 "You've been sarved out already, by what I can see."

Hey for Lunnun, &c.

I now saw crowd running, and questioned a man,
 To tell me for why they so eagerly ran;
 "Lord! don't you know?—my dear boy, push along,
 It's to see the poor fellows just going to be hung."

Hey for Lunnun, &c.

I went, and saw 'mongst them a youth in his teens,
 And they told me the lad had been passing of screens;
 "Passing of screens!—What, is that against law?"
 "Phoo! unrighteous flimsies, you spoon, Johnny Raw?"

Hey for Lunnun, &c.

Now, as the young rogue did swing on the noose,
 In midst of the people, he kicked off his shoes;
 "The chicken dies game," said they, but I thought it a shame
 Of a man who was dying to be making game.

Hey for Lunnun, &c.

"Remember the sweep-cross," said politely a lad,
 I told him I would, but no halfpence I had;
 He thanked me all the same,—but this urchin, by gole!
 Bemired my clothes, and my handkerchief stole.

Hey for Lunnun, &c.

I now saw a man in fine gold-laced red coat,
 And inquired if he were not some soldier of note;
 "A soldier!" cried one, and he stared like a ghost,
 "Lauk! don't you know?—that is General Post!"

Hey for Lunnun, &c.

Two big men, who bore kind of watch-box on poles,
 Pushed me flat in a fish-woman's basket of soles;
 Saying, "Make way for my lord, you great clod-hopping ox;"
 A lord! thinks I, he looks more like a Jack in the box.

Hey for Lunnun, &c.

Young lady, at playhouse, with down tippet and muff,
 Dropped down, and folk said, she'd a drop more than enough;
 So, said I, "Miss, like your tippet, now you're down, too;"
 She replied, "Hold your mouth, or I'll tip it to you."

Hey for Lunnun, &c.

She rose up, and squaring, with a great deal of
grace,
Said she was up to scratch, and she wou'd paint
my face;
I thought't best to run, and now Lunnun I'll
quit,
For I've learnt quite enough of its manners and
wit.

Hey for Lunnun, &c.

POOR ORRA, TINK OF YANKO DEAR.

(Dibdin.)

POOR Orra, tink of Yanko dear,
Do he be gone for ever!
For he no dead, he still live here,
And he from heart go never;
Like on a saud, me mark him face,
De wave come roll him over,
De mark him go, but still de place
'Tis easy to discover.

I see fore now, de tree, de flower,
He droop like Orra surely;
And den by'm by, dere come a shower,
He hold him head up purely;
And so, some time, me tink me die,
My heart so sick he grieve me;
But in a lilly time me cry
Good deal, and that relieve me.

SEE HOW THE CALMLY SWELLING
SEAS.

(Hickie.)

SEE how the calmly swelling seas
The shore with fond embraces court,
But quick, with every passing breeze,
Flies from his kiss in wanton sport.
Thus, woman, thus, with syren smiles,—
Too killing fair, too cruel pleasing,—
Some fond, unconscious heart beguiles,
Delighted most, when mostly teasing.

YEST'RE'EN I MET HER ON THE MOOR.

YEST'RE'EN I met her on the moor,
A sonsie lass, I ween,
Her cheeks were flushed wi' crimson o'er,
An' loe beamed in her een.
Sae soft, sae sweet her lovely mou,
'Twad shame the gowan flower;
An' arched was her bonnie brow,
Beyond the pencil's power.

'Twas melody itself to hear
The words fa' fra her tongue,
That angels in their azure sphere
Wi' list'ning rapture hung.

I glowed to be some happy swain,
Alane by the burn side,
An' Mary, who, on ilka plain,
Sae meet an' fair a bride.

DANCING, FIDDLING, AND FUDDLING.

(C. Dibdin.)

IN Italy born, among the lazaroni,
The first thing I learnt was to make de macaroni,
Indeed, I'm not romancing;

For diversion, I learnt next to draw the fiddle-
bow,

When a tarantula spider bit me by the toe,
And forced me to have a touch at dancing
Dancing! yes, dancing! ta ral, ia la',

As I had a fine voice, could squall and could
roar-a,

I began to learn to sing of an opera signora,
And made a progress pretty middling;

When, as ill-luck would have it, a mad fiddler,
by-the-by,

He bit me by the elbow, and from that moment I
Was stark staring mad for fiddling.

Fiddling! yes, fiddling! &c.

Then to England I went to a general election,
When politics and porter are both in high perfe:
tion,

And most folks their heads are muddling,
"Free and Easy" was the word, so I joined the
merry throng,

But my politics were weak, while the porter was
so strong,

I fell into a knack of fuddling!

Fuddling, yes, fuddling! &c

GADZOOKS! MY DEAR BOY, THEY'RE A
HUNTING TO DAY.

GADZOOKS, my dear boy, they're a hunting to
day,

The birds are awakened in meadow and spray,
Then why should we linger?—'tis Pleasure who
knocks,

So e'en let us join in the chase of the fox.

Humanity, pshaw! ask the poor cock, and then
You'll find was the rascal humane to his hen,
He has thrown on his back her poor carcass to box:
No, no, it wo'n't do; and we'll hunt master fox.

He's a sneak, for he only appears in the night,
To take off our geese and our poultry outright,
And so, for their sake, you're the cause of the
shocks;

Come, let us away to your death, master fox.

LOVE IN THE BUILDINGS.

Air—"Ballinamona ora."

IN London once dwelt, near the end of Cheapside,
Miss Paul—a great beauty, it can't be denied;
So lofty her air was—her steps full of grace,
And all Ludgate-hill owned she'd a very fine face;

'Tis true that her temper was failing,
She never appeared without railing,
Though 'twas irony all, there's no veiling
That quite stony-hearted was she.

Of course, many suitors Love's doom came to meet:
First, hopping on one leg along Watling-street,
The Monument sought his affection to show,
But she soon sent him back by the way of Buage-
row;

"For carrotty locks," says she, "rot 'em,
I hate any one that has got 'em,
And I know you are base at the bottom—
No Billingsgate hero for me."

Next the Royal Exchange, after washing his face,
Came, and thought of displaying a very clear case,
He boasted his wealth, and the kings that he
knew,

And of old Gresham's lectures he read her a few;
But, says she, "You are past all endurance,
By your fool's cap and bells you're a poor dunce,
Though your face is a badge of assurance,
No fire it enkindles in me."

Then Newgate stepped up, with a visage of glee,
He shook his *rough locks*, and thus spoke, in loud
key,

“ *Try me*, and, *transported*, I'll hang on thy
charms,

Then, bind me, dear nymph, in Love's *fetters*—
thy arms!”

But the dear nymph exclaimed, “ You may
hop, too,

You're a thieves' entertainer and prop too,
And 'tis known that you oft have a *drop* too,
So make no *dying speeches* to me.”

Spruce Waterloo-Bridge came, with many *arch*
leers,

But his way she disliked, though supported by
piers,

And Somerset-House, by refusal confounded,
Though, it must be allowed, he had claims *deeply*
grounded;

The Chancery's *suit* she rejected,
On Temple-Bar's *gate* much reflected,
And Guildhall's *corporation* objected,
Such a big-bellied monster was he.

The Mint of his passion made ample confession,
But his *coin* wouldn't *pass*, and he *worked* no *im-*
pression;

While the Trinity-House thought to baffle all
others,

But his prospects were poor, for he had *elder bro-*
thers.

Surgeons' College appeared rather scabby,
The Inns of Court, *courting*, looked shabby,
Too aged was Westminster-Abbey,
And the Admiralty *quite at sea*.

The Tower made love, but she *smoked* his *report*,
And spruce Carlton-Palace in vain came to *court* :
London-Bridge was so noisy, the Bank so un-
steady,

And the Foundling had too many children already.
Doctors' Commons could not find her *willing*,
The Horse-Guards she thought far from *killing*,
And the Treasury not worth a shilling,
So still quite *unmatched* remains she.

~~~~~

### THE SAILOR'S WELCOME HOME FROM SEA.

(Pocock.)

OUR ship in port, our anchor cast,  
The tempest hushed, and calm the main,  
We little think of dangers past,  
Nor those that we may meet again.

But, while the cheerful can goes round,  
In every draught is pleasure found,  
For then we drink, and drink with glee,  
The sailor's welcome home from sea.

Though hard our toil, our peril great,  
Our hours of ease but short and few,  
We never murmur at our fate,  
But each fond moment past renew.

And, while the cheerful can, &c.

~~~~~

OH, ERIN, MY COUNTRY, ALTHOUGH THY HARP SLUMBERS.

(T. Moore.)

OH, Erin, my country, although thy harp slum-
bers,
And lies in oblivion in Tara's old hall,
With scarce one kind hand to awaken its numbers,
Or sound a lone dirge to the son of Pingall ;
The trophies of warfare may hang there neglected,
For dead are the warriors to whom they were
known,

But the harp of Old Erin will still be respected
While there lives but one bard to enliven its
tone.

Oh, Erin, my country, I love thy green bowers,
No music to me like thy murmuring rill,
Thy Shamrock to me is the fairest of flowers,
And nought is more dear than thy daisy-clad
hill.

Thy caves, whether used by thy warriors or sages,
Are still sacred held in each Irishman's heart,
And thy ivy-crowned turrets, the pride of past
ages,

Though mould'ring in ruins, does grandeur im-
part.

Britannia may vaunt of her lion and armour,
And glory when she her old wooden walls views,
Caledonia may boast in her pibroch and claymore,
And pride in her philabeg, kilt, and her hose ;
But where is the nation to rival Old Erin,
Or where is the country such heroes can boast ?
In battle they're brave as the tiger or lion,
And bold as the eagle that flies round the coast.

The breezes oft shake both the rose and the thistle,
While Erin's green shamrock lies hushed in the
dale,

In safety it rests while the stormy winds whistle,
And grows undisturbed 'midst the moss in the
vale ;

Then, hail ! fairest island in Neptune's old ocean,
Thou land of St. Patrick, my parents, agra !
Cold, cold must the heart be, and void of emotion,
That loves not the music of Erin-go-Bragh !

~~~~~

### LAST NIGHT THE RATTLES WERE SPRUNG.

Air—“ *Nobody coming to marry me.*”

(I. R. Planche.)

LAST night the rattles were sprung,  
I threw up the window to see ;  
Somebody for help loudly sung,  
But nobody came to me :  
And it's oh ! dear, what can the matter be ?  
Oh, dear ! what shall I do ?

There's nobody coming to marry me,  
Nobody coming to woo !

A handsome young man it turned out,  
In the Spanish costume dressed so fine,  
Was the cause of the terrible rout,  
Overtaken a little by wine.

And it's oh, dear ! &c.

To the watch-house they bore him, good lack,  
And here ends my sorrowful tale ;  
Oh ! had I a house to my back,  
How gladly would I be his bail.

And it's oh, dear ! &c.

~~~~~

COME, ARE YOU PREPARED, YOUR SCAFFOLD WELL REARED ?

Air—“ *The entered Apprentice.*”

COME, are you prepared,
Your scaffold well reared,
Bring mortar and temper it purely ;
'Tis all safe, I hope,
Well braced with each rope,
Your ledgers and putlocks securely.

Then next your bricks bring,
It is time to begin,
For the sun with its rays is adorning ;
The day's fair and clear,
No rain you need fear,
'Tis a charming and lovely fine morning.

Pray, where are your tools,
Your line and plumb rules?
Each man to his work let him stand, boys;
Work solid and sure,
Upright and secure,
And your building, be sure, will be strong,
boys.

Pray make no mistake,
But true your joints break,
And take care that you follow your leaders;
Work, rake, back, and tooth,
And make your work smooth,
And be sure that you fill up your maders.

//////

SATURDAY NIGHT;

OR, PUSH THE GROG ABOUT.

(Dibdin.)

'Twas Saturday night, the twinkling stars
Shone o'er the rippling sea,
No duty called the jovial tars,
The helm was lashed a-lee;
The ample can adorned the board,
Prepared to see it out,
Each gave the lass that he adored,
And pushed the grog about.

Cried honest Tom, my Peg I'll toast,
A frigate neat and trim,
All jolly Portsmouth's favourite boast;
I'd venture life and limb,
Sail seven long years, and ne'er see land,
With dauntless heart and stout,
So tight a vessel to command,
Then push the grog about.

I'll give, cried little Jack, my Poll,
Sailing in comely state,
Top ga'n'tsails set, she is so tall,
She looks like a first-rate.
Ah, would she take her Jack in tow,
A voyage for life throughout,
No better birth I'd wish to know,
Then push the grog about.

I'll give, cried I, my charming Nan,
Trim, handsome, neat, and tight,
What joy so fine a ship to man;
She is my heart's delight!
So well she bears the storms of life,
I'd sail the world throughout,
Brave every toil, for such a wife,
Then push the grog about.

Thus to describe Poll, Peg, or Nan,
Each his best manner tried,
Till, summoned by the empty can,
They to their hammocks hied:
Yet still did they their vigils keep,
Though the huge can was out,
For, in soft visions, gentle sleep
Still pushed the grog about.

//////

SMILE AGAIN, MY BONNIE LASSIE.

SMILE again, my bonnie lassie,
Lassie, smile again!
Prithee do not frown, sweet lassie,
For it gives me pain.
If to love thee too sincerely
Be a fault in me,
Thus to use me so severely
Is not kind in thee.

Smile again, &c.

Fare thee well, my bonnie lassie,
Lassie, fare ye well,

Time will show thee, bonnie lassie,
More than tongue can tell.
Though we're doomed by Fate to sever,
(And 'tis hard to part,)
Still, believe me, thou shalt ever
Own thy faithful heart.
Then, smile again, &c.

//////

FORSAKE NOT YET THE SOCIAL BOWL.

— Air—“*Fly not yet.*”—(E. Mackay.)

FORSAKE not yet the social bowl;
Say, why should Time our joys control?
Here jovial Bacchus holds his sway,
And old Silenus leads the way
To Pleasure's flowery fields.

'Twas but for mortals such as we
The grape's spontaneous juice poured free,
And burst its blooming tender cell,
That we might e'en its virtues tell.

Then, drink! oh, drink!
Nought a joy so pure affords,
Love and Pluto's shining hoards
All, all to Bacchus yields.

Fly not, then, the sparkling glass,
But, as the winged moments pass,
In jocund humour quaff and sing,
Till earth, and air, and sea, all ring
With praise of generous wine.

Then, thus will we, till Phœbus dawn,
Poor care-worn mortals view with scorn,
And, as the sparkling glass they shun,
To view Time's ebbing sand-glass run,
We'll stay, we'll stay;

And, whilst the minutes swiftly fly,
Steeped in bliss and endless joy,
Ourselves to mirth resign.

//////

OH, COME, SWEET MARY, COME TO ME.

(O'Keefe.)

WHEN night, and left upon my guard,
Nor whisp'ring breeze, nor leaf is heard,
And stars beneath close branches peep,
And birds are hushed in downy sleep!
My soul to softest thoughts resigned,
And lovely Mary fills my mind;
At ev'ry noise or bluff, “Who's there?”
I gently sigh “Is't thou, my fair?
Thy dying soldier haste and see,
Oh, come, sweet Mary, come to me.”

As on my post, through blaze of day,
The happy, wretched, sad, and gay,
In quick succession, move along,
I see nor hear the passing throng;
My soul so wrapt in Mary's charms,
I hug my musket in my arms;
So all of passion, joy, and grief,
When comrades bring the glad relief,
I cry,—“Thy soldier haste and see,
Oh, come, sweet Mary, come to me.”

//////

OH, RARE BE THE DOINGS OF TAUNTON DEAN.

(Sir H. B. Dudley.)

ACROSS the briny zeas I'll zteer,
And back to Taunton Dean,
To tell the little huzzies there,
The zights that I ha zeen:
Oh, rare be the doings of Taunton Dean!
Ch, rare,

When I zet out for voreign parts,
 Poor zouls! how they did cry;
 I thought they would ha' broke their hearts,
 They were zo fond o' I.
 Oh, zad were the doings of Taunton Dean!
 Oh, sad, &c.

If they could cry when I were gone,
 In grief foi zuch a boy,
 Why, zure, when I goes back a mon,
 They'll cry again for joy!
 Oh, rare be the doings of Taunton Dean!
 Oh, rare, &c.

My zundy zpouse, poor Madge, I'll make
 As vree as vlowers in May,
 And from the little jades I'll take
 A wife for every day!
 Are, then, the doings of Taunton Dean!
 Oh, rare, &c.

WHEN FAIR AMANDA FIRST POSSEST.

(W. W. Waldron.)

WHEN fair Amanda first possest,
 With artless love, my youthful breast;
 The passion soft, till then unknown,
 Claimed ev'ry roving thought its own;
 Where'er my wand'ring fancy turned,
 Still there her eyes of azure burned;
 Each waking thought, each slumb'ring dream,
 Still sought Amanda for its theme.

How oft does fancy, when she strays
 Back to those auspicious days,
 In delighted rapture try
 There to live and there to die;
 There through endless time to roam,
 There to fix her lasting home;
 There, oh, there, ecstatic bliss,
 Taste of other worlds in this.

Ah, will my fancy ever range?
 Can this ardent passion change?
 May a faithful heart demand,
 If sad Time's resentless hand
 E'er will make our bosoms two,
 Dissolve a love so sweet, so true?
 No,—when years will cease to roll,
 Then we'll make one kindred soul.

'SBOBS! LOVE DESTROYS MY SLEEP.

Air—"Hope told a flattering Tale."

(W. B. Rhodes.)

"HOPE told a flattering tale,"
 Much longer than my arm,
 That love and pots of ale
 In peace would keep me warm.
 The flatterer is not gone,
 She visits number one;
 In love I'm six foot deep,
 'Sbobs! love destroys my sleep.

Hope told a flattering tale,
 For fear that love should cool,
 A tub thrown to a whale,
 To make the fish a fool.
 Should Distaffina frown,
 Why love's gone out of town,
 And when love's dream is o'er,
 You'll wake to dream no more.

THE GOLDEN FARMER.

(Collins.)

WHILE I'm blest with health and plenty,
 Let me live a jolly dog;
 For as blithe as five-and-twenty
 Through the world I wish to jog.
 Tol de rol, &c.

As for greater folks, or richer,
 While I pay both scot and lot,
 And enjoy my friend and pitcher,
 I've a kingdom in a cot.
 Tol de rol, &c.

Flocks and herds, in fields all night, too,
 Corn and clover, beans and peas,
 And in hen-yard, pond, and stye, too,
 Pigs and poultry, ducks and geese.
 Tol de rol, &c.

While my farm thus cuts a dash, too,
 Poor folks daily labouring on't,
 Who plough, sow, reap, and thrash, too,
 I'll be thrashed if they shall want.
 Tol de rol, &c.

He who sticks his knife in roast meat,
 And for numbers has to carve;
 May the churl the whipping-post meet,
 If he stuffs and lets them starve.
 Tol de rol, &c.

And when I, like neighbour Squeezeum,
 Plot and scheme, the poor to drain;
 Or with badgers join to fleece 'em,
 Badger me for a rogue in grain.
 Tol de rol, &c.

He, for that, who tills and cultures,
 Now may laugh, but when Old Scratch
 Spreads his net for sharks and vultures,
 What a swarm he'll have to catch!
 Tol de rol, &c.

Heaps of grain, then, let them hoard up,
 Heaps of wealth while they count o'er;
 All the treasures I have stored up
 Are the blessings of the poor.
 Tol de rol, &c.

MAT MARLINE AND KATE CONSTANT.

Air—"Erin go-bragh"—(E. J. B. Box.)

WHEN Mat Marline the shores of old Albion left,
 sighing,
 Taking leave of the land in a brisk-blowing
 breeze,
 His Kate's heart sprang a leak in her eye, 'twas
 heart-trying,
 While, at distance, she viewed his ship cutting the
 seas:
 On her bosom the tears fast fell, bitterly weeping,
 Till the vessel had passed far beyond her sight's
 keeping,
 O, my heart! then she cried, Mat, you've left a
 wound deep in,
 And may no more return its keen anguish to
 ease.

Her bosom the cold chills of sorrow now freezing,
 Even Hope's cheering sunbeams to peace could
 not warm;
 The panic of terror for Mat her heart seizing,
 Roused the sadness of grief in her breast to a
 storm!
 To her cottage returned, to repose down she laid
 her,
 Hope there whispered peace,—but there Hope still
 betrayed her;

With relief from her woes, Rest refusing to aid her,

She sighed—Death, only death, my affliction can balm.

Ceaseless fears, constant still, were, ten months, her mind racking,

Night nor day could a moment of happiness note;

Not so 'twas with Mat, though affection none lacking,

Buoyant Hope kept the hulk of Mat's wishes afloat!

Never was Mat of Dame Fortune suspicious, The voyage was long, but the gales were propitious!

Returning, Mat hailed ev'ry omen auspicious, While each night to Kate's virtues his glass he'd devote.

Safe in harbour arrived, then, while taking the sounding,

Light-hearted he felt as still heaving the lead; For that heart in his bosom with rapture still bounding,

Leaped responsive to Hope, then with joy overfed!

Scarcely foot set on shore, clear from rude billow-rocking,

When Fate blasted his hope, thus his fondest wish mocking!

Kate was buried!—enough;—'twas a stroke far too shocking;—

He fell!—he expired!—alas!—slept with the dead.

THE SOUND OF THE HORN.

(Jackson.)

To your steeds, my bold comrades, let us away,
The hounds are allready, the morning looks gay;
And while Nature round us her sweets does adorn,

We'll gallop away to the sound of the horn.

The horn's mellow tones might awaken the dead,
Or make the poor, sick man soon hold up his head;

E'en Echo, delighted, each sound treats with scorn,

While gladly she answers the cry of the horn.

'Tis sweeter than hautboys, 'tis soft as the lute,

Indeed, ev'ry instrument to it is mute!

And never I'll think myself poor or forlorn

While chasing the stag to the sound of the horn.

TEDDY O'BRIAN'S ADVENTURES.

Air—"Be a good Boy."—(E. Mackay.)

WHEN I was at home, in old Ireland, so frisky,
From morning to night, faith, I swigged at the whiskey;

I oft got blind drunk, sure, and that is the way
To see all things double, I've heard people say.
One day, in this state, sure, I went to my Shella-

lah,

And with my shellelagh I rang such a peal, ah!
Arrah, Teddy, says she, you're a comical bore,
But don't you be after, now, breaking the door.

SPOKEN.] Och, sure! now, says she, Teddy O'Brian, and will you be after being aisy, now, till I open the door?—Och, bad luck to you, says I, if you're going to be after keeping me outside

all night: just let me be after coming in, and set down till you open the door:—so, after a little blarney, I got her to let me in:—so I bolted into the parlour, and when I sat down I stood up and said,—Och, my dear, darling Shelah, says I, if I hav'n't been drinking your health in a noggin of the cratur, and success to your beautiful eyes, (for, you must know, my Shelah had two elegant eyes, only the misfortune was, she could never see out of one of them at all, at all, faith, and she couldn't see out of the other either when she swigged at the cratur!) but, Shelah, said I,—Who was that talking to you when I thumped at the door?—Oh, may whiskey be my poison, says she, if it was any body at all, at all.—Och, Shelah, says I, don't be after cramming me; so with that I got up, and looked in the other room, and there was Looney Mactwolver; so I began to lay my shellelagh about him, sure, and he slipped about like a live eel after it's dead; and he just stood long enough to take to his heels.—Och, says Shelah, and what are you beating the man for?—Sure, says I, I am only doing what you was—amusing myself with nobody at all, at all; but good night, Shelah!—Och, and wo'n't you be after staying with me, my darling? says she.—Oh, no, if you catch me here again, I'll give you leave to spoil my singing—

Too ral lal loo, &c.

So I clapped all my property top of my back,
And off, sure, to England I set in a crack,
Where I met an old friend, Mr. Dermot O'Shee,
Who never before was acquainted with me.
Och! says he,—What d'ye come for, my nate little honey?

Says I,—Nothing at all, my dear soul, but the money!

Arrah, Teddy, says he,—you're a comical gill,—
But wo'n't you be after now taking a swill?

SPOKEN.] Och, come along, my dear fellow, and we will be after mugging ourselves over a noggin.—But, Teddy, and what is it you're after maning to do?—Och, sure, says I, and don't I mane to be after mending the roads?—Och, the devil burn me, says he, but they've got a new way of making roads by breaking them to pieces.—Now you don't be humming me, said I.—Och, by my soul, said he, but it's true; and they have found out the way how to break the heart of a stone! Sure, and that isn't the worst of it either, for, bad luck to them, but they're making cast-iron stones; and they're going to be after boring London now with a tunnel.—Och, said I, I thought it was too full of hollowness and deceit already; and the tunnel must only be an opening for more.—Why, so it is, says he, and while they keep on making them so fast, we may never expect to be brought to a close!—Well, and what shall I be after doing now? says I.—Och, Teddy, and I'll tell you:—don't be after ating any thing at all for a week; and live all the time on bread and water; and then, sure, you may be after showing yourself for a *living skeleton*.—Och, says I, but wo'n't the people be after seeing *into* me?—Och, never mind that, Teddy.—Well, but, Dermot, what shall I say of myself?—You must call yourself *Boneall*; say you come from *Corsica*; apologize for the *bareness* of the subject, and tell them you are not a *bone* for the doctors to pick, be they ever so inclined; and let them know that a *bonus* must be given for admission.—Och, by the powers, said I, and I wo'n't be after doing it, and then I shall be after boning a dacent sum; but, sure, I have tried it for this week past, and lived upon nothing at all but victuals and drink, but the devil a bit thinner can I get; and so now, my dear friends,

if you don't encourage me with the work of your own hands, you'll be after spoiling my singing—

Too ral lal loo, &c.

OH, MISTRESS MINE, WHERE ARE YOU ROAMING?

(Shakspeare.)

OH, mistress mine, where are you roaming?
Oh, stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low!
Trip no further, pretty sweeting!
Journeys end with true loves meeting:
Every wise man's son doth know,
In delay there lives no plenty,
Then wed, oh, wed me, sweet and twenty!
Youth's a season wo'n't endure.

THE CONTRARITIES OF LONDON.

FROM one end to t'other we've seen every sight,
We've strayed, like Ulysses in Homer,
And found that no lawyer could London indite
If he would, for each street's a *misnomer*.
Wood-street is all brick from beginning to end,
Water-lane quite as dry as a bone is;
Seven Dials has no clock to tell time how you spend,
Nor in *Colt-court* can you find any *ponies*.
We went to *Cornhill* for a sample of wheat,
And sought it in vain every shop in;
The *Hermitage* offered a tranquil retreat
To the jolly Jack Tars of old Wapping.
Newgate-street has no gate, new or old, while all through,
There is not a monk in *Blackfriars*.
Union-street cuts the Southwark Bridge-road quite
in two,
Purchase-p. acc has more sellers than buyers.
No horses are vended in *Horsemonger-lane*,
Milk-street is divested of dairies;
The *Serpentine River*'s straight as a cane,
And as to *Air-street*, sirs, there no air is.
Harp Alley ne'er heard ought of music's sweet voice,
And *Naked-Boy-Court* all are clad in;
The *Liberties* offer, though numerous, no choice,
Prospect-place not a *view's* to be had in.
We find every *Broad-street* a poor narrow nook,
All copper, no gold, *Golden-square* is;
Duke-street cannot boast e'en the ghost of a *duke*,
The *Retreat* quite as crammed as a fair is.
Size-lane is as narrow as well it can be,
To budge in *Budge-row* is not easy;
Pepper-alley from spices and warmth is so free,
That the *gust* that blows up it would freeze ye.
From *Baker* and *Bread* streets the bakers have fled,
And *Green-Arbour-court* bleak and bare is;
The *Poultry*, of chicks, whether living or dead,
Is as void as the land of the fairies.
Swift's Gulliver seems back to life to advance,
And London's the place he has hit on;
One Lilliput monarch may awe *Petty France*,
Another command *Little Britain*.
Then there's *Vine-street*, and *Apple-Tree-court*,
and *Grove-street*,
Where of leaves I'm convinced not a pair is;
And honey you'll no more in *Honey-lane* meet,
Than roast-beef in the Isle of Canaries.
Battle-Bridge cannot boast of its martial affrays,
Change-alley we're told never varies;
In *Quality-court* not a nobleman stays,
And in *Sans Souci-place* father Care is.

Spring Garden all wintry appears on the wane,
Sun-alley's so dark you can't find her;
And the best of the joke is, in *Bearbinder-lane*
There's neither a *bear* nor a *binder*.
In a word, if from one end to t'other you go,
Even stopping where *Bartlemy-fair* is,
You'll find scarce a place to its name not a foe,
For London's one string of contraries.

WATERLOO, THE TOMB OF THE BRAVE.

Air—" *Thou soft-flowing Avon.*"

(Jesse Hammond.)

SLEEP, soldiers, sleep in the bed of the brave,
Though the tears of the world may water your grave;
Yet, the soft tone of sorrow to triumph must yield,
When we think of your deeds on the blood-stained field;
For the heroes of France gave their glories to you,
And buried their pride in your tomb, Waterloo.
The war-song shall wake ye no more to the plain,
Nor the shouts of the victors inspire ye again;
To Britain's broad banner no more shall ye cling,
Nor hear the wild minstrel of Waterloo sing;
But Fame has decreed that your epitaph be,
Here rest the heroes that set Europe free!
The sweet flower of Waterloo there shall be seen,
And the grass on your grave for ever be green;
For *Belgia's* tears shall hallow the spot,
And by her bold sons shall it ne'er be forgot.
That Fame has decreed, &c.
Then sleep, soldiers, sleep in death's silent bed,
While the flag of your fathers shall wave o'er the dead;
The winds of the night may bring Albion's sigh,
But still from your tomb her triumphs must fly.
For Fame has decreed, &c.

WHAT IS PLEASURE BUT A PIPE?

Air—" *Pipe de Tabac.*"—(Moncrieff.)

GREAT lords in high halls, their treasure
On *vertu* may throw away,
Snug in the shady *caveau's* leisure,
We'll drink, and smoke, and laugh, and play;
And, regardless of time's measure,
Pluck joy's fruits where'er they're ripe,
For what's life without its pleasure?
What is pleasure but a pipe?
When we for *sous* can be happy,
After *Louis* who would pine?
We've for years been blessed with Nappy,
Let's seek comfort now in wine.
In love we oft lose our treasure,
Blow a cloud, the time's not ripe,
What is life without its pleasure?
What is pleasure but a pipe?

POOR MORGAN JONES.

Air—" *Ar hyd y Nos.*"

(Miss Bryant.)

NEAR the town of sweet Llanvylin,
Lived Morgan Jones!
A comely lad, both fat and killing,
Stout Morgan Jones.
Hur loved a pretty short Welsh maiden,
Who all the shepherds' hearts did trade in,
And in the breast sly Cupid played in
Of Morgan Jones.

But David Pr. ce, a great goat-driver,
Cut Morgan Jones,
And made his very soul to shiver,
Thin Morgan Jones!
For though hur took from thee each fairing,
Nosegays and red ribbons staring,
Still with David hur'd be pairing.
Lost Morgan Jones!
Every night beside a mountain,
Walked Morgan Jones!
All the trees in fury counting,
Mad Morgan Jones!
One sad night hur heard a talking,
All hur happiness 'twas baulking,
There was hur with Davy stalking,
Oh! Morgan Jones!
Next day came, all hope miscarried
With Morgan Jones,
Davy hur false love had married,
Ah! Morgan Jones.
But oh! sad tale,—the bells were ringing,
The bride was gay, the bridegroom singing,
While to a rope thy form was swinging,
Hanged Morgan Jones!
Now adown that dreary valley,
Gone Morgan Jones!
Every night is seen to sally
Dead Morgan Jones!
David died, his wife did wither,
But sure they were birds of a feather;
So in the grave they sleep together
With Morgan Jones!

THE WRECK.

THE storm is up, the wind is loud,
The sea is rolling mountains high,
Peals with quick crash the thunder-cloud,
And lightnings quiver through the sky.
Hark! in the pauses of the gale,
The signal-guns are firing fast;
The seaman's shout, and woman's wail,
And shrieks are mingling with the blast.
The morning smiled upon the scene,
A corpse is floating to the shore;—
The sea is calm—the heaven serene,—
But, ah! the bark is seen no more!

THERE'S SOMETHING IN WOMEN.

(Dibdin.)

THERE'S something in women their lovers engage,
Of whatever complexion, or stature, or age,
And she who would frighten a mere stander-by,
Is a Venus herself in the fond lover's eye.

If she's pale, never swan was a tenth part so fair,
If tawny, like jet are her eyes and her hair;
If Xantippe herself, her scolding's thought wit,
If meek, all good wives to their husbands submit.

If a pigmy, how neat are her air and her mien,
If a steeple, she's graceful and walks like a queen;
If a girl in her teens, all's handsome that's young,
If eighty, her fortune says, ' World, hold your tongue.'

in short, to dear women 'tis given to please,
And though the whims often showed make them to
tease,
To perplex, to torment, and a thousand things
more,
They're the deities men were all born to adore.

TIME! I EVER MUST COMPLAIN.

(John Hagthorpe, 1622.)

TIME! I ever must complain
Of thy craft and cruel cunning;
Seeming fixed here to remain,
When thy feet are ever running;
And thy plumes
Still resumes
Courses new, repose most shunning.
Like calm winds thou passest by us,
Lined with feathers are thy feet;
Thy downy wings with silence fly us,
Like the shadows of the night;
Or the stream,
That no beam
Of sharpest eyes discerns to fleet.
Therefore, mortals, all deluded
By the grave and wrinkled face,
In their judgements have concluded,
That thy slow and snail-like pace
Still doth bend
To no end,
But to an eternal race.
Budding youth's vain-blooming wit
Thinks the spring shall ever last;
And the gaudy flowers that sit
On Flora's brow, shall never taste
Winter's scorn,
Nor, forlorn,
Bend their heads with chilling blast.

Riper age expects to have
Harvests of his proper toil,
Times to give, and to receive,
Seeds and fruit from fertile soil;
But at length,
Doth his strength
Youth and beauty all recoil.
Cold December hope retains
That the spring, each thing reviving,
Shall throughout his aged veins
Pour fresh youth, past joys *repriving*;
But thy sithe
Ends his strife,
And to Lethe sends him driving.

WHEN FOAMING WAVES CONTRARY
BEAT.

WHEN foaming waves contrary beat,
And tempests tear the main-top-sheet,
And, mistlike, in destructive clouds,
The whirlwind whistles through the shrouds,
Loud thunders roll, blue lightnings flash,
And o'er the deck rude billows dash,
The tar with danger still can cope,
The charm that cheers his bosom's Hope.

The vessel now become a wreck,
We safety in our long-boat seek,
And painful by the dashing oar,
Far, far, alas! from friends or shore!
Provision gone, the fainting crew
Fain would their irksome toil renew,
But formed with Fortune's frowns to cope,
Their last surviving charm is Hope.

BLACK AND WHITE LOVE.

A DUET.

(G. Colman.)

She.—OH! the jet-feathered raven, how lovely
he look, ah!
When he spread him black wing, to fly
over the brook, ah!
Ulaco! Ulaco!

He.—Oh! the white swan he swims in the
Thames mighty smugly,
But he hides his black legs, 'cause they
look so d——d ugly.
Fol de rol, fol de rol!

She.—Young negro girl's skin make her eye to
shine out, ah!
And sparkle like night-star, when bats fly
about, ah!
Ulalown! Ulalown!

He.—A white woman's glance, through her eye-
lashes darting,
Make black ladies' eyes ' All my eye,
Betty Martin.'
Derry down! Derry down!

She.—But I be Afric;—I be Afric;—
Blacky man he be my delight, ah!

He.—And I'm a Cockney;—I'm a Cockney;—
I love black, when I can't get white, ah!

She.—Go away, white man!—white man, go!—
Then me sing quicka-wicka-wit.

He.—If I had a little black girl that I know,
Then I'd sing fal de ral tit!

She.—Ulacol!

He.—Fol de rol!

She.—Quick-a-wit!

He.—Fal de ral tit!

Both.—Sweet black boy Love, me bend before
you!
White urchin Cupid, I adore you!

She.—Black boy Love!

He.—White boy Love!

THY WAY ALONG LIFE'S BRIGHT PATH LIES.

(Mrs. C. B. Wilson.)

THY way along life's bright path lies,
Where flowers spring up before thee,
And faithful hearts and loving eyes
Assemble to adore thee.
The great and wise bend at thy shrine,
The fair and young pursue thee:
Fame's chaplets round thy temples twine,
And Pleasure smiles to woo thee!

Yet, 'mid each blessing life can bring,
Thy breast is still repining;
'Tis cold as Ammon's icy spring,
O'er which no sun is shining;
And Friendship's presence boasts no charm,
And Beauty's smiles are slighted;
Nor joy nor fame the heart can warm
That early love has blighted!

WHISKEY, BLUE RUIN, AND OLD TOM.

A QUARTETT.

(C. Dibdin.)

Clown.—WHO are you, my funny fellow?

Whiskey.—Irish Whiskey, made in town;
I can knock you up quite mellow——

Clown.—Knock me up!—I'll knock you down!
Who are you?

Blue Ruin.————Why I'm Blue Ruin.

Clown.—Ruin seize thee, ruthless king.
And you?

Old Tom.————Not know me?

Clown.—No, old Bruin.

Old Tom.———Why, I'm Old Tom.

Clown.—That's just the thing—That's just the
thing.

All.—Fiddle liddle lol lol, tiddle liddle lol,
&c.

Whiskey.—I'm the boy to make you witty.

Old Tom.—You're the boy to make him drunk.

Clown.—Don't say drunk, it isn't pretty.

Whiskey.—Whiskey is the king of spirits ——

Old Tom.—I say Gin.

Clown.—That's vulgar, from your worship.

Blue Ruin.—Don't be taking from my merits.

Old Tom.—All knock under to Old Tom.

All.—Fiddle liddle lol lol, tiddle liddle lol,
&c.

HAIL TO THEE, FAIREST! AND HAIL TO THE BOWER!

[Translated from the Spanish.]

Air—“ *En el Jardin de Venus.*”—(Lord Nugent.)

HAIL to thee, fairest! and hail to the bower!

Where, pensive and lonely,
From high latticed window, thou gazest on starlight
and sea,

Alone, 'mid the radiance, and wooed by the
power

Of evening's breath only.

Come where all voices and hearts wait in homage
on thee,

Where, by poplar grove, ripples the silvery main,
Reflecting the brightness, and answering the strain;
And our city, repeating the gala on high,
Is wedded in union of light with the sky.

Hail to thee.

Hail to thee, fairest! and hail to the bower, &c.

Let charms less adored, let the heart that de-
spaireth,

By lone taper wither;

For, as yon clear glory shines round, 'tis the moon
of our love,

Be it ours to bask in the smiles that it wearth,

Then, lady, come hither,

While yet the trembling beam quivers over ocean
and grove,

Not a tear nor a murmur shall mix with our vow,
Save the dew-drop of heaven that hangs on the
bough,

And the night-breeze that lifts the dark leaf with
its breath,

But breaks not the soft sacred whisper beneath.

Hail to thee.

Hail to thee, fairest, &c.

Yet haste, ere the gray morn arise on the waters,
And coldly and palely

Our fair city fade, like a dream, at the dawning of
day,

'Ere slumber steal over the eyes of its daughters,

Now sparkling so gaily,

And starlight and lamp wink their short life of
lustre away;

Oh, come where, like thee, all is beauteous and
rare,

Thy pathway in radiance, thy step to sweet air.

With a heart like yon pure sky, as warm and as
bright,

To a heaven below of love, music, and light.

Hail to thee.

Hail to thee, fairest, &c.

THE GOBLET FILL.

(F. F. Cooper.)

THE goblet fill,

Dull care to kill,

And banish grief and sadness,

For mighty wine,
With power divine,
Oft moves the soul to gladness.

'Tis not in books,
Or sages' looks,
We find relief from sorrow;
So gaily pass
The sparkling glass,
We'll part but with the morrow.

IN THE DAYS OF OLD AGE.

(J. Mackey.)

IN the days of old age, when I find I'm declining,
And the last scene of life's at a close,
Oh, kind Heaven, grant that the short time remaining
May be spent in content and repose.

I want not the splendid domains of the great,
Which the proud and ambitious delight in;
But a small spot of ground, which for use is replete,
And a neat little cot to reside in.

I wish not for hounds, or the proud prancing steed,
Or the wealth which the miser doth store;
But I wish for enough to keep me from need,
And a mite to bestow on the poor.

Thus blest in my cot, I would envy no one,
But my prayers to my Maker be given—
That the short space of time my glass has to run
May be spent in preparing for Heaven.

GALLOP ON GAILY—YOICKS! FORWARD,
HUZZA!

A DUET.

(T. Dibdin.)

WHEN Aurora's appearance, by Phœbus' rays
brightened,

Gives semblance of flame to the regions of air,
When the eyes of a damsel, by Venus enlightened,
Encourage the youth in pursuit of the fair.

Then love—

And Diana,
Will ever require,

A bosom of energy, spirit, and fire.

For the chase mocks the sluggard, who scarce
keeps the field,

And the nymph slowly followed as slowly will
yield.

Who makes the best speed has the best of the
day;

Then gallop on gaily—yoicks! forward, huzza!

THE GIPSY'S SONG.

(M. G. Lewis.)

COME, cross my hand, my art surpasses
All that did mortal ever know,
Come, maidens, come, my magic glasses
Your future husbands' form can show.

For 'tis to me the power is given,
Unclosed the book of fate to see,
To read the fixed resolves of heaven,
And dive into futurity.

I guide the pale moon's silver waggon,
The winds in magic bonds I hold;
I charm to sleep the silver dragon,
Who means to watch o'er buried gold.

Fenced round with spells, unhurt I venture,
Their Sabbath strange, where witches keep;
Fearless the sorcerer's circle enter,
And woundless tread on snakes asleep.

Lo! here are charms of mighty power!
This makes secure a husband's truth,
And this, composed at midnight hour,
Will force to love the coldest youth.

If any maid too much has granted,
Her loss this philtre will repair;
This blooms a cheek where red is wanred,
And this will make a brown girl fair.

Then silent hear, while I discover
While I in fortune's mirror view
And each, when many a year is over,
Shall own the gipsy's saying true.

'YOU'RE A RUM KIND OF GHOST,' SAYS
HORATIO.

Air—"Heigho! says Rowley."—(Poole.)

TWO nights to watch these gentlemen went,
'Heigho!' says Horatio,
When just at the time when the night was spent,
A spectre to frighten them hither was sent,
With his tomb-stone, jaw-bone, skull, shroud, and skeleton,
'Too strange to be true,' says Horatio.

The ghost like your father looked, armed cap-a-pie,

Heigho! says Horatio.

They came in a twitter to tell this to me,
Saying, 'If you don't credit us, pray come and see,'

With his tombstone, &c.

'A cock and a bull,' says Horatio.

I promised with them to keep watch the next
night;

Heigho! says Horatio.

When lo! as they told me, the ghost came in
sight,
Says I, 'Tis too plain that there's something not
right.'

With his tomb-stone, &c.

'But we'll soon find it out,' says Horatio.

I intended to say a few words to the ghost;

Heigho! says Horatio.

(I shouldn't have kept him five minutes at most,)

But I found the poor fellow as *dumb as a post*,

With his tombstone, &c.

'He's no blabber, I find,' says Horatio.

He turned on his heel and went off in a pet,

Heigho! says Horatio.

But he frowned on us all, ere away we could
get,
Just as much as to say, 'I've not done with you
yet.'

With his tomb-stone, &c.

'We had better make off,' says Horatio.

He soon came in again, so I told him my mind,

Heigho! says Horatio.

Says I, I'm quite sure you've left something be-
hind,

With his tomb-stone, &c.

'You'd best show where 'tis hid,' says Horatio.

He seemed not to like it, and looked rather black,
Heigho! says Horatio.

As much as to say, 'You had best hold your
clack,'

But he heard the cock crow, and was off in a
crack.

With his tomb-stone, &c.

'You're a rum kind of ghost,' says Horatio.

OLD ENGLAND,—THE MARINER'S
GLORY.

(Upton.)

WHEN on board of the Dreadnought, Ben Bowling
and I

Set sail in pursuit of the foe,
The oath that we made was to conquer or die,
Let smooth winds or hurricanes blow :

In fair or foul weather,
We pulled both together,
To raise British valour in story;
For Bold Ben and I
Swore for England we'd die,
Old England,—the mariner's glory!

When once in the Baltic, two first-rates bore
down,

And hoisted an enemy's flag :
What did we?—why fought them for Britain's
renown,

Till each bit of sail was a rag!
And when they sheered off, boys,
We hailed them with scoff, boys,
To raise British valour in story;
For bold Ben and I
Swore for England we'd die,
Old England,—the mariner's glory!

But why should I boast of what seamen have
done,

When fighting in this or that fray?
'Tis enough just to know that the right cause we've
run,

And, Briton-like,—ne'er run away!
And while we have breath, boys,
We'll grapple with death, boys,
To raise British valour in story;
For bold Ben and I
Swore for England we'd die,
Old England,—the mariner's glory!

THE JUBILEE ;

OR, FINE SIGHTS IN THE PARK.

OH! such wonders you'll find in the Park,
Such wonderful doings are there ;
Where every lass has a spark,
At the royalty-booth in the fair.
Then hither my customers pray,
A tilbury spend here with me,
My Banbury cakes you will say
Are equal to any you'll see.

SPOKEN.] Now, my masters, here they are, all
hot! hot! hot! up and win'em? who's for a pur-
chase? my cakes are suited to every palate. I've
soldiers' cakes, sailors' cakes, lovers' cakes, and,
at the bottom of my basket, I've a few soft Parlia-
ment cakes. A Banbury for you, my kiddy, it wo'n't
do, that's a bad mag. I say, young fellow, keep
your grappling-irons out of my basket, none of your
nibbling tricks; was your father a maker of fishing-
tackle, that your fingers are so much like fish-hooks?
if you don't mind what you're at, you'll get—

A rum ti iddity, &c.

In splendour and show you will find
More than will equal your wishes,
Our host is so wonderful kind,
He spares not the Serpentine fishes :
Who are groaning and sweating a lack,
And swear they've more than their portion,
In bearing at once on their back,
A fleet that should float on the ocean.

SPOKEN.] Now, my jolly masters, who's for a
cruise in the Serpentine Fleet? Lord bless you, la-
dies, there's not the least danger; take care, young
gentleman, you don't upset the admiral's flag-ship,

making your ducks and drakes on the water. Lord,
papa, what's that little ship *up in the corner?*
Why, let me see, Bill, oh! that's the Royal Fancy
sloop of war. Come, who's *for a drop of the right
sort?* Well, *madam, I declare the water makes me
quite qualmish.* Vy then, madam, let me per-
suade you to have a drop of max. 'Tis the real
Rum ti iddity, &c

Our vertical temple will soon
Alarm all the birds and the bats,
And men will be sent to the moon,
Thus wise men they gammon the flats :
Then crackers and squibs we've in store,
Boys will no longer remember,
Nor hail with such joy as before,
Guy Faux and the fifth of November.

SPOKEN.] Och! Judy, my dear, what's that
grate thing I see yonder, it looks for all the world
like one of the Serpentine men of war, with a cock
boat lagging at its tail. Och! be aisy, Pat, now
can't you be aisy! isn't that one of the great Ra-
gency Balloons, and those swate craters are just
going to take a bit of dinner in the upper regions,
and faith after that, come down again to see all
the beautiful fireworks? Och! long life to them!
and if they had but a short dudgee and a drop of
whiskey, by the powers, but it would comfort—
their

Rum ti iddity, &c.

The bridge and Pagoda, they say,
Will frighten the natives outright?
To see it, there was something to pay,
Or else, friends, good by to the sight.
Then never repine at the cause,
Your mirth may it ever increase,
Success to country and laws,
And hail to the blessings of peace.

SPOKEN.] Oh, glorious sound, and may every
native of Great Britain reap the pure benefit of its
influence, and the soldiers and sailors of this happy
isle never have reason to repine at what they have
so gloriously faught for, under the banners of our
immortal Wellington, and his

Rum ti iddity, &c.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Air—"Finlaystone-House."—(Burns.)

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierced my darling's heart ;
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart.
By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust, dishonoured, laid ;
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravished young ;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.
Death, oft I've feared thy fatal blow,
Now, fond, I bare my breast ;
O, do thou kindly lay me low,
With him I love at rest.

THE NIGHT BEFORE LARRY WAS
STRETCHED.

(Curren.)

THE night before Larry was stretched,
The boys they all paid him a visit ;
And bit in their sacks, too, they fetched,
They sweated their dads till they riz it :

For Larry was always the lad,
When a friend was condemned to the squeezer,
But he'd fence all the togs that he had
To help a poor friend to the sneezer,
And moisten his gab 'fore he died.

I'm sorry, now, Larry, says I,
To see you in this situation;
'Pon my conscience, my lad, I don't lie,
I'd rather it had been my own station!
Och hone! it's all over, says he,
For the neckcloth I'm forced to put on,
And by this time to-morrow you'll see
Your Larry will be dead as mutton,
Bekays why, my dear, my courage was good.

The boys they came crowding in fast,
They drew all their stools round about him;
Six glims round his trap-case were placed,
He couldn't be well waked without them!
I axed if he was fit for to die,
Without having duly repented?
Says Larry, that's all in my eye,
It's only what gownsmen invented
To get a fat bit for themselves.

The cards being called for, they played,
Till Larry found one of them cheated;
He made a smart stroke at his head,
(The boy being easily heated,)
Oh, by the holy, you teef,
I'll skuttle your nob with my daddle;
You cheat me because I'm in grief,
But soon I'll demolish your noddle,
And leave you your claret to drink.

Then in came the priest with his book,
He spoke him so smooth and so civil;
Larry tipped him a Kilmainham look,
And pitched his big wig to the devil;
Then stooping a little his head,
To get a sweet drop of the bottle,
And, pitiful sighing, he said,
Oh, the hemp will be soon round my throttle,
And choke my poor windpipe to death.

So moving these last words he spoke,
We all vented our tears in a shower;
For my part, I thought my heart broke,
To see him cut down like a flower.
On his travels we watched him next day,
Oh, the hangman, I thought I could kill him;
Nor one word poor Larry did say,
Nor changed till he came to King William,
Then, my dear, his colour turned white.

When he came to the nubbling chit,
He was tucked up, so neat and so pretty;
The rumbler jogged off from his feet,
And he died with his face to the city!
He kicked, too, but that was all pride,
For soon you might see 'twas all over;
Soon after the noose was untied,
And at darkee we waked him in clover,
And sent him to take a ground sweat.

WHEN ADAM DELVED AND EVE SPAN,
WHO WAS THEN THE GENTLEMAN?

(R. Southey.)

WHEN Adam delved and Eve span
Who was then the gentleman?

Wretched is the infant's lot,
Born within the straw-roofed cot!
Be he generous, wise, or brave,
He must only be a slave.
Long, long labour, little rest,
Still to toil to be oppressed;

Drained by taxes of his store,
Punished next for being poor;
This is the poor wretch's lot,
Born within the straw-roofed cot.

While the peasant works—to sleep;
What the peasant sows—to reap;
On the couch of ease to lie,
Rioting in revelry;
Be he villain, be he fool,
Still to hold despotic rule,
Trampling on his slaves with scorn;
This is to be nobly born.

When Adam delved and Eve span
Who was then the gentleman?

TOM WHITE AND HIS PIGTAIL RIB.

(Bryant.)

TOM WHITE thought the women were comical
elves,
And, says he, 'gad I'll just leave them all to them-
selves,
For, if you observe, nine girls out of ten,
Seem to walk up and down just to vex the poor
men.

Tol de rol, &c.

If intrigue's your intent, and you walk through the
street,
Perhaps, a fine spirited lass you may meet;
You stand and you gaze, still admiring her grace,
When she gives you a terrible smack o' the face.
Tol de rol, &c.

If you look with amaze at some beautiful maid,
She'll simper, and blush, and she'll loudly up-
braid,
When a rival or sweetheart comes up with a frown,
And to teach you good manners they soon knock
you down.

Tol de rol, &c.

Tom White has been kicked, has been thumped,
and knocked down,
And has followed the lasses throughout this great
town;
And though he resolved to live single for life,
His resolves were *short cut*, since Miss Pigtail's his
wife.

Tol de rol, &c.

But on each wedding-day at all malice he spurns,
While their friends drink their health, and wish
happy returns;
Still she's up to *snuff*, and puffs mighty well,
And her customers say that she always weighed
well.

Tol de rol, &c.

Now they're managing better, and soon you will
see,
They'll *mix up* affection like *Scotch* and *rappee*;
And though she may deal out *blackguard* now and
then,
She declares Mr. White is the fairest of men.
Tol de rol, &c.

Then here let us look on the whole as a joke,
For tobacco on fire is quite sure to make smoke;
And though snuff is oft sharp, it is taken to
please,
So Tom and his wife may be suffered to sneeze.
Tol de rol, &c.

But though sneezing's allowed, it no further must
go.
For too much of a good thing is often a foe;

And, I own, it would give me exceeding surprise
To see Mr. White with a pair of black eyes.
Tol de rol, &c.

MORAL.

Now there's one thing from termagants I shall en-
treat,
That I trust their poor husbands they never will
beat;
For a woman who treats a poor devil so rough,
Can never be worth shag-tobacco or snuff.
Tol de rol, &c.

OH, SAD DROOPING ROSE.

(David Lester Richardson.)

OH, sad drooping rose! thou hast magical power
Emotions of sorrow and love to impart;
Thy fate and thy blushes, thou sweet fairy flower!
Give a picture to fancy, a throb to the heart.
Yes,—she was the rival,—sweet Queen of the
Bower!
Who vanquished thy glory, and hastened thy
doom;
But, oh! though my love is a far fairer flower,
Her day is as short, and as fading her bloom!

WOMEN, LOVE, AND WINE!

THE murm'ring brook, the fanning breeze,
Gay myrtles, flow'ry banks, and trees,
To doat on some incline;
But nobler blessings I advise,
The greatest joys below the skies
Are women, love, and wine!

From scene to scene, while thousands rove,
Unless by women, wine, and love,
In secret let them pine;
When I the world with pleasure tell,
We all may ev'ry care dispel
With women, love, and wine!

The restless wretch, who doats on gold,
And would in flames the world behold,
To see his treasure shine,
Shall gen'rous grow, his self despise,
Be happy, joyous, honest, wise,
With women, love, and wine!

May youth and age, of all degrees,
On such inspiring comfort seize,
'Twill every sense refine;
To see mankind so nobly blest,
Superior pow'rs shall wish to taste
Of women, love, and wine!

Ye sons of joy, for true delight,
Dear women, love, and wine unite,
This great resolve is mine:
Forgetting ev'ry care that's past,
My joy shall flow, while life does last,
From women, love, and wine!

THE HEROES OF THE BRITISH FLEET.

THE British flag shall still retain
Its influence o'er the subject main;
The guardians of its honour feel
Each insult rouse their warlike zeal;
And still with rage their breasts shall glow,
Until they quell each haughty foe.
The British damsels then, with smiles,
Shall bid them welcome to our isles;
And decked in charms with joy shall meet
The heroes of the British fleet.

Britannia's sons shall quit the shore,
To bid the thund'ring cannon roar,

Shall bravely all her rights maintain,
And ride victorious on the main;
Then Fame her loudest trump shall blow,
And gilded laurels deck each brow.
The British damsels, &c.

Old Neptune oft has wond'ring stood,
And waved his trident o'er the flood,
Whilst British tars have won the day,
And wealth and honours borne away;
Still may they make this wonder more,
And bring new wonders to the shore.
The British damsels, &c.

GAD-A-MERCY! WHAT SHALL I DO?

(Merry.)

How my heart will sink within me,
When I'm hugg'd by some she bear,
Or a hag attempts to win me,
With her serpent-twining hair!
Gad-a-mercy! What shall I do
To make love to such a Dido?

Kissing is a pleasant notion,
When me meet a pretty maid;
But becomes a devil's potion,
If we hate, or are afraid!
Gad-a-mercy, &c.

Kitty Codling was my deary,
For she gave me half her vails;
But the pleasure's not so cheery
When they court with teeth and nails!
Gad-a-mercy, &c.

I, MY DEAR, WAS BORN TO-DAY.

A DUET.

' I, MY dear, was born to-day,'
So all my jolly comrades say;
They bring me music, wreaths, and mirth,
And ask to celebrate my birth.
Little, alas! my comrades know
That I was born to pain and wo,
To thy denial, to thy scorn;
Better I had ne'er been born:
I wish to die, e'en whilst I say,
' I, my dear, was born to-day:
Shall I salute the rising ray?
Well-spring of all my joy and wo,
Clotilda, thou alone dost know:
Shall the wreath surround my hair?
Or shall the music please my ear?
Shall I my comrades' mirth receive,
And bless my birth, and wish to live?
Then let me see great Venus chase
Imperious anger from thy face;
Then let me hear thee smiling say,
' Thou, my dear, wast born to-day.'

I'M DETERMINED THE WORLD TO
SURPRISE WITH MY TALE.

(Arnold.)

When little, I went to old Whack-'em-well's school,
Who caned me and called me a dunce and a fool;
But, when I grew larger, I altered things quite,
And soon learned to read, though I never could
write.

I became quite a dab at my spelling, d'ye see,
But for pothooks and hangers they so bothered me,
Says I, ' As for pothooks, I'll try one or two;
But, as to the hangers, I'm hanged if I do.'

Now my studies are ended, I'll try, just for fun,
If I cannot turn author, as others have done;

For I'm told that to write what a book now contains
Requires no wonderful portion of brains.
Some people now only write books, I am told,
Not that books may be read, but that books may be sold;
And, as heads have so little to do with the sale,
I'm determined the world to surprise with my tale.

DOWN IN THE VALE WHERE SWEET
VIOLETS GREW.

(Prince Hoare.)

DON'T you remember a poor peasant's daughter,
In neat russet gown and apron so blue,
Who won the affections of many that sought her
Down in the valley, where sweet violets grew.

The blush on her cheek was modesty dawning;
Her lips were untainted, the roses sweet hue;
Unclouded by sorrow she passed night and morning
Down in a valley, where sweet violets grew

The soft matchless beauties dame Nature had given
Were pure as the christaline drops of the dew,
Which painted sweet innocence, mild as the heaven,
Down in the valley, where sweet violets grew.

But, ah! hapless sorrow soon frost-nipped her beauty;
She dropped as a blossom when robbed of its hue,
For love forced to yield to filial duty
Down in the valley, where sweet violets grew.

WHEN THE EYE WITH FIRE IS BEAMING.

WHEN the eye with fire is beaming,
And the mantling bowl is streaming
In the soul-inspiring draught,
Let us, let us fill our glasses
To the lasses, as it passes;
Let the luscious mead be quaffed.

When its fumes the sense is stealing,
And the brain with wine is reeling,
Some it stirs to ranc'rous strife,
Some to love, and some to gladness,
Some to madness, some to sadness,
Some to clamours, loud and rife.

Wrapped in ease and jovial leisure,
Let us hail the god of pleasure,
Fit to grace this festive day:
What is care? the glass can kill it;
Let us fill it, let us swill it,
Chase the glooms of life away.

When the fainting spirits languish
He can give a pleasing anguish,
Animate the fainting soul;
Wisdom's secrets he discovers,
Hearts of lovers, while he hovers
O'er the mirth-exciting bowl.

Go, and search in history's pages,
Bards, philosophers, and sages
Paid their homage at his shrine;
Stagirite, and Stoic Plato,
Surly Cato ne'er said nay to
Rosy cup of sparkling wine.

Life and vigour are imparted
To the poor and lowly-hearted
When the god their bosom warms;

Not the threats of tyrants gall 'em,
Kings appal 'em, chains enthrall 'em,
Nor the glare of soldiers' arms.

Hail, the sweet, the balmy treasure!
Let the queen of love and pleasure,
Lit by Cupid's torch, be here;
And, with quick and sprightly paces,
Let the Graces show their faces,
Till the ruddy morn appear.

IN PURSUIT OF FASHION HARK
FORWARD'S THE CRY.

HARK FORWARD 'S the word, and all join in the chase,
Ambition and politics now must give place;
After Fancy and Folly we eagerly fly,
In pursuit of the fashion hark forward 's the cry.

Pell-mell after Cupid each heart-wounding dame,
From sixteen to sixty, 's pursuing the game;
With their full flowing tresses, some hobble, some fly;
In pursuit of dear fashion hark forward 's the cry.

Ding-dong, helter-skelter, the sweet-scented beaux
Either lead the pursuit or fall in at the close;
With their pockets so low, and their collars so high,
Pursuing the fashion, hark forward 's the cry.

Let the fashion be changed, it has lasted too long;
If it's conquest we aim at, we're all in the wrong;
To the fame of Old England let each have an eye,
And her foes be the game when hark forward 's the cry.

THERE'S LITTLE PLEASURE IN THIS
HOUSE.

Air—" *There's nae Luck about the House.*"

(Terry.)

OH, let your hands assure the youth
There's nothing now to fear,
For his return is little worth
Unless he's welcomed here,
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava',
There's little pleasure in this house
When your smiles are awa'.
For there's nae luck, &c.

The heir of Ellangowan's fate
Depends upon this night;
If you deny him your support,
He has neither right nor might,
For there's nae luck, &c.

Then welcome home the rightful heir
To native halls and lands,
There's right, and might, and music, too,
In your approving hands,
For there's nae luck, &c.

I'VE SAILED THE ROUND WORLD.

I'VE sailed round the world, viewed all nations
and climes,
Every point of the compass have coaxed
Seen fair weather, heavy squalls, your best and
worst of times,
And now and then a pretty girl have coaxed;
But Old England for my money, and a British
lass in tow,
Bless their hearts, why I never, never saub
'em;

As for this or that there enemy, wherever bred
the foe,

We English hearty cocks always drub 'em.
Then with flip, the fiddles, Poll, piping tol de rol
de rol,

We'll laugh and quaff it merrily, yeo ho!

They call us careless ninnies—well, let 'em, and
what then?

Why the rhino we works hard for you know:
Not to hoard it like lubbers, but to, boys, like
men,

With a messmate, girl, a fiddle, boys, or so:
But Old England for my money, &c.

MERRY MOGGY CAMERON.

(C. Dibdin.)

I'ZE a blithe and winsome lass,
Steady to my tether;
Siller I ha' nane, nor brass,
But heart as light as feather;
The Tartan plaid is a' my pride,
And in 'ts defence who'd hammer on,
Alane sal buckle to his bride
Merry Moggy Cameron.

Hey! ho! fal!

A laird aince said he loo'd me weel,
And his bride wou'd mak' me;
But, said I, to try the chiel,
To the kirk then tak' me;
But the loon, when kirk I'd name,
Excuse began to stammer on,
I boxed his lugs, and wha can blame
Merry Moggy Cameron?

Hey! ho! fal!

Sandy Campbell 'tis I loo',
He's baith blithe and bra', mon;
But though he speers to buckle to,
I still cry, hoot awa', mon!
First let him to our island lend
His aid 'gainst foes who clamour on,
And, 'ere he weds, learn to defend
Merry Moggy Cameron.

Hey! ho! fal!

BELIEVE ME, LOVE, BELIEVE ME.

(Soane.)

THE world is gay, and the moon is bright,
But, oh! there are sweeter hours in night,
Believe me, love, believe me.
When the light falls down in pearly show'rs,
And trembles o'er hills and the sleeping bow'rs,
And softly, so softly steal the hours,
That night would soon deceive thee.

Sweet, then, on the moonlit bank to lie,
For love, then, burns in the heart and eye,
And day's cold thoughts would leave thee;
Sweet, then, to murmur the words of bliss,
While lip meets lip in a burning kiss;
Earth may have joys, but heaven's in this—
Believe me, love, believe me.

PADDY M'SHANE'S SEVEN AGES.

(G. Colman.)

I' my own botheration don't alter my plan,
I'll sing seven lines of a tight Irishman,
Wrote by old Billy Shakspeare, of Ballyporeen.
He said, while a babe I lov'd whiskey and pap,
That I mewled and I puked in my grandmother's
lap;

She jolted me hard, just to hush my sweet roar,
When I slipp'd through her fingers, down whack on
the floor;

What a squalling I made sure at Ballyporeen.

When I grew up a boy, with a nice shining face,
With my bag at my back, and a snail-crawling
pace,

Went to school at old Thwackum's, at Bally-
poreen.

His wig was so fusty, his birch was my dread,
His learning beat out, 'stead of into my head.
"Master M'Shane," says he, "you're a great
dirty dolt,

You've got no more brains than a Monaghan colt,
You're not fit for our college, at Ballyporeen."

When eighteen years of age, was teased and per-
plexed

To know what I should be, so a lover turned next,
And courted sweet Shelah, of Ballyporeen.

I thought I'd just take her to comfort my life,
Not knowing that she was already a wife;
She asked me just once that to see her I'd come,
When I found her ten children and husband at
home,

A great, big, whacking chairman of Ballyporeen.

I next turned a soldier, I did not like that,
So turned servant, and lived with great Justice
Pat,

A big dealer in pratees at Ballyporeen.

With turtle and ven'son he lined his inside,
Ate so many fat capons that one day he died;
So great was my grief that, to keep spirits up,
Of some nice whiskey-cordial I took a big sup,
To my master's safe journey from Ballyporeen.

Kicked and tossed so about, like a weathercock
vane,

I packed up my alls, and I went back again
To my grandfather's cottage at Ballyporeen.
I found him, poor soul! with no legs for his hose,
Could not see through the spectacles put on his
nose;

With no teeth in his head, so Death corked up his
chin,
He slipped out of his slippers, and, faith, I slip-
ped in,

And succeeded poor Dennis, of Ballyporeen.

THE CONTENTED MAN.

(Pope.)

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade
In winter fire.

Blest who can unconcerned find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night, study and ease
Together mixed, sweet recreation
And innocence which most doth please
With meditation.

Thus let me live unseen, unknown,
Thus, unlamented, let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.



Sir Gooseberry whipt through, you're sure, but Miss Squash, that dear darling of *toastes*,
As she wasn't made much like a skewer, in trying, stuck fast 'tween the *postes*!

SIR GOOSEBERRY GIMCRACK AND MISS SQUASH.

SIR GOOSEBERRY GIMCRACK was thin,
Like one of your neat dapper masters;
Miss Squash was fat up to her chin,
Like a fillet of veal upon casters;
Her eyes through his heart such darts sent,
Made whimsies in his little nob stir,
And he looked, when a-courting he went,
Like a shrimp making love to a lobster.
Flummery, mummary, heigho! hum!

This pair went a-walking one day,
Arm in arm, like a firkin and feather,
Some posts chanced to stand in the way,
And monstrously close, too, together;
Sir Gooseberry whipped through, you're sure,
But Miss Squash, that dear darling of *toastes*,
As she wasn't made much like a skewer,
In trying, stuck fast 'tween the *POSTES*!
Squallery, bawlerly, heigho! hum!

I SHALL FORGET THEE NEVER.
(E. Mackey.)

THOU'ST scorned the heart that was sincere,
Which thou once, smiling, cherished;
Forsaken him who held thee dear,
Young love's sweet buds are perished:
That love, which once thou didst profess,
The thoughts shall haunt me ever,
Though ne'er again those sounds shall bless,—
I shall forget thee,—never!

Unskilled in specious flatt'ry's way,
My tongue but *truth* imparted;
'Twas truth that taught me love's sweet lay,
Plain, honest, pure, warm-hearted.
Thou kindly didst receive the same,
I hoped 'twould last for ever,
But thou, alas! hast checked the flame,—
I shall forget thee,—never!

False, fickle-minded girl!—but hush,
Though lost, I will not chide thee;
Away, weak tear, thou mak'st me blush,
To cool my racked brain, bide thee;
Nor time again the band can tie
Of love which thou didst sever;
But till the hour Fate bids me die,
I shall forget thee,—never!

OH, MY NOSE!

OR, PEGGY DALEY AND OLD NICK AT THE MAN-
SION-HOUSE.

Air—"Mutton-Pies."—(Bryant.)

PEGGY DALEY went one day, I think,
To a wine-vaults, and thought it no sin,
As she wanted some *creature* to drink,
Just to call for a quartern of gin;
It was brought, and she swallowed it quick,
When a man old and ugly did come,
And for shortness they called him Old Nick,
And he called for a quartern of rum.

Ri tol, &c.

Now Nick, seeing Peg wet her eye,
Railed at Dublin, at Cork, and at Kerry,
But Peg to his nonsense was *fly*,
And her blood boiled to see him so merry;
Says she, 'Arrah, what do you mean?
You're a snuffy old beast,' and all that,
So she gave him a *palthoge* so clean,
And soon on the floor laid him flat.

Ri tol, &c.

Now Nick didn't relish this treat,
So up from the shop-floor he rose,
And after his head had been beat,
He beat the dust off of his clothes,
Then run up to Peg in a rage,
When she screeched out, 'Och pilliloo whack,
I'll physic old Nick I'll engage,'
So his nose she bit off in a crack.

Ri tol,

Then the officers came to the place,
 Where with warrants and staves they soon
 sought her,
 Says she, taking a nose from a face
 Isn't murder, oh, no! nor manslaughter;
 Then she thumped the poor marshalmen sore,
 And her outrage was great, I declare,
 So because she was strong as a horse,
 She was taken before the Lord Mayor.
 Ri tol, &c.

Now Peg told his lordship that Nick
 Seemed determined her temper to vex,
 So she bit his nose off for his trick,
 In defaming the delicate sex;
 Then Nick to the hospital went,
 While Peg to the Compter did sail,
 So in one place old Nick must repent,
 While Miss Daley is waiting for bail.
 Ri tol, &c.

DEAR MAIDEN, I VOW THAT I LOVE
 THEE.

(J. Sullivan.)

By the light that illumines the skies,
 By the blue of thy exquisite eyes,
 Where in ambush young Cupid oft lies,
 It hovers on light wings above thee;
 By thy bosom as fair as the snow;
 By thy cheeks on which twin roses grow,
 By thy perfumed sigh's eloquent glow,
 Dear maiden, I vow that I love thee,
 I love thee—I love thee,
 Dear maiden, I vow that I love thee.

By the silver moon's pale mellow light,
 Gleaming soft on the calm lake to-night,
 And the twinkling stars, shining so bright,
 That sparkle like brilliants above thee;
 By the passion of love most refined,
 That but yields to the magic of mind,
 Which I feel, but can ne'er be defined,
 Dear maiden, I vow that I love thee,
 I love thee, &c.

MOGGY.

(Dibdin.)

YOUNG Mog arrived at woman's growth,
 Felt something in her bosom move,
 'Twas neither joy, nor pain, yet both,
 Young Ralph o' the woodland said 'twas love.
 Ralph loved young Moggy as his life,
 Was wealthy, warm, and well to do;
 But Moggy saw the soldiers come,
 Beheld the glittering arms so gay,
 Was charmed with the loud trumpet's bray,
 Delighted with the sprightly fife,
 And deafened with the thundering drum,
 While soldiers marched to the loud tattoo;
 And though to honest Ralph still true,
 She listened to the loud tattoo.
 I've said that Mog was debonair,
 Nor was their admiration small,
 She was thought artless, young, and fair,
 By the regiment, pioneers and all;
 Each would have ta'en her for his wife,
A la militaire, as soldiers do,
 The smock-faced ensign named his sum,
 The sergeant promised, swore, and prayed,
 The trumpeter her praises brayed;
 To charm her loudly squeaked the fife,
 The drummer braced his thundering drum,
 To win her heart with a loud tattoo;
 Thus strove to make young Mog untrue,
 Pike, trumpet, fife, and loud tattoo.

Mog soon found reason to condemn
 The nonsense of each blustering elf,
 And looking with contempt on them,
 Some little shame took to herself;
 Determined now to be the wife
 Of honest Ralph, so kind and true,
 Cried she to the ensign, Child, go home
 To your mamma. For you, old Bluff,
 Your trumpet's, like yourself, a puff!
 I'll not be whistled after, fife,
 Nor, drummer, shall your hollow drum
 To me beat wedlock's loud tattoo;
 True to my Ralph, to honour true,
 Hence trumpet, fife, and loud tattoo.

HERE'S THE FOX-HUNTER'S HEALTH
 FOR EVER, HUZZA!

COME, fill up a cup to the fox-hunter's health,
 Give him that, and he cares not for honours or
 wealth,
 His house is his castle, his fields are his joy,
 And for loving the ladies, sure he is the boy.
 Then fill up the cup,
 We are fond of a sup;
 Yes, fill up a cup,
 To the fox-hunter's health.
 He cares not for politics, lords, or estates,
 Peace graces his board, sirs, and happiness waits;
 Then join, my brave boys, may his joys ne'er de-
 cay,
 Here's a health to the huntsman, for ever, huzza.
 Then fill up a cup, &c.

WILL FAIRLOVE.

(Male.)

WHEN Will Fairlove, who glowed with love's soft
 emotion,
 First bade his dear Emma a long sad farewell,
 To brave all the dangers of Neptune's green
 ocean,
 The pride of the foe in the battle to quell;
 He sighed—restrained the starting tear,
 And, kissing, left his Emma dear.
 They proudly set sail through seas loudly raging,
 The heart of the landsman with fear would
 appal,
 The foe soon they met, and boldly engaged him,
 Will swore, for his country, to conquer or fall;
 His heart disdained the thought of fear,
 He felt alone for Emma dear.
 The cannons loud burst, like Jove's awful thunder,
 Still undaunted Will stood, his country's tried
 friend,
 A ball from his trunk his left fin did sunder,
 And shivered his pin beyond splicing to mend;
 Still he disdained to pain a tear,
 And grieved alone for Emma dear.
 When Emma beheld her tar thus discarded,
 She cried shall distress cause me to act a base
 part,
 No, true virtue alone should be rewarded,
 Accept then, dear Will, my hand, fortune, and
 heart.
 Next morn, to the altar Will led the fair,
 And sealed the vow with Emma dear.
 Now Fairlove, though maimed, regrets not his
 crosses,
 Since blest with the girl whom his soul doth de-
 light,
 Her love and kind care supplies all his losses,
 His lopt limbs speak the glory he gained in the
 fight.

One arm still left, should foes appear,
To fight the cause of Emma dear.

WELCOME, PLEASURE—WELCOME, GLEE.

WE'LL, then, with jovial spirits join,
And sip and sip ambrosial wine;
With sparkling wit and flowing bowls,
The cheerful song and glowing souls.

So welcome, pleasure—welcome, glee—
We'll laugh at toil and trouble,
For, in the cheerful glass, I see
Good humour—see it double.

If there is aught on earth divine,
'Tis cheerful hearts and rosy wine;
When these have ceas'd their jovial reign,
Oh, take me back to Heaven again.
So welcome, &c.

BILLY GOOSE AND THE DEVIL.

(W. Wastell.)

BILLY GOOSE was a tailor, and, ah, woful tale!
With an unmarried lady lived he:

She tormented him sorely, no words could pre-
vail,
She was louder than he, and she fought tooth and
nail,

Till at last he resolved to be free.
With a horrible oath he was thus heard to say,
As he kicked her at last from the door,
“May the devil himself come and fetch me away,
With tape, buckram, and shears, if you longer
shall stay,

Or if ever I take you back more!”

But women can wheedle us all, as we know,
And coax and persuade us to evil;
She prayed and she promised, as women know
how;

Poor Billy was very soon false to his vow,
Quite forgetting his oath and the devil.
And now all their friends were invited to sup,
Beef and cabbage were placed for each guest,
When, lo! a tall stranger appeared—drained his
cup,
He ate all the cabbage and cucumbers up,
And nothing was left for the rest.

Oh! then, Billy Goose, while his hair rose on
high,

Cried, “Sir, who, pray the devil, art thou?”
“Sure enough,” was the answer, “the devil am
I;

You wished me to come, and away with you fly,
If you were untrue to your vow.
Come away, then, false tailor, that woman to
shun,

You have broken the oath made upon her.”
“Sir,” Billy exclaimed, “after all's said and
done,

As out of two evils I'm forced to choose one,
I'm quite ready to wait on your honour.”

BLINK O'ER THE BURN TO ME.

YOUNG Sandy is a dowdy lad,
And Jemmy's swarth and tawny,
No heart of mine they captive made,
For that is lost to Johnny.

Blink o'er the burn, my Johnny, dear,
Blink o'er the burn to me,
Blink o'er the burn, my Johnny, dear,
And I will gang wi' thee.

Young Sandy woos, and sighs, and sues,
And Jemmy offers money,

Now well I know they both love me,
But I love none but Johnny.

Blink o'er the burn, &c.

And if he asks me for his bride,
I'll not deny my Johnny,
He's not a lad to be denied,
So fair, so blithe, so bonny.

Blink o'er the burn, &c.

THE AMATEURS.

Air—“*Over the Water to Charley.*”

(Jesse Hammond.)

LET amateurs meet,
For a tragical treat,
Where Melpomene rages in fury;
But, in comical verse,
A farce I rehearse,
Brought out at the doors of Old Drury,
The scene was outside,
Like *Othello's* black hide,
The characters cast in a hurry,
The *fable a fact*,
And, if not too much *hacked*,
Might be saddled to run at the Surrey.

Like *The Critic*, I write
The Mistakes of a Night,
For the plot of the piece was a blunder,
And perhaps you may say
'Twas the *The Devil to Pay*.

Or that my little farce was *The Wonder*.
An adept at the art
Played the principal part
And run all *The Chances* in danger,
So *The Prize* he might win,
He would freely take in,
The Man of the World or *The Stranger*.

This modern *Macheath*,
Who had got his eye teeth
From *The Rendezvous* at the Old Bailey,
Saw an amateur cub
From the *Nightingale-Club*
With a *Citizen* gossiping gaily,
Says he, in this throng,
'Twill be *All in the Wrong*,
Not my *Note-Book* in safety to lock it,
For the way, to be sure,
The Purse to secure
Is *The Padlock* to pop on your pocket.

Then Macheath moved behind,
Just for *Raising the Wind*,
Resolved to play *Measure for Measure*,
And, feeling about,
Bade the *Note-Book Turn-Out*,
And filched *The Poor Gentleman's* treasure,
Then 'twas *Catch him who can*
For *The Fortunate Man*
Vanished, like *Macbeth's* old witches,
And *Five Miles off* popped
Before ever he stopped
To take a *Review* of his *Riches*.

But, when he surveyed
The Siege of Belgrade,
And saw, in each opera ditty,
That they were but *notes*
That were meant for the *throats*
Of an amateur club in the City,
Cries he, in a rage,
All the World is a Stage,
For a benefit I'm not the one in,
So the Macheaths shall swarm
To the *School of Reform*
And give up the high *Road to Ruin*.

HOPE NOW SO CHEERILY.

(H. M. Milner.)

A TRIO.

HOPE now so cheerily
Shines through the gloom,
Bidding the buds of joy
Brightly to bloom.
Sorrow and weariness
Sit on my brow,
Sadness and dreariness
Weigh on thee now.
Heaven will ne'er forsake
Virtue that weeps;
Its watchful guardian, Care,
No, never sleeps.

THE GOOD FELLOW.

(Alexander Brome, 1658.)

STAY, stay, shut the gates,
T'other quart, faith, it is not so late
As you're thinking;
Those stars which you see
In this hemisphere be
But the studs in your cheeks by your drinking.
The sun has gone to tittle all night in the sea,
boys,
To-morrow he'll blush that he's paler than we,
boys,
Drink wine, give him water, 'tis sack makes us
gee, boys.

Fill, fill up the glass,
To the next merry lad let it pass;

Come away with't;
Come, set foot to foot,
And but give our minds to't,

'Tis heretical six that doth slay wit.
No Helicon like to the juice of the vine is,
For Phœbus had never had wit nor divinity,
Had his face been bow-dy'd as thine is and mine
is.

Drink, drink off your bowls,
We'll enrich both our heads and our souls

With canary;
A carbuncled face
Saves a tedious race,

For the Indies about us we carry;
Then hang up good faces, we'll drink till our
noses

Give freedom to speak what our fancy disposes,
Beneath whose protection is under the roses.

This, this must go round;
Off your hats till that the pavement be crown'd
With your beavers;
A red-coated face,

Night's a serjeant-at-mace,
And the constable trembles to shivers;
In state march our faces, like those of the quorum,
When the wenches fall down, and the vulgar
adore 'em,

And our noses like the link boys run shining be-
fore 'em.

GOOD BY, GOOD BY, MY NATIVE
SHORE.

(Moncrieff.)

GOOD by, good by, my native shore
Smiles o'er the waters green;
The landsmen sigh, the sailors roar,
My sea-muse notes the scene.

I grieve not for spees done in drink,
Nor many a wanton trick;
My only sorrow is to think
I shortly shall be sick.

A BULL'S NOT A HE-COW.

(E. J. B. Box.)

IN Old Ireland you'll know
A bull's not a he-cow,
What gives butter-milk nightly each morn,
But a blunder what's hung
On the slip of our tongue,
So a tongue-bull is not a cow's horn!
Smic smaghiloo, whack, musha gra!
Smic smaghiloo, whack, musha gra!
But a blunder what's hung, &c.

Och! nate Larry O'Rourke
Tucked his tight but of oak
(His shellelagh-twig) *undther* his arm,
Trot to Donnybrook-fair,
Sure the lad was go there
For a fun, just to keep the game warm!
Smic smaghiloo, whack, musha gra!
Smic smaghiloo, whack, musha gra!
Trot to Donnybrook-fair, &c.

When he'd tookt a straight round
Through, to look at the sound
Of the bagpipes that played at both ends;
Sure he never piped dumb,
When shellelagh-time come,
For a tune on the horns of his friends!
Rap hubbaboo, Larry, go whack!
Rap hubbaboo, Larry, go whack!
Sure he never piped dumb, &c.

Sure horse-beans are green-peas,
For a bull, if you'll plase
Just to put the case right in a row,
With a shellelagh rap,
That's the *convincing tap*,
What can prove a blue pig's a red cow,
Or make a red eow a blue pig;
Or make a red eow a blue pig.
With a shellelagh rap, &c.

THE TEAR.

(W. W. Waldron.)

FLOW on thy way, thou pearly tear,
Canst thou my anguish speak?
A lenient for my sorrows here
In thee alone I seek.
Oh! do not stop thy swift career,
Press on thy destiny;
But one alone my heart can cheer,
That, grateful tear, is thee.

Flow, chrystal tear, thrice welcome friend,
In thee I find relief;
Still, still, thy balmy cordial send,
To dissipate my grief.

It is a wretched mourner sues,
The boon then don't deny;
This heart how sad, if thou refuse,
How tranquil, if comply.

Flow, gentle tear, this faded check
Delights to feel thee roam;
Ah! too, too blest if there you'd seek
A long, a lasting, home.
Yes, yes, thy chrystal sluice o'erflows,
But soon thy torments cease;
A stranger I to calm repose,
You sink to lasting peace.

REMEMBER TIM AND SUE.

TIMOTHY loved young Susan, and Sue loved Ti-
mothy, too,
But Tim nor Sukey, in choosing, had neither beauty
in view!

His nose stood awry,
 And her forehead was high,
 Like a trencher chopped in two,
 And hadn't her eyes, as ferret's, been red,
 Perhaps they might have been blue ;
 But beauty's a bubble,
 Unworthy of trouble,
 As many have found too true,
 Then, husbands and wives,
 Who love peaceable lives,
 (That's if there be any that do,)
 Remember Tim and Sue.

Wives that are fair or witty, the choice of others
 may be,
 Quoth Tim, your wits will be prating, and prattling
 never suits me ;
 Your beautiful wives
 Lead frolicsome lives,
 While spousy is left alone ;
 And I, though her waist be crooked or straight,
 Would have a wife of my own.
 For beauty's a bubble, &c.

Sukey to Tim, with a leer, says, " Your taste is
 mine to a tee,
 And tho'f I says it that should not, you'll find me
 a tractable she ;
 Don't think that I chose
 My love for his nose,
 Cheeks cherry, or peepers blue ;
 But truly I sees, a maiden to please,
 A certain something in you.
 And beauty's a bubble, &c.

THOU, TOO, ART GONE, THOU LOVED
 AND LOVELY ONE.

(Lord Byron.)

THOU, too, art gone, thou loved and lovely one !
 Whom youth, and youth's affection bound to
 me ;
 Who did for me what none beside have done,
 Nor shrunk from one, albeit unworthy thee !
 What is my being ?—Thou had ceased to be !
 Nor staid to welcome here thy wanderer home,
 Who mourns o'er hours which we no more shall
 see,—
 Would they had never been, or were to come ;
 Would he had ne'er returned, to find fresh cause
 to roam !

Oh, ever loving, lovely, and beloved !
 How selfish Sorrow ponders on the past,
 And clings to thoughts now better far removed !
 But Time shall tear thy shadow from me last.
 All thou couldst have of mine, stern Death ! thou
 hast,
 The parent, friend, and now the more than
 friend ;
 Ne'er yet for one thy arrows flew so fast,
 And grief with grief continuing still to blend,
 Hath snatched the little joy that life had yet to
 lend.

Then must I plunge again into the crowd,
 And follow all that Peace disdains to seek ?
 Where Revel calls, and Laughter, vainly loud,
 False to the heart, distorts the hollow cheek,
 To leave the flagging spirit doubly weak !
 Still o'er the features which, perforce, they
 cheer,
 To feign the pleasures, or conceal the pique ;
 Smiles form the channel of a future tear,
 Or raise the writhing lip with ill-dissembled
 snccr.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age ?
 What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow ?
 To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
 And be alone on earth, as I am now !
 Before the chastener humbly let me bow,
 O'er hearts divided, and o'er hopes destroyed !
 Roll on, vain days ! full reckless may ye flow,
 Since 'Time hath reft whate'er my soul en-
 joyed,
 And with the ills of eld my elder years alloyed.

A HORNPIPE OR JIG WE'D SO JOLLILY
 CAPER.

A DUET.

(Kenney.)

He.— THROUGH life as we steer,
 At Fortune we jeer,
 Good humour is ever our store ;
She.— And we know, long ago,
 When you've pleasure in tow,
 Your maxim's the merrier the more.
 I'm sure, Mr. Peter, no man can be
 neater,
He.—And, indeed, miss, I never saw damsel
 completer !
She.—With you I could trip,
He.— To a wooden-legged scraper,
Both.—And hornpipe or jig we'd so jollily caper.
 Sing fal lal, &c.

He.— With such glee, when at sea,
 If so jolly are we ;
 No mortals, I'm sure, can be more ;
She.— And since I could rely
 All your troubles would fly
 At sea, I might revel on shore.
He.—Then, our ramble completing, and once
 again meeting
She.—Your sweethearts and wives, how delight-
 ful the greeting !
He.—Then again to the notes of a wooden-legged
 scraper,
Both.—A hornpipe or jig we'd so jollily caper.
 Sing fal, lal, &c.

NELL OF HERSHAM VALE.

(E. Winslow.)

IN spring-time, when gay blue-bells bloom,
 And breathe the sweets of May,
 O'er heath or hill, where buds the broom,
 Forlorn, unknown, I stray !
 With blushing cheek, and downcast eye,
 I sing my plaintive tale,
 Come, buy sweet flow'rets, come, who'll buy,
 Of Nell of Hersham Vale ?

Ye fair, prove kind, compassion show,
 Drive me not from your door ;
 The wants I feel may you ne'er know,
 'Take pity on the poor !
 Behold my grief-worn streaming eye,
 Ah ! listen to my tale,—
 Come, buy, &c.

How fair to view the wood-rose gay,
 How fragrant is each flower !
 Nipped by the frost, they soon decay,
 And perish in an hour ;
 Thus, like a rose, I droop—I die,
 Unless you aid my tale,—
 Come, buy, &c.

LET'S TOSS THE FLOWING CAN.

Air—"The Chelsea Pensioner."

COME, fill the bowl, my jovial soul,
 And let us merry be;
 Pledge those that sail from pole to pole,
 And then brave boys at sea!
 While favouring gales are veering round,
 The Victory leads the van;
 And though, my lads, we're outward bound,
 Let's toss the flowing can.

Farewell to lovely Sall and Sue,
 The girls of mirth and fun!
 Land-lubbers, skulkers, all adieu,
 Who, matchless, fight and run!
 The shivering sails begin to fill,
 The pond'rous anchor weighed!
 Old England's chalky cliffs farewell,
 Then, shipmates, who's afraid?
 For, though the raging billows roar,
 And winds incessant blow,
 We, cheerly, quit yon craggy shore,
 To meet the daring foe;
 And if, by chance, a fatal ball
 Should e'er mischievous fly,
 Adieu, then, to the boatswain's call,
 'Tis he, Jack, you, and I.

A PEEP AT A PLAY.

Air—"Bartholomew Fair."

(Beuler.)

COME, come, my boys, away,
 Let us hasten to the play;
 We'll reach the house before
 The op'ning of the door;
 By goles! but this is prime!
 For we are just in time,
 The doors are being opened, I declare, O!
 And the boys begin to bawl,
 And the girls begin to squall,
 "Don't push so, if you please;"
 "Oh, curse you, how you squeeze!"
 "I'm almost pressed to death!"
 "I'm nearly out of breath!"
 "It's enough to make a parson swear, O!"
 Push the door—in pour,
 Sour churls—pretty girls,
 Queer gabies—little babies,
 What a rush!—Don't push!
 Come, my dear, pay here.
 Cup, cup, tumble up.
 Don't grumble.—Don't tumble.

SPOKEN.] O dear, O dear! don't push so.—I shall be killed.—I shall be squeezed to death.—I will try to squeeze out again.—Come along, you fool, would you be squeezed *inside out*!—Oh, faith! that's my own toe you are treading upon.—I beg pardon.—Och! I wouldn't mind, if you didn't hurt me.—Oh lud! do you want to squeeze all the breath out of my body?—Shut your mouth, my dear fellow, you can't suffer more by it than I do.—Billy, my boy, where are you?—Here I am, father, keeping up this fat gentleman's belly.—Aye, it's a good thing that I am fat, else my bones would be pressed to pieces.—Well, I do declare this, I never was so scrouged in my whole life before.—Oh my back!—Don't *back*, ma'am, push on.—Here we are, up at last.—Now for a good place.—Halloo! you are coming down *head* foremost.—Yes, he is determined to have a *front* seat.—I say, where are you crowding to, across the benches?—O gad! it's enough to make me *cross*, I've split my *inexpressibles*.—Never mind, let them be *seated*.—

Take care of your pockets, here's a punster.—Throw him over.—It's all over with me, if you do.—Well, a punster is a dose of salts to me.—Yes, and I have been just squeezed to death, and now I've got into purgatory.—Well, now I don't care how soon that green curtain draws up.—Father, I think that green curtain is an *iron* one.—Why, my dear?—Because it looks so *rusty*.—There's a sensible child for you.—Bless us! what is the matter, the seat is all wet.—Dear me! I do declare, my poor dear brandy bottle is all broken, and let all the liquor run

Hey down, ho down,

Derry derry down,

Whilst pushing to the play so rare O!

(Additional Dialogue, if encored.)

What a trouble it is for an old woman to get up and down this gallery! I declare it brings on my old cough.—(Coughing.) What does an *old woman* want in a *gallery*; people at your age ought to be in the *pit*.—Ah, I wish I were there.—(Coughing.)—Aye, I think you ought to be *pitted*, you are already in your *coffin*.—I wish you would undertake to cure it.—Ma'am, I am no *undertaker*; but I perceive my jest is *palling*, you begin to look *grave*.—He's a punster, ma'am, give him a *punch*.—Oh, *hang* him! I thought he was a rogue, but I shall live to read his dying speech, I know.—He's got the *gibbet* in his face now.—Gad! you have *choked* him there.—Yes, she's got him in a *line*.—He looks a fit *subject* for Surgeons'-Hall.—All go it, *cut* him up.—Put him in *spirits*, or he won't *keep* here.—*Keep*, what is he *going*?—He looks *altered*.—Then let him be *interred*, there let the punster rest till his finale *punishment*,

Hey down, ho down, &c.

In gallery, boxes, pit,
 The people snugly sit,
 The lads with lively grins,
 The maids with dimpled chins,
 Though pretty tightly squeezed,
 Are determined to be pleased,
 Whilst waiting for the play to begin O!
 Play up music, cry the boys,
 Then begin the fun and noise,
 Stage-lights begin to blaze up,
 Then the music plays up,
 Up the curtain draws,
 And draws down loud applause,
 Then the play puts an end to the din, O.
 Cat-calls—music squalls,
 Now, Dossy—play up, Nosy,
 Elbow-shakers—catgut-scrappers,
 All in rows—rosin bows,
 Fiddles grunt—down in front,
 Now, my masters, doff your castors,
 Silence, silence—no violence.

SPOKEN.] I say, you Mounseer Parlour-vow, I wish you'd doff your *noddle-cover*.—Do my vhat, sair?—Doff your *sconcer*.—Vhat, sair?—Your *crown-piece*.—Vhat?—Why your *skull-cap*, *castor*, *felt*, *beaver*.—Sair, I'm sorry I cannot comprehend you.—Lord! how *ignorant* those here Frenchmen are!—My da'ter is just come from boarding-school; parley woo, Polly, to the Frenchman.—Oui. *Mou-sear, voulez-vous otter*; that is to say, take off your *chapeau*?—Aye, Mounseer, take the *chopper* off your *block*.—My vhat block, sair?—Why, your hat.—Oh! *oui, certainement*.—Curse me! my da'ter knows more French than the Frenchman, a'ter all.—Curse the *artichoke*, I say, who built these seats! why, there's no room to put one's knees.—So it seems, sir, for you are putting them all in my back.—Only your *back*, then they don't *affront* you.—Fine fruit, or a bill of the play; do you want some good porter, sir?—I wish some *porter* would take you off.—Do you? then I'll be off with the porter, sir.—Bless me! the heat is

very *oppressive*! I can hardly bear it, I fancy it is the gas.—Pho! the gas makes it *lighter*.

Hey down, ho down,

Derry derry down,

Whilst waiting for the play to begin, O!

(Additional Dialogue, if encored.)

Halloo! there's a hubabubboo in the lower regions.—Oh, mamma, I'm squeedged up just like nothing.—Why do you squeeze the child so, you brute.—(Stuttering.) Wh-why h-how ca-ca-can I he-help it, don't every body sque-eze me?—Don't you make mouths at my wife, sir, or damme, sir, I'll shave your beard for you directly.—I wish, mamma, you had brought the broom-stick which you waps father with, you'd have made him feel, I know.—Hold your tongue, you rascal, and leave the broom-stick at home, you rogue.—So it is, pa; it hangs up behind the door, I know.—Hold your tongue, I say, and look at the pretty ladies in the boxes.—Oh! how pretty! they look like the *heads* in our shop window, with the *wigs* on.—Hush, my dear, drop the *shop* and the *wigs*.—La, papa, are those young ladies in the top boxes going to bed?—Why, my dear?—Because, pa, they look half undressed.—*Half* undressed, my dear, that's what they call being *full* dressed.—*Full* dressed, papa, then I should like to know what they call being *half*-full dressed.—Hush, my dear, and look at the stage.—What stage, papa?—The acting-stage, my dear.—The *Acton* stage, I don't see the horses.—No, nor any thing else, if that French lady keeps on her stupendous bonnet; it is like my old gig turned upside down, with wheels for *bows*. Ma'am, I'll trouble you to take off your bonnet.—Sair, *je suis surprise*; dat is to say, sair, I am quite tunder-structed of dat which you say to me! sair, I never do undress myself for no gentleman; and for you me to ask dat, you are good for nothing at all, you are; you are *barbare*.—How did she find that out.—A barber, ma'am! and what's that to you if my husband is a barber, ma'am; he can shave as well as any Frenchman, ma'am, and only charges three halfpence, ma'am.—Silence! down!

Hey down, ho down, &c.

Now the solid and the gay
Pay attention to the play;
Tragedian plays his part,
With tear, and rant, and start,
P'rhaps, in his tragic rage,
A dog runs across the stage,

Which turns the people's tears into smiles, O!

Or th' heroes of the sock
Now human nature mock,
With lively jest and mien,
Would drive away the spleen;
Then harlequin and clown,
E'er tumbling up and down,

Please the old and the young with their wiles, O!

Here's the place—for grimace,
Orange-peel—makes one feel,
Blooming misses—groans and hisses,
Starts and pauses—great applauses,
Tragic braggers—wooden daggers,
Mournful dizen—cups of poison,
Shrieks and sobbing—ghosts and robbing,
Comedy's sons—jests and puns,
Swagg'ring blades—saucy maids,
Dramas, farces—horses, asses,
Pantomime—suits each clime,
Tricks and scenes—magic means,
Leaping, tumbling—no grumbling,
All laughing—no scoffing.

SPOKEN, *foppishly*.] My dear fellow, how do you like that performer with the long sword?—Why I don't know, there is a sort of a something, that is a—a kind of—I would say a—a *je ne sc'ai quoi*,—that is to say,—in fact, you understand me.

—Aye, you would say, he is only fit to play the walking gentleman.—No, my dear fellow, I would say a *walking-stick*; does the simile *strike*?—Yes, your stick *hits* him to a *hair*; but, if you had said a *sword-stick*, there would have been more *point* in it.—Yes, my dear fellow, but that would have been too *cutting*, and contrary to the *act*.—Ya-up! I am just prime for a lark.—Tumble up, box-keeper.—I'm sorry, sir, but that shaggy great coat can't be admitted to the dress-boxes.—Hold your gab, spoony saucebox, isn't it a regular *box-coat*?—Good heavens, sir, your spurs have caught my muslin dress!—Demme, madam, I beg pardon, but demme, madam, I came to the theatre on horseback.—Did you, sir; then we feel particularly obliged to you for not bringing your *horse* into the box with you.—There's a *box* on the ear for the man in the brass spurs.—Yes, he's got in the *wrong box*.—My dear fellow, turn your glass, and tell me who is that *corpulent* lady, trying to *hide* herself behind her *fan*?—Where?—There, in the second tier of boxes.—That is the great Miss Puncheon, the distiller's daughter.—*Miss Puncheon*, pho! a *mistake*, a *mistake*, she must be more than a *single* woman.—But, my dear fellow, don't you think the boxes look very dull to night?—*Dull!* no wonder, don't you see they are all in *tiers*.—Tears, that's a pun of the first *water*.—D—n it! how your wit *flows* to-night!—Sir, it won't *flow*, if you *dam* it.

Hey down, ho down,

Derry derry down,

A play all our cares thus beguiles, O!

(Additional Dialogue, if encored.)

My dear fellow, who is that lovely creature in front, is she come-at-able?—Sir, that's my wife.—That's a cooler, Bob.—Look, look, there's a gentleman fainted.—Slacken his stays and braces; take off his kerchief, pads, collars, and wristbands.—No, don't be *picking him to pieces*.—Take that crying child home.—What a shame for women to bring children here, especially within arms.—Would you have them brought *without* arms?—I say, sir, any body in *arms* is only calculated to raise a *disturbance*.—Well, don't *harm* the child.—Bless me! it's very warm! I vonder vwhether all the vindows and wentilators are open, I am as vet as a sea-veed. Oh for a puff of wind!—Take this play-bill, sir, it is full of *puffs*.—Yes, but not *hairy* puffs.—I declare now the *eat* has made me as *dry* as a mad dog; I wish I had a drop of some'hat.—Do you, then here's the *drop* scene.—Then drop your

Hey down, ho down, &c.

IN THESE ARMS, MY JULIA, REST.

(G. T.)

Air—"Here we meet too soon to part."

IN these arms, my Julia, rest,
Nestle closely to this breast,
Here no ills can thee molest,
No dangers e'er alarm thee

Though threat'ning storms the sky obscure,
And lightning rend the ether pure,
Still here, my love, thou'lt be secure,
Here nothing e'er shall harm thee.

TO THE MIDNIGHT, HARK, AWAY.

(Garrick.)

THE card invites, in crowds we fly
To join the jovial routful cry;
What joy from cares and plagues all day
To hie to the midnight, hark, away.

Nor want, nor pain, nor grief, nor care,
Nor dronish husbands enter there;
The brisk, the bold, the young, the gay,
All hie to the midnight, hark, away.

Uncounted strikes the morning clock,
And drowsy watchmen idly knock;
Till day-light peeps we sport and play,
And roar to the jolly, hark, away.

When tired with sport, to bed we creep,
And kill the tedious day with sleep;
To-morrow's welcome call obey,
And again to the midnight, hark, away.

IN MASONRY LET ME BE BLESSED.

GRANT me, kind heaven, what I request,
In masonry let me be bless'd;
Direct me to that happy place
Where friendship smiles on every face,
Where freedom and sweet innocence
Enlarge the mind and cheer the sense:

Where scepter'd reason from her throne
Surveys the lodge, and makes us one;
And harmony's delightful sway
For ever sheds ambrosial day;
Where we bless'd Eden's pleasure taste,
Whilst balmy joys are our repast.

Our lodge the social virtues grace,
And wisdom's rules we fondly trace;
Whole nature open to our view
Points out the path we should pursue.
Let us subsist in lasting peace,
And may our happiness increase.

No-prying eye can view us here,
No fool or knave disturb our cheer;
Our well-formed laws set mankind free,
And gives relief to misery;
The poor, oppressed with wo and grief,
Gain from our bounteous hands relief.

FILL HIGH THE BOWL, LET US DRINK
TO THE BRAVE.

O! FILL high the bowl,
Let us drink to the brave,
And the toast be in silence,
The sons of the wave!

The sons of the wave,
Whom the tempest sent low,
Where no billows are raging,
And storms never blow.

Deep, deep, they went down,
But they utter'd no cry
As they cast their last look
On the storm-hurried sky.

O! where was the stay
Of their headlong career,
When the wave smooth'd its way
O'er the mariner's bier?

Where found they a rest
For the tomb of their bark,—
In the ocean's green bed,
Or its coral waves dark?

Who can say? not the vessel,
Which sails where they lie,
With her keel high above them,
As stars in the sky.

But the dolphin may know,
And the fierce shark may tell,
Where they watch'd the ship go,
And they banquetted well.

Wherever it be,
Let us drink to the brave,
Whom the storm has laid low
In a fathomless grave.

MISS TROLLOP AND PADDY
O'BOTHEREM.

Air—"Young Love."

MISS Trollop she liv'd in Duck-lane,
Kittens breeding, and novels reading,
With which she bother'd her brain,
The neighbours all thought her insane.
Landlord one morning gave her week's warning,
Although her rent she well did pay;
"Oh, no," said Trol, "you I defy,
While I can tip I mean to stay."

This maid was turned of sixty-two,
And ne'er was married, for love miscarried,
And never came her way to woo,
Though she was richer than a Jew.
At last quite sly, sir, a sheep's eye, sir,
Was cast from Paddy's bullock head,
"Oh, oh," said Trol, "what is't I spy,"
An Irish chairman came to wed.

The maid she blush'd vermilion deep,
And hung her head, sir, when at her bed, sir,
This bogtrotter began to peep,
And gently to her side did creep;
They soon were wedded, and got bedded,
When wedlock's bliss she now enjoyed;
"Oh, oh," said Trol, "what a fool was I,
Who so long with kittens toyed."

Pat's joy was not so very great
With her embrace, sir, and wrinkled face, sir,
He sighed both early and late,
And prayed that death would on her wait;
But yet he'd carney, and pitch her blarney,
"Till Mr. Death did lay her low;
"Oh, oh," said Pat, "are you there, good by,"
And laid his paw on her rhino.

THE CONVICT.

(Wordsworth.)

THE glory of evening was spread through the
west,
On the slope of a mountain I stood;
While the joy that precedes the calm season of
rest
Rang loud through the meadow and wood.

And must we, then, part from a dwelling so fair?
In the pain of my spirit, I said;
And, with a deep sadness, I turned to repair
To the cell where the convict is laid.

The thick-ribbed walls that o'ershadow the gate
Resound, and the dungeons unfold;
I pause,—and, at length, through the glimmering
grate,
That outcast of Pity behold.

His black, matted hair, on his shoulder is bent,
And deep is the sigh of his breast;
And, with stedfast attention, his eyes are intent
On the fetters that link him to death.

'Tis sorrow enough on that visage to gaze,
That body dismissed from his care;
But my fancy has pierced to his heart, and por-
trays
More terrible images there.

His bones are consumed, and his life-blood is dried,
 With wishes the past to undo;
 And his crimes, through the pain that o'erwhelm him, desried,
 Still blacken, and grow, on the view.

When from the dark synod, or blood-recking field,
 To his chamber the monarch is led,
 All soothers of sense their soft virtue shall yield,
 And Quietness pillow his head.

But if Grief, self-consumed, in oblivion would dose,
 And Conscience her tortures appease;
 'Mid tumult and uproar this man must repose,
 In the comfortless vault of disease.

When his fetters, at night, have so pressed on his limbs,
 That the weight can no longer be borne;
 If, while a half-slumber his mem'ry bedims,
 The wretch on the pallet should turn.

While the jail-mastiff howls at the dull clanking chain,
 From the roots of his hair there shall start
 A thousand sharp punctures of cold sweating pain,
 And terror shell leap at his heart.

But now he half raises his deep-sunken eye,
 And the motion unsettles a tear;
 The silence of sorrow it seems to supply,
 And asks me for why I am here.

Poor victim! no idle intruder has stood,
 With o'erweening complacence, our state to compare;
 But one whose first wish is the wish to be good,
 Is come, as a brother, thy sorrows to share.

At thy name, though Compassion her nature resign,
 Though in Virtue's proud mouth thy report be a stair;
 My care, if the arm of the mighty were mine,
 Should place thee where yet thou might'st blossom again!

TAKE A LITTLE DRAM OF PASSION IN
 A LUSTY DOSE OF WINE.

WOULD you be a man of fashion,
 Would you lead a life divine,
 Take a little dram of passion
 In a lusty dose of wine.

If the nymph has no compassion,
 Vain it is to sigh and groan;
 Love was but put in for fashion,
 Wine will do the work alone.

HUSH, HUSHABY.

(Upton.)

'Twas down in the meadows of Somersetshire,
 A blooming young maiden sat under a tree;
 She sang, and I wistfully listened to hear,
 Impatient to learn what the ditty might be.
 Her dress was all white, and bright auburn her hair,
 And a sweet smiling babe in her lap seemed to lie;

She kissed it, she pressed it, then rocking her care,
 In strains most endearing, sang, hush, hushaby.
 Hushaby! hushaby!

Her song and her manner, so artless and sweet,
 I looked on and fancied as something divine,
 Then ventured, but could not advance or retreat,
 And wished both the nurse and the baby were mine.

At length, taking courage, I bade her "good day,"
 Asked her name, and if married, without knowing why;
 She started, looked down, and "O, no, sir," did say,
 Then sang, dearest creature! her hush, hushaby.
 Hushaby! hushaby!

At last, she confessed, (and it pleased me to hear,)
 The babe was in no way to Mary allied;
 O, yes! and my offer was frank and sincere,
 To take her, and make her that moment a bride!
 She blushed, yet that blush did such sweetness impart,
 That yes, the dear yes, I could read in each eye!
 And truly I gave her my hand and my heart,
 While she sang, dearest creature! her hush, hushaby!
 Hushaby! hushaby!

JACK OF ALL TRADES.

(C. Dibdin.)

A GENTLEMAN once, I'd a train of my own,
 But my train is all docked, and I'm left all alone,
 And now, as I never had pride, though I'd pelf,
 I don't mind becoming a servant myself.

At table I can wait,
 Clean a knife, or change a plate,
 Quick as thought, when there's company or gay day;

Mount a nag behind my lord,
 Whene'er he goes abroad,
 Or dangle at the heels of my lady;
 After wine-cellar look,
 Fatten poultry, garden, cook,

A monstrous variety of small trades!

Make stews, clean shoes;
 Friz a wig, kill a pig;
 Brew, bake, broil stake;
 Clean house, milk cows;
 Cheese turn, butter churn;
 Mend clothes, darn hose;
 Run of errand, O, I warrant

You'll find me complete Jack of all trades.

REST, WARRIOR, REST.

(Dimond.)

HE comes from wars, from the red field of fight;
 He comes through the storm, and the darkness of night;

For rest and for refuge now fain to implore,
 The warrior bends low at the cottager's door.
 Pale, pale is his cheek; there's a gash on his brow;

His locks o'er his shoulders distractedly flow;
 And the fire of his heart shoots by fits from his eye,

Like a languishing lamp, that just flashes to die.
 Rest, warrior, rest!

Sunk in silence and sleep on the cottager's bed,
 Oblivion shall visit the war-weary head;
 Perchance, he may dream, but the vision shall
 tell
 Of his lady-love's bower, and her latest farewell!
 Illusion and love chase the battle's alarms,
 He shall dream that his mistress lies locked in his
 arms;
 He shall feel on his lip the sweet warmth of her
 kiss,
 Nay, warrior, wake not, such slumber is bliss!
 Rest, warrior, rest!

UNE TRES JOLIE FILLE RETURNED
 FROM FRANCE;

OR, A RARE I! IN ENGLISH!

Air—"My Name is Little Harry, O!"

(E. J. B. Box.)

DEMOISELLES, I'm just returned from France;
Messieurs, je suis au fait la danse,
 The waltz, quadrille,
Une tres belle fille,
Toujours je suis, the beaux to kill!
 While I skip it, trip it, airy, O!
Les jeun garcons I still carry, O!
 Just where I will,
 They follow me still;
 All *a-la-debandade!* O, rare I, O!
 Just where I will, &c.

I've at Paris, 'bout the Fauxbourg, seen
La femme, they there call *Madame L'Obscene,*
 Who made such rout
 In showing out
 Your nobles behind *la-belle-Harriette* scene!
 But she'd nothing I saw fair in, O!
 With all her fine frippery wearing, O!
 Then, what think'st of my French
 When I call her a wench
 Like *une grosse, grasse poissurde,* staring, O?
 Then, what think'st of my French, &c.

Un soir, a-l'Opera, tous qui vive,
 All looking round, as past belief,
 'Mongst the *noblesse* went,
 (*Elle une passe-volante,*)
La femme Harriette, but she soon out was sent,
 With a flout-out, rout-out, scare-cry, O!
 While at them she looked with fierce blear-
 eye, O!
 Just as much as to say,
 When you drive me away,
 You amongst ye can't find such a rare I, O!
 Just as much as to say, &c.

At a masque, ball, or rout,—*de moi-meme je dire;*
Au-moins, something more of my fame I'll say:
Dans la danse, trop vite
 English beaux find my feet,
 For they're dull in the dance while I'm *toujours*
gai!
 Now from France returned, why, *j'espere* I,
 O!
 Shall, French graces to teach you, my care
 try, O!
 Lest my French, bad and good,
 Should be misunderstood,
 I'm (in English to tell ye) a rare I! O!
 Lest my French, bad and good, &c.

THEY WERE POOR; AND POLL SHE WAS
 MY WIFE.

(Cherry.)

FULL sixteen years I ploughed the faithless ocean,
 Where wave o'er wave in curling billows rides,

Or where the ship, with most majestic motion,
 O'er its smooth bosom most securely glides.
 Why did I so? My country's voice commanded,
 And Poll was dear to me as fame or life,
 My parents' poverty my help demanded,
 For they were poor; and Poll—she was my wife.
 For thirteen years were mine those tender trea-
 sures,
 From day to day increasing comforts proved;
 But soon, alas! were marred those heart-felt plea-
 sures,
 And soon the objects lost so dearly loved.
 A faithless friend, to whose false care confiding
 My little treasure, earned in blood and strife,
 For Poll and parents' peril still despising,
 For they were old; and Poll—she was my wife.
 The lengthened war from home and parents kept
 me,
 My friend on shore I thought their wants sup-
 plied,
 But he, false wretch, of wife and parents' reft
 me,
 Fraud steeled his heart, they sickened, pined,
 and died!
 O, wretch accursed! the name of friend degrading,
 No joys for thee exist beyond this life,—
 The wite, the parents' peace and bliss invading,
 For they were old; and Poll—she was my wife.

THE HOUNDS ARE ALL EAGER THE
 SPORT TO EMBRACE.

AWAY to the field, see, the morning looks gray,
 And, sweetly bedappled, forebodes a fine day;
 The hounds are all eager the sport to embrace,
 And carol aloud to be led to the chase.
 Then hark in the morn, to the call of the horn,
 And join with the jovial crew,
 While the season invites, with all its delights,
 The health-giving chase to pursue.
 How charming the sight, when Aurora first dawns,
 To see the bright beagles spread over the lawns,—
 To welcome the sun now returning from rest,
 Their matins they chant as they merrily quest.
 Then hark, &c.

But, oh! how each bosom with transport it fills,
 To start just as Phœbus peeps over the hills;
 While, joyous, from valley to valley, resounds
 The shouts of the hunters and cry of the hounds.
 Then hark, &c.

See how the brave hunters, with courage elate,
 Fly hedges and ditches, or top the barred gate;
 Borne by their bold coursers no dangers they fear,
 And give to the winds all vexation and care.
 Then hark, &c.

Ye cits, for the chase quit the joys of the town,
 And scorn the dull pleasure of sleeping in down,
 Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth,
 Ours still is repaid with contentment and health.
 Then hark, &c.

OH! BREATHE THOSE THRILLING NOTES
 AGAIN.

(David Lester Richardson.)

OH! breathe those thrilling notes again!
 They wake the tears of kindred pain,
 Yet, like a mournful dream, control
 The withered heart—the darkened soul!
 The lays that Hope and Mirth inspire,
 That once my raptured breast would fire,
 Now, rising o'er my loved one's tomb,
 But mock my spirit's troubled gloom!

Oh! mark this now grief-hallowed bower!
 Here Beauty proved her magic power,—
 Here the fair minstrel, sweetly coy,
 Would sweep the strings of love and joy.
 Beneath its dark deserted shade
 The maiden's silent breast is laid;
 And sweetest here the notes that rise,
 Like echoes, to the mourner's sighs.

COME, SING AWAY, HONIES, AND CAST
 OFF ALL SORROW.

ALL you that are wise and think life worth en-
 joying,
 Or soldier or sailor, by land or by sea,
 In loving and laughing your time be employing,
 Your glass to your lips, and your lass on your
 knee.
 Come, sing away, honies, and cast off all sorrow,
 Though we all die to day, let's be merry to-mor-
 row;
 An hundred years hence will be too late to borrow
 A moment of time to be joyous and free.
 My lord and the bishop, in spite of the splendour,
 When Death gives the call, from their glories
 must part;
 Your beautiful dame, when the summons is sent
 her,
 Will feel the blood ebb from the cheek to the
 heart.
 Then, sing away, honies, and cast off all sorrow,
 Though you all die to-day, be merry to-morrow,
 An hundred years hence will be too late to borrow
 A cordial to cherish the sorrowful heart.
 For riches and honour, then, why all this riot,—
 Your wrangling, and jangling, and all your
 alarms,—
 Arrah! burn ye, my honies! you'd better be quiet
 And take, while you can, your kind girl to your
 arms.
 You'd better be singing and casting off sorrow,
 Though you all die to-day, sure, be merry to-
 morrow;
 An hundred years hence will be too late to borrow
 One moment of joy—to enjoy her sweet charms.

DENY NOT THOSE LIPS, 'TIS BUT FOLLY
 TO TRIFLE.

(T. W. Kelly.)

NAY! deny not those lips, 'tis but folly to trifle
 With one who has basked in the sun of thy
 smile;
 Love's sweetness may win us, yet 'tis but to
 trifle
 The heart, when that sweetness is meant to be-
 guile.
 Oh! think not, my Rosa, thy charms were but
 given,
 To waste all in blushes their beauty away;
 No, thy sweet little spirit, the sweetest in Heaven,
 From Elysium was ne'er sent so idly to stray.
 Remember, the rose which is hid from the eye,
 How it wastes on the air all its sweetest per-
 fume;
 Unenjoyed, unenjoying, it lives but to die,
 And lavish, unnoticed, its balm and its bloom.
 Besides, one can see that love wantonly trips,
 Through thy fair modest blushes his soul to re-
 veal;
 And it pains me to think, that thy sanctified
 lips,
 The hope of thy dear wishing eyes should con-
 ceal.

Then, knowing, my love, that thy charms do but
 live,
 Only blest in the beauty that soon must be
 fading,
 Why not, my dear girl, freely, readily give
 To thy lover, those charms, without all this per-
 suading?

Confide not, my fair little saint, on thy grace,
 Nor with modesty's veil be thy wishes conceal-
 ing;
 The pleasures of love are expressed in thy face,
 The passport to heaven is thy lips to be seal-
 ing.

CROTCHETS AND QUAVERS.

(Dibdin.)

BUT, perhaps, while thus boldly exposing each
 elf,
 A dupe or to passion, or folly, or pelf,
 I the critic severest become of myself,
 Presuming to hope for your favours;
 What is it to me who sings great, or sings small,
 Or whether a knave first every knave likes to call,
 Or whose roguish or honest—Lord, nothing at all!
 But to eke out the crotchets and quavers.
 Advice from a lawyer—a smile from his grace,
 From a hypocrite treachery, with a smooth face,
 From a bishop a blessing—a gamester ames ace,
 The public receive for their favours;
 Thus in their vocation all earnestly join,
 For what should a man circulate but his own coin,
 Let us humbly entreat, then, you'll not refuse
 mine,
 Though composed but of crotchets and quavers.
 Every piece is full weight, nor debased by vile
 art,
 Sterling gratitude still will be found in each part,
 The lively impression was made on my heart,
 For what less can purchase your favours;
 Thus I fearless submit it to pass through your
 Mint,
 When assayed, should you find there's no counter-
 feit in't,
 The stamp of your kind approbation imprint,
 To pass current my crotchets and quavers.

NO SCULPTURED MARBLE MARKS THE
 SPOT.

Air—" 'Tis Time this Heart should be unmoved."

(James Bruton.)

No sculptured marble marks the spot,
 Where rests his honoured clay,
 No tomb tells where his ashes rot,
 Or bones decay.

One simple knoll of weedy earth,
 Alone the place proclaim,
 No tablet stands to tell his worth,
 Or bless his name.

No tear did feigned pity pour,
 Nor grief did weep aloud,
 Nor feigning smiles to win his store,
 Did courtiers crowd.

The path of poverty he traced,
 Uncheered by pleasure's ray,
 Life was to him a thorny waste,
 And drear the way

Yet thorns that stung him here beneath,
 Those thorns of grief and wo,
 Of flowers now form a heavenly wreath,
 Upon his brow.

Then hush, my heart, no more complain,
Let hope resume its sway,
Perchance, ere long, we meet again,
In endless day.

THE SHOWMAN.

Air—"Colin Clump."—(E. Mackey.)

WALK up now, each lady and gent,
My show is the best, I assure ye,
You'll not have the least cause to repent,
We'll strive all we can to allure ye;
Here's the wonderful pig, who's so wise,
Such a sight was ne'er seen yet before, sirs,
And as it's a sow, she denies
She's a claim to the title of bore, sirs.

SPOKEN.] Now, walk up, ladies and gentlemen,
walk up, be in time, to see that wonderful wonder
of all wonders, the learned pig; only look at the
paintings,—there is no false paintings, I assure
you; she is the most beautiful animal that nature
ever produced; she combines the beauty of Hebe
with the wisdom of Aristotle.—I say, Jack, who's
that Harry Stottle? Why, he used to keep a pork-
shop in Leddenhall-market.—Oh, ah! so he did.
Now, ladies and gentlemen, if you've a mind to
see this wonderful being, walk up, we're a-going
to begin,

For my booth is the best, you will swear,
And some queer things there is to be seen here,
It's not to be matched in the fair,
So, ladies and gents, now walk in here.

Now, ma'am, at that animal look,
Oh, dear! what a sweet little cretur,
He's so wise, I regret he ne'er spoke,
And his fellow you never will meet here;
Here's the king of all conjurers here,
Who will show you such wonderful tricks, sirs,
You'll cry, it's surprising, oh, dear!
Why with devils he surely must mix, sirs.

SPOKEN.] Now, Miss Peggy, are you inclined
to amuse the company? (*grunts*). See, gentlemen
and ladies, how eloquently and musically she con-
sents to afford pleasure. Now, Miss, tell me the
age of that lady. Oh! sixty three, very well,
Miss. It's false, Mr. Showman, you are bringing
up your pig to tell untruths; I am only thirty, and
my cousin here knows it. That I do, coz, for I
have heard the same story this twenty years. Oh,
shocking! Now, Miss, tell me what the lady loves
best, (*grunts*). Oh, very well, her cat and a drop
of Jackey. Now, would the lady like to be married?
(*grunts*). Very well, she would like to be married,
but nobody will have her. Now, Mr. Conjurer,
show your tricks, if you please. Now, ladies, do
you see this card, hiegh, presto, begone! look, la-
dies and gentlemen, it's dancing over you. Now,
here's a ring, ladies, hiegh, presto, it's a pigeon.
Well, I declare I never saw such a wonderful man
in my life, why, he must have dealings with the
devil. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I hope you
are pleased with the exhibition.

And my booth is the best you will meet,
For every thing here is expedient,
It's not to be matched in the fair,
So, ladies and gents, your obedient.

BRITONS EVER SHALL BE FREE!

O'ER the vast surface of the deep
Britain shall still her empire keep;
Her heav'n-descended charter, long
The favourite theme of glory's song,

Shall still proclaim the blest decree,
That—Britons ever will be free!

Though hostile bands, in fierce array,
Dare to dispute her sovereign sway;
Though savage fury, nursed in gore,
Dared to despoil her silver shore;
Heaven did support its blest decree,
That—Britons ever shall be free!

'Twas thus NELSON!—(illustrious name!)
Still adding to a life of fame,
Their combined, proud Armada broke,
And Albion's wrath in thunder spoke!
While Victory sanctioned the decree,
That—Britons ever shall be free!

Hail, happy Britain! favoured isle!
Where freedom, arts, and commerce smile,
Long may thy GEORGE in glory prove,
The transports of a nation's love!
Long reign, to guard the blest decree,
That—Britons ever will be free!

WHEN FIRST MY DEAR LADDIE GAED
TO THE GREEN HILL.

WHEN first my dear laddie gaed to the green hill,
And I at ewe milking first tried my young skill.
To bear the milk cowie nae pain 'twas to me,
When I to the fauld the herd gathered wi' thee.

When corn riggs waved yellow, and blue heather
bells
Bloomed bonny on moorlands, and sweet rising
fells;
Nae birds, briers, or breckens, gave trouble to
me,
If I found that the berries were ripened for thee.

How fondly can lovers trust a' they desire,
The praise that's so gentle increases love's fire;
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and worthy of thee.

THE HEAD-ACHE.

Air—"What's a Woman like?"—(E. Mackey.)

THE head-ache, tormenting, oh, dear!
What mortal, with patience, can bear?
'Tis the devil, and all when about one;
In one's ears such a ringing,
Ding donging, and singing,
Of our senses it strives for to rout one.

Then by squallers surrounded,
With their racket confounded,
And no peace to be got high or low,
We stamp, curse, and swear,
And start from the chair,
For a walk, then, for quietness go.

In the street when we get,
Worse misfortunes are met,
Such noises around to distract you;
Coppersmiths hammering,
Old women clamouring,
From each side, with their discord attract you.

Then the dustman, with bells,
In your ear "Dust, O!" yells;
Knives, scissars to grind,
With the bagpipes behind,
Your head-ache with fury increasing,
Brats squalling a song,
Coaches rattle along,
Their rumbling never decreasing.

'Twould most drive a man out of his mind,
Such numerous noises combined;
In one's ear close a bugle-horn winding,
Then an organ with discord set grinding.

Still increasing the pain,
The head most split in twain,
Where can we for quietness go, man?
But discord around is heard in each sound;
My unhappy nob with anguish doth throb;
O, how shall I cure it? I cannot endure it;
What will ease it, I pray, let me know, man?
A deep sigh, I shall die;
Such moaning and groaning;
My temples! O, dear! now, now, my poor
ear!
My tongue at the thought, in terror stops
short!
O, the head-ache's the devil to know, man.

THE MISTRESS'S QUESTION.

(W. H. Ireland.)

WHERE dwells the rosy dimpled boy?
Or in the heart or head?
Is love a torment or a joy?
When in his chains we're led?
Say, does he dip in sweets his dart?
And is it barbed with gold?
Or does it venom'd gall impart,
Or blade of iron cold?
And are its feathers of dove's down,
Or plucked from raven's wing?
Say, does the little urchin frown,
Or will he comfort bring?

THE LOVER'S REPLY.

(W. H. Ireland.)

OH, Love is joy, ecstatic bliss!
He reigns through every part;
His shafts can never prove amiss,
They warm the head and heart.
With gold his arrow's point is tipped,
It bears no iron, dread;
In sweeter juice than bee e'er sipped
Is damped its glist'ning head.
No bod'ing raven's feather's found;
Dove's plume his arrows bear;
My heart still cherishes the wound
Which you have planted there.

THE MORALIZING SOLDIER.

(G. Colman.)

To arms, to arms, when captains cry,
With a heigho!
The trumpets blow;
To *legs*, to *legs*, brave boys, says I,
Heigho!
I needs must go.
When arrows swift begin to fly,
With a heigho!
Twang goes the bow!
The soldiers tumble down and die;
Heigho!
I'll not do so.
Whizzing go balls of lead,
With a heigho!
Thump they go;
Tall men grow shorter by the head;
Heigho!
I'd rather grow.

In time of trouble I'm away,
Heigho!
Ill winds they blow,
But always ready at pay-day;
Heigho!
Great folks do so.

POWDER-MONKEY PETER.

(C. Dibdin.)

BORN aboard a man of war,
Pipe all hands with a yeo! ho!
I have sail'd both near and far,
With a yeo! ho! yeo!
A sailor's life's the life for fame,
So none to me is sweeter;
And what d'ye think I'm called by name?
Why, little saucy Powder-Monkey Peter.

SPOKEN.] I'm little, but I'm tough like a
bantam cock, and crow over all the boys in the
ship.

With a yeo! ho! yeo!

When the waves heave mountains high,
Pipe all hands with a yeo! ho!
Up the rigging I can fly,
With a yeo! ho! yeo!
And in a calm can dance and sing,
What pleasure can be sweeter!
And toast the health of George our King,
Can little saucy Powder-Monkey Peter.

SPOKEN.] To be sure, I get into a little mis-
chief now and then; I sweetened the purser's flip
t'other day with a quid of tobacco, so I got a
round dozen.

With a yeo! ho! yeo.

When the foe in sight appears,
Pipe all hands, with a yeo! ho!
Ev'ry man for fight prepares,
With a yeo! ho! yeo!
And when the foe he strikes, d'ye see,
No sight sure can be sweeter
And that he *must* strike, you'll agree
With little saucy Powder-Monkey Peter.

SPOKEN.] We boarded a Frenchman last voy-
age, and I came alongside a French Powder-
Monkey, "Marbleu," says he; "True Blue,"
says I; popp'd him into an ammunition-barrel,
and smothered him in his own gunpowder.

With a yeo! ho! yeo!

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

A PARODY.

(C. Clementi.)

[Music, Clementi and Co. Cheapside.]

WHILE I sweep the chords,
Wreath my brow with laurel,
For my idle words
Have for once a moral.

Friendship went one night,
Though not used to gambols,
Out by Phæbus' light,
With Cupid on his rambles.

Friendship showed the way,
Cupid followed after;
Mischievous was his play,
On his lips sat laughter.

All the pranks he played,
Who could name or number?
Till his head he laid
On a bank to slumber.

When the morning shone,
 Love o'erslept himself there;
 Friendship rose alone,
 And left him like an elf there.

Friendship, like the wind,
 For her home departed;
 Love was left behind,
 Poor fellow! broken-hearted.
 While I sweep the chords, &c.

THE NEW SCHOOL.

(Major Topham.)

ONE Chesterfield wrote on good breeding,
 On manners and grace, and all that;
 But mine is a different proceeding,
 That comes to my fingers quite pat.
 Oh! I am the boy to be easy,
 With all kind of folk I am free;
 My jewels, says I, does it please you,
 If it don't, it is nothing to me.

Cries a beau, sir, your polished behaviour,—
 Arrah, honey, says I, is that you?
 Cries a lady, pray do me a favour,
 So I will, when I've nothing to do.
 Oh! I am the boy, &c.

Do reach me that book, I intreat, sir,
 Says I, you may get on the shelf;
 An old lady requests me a seat, sir,
 And I'll get it, and take it myself.
 Oh! I am the boy, &c.

Now the mode you'll be after admiring,
 When you see how I carry the day;
 For the gentlemen all keep retiring,
 And the ladies get out of my way.
 Oh! I am the boy, &c.

THE WILLOW'S THE WREATH FOR ME.

(M. G. Lewis.)

OH! Nature is sweet when the sun gilds each fea-
 ture,
 And sweet is the nightingale's lay in the grove;
 And sweet are the bean-fields in blossom, but
 sweeter

The lips of a virgin avowing her love.
 I once knew a maid, of form so rare,
 That for beauty with hers—could none compare;
 And this maid had a lover, a fonder was ne'er;
 And the youth was as true as the maid was fair!
 Sing twang twang lango dillo!
 Sing lango twang dillo twang dee!
 Oh! bring me a branch of the willow,
 The willow's the wreath for me.

Oh! light are the slumbers of sylphs upon roses,
 And light is the blue-bell that waves on the
 wall;
 And light is the down that on ether reposes,
 But, maiden, thy heart was still lighter than all.
 That she never would change—how oft she said,
 'Till her life it should fail, or his love should fade;
 And yet ere a twelvemonth its circle had made,
 The maiden was false, and the youth betrayed!
 Sing, twang twang lango dillo, &c.

PUSH ABOUT THE GROG.

COME, bustle, bustle, Britons bold,
 Nor let your spirits clog;
 But merry be my hearts of gold,
 And push about the grog.

For George and Britain, zounds! I'd fight.
 In storm, in calm, or fog,

By day, my boys, or darkest night,
 Inspired by righteous grog.

Of this I'd drink until I lay
 As still as any log;
 For worldly comforts when I pray,
 I mean a can of grog.

So here's a health to queen and king,
 And may the surly hog,
 That will not join, at Newgate swing,
 And lose his share of grog.

When boatswain pipes to meals or prayers,
 We tip the leisure jog,
 But fly like tigers, cats, or bears,
 When piped 'All hands to grog.'

IN EVERY HEART TO FIND A SLAVE

(T. Moore.)

IN every heart to find a slave,
 In every soul to fix his reign,
 In bonds to lead the wise and brave,
 And make the captive kiss his chain;
 Such is the power of love—and oh!
 I grieve so well love's power to know.

In sighs to pass the live-long day,
 To taste a short and broken sleep,
 For one dear object far away,
 All others scorned to watch and weep;
 Such are the pains of love—and oh!
 I grieve so well love's pains to know.

To read consent in virgin eyes,
 To press the lip, ne'er pressed till then;
 To hear the sigh of transport rise,
 And kiss, and kiss, and kiss again;
 Such are thy pleasures, love—but oh!
 When shall my heart such pleasures know.

THE TUNNEL.

(Smith.)

Air—“*Had I a Heart for Falsehood framed.*”

HAD I the roaring trade I had,
 I would not look so blue;
 For, though my bills would make men mad,
 My punch still kept them true.
 How jocundly old Larkins quaffed,
 With yonder door ajar,
 While Bacchus in my cellar laughed,
 And Patty in my bar.

But now the tunnel's all the go:
 My roaring trade stands still;
 Men to their horses cry wo! ho!
 And drive beneath the hill:
 Then break my spits, untruss my fowls,
 And leave my door ajar,
 The lawyer in my cellar scowls,
 The devil's in my bar.

THE PROTESTING LOVER.

(Upton.)

NEVER, no, never, till I saw you,
 Love, nor Love's god could me subdue;
 Never, I swear, and swear most true,
 Never, no, never, sincerely.

Never, till now, did Beauty's eye
 Never from me draw forth a sigh;
 Never was bird more free than I,
 Never, no, never, sincerely.

Never was love more true than mine,
 Never were charms more bright than thine,
 Never did hearts more close entwine,
 Never, no, never, sincerely.

////////

ANSWER TO COUNTRY COMMISSIONS.

THIS morning I sent, by the coach,
 Your basket of various wants,
 And trust that I shall not encroach,
 By enclosing a shawl of your aunt's.
 It was sent to be dy'd a deep blue,
 But could not—you need not say why—
 For the fact is (I only tell you)
 'Twas too old and too shabby to dye.

I have put in some stockings to mend,
 And beg you will knit me a purse;
 New wristband the shirts which I send,
 Which, for wearing, are getting the worse.
 Old Debby has plenty of time—
 You're an excellent giver of hints;
 Of garters I thought all the time,
 When I got the white worsted at Flint's.

All your excellent pickles are done;
 I am glad that the season draws near,
 When you think of your dear absent one,
 Who cannot partake of your cheer,
 Except in the shape of goose pie,
 A turkey, or basket of game;
 And such things as one cannot buy—
 In London scarce known but by name—

Such as thick bottled-cream and spice-cake,
 Your wine-sours deliciously fine;
 The sweetmeats they tell me you make;
 Not to mention your gooseberry-wine,
 Which Sir Thomas, my intimate friend,
 Protested, again and again,
 (As he begged for some more I would send)
 Was superior to any Champagne.

A pot of such raspberry-jam,
 As yours, I have sought for in vain;
 And sure such a nice little ham
 I never shall meet with again,
 As that which was sent by your ma.
 Bless me! I had nearly forgot
 To beg you will thank your papa
 For the couple of wild ducks he shot.

I should like you to get me a dog—
 Perhaps you've a good one to spare;
 You can send it by some stupid log,
 That will bring it scot free; but, take care,
 That he does not expect a spare bed;
 I will give him a dinner, or so—
 I got nothing by harbouring Ned,
 Some two or three winters ago.

There's a man that makes nice walking-sticks,
 It is not many miles from your farm;
 I wish you'd ride over and fix
 On one like my uncle's, at Yarm.

And get me a skin nicely dressed—
 A sheep's, buck's, or doe's, I don't care,
 For rugs they're decidedly best,
 What I purchase in London soon wear.

For my time I have made you no charge,
 Nor coach-hire for popping about;
 But I'll not on such trifles enlarge,
 You will pay me in some way, no doubt.
 Your papa may look out for a horse,
 And consult *ma*—I must not pay dear—
 He will think it no trouble, of course,
 Rememb'ring for what you send here.

////////

HAIL, MASONRY, HAIL!

A GLEE.

(C. Dibdin.)

HAIL, masonry, hail!
 Our nature refine,
 To act on the square,
 Plumb our work with due care;
 Within compass to live,
 Like brothers to give,
 And keep, like worthy craft, the line.
 To keep the line;
 Masonry, hail!

////////

HIGHLAND WHISKY.

YE social sons of Caledon,
 Wha like to rant and roar, sirs,
 Wha like to drink, and laugh, and sing,
 And join a pot encore, sirs.
 Attentive listen to my lay,
 'Twill make ye blithe and frisky,
 When I relate, without delay,
 The praise of Highland whisky.

About a' drink it bears the gree,
 It's a drink that never fails, man,
 Auld fools may drink their trash of tea,
 And ither folks their ales, man;
 To a Scotchman gi'e him barley brie,
 If you would make him frisky,
 And then he'll swear nought will him fear,
 For sic's the powers of whisky.

Wi' brandy or wi' foreign wine
 He would not weat his craige,
 There's none of them can charms combine
 If matched with the kilbagie;
 Then fill us up another glass,
 And let us drink our fill, sirs,
 What signifies the cutty stoup?
 Bring in the Hawick Gill, sirs.

What, though o' siller we're bereft,
 Sa muckle mare's the pity,
 But while we hae a penny left
 We'll gie't for aquavitæ.
 Then, oh, my cheering, care-dispelling,
 Heart-reviving whisky,
 Curse a' your foreign trash, say I,
 Gie me good Highland whisky.

////////

OH, WHERE, AND OH, WHERE, DOES
YOUR OWN TRUE LOVER STRAY.

A PARODY.

Air—"The blue Bells of Scotland."—(Tapsell.)

OH, where, and oh, where,
 Does your own true lover stray?
 He's gone upon his travels,
 Oh, he's gone to Botany-Bay;
 And its oh, in my heart,
 I hope he will not stay.

Oh, where, and oh, where,
 Does your own true love dwell?
 He lived in Tothill-Fields,
 At the sign of the Blue Bell;
 And its oh, in my heart,
 I loved him very well.

What cloth, and what cloth
 Does your own true love wear?
 He's clothed in wool and yarn,
 And they've shaved off' all his hair.
 And its oh, in my heart,
 I love him to despair.

But what should I do
 If my own true love should die?

I'd free myself to death,
 Oh, I would lay me down and cry.
 And its oh, in my heart,
 I hope he will not die.

DON'T SHILL-I, SHALL-I.

(M'Nally.)

DON'T shill-I, shall-I,
 Nor with love rally,
 Wilt be my wife?
 If thou'rt but willing,
 With thee each shilling
 I'll share through life.
 With tipping and rattling,
 And smiling babes prattling,
 Like mamma pretty,
 Like daddy witty,
 Heart light as feather,
 We'll trip together,
 From vil to city.

My heart so jolly,
 From melancholy
 Is always free!
 Sweet recreation,
 Without vexation,
 I'll find for thee!
 Coats, caps, and fine kirtles,
 With posies, and myrtles,
 And gowns so gay!
 At wakes you'll foot it,
 Skip, reel, and cut it,
 Spruce Queen of May.

Then make me happy,
 With stingo nappy
 I'll cheer your mind.
 Alas, with gazing,
 My poor heart's blazing!
 Your hand—be kind!
 I'm burning to cinder;
 My wishes, like tinder,
 The spark of your eyes—
 Now kindles fire in;
 O, with desiring,
 Your true love dies.

FILL AGAIN THE NECTARED BOWL.

WHEN the flowing bowl I see,
 Brightly sparkling to the eye,
 Then my heart exults with glee;
 Who so happy, then, as I?
 Mirth and Friendship both unite,
 Love attends the pleasing toast;
 Monarchs envy such delight,
 Monarchs have not such to boast.
 Fill again the nectared bowl,
 Nobly rising to the sight;
 Let me feast my raptured soul
 Now, with joy and true delight.

WHO THAT WOULD ASK A HEART.

(T. Campbell.)

RECITATIVE.

Who that would ask a heart to dullness wed,
 The waveless calm, the slumbers of the dead?
 No, the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,
 And Fear and Sorrow fan the fire of Joy!
 And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
 Without the home that plighted love endears;
 Without the smile from partial beauty won,
 O, what were man? a world without a sun!

AIR.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted home,
 There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower;
 In vain the viewless seraph, ling'ring there,
 At starry midnight charmed the silent air;
 In vain the wild bird carolled on the steep,
 To hail the sun, slow-wheeling from the deep;
 In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
 Aerial notes in mingling measure played!
 The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
 The whisp'ring wave, the murmur of the bee;
 Still slowly passed the melancholy day,
 And still the stranger wists no where to stray!
 The world was sad—the garden was a wild,
 And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled.

SHOULD BRANDY EVER BE FORGOT?

A PARODY.

Air—"Auld langsyne."

SHOULD brandy ever be forgot,
 And never brought to mind?
 Should brandy ever be forgot,
 For port or sherry wine?
 For port or sherry wine, my friend,
 For port or sherry wine;
 We'll tak' a glass of brandy yet,
 And kick away the wine.

And, surely, you'll your quartern be,
 And, surely, I'll be mine;
 And we will drink so merrily,
 But we'll not call for wine.
 But we'll not, &c.

And here's six-pence, my own good friend,
 Give me six-pence o' thine;
 We'll for another quartern call,
 To wile away the time.
 To wile away, &c.

'TIS HERE, FELLOW-SERVANT, AND THERE, FELLOW-SERVANT.

(Garrick.)

COME here, fellow-servants, and listen to me,
 I'll show you how those of superior degree
 Are only dependents, no better than we;
 Both high and low in this do agree,
 'Tis here, fellow-servant, and there, fellow-servant,
 and all in a livery.

See yonder fine spark in embroidery drest,
 Who bows to the great, and if they smile is blest,
 What is he, i'faith, but a servant at best?
 Both high, &c.

Nature made all alike, no distinction she craves,
 So we laugh at the great world, its fools and its
 knaves,
 For we are all of us servants, but they are all
 slaves.
 Both high, &c.

The fat shining glutton looks up to his shelf,
 The wrinkled lean miser bows down to his pelf,
 And the churl-pated beau is a slave to himself.
 Both high, &c.

The gay sparkling belle, who the whole town alarms,
 And with eyes, lips, and neck sets the smarts all in
 arms,
 Is a vassal herself, a mere drudge to her charms.
 Both high, &c.

Then we'll drink like our betters, and laugh, sing,
 and love,
 And when sick of one place, to another we'll move,
 For with little and great, the best joy is to love
 Both high, &c.



How can you persist? I wo'n't, sir, be kist,
Nor teased thus,---go, trifle elsewhere.

WELL MET, PRETTY MAID.

A DUET.

(Bickerstaffe.)

He.—WELL met, pretty maid,
Nay, don't be afraid,
I mean you no mischief, I vow;
Psha! what is't you ail?
Come, give me your pail,
And I'll carry it up to your cow.

She.—Pray let it alone,
I've hands of my own,
Nor need yours to help me—forbear!
How can you persist?
I wo'n't, sir, be kist,
Nor teased thus,—go, trifle elsewhere.

He.—In yon lonely grove,
I saw an alcove,
All around the sweet violet springs;
And there was a thrush,
Hard by in yon bush,
'Twould charm you to hear how he sings.

She.—But, hark! prithee hark!
Look, yonder's the lark!
It warbles and pleases me so,
To hear the soft tate
O' th' sweet nightingale.
I would not be tempted to go.

He.—Then here we'll sit down:
Come, come, never frown!
No longer my bliss I'll retard;
Kind Venus shall spread
Her veil over head,
And the little rogue Cupid keep guard.

OH! SWEET 'TIS TO WANDER, WITH
TRANQUIL DELIGHT.

Air—"Here's to the Maiden of bashful Fifteen."
(Bruton.)

OH! sweet 'tis to wander, with tranquil delight,
At eve, on the river's soft margin,
When Luna on high lends her silvery light,
And the fond heart with love is o'ercharging,—
Yet sweeter to rove, with the lass that we love,
At eve, over yon daisy-pied meadows,
And breathe in her ear the soft love-vow sincere,
While her blushes outvie the red roses.

Oh! sweet 'tis to list to the nightingale's note,
Or watch the moon play through yon bushes,
Or hark to the sound of the silver-toned lute,
Or the white wave, down the rough steep that
gushes,—
Yet sweeter to rove, with the lass that we love,
O'er yon green, when still silence reposes,
And bright nectar to sip from woman's fair lip,
More sweet than the bee sips from roses.



NIHIL NOSEN.

Air—"Lord Cathcart."—(Hudson.)

'Tis a very queer thing
I am going to sing,
As you'll find ere I come to a close,
Whether mankind,
All those who ar'n't blind,
Are the better or worse for a nose.
I've bothered my brains,
And taken great pains
To grapple each thought as it rose;
And now, as you'll find,
I have made up my mind,
A man is a gainer by losing his nose

A good reason's here,
It makes him see clear.
At least, so I think and suppose ;
As he, if he's wise,
Will go by his eyes,
For he never can follow his nose.

He bears without rout
The loss of his snout,
It does not exempt him from woes,
But into the cares
Of his neighbour's affairs
He ne'er can be poking his nose.
And though, in his dress,
He cannot do less
Than wear, just like other folks, clothes ;
Pocket-handkerchiefs he
Does without, and, we see,
There's a saving in soap, for he ne'er blows
his nose.
And to say it I'm bold,
If he catches a cold,
By winds, by rains, or by snows,
He may make himself glad,
For, though ever so bad,
He's never stuffed up in his nose.

He smokes well enough,
Though he cannot take snuff,
And, when he's inclined for a doze,
He sits in his chair,
Goes to sleep without care,
For no one can tickle his nose.
And, farther, (now mark,)
If he runs in the dark,
Though darkness will many folks poze,
He may, by surprise,
Knock out both his eyes,
But he surely can ne'er 'gainst a post run his
nose.
Should he drink day and night,
And in liquor delight,
Till he cannot stand up on his toes,
Though his neighbours say
Whatever they may,
They can't say he's got a red nose.

If he gets a nick-name
He comes off the same,
They can't call him "nosey" he knows ;
And, though he is vexed,
And by troubles perplexed,
He never can bite off his nose.
'Though his false friends,
For their own private ends,
His suspicions may lull to repose,
Disappointment they'll gain,
They'll find it in vain
And useless to try to lead him by the nose.
Nay more, this is sure,
Be he rich or poor,
If fighting with five or six foes,
He'll bear off the bell,
For proud I'm to tell,
Not one can take him by the nose.

Perhaps you'll surmise
He'll be weak in his eyes,
But, ere blind he entirely goes,
Think with what grace
He bedecks his odd face
With a bran-span new famous false nose.
With spectacles on,
He looks quite a Dor,
And his head up he tosses and throws.
His mind to amuse,
Reads over the news,
Whilst all folks admire his astonishing nose ;
He smiles at each scoff,
Takes his spectacles off,

Not heeding the ah's nor the oh's ;
But firmly does stand,
Puts up his right hand,
And silently pockets his nose.

////////

WHEN YANKO, DEAR, FIGHT FAR AWAY.

(Dibdin.)

WHEN Yanko, dear, fight far away,
Some token kind me send ;
One branch of olive, for dat say
Me wish de battle end.
The poplar tremble while him go,
Say of dy life take care ;
Me send no laurel, for me know
Of dat he find him share.

De ivy say my heart be true,—
Me droop, say willow-tree,—
De torn, he say, me sick for you,—
De sun-flower, tink of me ;
Till, last, me go weep wid de pine,
For fear poor Yanko dead ;
He come ! and I de myrtle twine
In chaplet for him head.

////////

BRING ME WINE.

Air—" You promised me to marry."

(Jesse Hammond.)

WHEN over mead and mountain
Sweet Spring her mantle throws,
And to the shaded fountain
The love-sick shepherd goes ;
There, wrapt in melancholy,
(A fate that ne'er was mine,)
The stream reflects his folly,
So bring me—bring me wine !
And, while the bells are ringing
Swains to Cupid's shrine.
Young Love shall hear me singing--
Bring me--bring me wine !

When summer's sun is gleaming
On the yellow plain,
And Beauty's eyes are beaming
On eyes that beam again ;
The lover, through the meadow,
Pursues the nymph divine ;
But love's a fleeting shadow,
So bring me—bring me wine !
And, while the bells are ringing, &c.

When winter-winds are roaring
Round his soft retreat,
And chilly love, deploring,
Hears the tempest beat :
While silly swains are mourning
Pleasure's swift decline,
Spring and joy, returning,
Shall bring me—bring me wine !
And, should the bells be bringing
More to Cupid's shrine,
Still Love shall hear me singing--
Bring me—bring me wine !

////////

THE DYING LOVER'S SONG.

(Crabbe.)

LET me not have this gloomy view
About my room, around my bed,
But morning roses, wet with dew,
To cool my burning brows instead.

As flowers that once in Eden grew,
Let them their fragrant spirit shed,
And every day their sweets renew,
Till I, a fading flower, am dead.

Oh! let the herbs I loved to rear
Give to my sense their perfumed breath,
Let them be placed around my bier,
And grace the gloomy house of death.

I'll have my grave beneath a hill,
Where only Lucy's self shall know,
Where runs the pure pellucid rill
Upon its gravelly bed below.

That is the grave to Lucy shown,
The soil a pure and silver sand,
The green cold moss above it grown,
Unplucked of all but maiden hand.

In virgin earth, till then unturned;
There let my maiden form be laid,
Nor let my changed clay be spurned,
Nor for new guest that bed be made.

There will the lark—the lamb, in sport,
In air—on earth, securely play,
And Lucy to my grave resort—
As innocent—but not so gay.

I will not have the churchyard ground,
With bones all black and ugly grown,
To press my shivering body round,
Or on my wasted limbs be thrown.

Say not—it is beneath my care;
I cannot these cold truths allow;
These thoughts may not afflict me there
But, oh! they vex and tease me now.

Oh! take me from a world I hate!
Men—cruel, selfish, sensual, cold,
And, in some pure and blessed state,
Let me my sister-minds behold.

From gross and sordid views refined,
Our heaven of spotless love to share,
For only generous souls designed,
And not a man to meet us there.

LET'S OVER THE HILLS, MY BRAVE
BOYS, TO THE CHASE.

LET'S over the hills, my brave hoys, to the
chase,

To lag behind hand, you'll all own 's a disgrace;
With our beautiful horses and well-scented hounds,
We'll after the fox, and tramp over the grounds.

Then away, boys, away,
The morning looks gay,
And Echo re-echoes away, boys, away.

The world is a chase, well it is, and what then?
It's not worth half so much as our horses and
men,

E'en Phœbus delights to peep over the hill,
Though the shades of the night linger, curiously,
still.

Then away, boys, &c.

JACK DRINKS HIS CAN OF GROG.

(Dibdin.)

WHILE up the shrouds the sailor goes,
Or ventures on the yard,
The landsman, who no better knows,
Believes his lot is hard;
But Jack, with smiles each danger meets,
Casts anchor, heaves the log,—
Trims all the sails, belays the sheets,
And drinks his can of grog.

When mountains high the waves that swell
The vessel rudely bear;
Now sinking in a hollow dell,
Now quiv'ring in the air,
Bold Jack, with smiles, &c.

When waves 'gainst rocks and quicksands roar,
You ne'er hear him repine,
Freezing near Greenland's icy shore,
Or burning near the line,
Bold Jack, with smiles, &c.

If to engage they give the word,
To quarters all repair;
While splintered masts go by the board,
And shot sings through the air,
Bold Jack, with smiles, &c.

WHACK! FOR THE PADDIES, THEIR
MAMMIES AND DADDIES!

Air—" *This London, agra! is the Devil's own
Shop.*"—(Beuler.)

FOR tightness, for brightness,
For wit, and politeness,
Old Ireland is famed since the world first began;
For courage, humanity,
Who has the vanity
To set himself up by a neat Irishman?
In love, or in liquor,
No man can get quicker,
He ever feels grateful for women and wine
His foe to be roasting,
Or nymph to be toasting,
Pat's first to begin, and the last to resign:
Sing whack for the Paddies!
Their mammies and daddies!
Be their hearts free from sorrow, their hands free
from toil;

May they fight for the freedom
Of nations that need 'em,
And Pat never want a potatoe to boil.

When Pat is a soldier,
No one can be bolder,
With gun on his shoulder, he marches to fight;
Whack! filliloo! singing,
He's first in beginning

To fire on the foe, whether front, left, or right.
But when foeman, falling,
For mercy is bawling,

Though Pat's nose has been nearly cut off by his
blows,

Pat's to him soon friendly,
And argues thus kindly,
' Why cut off his head as revenge for my nose?
Sing whack for the Paddies! &c.

When Pat is in love,
Och! his arguments prove
So just and so true, soon they conquer the fair;
With an Irish Paddy,
Says every lady,

For love and gentility none can compare.
To lend one assistance,
He ne'er minds the distance,

He'll drink and he'll fight, and a joke 's his de-
light;

Good humour attends him,
And the man that offends him
He'll knock down with his *left*, and pick up with
his *right*.

Sing whack for the Paddies! &c.

WINTER.

(Brerewood.)

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,
And the meadows their beauties have lost;

When nature's disrobed of her mantle of green,
And the streams are fast bound with the frost :
While the peasant, inactive, stands shivering with
cold,

As bleak the winds northerly blow ;
And the innocent flocks run for ease to their fold,
With their fleeces besprinkled with snow.

In the yard, when the cattle are foddered with
straw,

And they send forth their breath like a steam ;
And the neat looking dairy-maid sees she must
thaw

Flakes of ice that she finds in the cream ;
When the sweet country-maiden, as fresh as a
rose,

As she carelessly trips, often slides ;
And the rustics laugh loud, if, by falling, she
shows

All the charms that her modesty hides.

When the lads and the lasses, for company joined,
In a crowd round the embers are met ;

Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,
And of ghosts, till they're all in a sweat :

When the birds to the barn come hovering for
food,

Or they silently sit on the spray ;
And the poor timid hare in vain seeks the wood,
Lest her footsteps her course should betray ;

Heaven grant, in this season it may prove my
lot,

With the nymph whom I love and admire,
While the icicles hang from the eaves of my cot,
I may thither in safety retire !

Where in neatness and quiet, and free from sur-
prise,

We may live, and no hardships endure ;
Ner feel any turbulent passions arise,
But such as each other may cure.

MACBETH.

Air—"Madam Fig's Gala."

Go, boy, and thy good mistress tell,
(She knows that my purpose is cruel,)
I'd thank her to tingle the bell,

As soon as she's heated my *gruel*.

Go, get thee to bed, and repose,
To sit up so late is a scandal ;

But, 'ere you have ta'en off your clothes,
Be sure that you put out that candle.

Rumpti iddity, &c.

My stars! in the air here's a *knife!*

I'm sure it cannot be a hum ;
I'll catch at the handle, odds life,
And then I shall not cut my thumb.

I've got him! no, at him again ;
Come, come, I'm not fond of these jokes :

This must be some *blade of the brain*,
Those *witches* are giv'n to *hoax*.

Rumpti iddity, &c.

I've one in my pocket, I know,
My wife left on purpose behind her ;
She bought this of Teddy-heigh-ho,
The poor Caledonian grinder.

I see thee again! o'er thy middle
Large drops of red blood now are spilled,
Just as much as to say diddle, diddle,

Good *Duncan*, pray come and be killed.

Rumpti iddity, &c.

It leads to his chamber, I swear ;

I tremble and quake ev'ry joint ;
No dog, at the scent of a hare.

Ever yet made a cleverer point.

Ah, no! 'twas a dagger of straw,

Give me *blinkers*, to save me from starting ;
The knife that I thought that I saw

Was nought but *my eye Betty Martin*.

Rumpti iddity, &c.

Now, o'er this terrestrial hive,

A life paralytic is spread,
For while the one half is alive,
The other is sleepy and dead.

King Duncan, in grand majesty,

Has got my state-bed for a *snooze*,
I've lent him *my slippers*, so I

May certainly *stand in his shoes*.

Rumpti iddity, &c.

Blow softly, ye murmuring gales,

Ye feet rouse no echo in walking,
For, though a dead man tells no tales,
Dead walls are much given to *talking*.

This knife shall be *in at the death*,

I'll *stick him*, then off safely get,
Cries the world, this could not be *Macbeth*,
For he'd ne'er *stick at any thing yet*.

Rumpti iddity, &c.

Hark! hark! 'tis the signal, by *goles*,

It sounds like a funeral knell ;

O, hear it not, *Duncan*, it tolls
To call thee to heaven or hell.

Or, if you to heav'n wo'n't fly,
But rather prefer *Pluto's ether*,

Only wait a few years till I die,
And we'll go to the devil together.

Rumpti iddity, &c.

BRITISH THUNDER ;

OR, THE HEROES OF ENGLAND.

(Upton.)

THE free-born soldier smiles at fear.

For England proves his worth, sir,

And where her enemies appear,

Is sure to take his birth, sir,

With valour's arm, he takes the field,

And, by his deeds of wonder,

The vaunting foe is forced to yield,

Subdued by British thunder.

Or, if by sea, the English flag

Is treated with insult, sir,

Her gallant tars, who scorn to brag,

Soon show the brave result, sir ;

For ship to ship and gun to gun,

By matchless deeds of wonder,

The trembling foe must yield or run,

Subdued by British thunder.

Thus tars and soldiers bravely fight,

For England and her laws, sir,

And prove their worth, by day or night,

When justice is the cause, sir ;

For glory and their native land

They show, by deeds of wonder,

No foe can e'er the wrath withstand,

Of *death-charged* British thunder.

THE HALLOWED FRUIT IS MASONRY

HAPPY, happy mortals, rise!

Taste with us immortal joys ;

Blooming on yon sacred tree,

Planted by the Deity,

The hallowed fruit is Masonry!

Far beyond the pregnant sky,

There the hopes of Masons lie ;

Masons' happy choice above ;

Masons every blessing prove—

Friendship, harmony, and love!

TANTARARARA, ROGUES ALL!

(Upton.)

COME, come, my good masters, what's all this about,

Such grunting and groaning, within doors and out?
Some mountain is bursting, or will, 'ere 'tis long,
Just to keep up the tune of the old-fashioned song.

Sing Tantararara, rogues all, rogues all!
Sing Tantararara, rogues all!

The *Farmers*—oh no! *Farming Gentlemen* now,
Who know nought about either pasture or plough,
Tell us plain that the *clodpoles* for such things
were born,

'Tis enough that *they know when to lock up their corn!*

Sing Tantararara, rogues all, &c.

The *Brewers* (poor creatures!) *monopoly's* crew,
Complain of the *hardships* they're forc'd to go
through!

And, while they *buy up* all they can, far and near,
Deem it hard to get *five pence a pot for small beer!*

Sing Tantararara, rogues all, &c.

The *Miller* (sly dog) in *his way* gets a pull,
And, while the mill's going, keeps grinding John
Bull!

Yet Bull tells the miller, in spite of mill-clack,
Though his *outside is whitened, his in is d—d black!*

Sing Tantararara, rogues all, &c.

The *Grazier*, who seldom does business by halves,
And blood draws the Bull-breed as so many calves,
With the *middle man* bargains to *keep up the price,*
And thus lives to *bite us,* as cats bleed the mice!

Sing Tantararara, rogues all, &c.

The *Butcher*, while cutting his mutton and *beef,*
Cries—"The *trade* is so *starving.* it *kills me with grief;*"

And, while he is rolling in riches and fat,
Exclaims—"Why I don't *get a farthing* by that!"

Sing Tantararara, rogues all, &c.

The *Grocers*, sweet things! are *too sweet* in their
way

To meddle with *birch-twigs,* or deal in foul play;
So the *laws* and *exciseman* but leave them alone,
They can dish up their *tea-stuff* with *leaves* of their
own!

Sing Tantararara, rogues all, &c.

Cant! cant! is the order and *hum* of the day,
While *honesty's* kicked like a *strumpet* away;
Pimps, sharps, and *pickpockets* join hands with
defaulters,

Some waiting for *places,* and *others* for *halters!*

Sing Tantararara, rogues all! rogues all!
Sing Tantararara, rogues all.

THE SWEET LASS OF BALDOCK-MILL!

Air—"King John," 1742.

Who has e'er been at Baldock, must needs know
the mill,

With the sign of the Horse, at the foot of the hill,
Where the grave and the gay, the clown and the
beau,

And the old and the young all promiscuously go.
Derry down, &c.

To this mill though great numbers do daily re-
pair,

It is not for the sake of the drink or the air;
The greater part, let them pretend what they will,
Go to see and admire the sweet lass of the mill?

Derry down, &c.

For the man of the mill has a daughter so fair,
With so easy a shape and so graceful an air,
That once, on the river's green bank as she stood,
Faith, I thought it was Venus just sprung from
the flood.

Derry down, &c.

But, on looking again, I perceived my mistake,
For Venus, though fair, has the looks of a rake;
And nothing but virtue and modesty fill
The more beautiful looks of the lass of the mill!

Derry down, &c.

Sweet Molly, for that is the name of the fair,
Is the joy of each neighbouring swain, and the
care;

Each old bachelor melts in the flame of her eyes,
And each young one quite in an ecstasy dies!

Derry down, &c.

Prometheus stole fire out of heaven, bards say,
To enliven the man which he made out of clay;
Had Molly been with him, the fire of her eyes
Had saved him the trouble of robbing the skies!

Derry down, &c.

Would once more the three goddesses put in their
claim

For the apple, and Molly put in for the same;
Were I judge, without more demurring about it,
By Jove, the three goddesses should go without it!

Derry down, &c.

Hold, hold! says my neighbour, here stop thy
career,

Pr'ythee finish thy song, and let's drink to the
fair;

Pray where stands the bottle? full brimmers we'll
fill—

Let us all drink the health of the Lass of the
Mill!

Derry down, &c.

JOY SHALL RULE US DAY AND NIGHT.

A DUET.

(Bryant.)

He. When we're married, we'll see pleasure,
Bliss shall rule us night and day;
You, my love—

She. I'll be your treasure.

He. How the hours will pass away.

Both. Kissing, toying,
Hours employing,
Dancing, prancing with delight.

Hoaxing, coaxing,

Pleasing, teasing,

Joy shall rule us day and night.

Fal lal lara larala la, fal lal, &c.

He. Dismal care we'll try to smother,
Till fat children we shall see,
I shall say—

She. They're like the mother;

He. Then I'm sure they'll pretty be.

Both. Squalling, bawling,
For sugar calling,
From their cradles tumble flop;

Fruit and candy

Must be handy,

Or stuff their mouths with lollapop.

Kissing, toying, &c.

THE NEGRO'S FATE.

(W. H.)

BENEATH th'inhuman planter's lash

In vain I sigh, in vain I groan;

Full many a tear my cheek doth wash,

Whilst I my cruel fate bemoan

Torn from my wife, my children, friends,
By an un pitying band;
Alas! what grief my poor heart rends
When I think on my native land!
Soon may the friendly hand of death
From slavery set me free;
E'en with my parting, dying breath,
I'll hail thee, sweet Liberty!

MALLY AIKEN.

(Hector McNeill.)

“O, LISTEN! listen! and I'll tell ye
How this fair maid's played her part:—
First she vowed and promised to me,
Now she strives to break my heart!”
Erin, O! Mally Aiken,
Erin, O, s'dhu ma roon.

I coft you silken garters, Mally,
And sleeve-knots for your tartan gown;
I coft you a green necklace, Mally,
To busk ye whan ye gade to town;
You gae me kisses sweet as hinny!
You gae me words mair sweet than true;
You swore you loved me best o' ony:
Ah! why than, Mally, break your vow!
Erin, O! Mally Aiken, &c.

Yan auld man cam wi wyless sae bonnie,
He bragged o' land and walth o' gear;
He promised braws mair fine than Johnie;
To busk ye for the kirk and fair;
He gae up tocher to your daddy,—
Your mother sighed and thought o' me;
But Mally wished to be a lady,
And changed true love for—high degree!
Erin, O! Mally Aiken, &c.

He's ta'en you hame; he's made you gawdie;
He's busked you for the kirk and fair;
But you had better take your laddie,
For happiness you'll ne'er see mair!
You may gang to kirk and fair, my Mally;
Your face and braws catch ilka ee,—
But happiness you'll ne'er see, Mally,
For breaking o' your vows to me!
Erin, O! Mally Aiken, &c.

THE BEGGAR BOY.

LONG I've been an orphan poor,
Craving pity at your door;
Spent and weary, down I lie,
And with cold and hunger die:
Daughters of charity,
Sons of humanity,
O pity! O pity the poor beggar boy!
No care nursed my growing years,
No friend wiped the flowing tears;
Father, mother, all are gone,
Left a beggar boy forlorn!
Daughters of charity, &c.

Charity, Charity, celestial maid,
Dart a sun-beam in the shade;
Light an outcast such as me,
A wand'ring son of misery.
Daughters of charity, &c.

PATRICK O'ROW.

(Dibdin.)

PATRICK O'ROW is my name,
My calling's the trade of a boxer;
I'm a devil of a fellow for fame,
Why I'm bottom like any game cock, sir.

Oh! I tips 'em so tight,
Left and right;
And to blind 'em so well I knows how;
To the spine of the back I am blood;
Ah! honey, 'twould do your heart good
To be lathered by Patrick O'Row.

I presently knocks down my man;
Your servant, says I, pray call again:
Then I close up their peepers, and then,
I wish you good night Mr. Galaghan.
We're alive, Master Slack,
On his back

I'd lay him as flat as he's now;
'Tis my washing, my lodging, and food,
Ah! honey, 'twould do your heart good
To be lathered by Patrick O'Row.

There's Johnson, and George, and Big Ben,
Three bruisers that well can rally you,
Though they thumped the three Birmingham
men,
Says I, my lads, little I value you:
Mendoza and Ward
Can strike hard,

And to stop and put in well know how;
Nay, they're every teaf of 'em blood;
Yet, honey, 'twould do your heart good
To be lathered by Patrick O'Row.

Wid a handful of fellows like these,
Britannia, what glory I'd bring her to:
Let the Spaniards come on when they please,
Devil burn me, we'd teach 'em a ting or two.
Wid a phalanx of fists
In our lists,

So nately we'd bother their grow:
We'd presently try if their blood.
Ah! honey, 'twould do their pride good
To be lathered by Patrick O'Row.

Come, all you tight lads, that would earn
True fame, in a possee gather you:
How your country you'd serve would ye learn,
Just only come here till I lather you.
Oh! I'll make you so tight
Left and right,

And each knock-me-down argument know:
Come here, then, and try if your blood;
Devil burn me, 'twill do your hearts good
To be lathered by Patrick O'Row.

ROSE OF BEAUTY.

(E. Mackey.)

ALAS! Rose of Beauty, the spoiler has plucked thee;
And torn thee away from thy kind parent stem;
Now, ruthless, thy beauties are scattered around
him,
And folly and falsehood now trample the gem.

Rose of Beauty, thy charms o'er the deserts are
cast,
Nor remorse can thy wo in the spoiler awaken:
Thou droop'st, lovely flower, o'erprest by the
weight
Of thy sorrows unnumbered—despised and for-
saken.

Rose of Beauty, now Death has enshrouded thy
fragrance,
And green grows the turf o'er the lovely one's
grave;
Farewell! thou sweet flow'ret, each argel in
heaven,
Shall weep for their sister,—for mercy shall
crave.

TERMS FOR DRINKING.

OF all the words in Lexicon,
Not one, to my poor thinking
Can make a man so wise a don
As those in use for drinking;
To say he's drunk, so coarse the sound,
That Bacchus asked Apollo
To give some terms in wit profound,
And he the phrase would follow.
With a fal lal, &c.

When ladies drink, why, then they're gay;
But to a toping gipsy
Of vulgar rank, we, sneering, say,
Upon my soul, she's tipsy.
When lords are bubbled, they're in the fun,
And cits are mighty muddled,
But when a husband up is done,
The wife cries,—deary's fuddled.
With a fal lal, &c.

When Jack is grogged, he's shipped his beer,
He cries,—you're half-seas-over;
And busky Damon roars, my dear,
I'm primed just for a lover.
And some are rocky, some are muzzed,
And some disguised and mellow;
But goddesses must now be bussed,
For I'm a merry fellow.
With a fal lal, &c.

THE BREAK OF DAY.

(J. Donne, 1633.)

STAY, O sweet! and do not rise,
The light that shines comes from thine eyes;
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
Because that you and I must part.
Stay, or else my joys will die,
And perish in their infancy.

'Tis true, 'tis day; what, though it be?
Oh, wilt thou, therefore, rise from me?
Why should we rise because 'tis light?
Did we lie down because 'twas night?
Love, which, in spite of darkness, brought us
hither,
Should, in despite of light, keep us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye,
If it could speak, as well as spy,
This were the worst that it could say,
That, being well, I fain would stay;
And that I loved my heart and honour so,
That I would not from her that had them go.

Must business thee from hence remove?
Oh! that's the worst disease of love;
The poor, the foul, the false, love can
Admit—but not the busied man;
He which hath business, and makes love, doth do
Such wrong as when a married man doth woo.

MISTER RIGHT! OH, SWEET MISTER
RIGHT!

Air—"Mistress Goose."—(Miss Bryant.)

I AM an old woman, though still fond of mirth,
For why should we grieve while we linger on earth;
The young girls all seek me, to talk and to write,
For their sweet *billet-doux* I advise and indite.

SPOKEN.] Yes, and a pretty medly of friends I
have, too; and its often very curious to hear the
conversation. First comes one:—O my dear
Goody, I think, really, if a man was to ask me to
marry him that I'd tear his eyes out!—That
would be a pity, my dear, for then he cou'dn't see
your beauty!—Beauty, indeed, la! if he or any

of them was to call me beautiful, I should be ready
to faint.—(Yes, I'll be sworn you would, says I to
myself, with vanity.) But, child, child, come to
me in a few months, and then I'll tell you what
to do.—Two months passed, and in comes the
young lady again.—Ah! my dear Goody, says she,
how d'ye do?—Well, my dear, says I, how do
you get on?—Why, heigho! I don't know.—Well,
what's the matter?—Why, really then, to tell you
the truth, I've met such a nice young man, and I
do love him so.—A young man, forsooth! why I
thought you told me that you hated the whole sex.
—Yes, Goody, but then I had not seen

Mr. Right! Mr. Right!

Oh, sweet Mr. Right!

The girls find they're wrong when they find
Mr. Right.There's some love the young, and the young love
the old,There's some love for love, and some love for
gold.Many pretty young girls get hold of a fright,
And all their excuse is—I've found Mr. Right.

SPOKEN.] Well, really, I hate boys, says a
staid, elderly-looking lady, I could never coun-
tenance one in my life.—Well, that's curiou, my
dear miss, for you've got a pretty good face too.—
Boys, indeed, rather say young puppies; no,
Goody, give me a man of thirty, sensible, dis-
cerning; that's the person for my money.—Well,
a twelvemonth passes, and I meet this staid,
elderly lady leaning on the arm of a boy of nine-
teen.—Aye, Goody, says she, how d'ye do? I have
the pleasure of introducing my husband to you?—
Husband! What, that boy? why, I thought you de-
tested boys.—Aye, but, Goody, then I had not met

Mr. Right! Mr. Right!

Oh, sweet, &c.

Thus they teased and perplexed me with tales o'er
and o'er,Till, finding them smoke, why, I'll hear them no
more;Though many who scoffed me now quarrel and
fight,

And are sorry that ever they met Mr. Right.

SPOKEN.] Ah! well-a-day! the girls, now-a-
days, find beaux so scarce that they're glad to
jump at the first offer; and then are ready to
jump off the Monument for accepting it; and all
the excuse they can make for their folly is,

Mr. Right! Mr. Right!

Oh, sweet Mr. Right, &c.

WHEN THE SOUTHERN BREEZES PLAY

WHEN the southern breezes play,
The uplands let us gain;
Where ruddy Health, with smiles, invite
To join her sportive train.

Unleash the merry pack,
See, see, they scent the gale;
Their crackling throats
Repeat the notes,

Our sport it will not fail.

When the sun his course has run,
We trim the evening fire;
And gaily troll the cheering bowl
To the health of wife and squire.

Then the song and joke prevail,
Till the turret-bell strikes one,
And the parting cup of ale
Proclaims the day is done.

ALBION, THE PRIDE OF THE SEA.

MY boys, would you know how our ship got her name,
You speedily shall hear that from me;
When ready to launch, she was christened by Fame—

The Albion—the Pride of the Sea.
All her crew lads of mettle,
'Midst the cannons' loud rattle,
A dread lion in battle,
Is Albion—the Pride of the Sea.

As she dash'd from the dock to embrace her own wave,
She sprang with a heart full of glee,
And cried, let none man, but the true British brave,
The Albion—the Pride of the Sea.

All her crew, &c.

When glorious to view, as she swam on the main,
This, this is the throne, exclaimed she;
And the sceptre, my boys, we e'er will sustain
Of Albion—the Pride of the Sea.

All her crew, &c.

What honour to Fame and Vict'ry have paid,
To history go, and you'll see
That the world has been swayed, and shall ever be swayed,
By Albion—the Pride of the Sea.

All her crew, &c.

POOR OLD JACK!

(Collins.)

With the jolly knight in view that Shakspeare drew

I love my joke to crack;
And all, like him, up to the brim,
A cup of good old sack.
For he that can laugh at Fortune's frown,
And the goblin Care in a goblet down,
Such a man, if there be, whether king or clown,
He's the man for poor old Jack.

Full threescore years, with hopes and fears,
I've stood old Time's attack;
And smiles and frowns, and ups and downs,
Through life's uneven track.
But I still jogged on, in a merry, merry pin,
Through the rough, and the smooth, and the thick,
and the thin,
While a glass, now and then, 'twixt the nose and the chin,
Cheered the heart of poor old Jack.

Though the blush of disgrace never tintured my face,
That bloom did I never lack
Which takes its flight from a liver white,
And from a heart that's black.
For, with ruddy health in a cheek that glows
Like the bonfire blaze of a Bardolph's nose,
To burn the bellows and to sing old Rose
Is the joy of poor old Jack.

And I hope that I may, when for ever and aye,
To my last long home I pack,
With a conscience clear, neither grieve nor fear
On the world to turn my back.
But, my pastime o'er, and when here no more
I can merrily sing—that I'm past threescore,
May the porter above stairs open the door
With a—' Welcome, poor old Jack!'

THE AMULET.

(T. W. Kelly.)

INSTEAD of pearl or diamond rare,
An amber gitt I sent my fair,
Formed of some gun which from a plan
Had failen, and shrined a little ant,
Which, gaining worth in death, poor fly,
Became a curiosity!
And, by an artist richly set
In gold, was now an amulet!
A chain—I gave it to invest
My lovely fair one's snowy breast,
Deeming, when'er she chanced to see
The gem, she'd turn her thoughts to me;
"She will," said Love, who slyly there
Looked on, with laughing eye,
"To the amber she'll herself compare,
Thee—to the trifling fly!"

STOLEN PLEASURES ARE THE SWEETEST.

A GLEE.

CUR wives at home, your husband gone,
To them leave care and thinking,
While gaily we the hours pass on
In laughing and in drinking.

The real joys of love are shared
By those who are discreetest;
And here's his health who first declared
"Stolen pleasures are the sweetest."

THE JOYS OF THE COUNTRY.

(Dibdin.)

LET bucks and let bloods to praise London agree,
Oh! the joys of the country, my jewel, for me,
Where sweet is the flower that the May-bush
adorns,
And how charming to gather it—but from the
thorns;
Where we walk o'er the mountains, with health
our cheeks glowing
As warm as a toast, honey, when it i'n't snow-
ing;
Where Nature to smile when she, joyful, inclines,
And the sun charms us all the year round—when
it shines.
Oh! the mountains, the valleys, and bushes,
The pigs, and the screech-owls, and thrushes;
Let bloods and let bucks to praise London agree,
Oh! the joys of the country, my jewel, for me.

There, twelve hours on the stretch, we in angling
delight,
As patient as Jobs, though we get ne'er a bite;
There, we pop at the wild-ducks and frighten the
crows,
While so lovely the icicles hang to our clothes;
There, wid aunts, and wid cousins, and grand-
mothers talking,
We're caught in the rain as we're out a walking,
While the muslins and gauzes cling round each
fair she,
That they look all like Venuses sprung from the
sea.

Oh! the mountains, &c.

Then how sweet, in the dog-days, to take the
fresh air,
Where, to save your expense, the dust powders
your hair;

Thus pleasures, like snow-balls, increase as they
roll,
And tire you to death—not forgetting the bowl,
Where, in mirth and good-fellowship always de-
lighting,
We agree, that is—when we are not squabbling
and fighting;
Den wid toasts and pint-bumpers we bodder the
head,
ust to see who most gracefully staggers to bed.
Oh! the mountains, &c.

WHO IS THE MAID MY SPIRIT SEEKS.

(T. Moore.)

WHO is the maid my spirit seeks
Through cold reproof and Slander's blight?
Has she Love's roses on her cheeks?
Is hers an eye of this world's light?
No—wan and sunk, with midnight prayer,
Are the pale looks of her I love;
Or, if at times a light be there,
Its beam is kindled from above.

I chose not her my soul's elect
From those who seek their Maker's shrine,
In gems and garlands proudly decked,
As if themselves were things divine!
No—heaven but faintly warms the breast
That beats beneath a brodered veil,
And she who comes in glittering vest
To mourn her frailty, still is frail.

Not so the faded form I prize
And love, because its bloom is gone;
The glory in those sainted eyes
Is all the grace her brow puts on.
And no'er was beauty's dawn so bright,
So touching as that form's decay,
Which, like the altar's trembling light,
In holy lustre wastes away.

OLD TIMES COMPARED WITH THE
PRESENT.

(T. Dibdin.)

OLD Time would persuade us each lass
Knew French, Latin, Greek, and astronomy;
Yet our damsels such damsels surpass
For industry, care, and economy:
Young ladies, then, spun their own clothes,
And so fearful were even to tear any;
But now, to save cash, I suppose,
It isn't the fashion to wear any.

Tol de rol lol, &c.

For one coat our forefathers would take
(Yet they were esteemed frugal men, sir, too,)
More cloth than would, now-a-days, make
Coat, pantaloons, waistcoat, and spencer, too;
Could they view us, the old ones would stare,
How we carry our loppings and dockings on,
How we mount but of boots half a pair,
And have neither shoes, small-clothes, nor
stockings on.

Tol de rol lol, &c.

On horseback, our grannies, astride,
Would caper, indeed I'm not bantering;
Now, at Tunbridge, our dames, with less pride,
Mount their donkeys, and set off a cantering.
Lady-mayoreesses housewives were bred,
Each feast still assisting to cook at it;
Now his lordship can make his state-bed,
For the aldermen's ladies to look at it.

Tol de rol lol, &c.

THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER.

(W. W. Waldron.)

WELCOME, welcome, lovely comer,
First and fairest rose of summer;
Let us hail thy joyful reign,
Sweetest of the fragrant train,
Brightest, brilliant, fairest flower,
Shedding sweets in verdant bower.

Welcome, welcome, lovely guest,
In thy modest vesture drest,
No splendid garments you desire,
No glittering gems in thy attire,
No brilliants thy fair robes adorn,
But the pearly drops of morn.

Welcome, welcome, pride of May,
Long thy pleasing powers display;
Fairest floweret of the field,
Homage to thy charms I yield;
Might I bend a willing knee,
Thankful in adoring thee.

Welcome, welcome, thee I sing,
Monument of parted spring;
But will those charms e'er yield us joy?
No, where's the bliss without alloy?
For, ah! I fear thy early bloom,
But presages an early tomb.

YE BOLD SONS OF NIMROD, WHO FOL-
LOW THE CHASE.

YE bold sons of Nimrod, who follow the chase,
Say, is it not pleasure you fondly pursue;
'Tis pleasure you hunt for from place unto place,
'Tis pleasure that holds up this phantom to
view;

Then laugh not at females, where Fashion pre-
sides,

See, the goddess appears, with her nymphs in
her train,

Dissipation's gay robe her deformity hides,
Folly smiles while she leads to her ladyship's
fane.

Hark forward, the game is in view,
'Tantara, tantara, tanta,
'Tis fashion, and all must pursue.

Not o'er mountain, through forest, or valley we
roam,

Far different our sport is in hunting delight;
When gay Lady Dash lets us know she's at home,
We're told that its folly's and fashion's great
night.

Affection, half-witted, procures what is rare,
Dissipation exults, of extravagance vain;
To be squeezed, and jostled, and crowded, when
there,

For fashion presides at her ladyship's fane.

Hark forward, &c.

Hark forward! she leads not where mirth is too
loud,

Vulgar laughter she'll banish, and humour dis-
claim;

Vastly hot, vastly fine, vastly charming the crowd,
Is all conversation that fashion can claim.

She has taught us to leave all incumbrance at
home,

No pockets to guard now, no clothes to re-
strain;

Light and airy, in search of gay pleasure we
roam,

Hark, forward! you'll find her at Fashion's
bright fane.

Hark forward, &c.

AH! DOES THERE LIVE A WIFE COULD
LEAVE HER HUSBAND, THOUGH A
RANGER.

Air—" *Pauvre Madelon*."—(Moncrieff.)

AH! does there live a wife could leave
Her husband, though a ranger,
Or wish him for an hour to grieve,
Or let a foible change her.
Ah! non, non, non,
Dearest Kate, you're wrong,
Although he is a rover;
Non, non, non,
First in the throng
She'll follow him all the world over.

Still 'tis an English wife's best pride
To have her husband love her;
And ever faithful by his side,
Forbid him to turn rover.
Ah! non, non, non,
Dearest Kate, you're wrong,
My husband you'll discover,
Won by my love,
As fond will prove,
As e'er when first a lover.

//////////
BLOW BOREAS, BLOW!

(R. Bradley.)

BLOW, Boreas, blow, and let the surly winds
Make the billows foam and roar;
Thou can'st no terrors breed in valiant minds!
But, spite of thee, we'll live and find the shore.
Then cheer, my heart, and be not awed,
But keep the gun-room clear;
Though hell's broke loose, and devils roar
abroad,
Whilst we have sea-room here, boys, never
fear.
Hey! how she tosses up—how far!
The mountain topmast touched a star,
The meteors blazed, as through a cloud they
came,
And, salamander-like, we lived in flame.

But now we sink! now down we go
To the deepest shades below.
Alas! where are we now, who, who can tell?
Sure 'tis the deepest room of hell,
Or where the sea-gods dwell!
With them we'll live—we'll live and reign,
With them we'll laugh, and sing, and drink amain;
But, see! we mount! see, see, we rise again.
Though flashes of lightning, and tempests of rain,
Do fiercely contend which shall conquer the main;
Though the captain does swear, instead of a prayer,
And the sea is all fired by the demons of air,
We'll drink and defy
The mad spirits that fly
From the deep to the sky,
And sing while the thunder does bellow;
For fate still will have
A kind chance for the brave,
And ne'er make his grave
Of a salt-water wave,
To drown—no, never to drown—a good fellow.

//////////
NONE I LOVE BUT MARY.

A DUET.

(O'Keefe.)

I LIKE each girl that I come near,
Though none I love but Mary;
Oh, she's my darling, only dear,
Bewitching little fairy.

I ask a kiss, and she looks down,
Her cheeks are spread with blushes;
By Jove, says I, I'll take the town!
Me back she gently pushes.

I like each girl, &c.

When off 'twas blown, and 'twas my place
To fly for Mary's bonnet,
So charming looked her lovely face,
There I stood gazing on it.
Dressed all in white, she tripped from home,
And set my blood a-trilling;
Oh! zounds, says I, the French are come!
Sweet Mary looked so killing.

I like each girl, &c.

When, to our colonel at review,
A duchess cried, so airy,
How does your royal highness do?
Says I, I thank you, Mary!
To quick time marching t'other day,
Our fifes played *Andrew Carey*,
To every girl I gave the way,
In compliment to Mary.

I like each girl, &c.

//////////
TO CROWN THE CUPS WHICH BACCHUS
FILLS WITH WINE.

To crown the cups which Bacchus fills with wine,
The full-blown rose of Venus let us join;
Let the sweet rose which leaves so beauteous
spreads,
In fragrant garlands wrought adorn our heads,
While sparkling wit, as well as wine we quaff,
And, with politest mirth, incessant laugh.
Nay, more, while rosy garlands grace my hair,
Old as I am, I'll dance amidst the fair.
O rose! the noblest of all earthly flowers,
Of spring chief care, and dear to heavenly powers,
In dance, if Cupid with the Graces join,
His beauteous temples crowned with roses shine,
Mine crown then, Bacchus, too, and as thy
quire,
Singing, dance round thy shrine, I'll touch the
lyre.

Nay, more, while rosy, &c.

//////////
THINK OF HIM WHO THINKS OF YOU.

WHEN the sleep of morning breaks,
When the laughing sun awakes,
When the bud is wet with dew,
When delight is full in view,
When the woods with warblers ring,
Pleasure wafting every wing,
Let that peaceful melody
Be a song to speak of me,
Him, whose heart is full of *thee*.

Let the spot where we have roved
Bring to mind how we have loved;
When we view the sun go down,
And the silent eve come on;
And the moon, with silvery beam,
Sparkling on the gliding stream;
There, by Heaven's azure blue,
Where I promised to be true,
Think of *him* who thinks of *you*.

//////////
THE IRISH PAINTER;

OR, THE LAD TO TICKLE THE TASTE OF THE
LADIES.

(Crow.)

YOU may talk about mimics who take people off,
With their double-tongued brogue and grimaces,

They take but the voice, and that's little enough,

But I take off necks, heads, and faces.

Then I give the sweet creatures

Such beautiful features,

Beholders they're certain to strike ;

The resemblance so neat

Is, from toe to the pate,

By my soul ! that you'll ne'er see the like.

In a row the lads call me the first at a push,

And all the girls say I'm a dab at a brush.

The pretty maid,

The witty maid,

The napping maid,

The strapping maid,

The thinking maid,

The drinking maid,

The bold maid,

The old maid,

The so-so maid,

And the no maid,

I make all look so handsome, so charming my trade is,

And neatly I tickle the taste of the ladies.

Their teeth are flake white, and carnation each cheek ;

Their lips view, you think on bob-cherry ;

Their tongues, too, though silent, look ready to speak,

And their eye-lashes black as a berry.

With dimples I make 'em

So roguish, plague take 'em !

The devil's own self they'd beguile ;

They so lovingly leer,

That your bosoms they'd cheer,

And, fait ! frown you dead wid a smile.

Like diamonds, so sweetly, then sparkle each eye,

The dark world with moonlight they'd sweetly supply ;

The sleeping eye,

The weeping eye,

The strolling eye,

The rolling eye,

The hinting eye,

The squinting eye,

The dun eye,

And the—one eye,

The so-so eye,

And the—no eye,

So handsome I make 'em, for charming my trade is,

I'm the lad just to tickle the taste of the ladies.

////////

THE SAILOR CAST ON SOME LONE STRAND.

(Miss Gloster.)

THE sailor cast on some lone strand,
Despairing, views the much-loved land,

And sighs for distant home ;

He then the hapless hour deplores

When first he left his native shores,

Afar from friends to roam.

The ocean, which incessant flows,

On his sad heart no joy bestows ;

For low beneath the foam

Some lost companion he laments,

And more the hapless hour repents

When he from friends did roam.

Thus, Anna, must I long deplore

That peace which now returns no more,

No more to bless my home :

Yet, dearest Anna, let no fear

Thy peace molest,—for, by this tear,

My heart shall never roam.

WOMEN WILL BE,—WHAT? WOMEN!

A MOCK BRAVURA.

(E. J. B. Box.)

WOMEN vary like the weather,

Sometimes cruel, sometimes kind,

And, as taken all together,

Changing with each change of wind.

Whether old ones,

Warm or cold ones,

Gay or sainted,

Plain or painted,

Full of cunning,

Wit and punning,

Ever teasing,

Seldom pleasing,

When diverting,

'Tis in flirting ;

Through fan peeping,

Wanton, toying,

Coquet, coying,

Smiling, simpering,

Whining, whimpering,

Mockery, weeping ;

Real crying,

Grief implying,

Tears so flowing,

Rosy glowing,

Colour, typing,

Youth, cheeks wiping,

Turning palish,

Wan and stalish,

Show, there looking,

For time's booking,

Though eyes twinkle,

In each wrinkle

Fair,

There

Time's deep-figured date you'll find,

And there his full name, *Chronos*, signed.

When age burrows

In deep furrows,

No concealing,

Though appealing

To the toilet,

Age will foil it ;—

Oh ! how dreadful,

To a head full

Of weak whimsies,

Vain hope fimsies,

Silly striving,

Charms when gone by,

One by one, why

Time's advance of

Leaves no chance of

Youth reviving ;

Unless dimples,

Parchment crimples,

In dry shrivelled

Skin, be-deviled

With thick glutty

Washes, beauty

Young and new be,

Old would few be

Then :—yet varying,

All vagarying,

Women's changing

Minds, still ranging,

Still

Will

Women be,—what? women still ;

And, love and praise them how we will,

Women vary like the weather. &c.

////////

THE HARVEST OF JOY SHALL BE LOVE.

(Arnold.)

WITH a heart light and gay, in a cottage of
thatch

Let me live, with Content for my guest,
Where the canker of care never rusted the latch,
And where grief shall be strange to my breast.

There joy'll be repeated, yet never shall cloy,
While the object is peace to the mind,
And the rapid succession of uniform joy
Shall leave no discomfort behind.

There the hours all shall fly, like the blossoms of
spring,

With the promise fresh beauties to prove,
Ev'ry season revolving its pleasures shall bring,
And the harvest of joy shall be love.

AS I ON MY TRAVELS WAS RAMBLING
THE NORTH.

AS I on my travels was rambling the north,
I wandered astray on the margin of Forth,
Where a jolly fat host kept the sign of the Lion,
But more like a cat than you ever set eye on.

SPOKEN.] He saw me, and cried,—Stop, here's
good entertainment for horse and man. Hostler!
Patience, cried I, why call the hostler when I
travel on foot? True; replied he, and then bawled
out, tapster! drawer! waiter! boots! cham-
bermaid! Stop, my good friend, said I, don't
put me to bed without my supper; and, just as I
spoke, my ears were saluted by a full chorus of—
Down, down, down, derry down, &c.

Then he showed me straightway to the parlour
with speed,

Where I spied a droll group of odd mortals, in-
deed;

The lawyer, the squire, clerk, parson, were there,
And old Gaffer Guzzlethorp sat in the chair.

SPOKEN.] He was churchwarden for the time
being; on my entering the room,—turn him out,
says one,—he has no settlement here, cried an-
other. Yes, I've just made *one* with the landlord,
cried I: I'm a stranger, and you ought to take me
in. That's gospel, cried the parson. Mine host,
at that moment, brought me in a full bowl, as deep
and as wide as his own waste-butt, which I held
up, saying, I'm no pauper, don't come here for a
pass. That's right, cried Guzzlethorp; give the
pass to your bowl though. I will, said I, but take
a toast with it;—Here's may we never swallow
any thing to hurt our *constitution*. They all cried,
bravo! and then joined in full chorus of—

Down, down, down, derry down, &c.

I had not staid long when the 'larum struck one,
The parson cried, brethren, let us begone;
The 'squire hiccopped, .aye, boy; the clerk said
amen;

But Guzzlethorp begged them to sit down again.

SPOKEN.] Then in came their wives, who, at
midnight, think husbands are best at home; if
they're good any where, and a general move took
place; those reeled home that could, and those
that could not, were led. So then I called the
chambermaid; she showed me my lodging; I
gave her a kiss and a shilling, my way when I
travel. She drew the curtains, and I bid her good
night, her way with travellers. But I got no
sleep, for my room was haunted with the ghost of
an overseer, who died of a surfeit he got at a ves-
try dinner, and he stood at my bedside all night,
singing

Down, down, down, derry down, &c.

Mister Ghost, when the cock crew, shot off like a
spark,

For ghosts are like owls, only seen in the dark;
And in search of new friends 'tis lost labour to
roam,

So I altered my course to greet old friends at
home.

SPOKEN.] And here I am, ready to tell the
wonders I have seen, and the wonders I have not
seen; and, if I cannot astonish the natives, I hope
you will all join in full chorus of—

Down, down, down, derry down, &c.

UNVEIL THOSE BEAUTEOUS EYES, MY
FAIR.

A SERENADE.

(R. B. Sheridan.)

TELL me, my lute, can thy fond strain
So gently speak thy master's pain,
So softly sing, so humbly sigh,
That, though my sleeping love shall know
Who sings—who sighs below,
Her rosy slumbers shall not fly?
Thus may some vision whisper more
Than ever I dare speak before.

The breath of morn bids hence the night;
Unveil those beautiful eyes, my fair?
For, till the dawn of love is there,
I feel no day—I own no light!

Waking, I heard thy numbers chide;
Waking—the dawn did bless my sight;
“ 'Tis Phœbus, sure, that woos,” I cried,
Who speaks in song—who moves in light!

THE INNKEEPER.

(Dimond.)

I KEEP a snug inn by the side of the road,
Where all who bring money are welcome to bait,
The muleteer grins when he spies my abode,
For I take in the traveller early and late;
An equipage stops, and I bow to the stranger,
The mules may keep fast, or must feed on the
manger;

While the pride of my larder I show to my lord,
And a delicate chicken cook up for his board;
'Tis true that my poultry is sometimes found
tough,

Yet six years ago it was tender enough:
If folks chance to eat little they'll sleep more at
ease,

And enjoy a down bed—very noted for fleas!

Still, from worlds old and new,

Paris, Spa, or Peru,

Born next the North Pole or hatched under the
line;

Guests from each quarter,
The Turk and the Tartar,
The Russian, the Prussian,
Hollanders, Polanders,
Gentiles, and Jews,
Here mix and confuse,

And all of them—all of them—flock to my sign.

Should a guest, in a passion, despite of my care,
Complain of ill lodging, and rail at bad fare,
I've always a salvo to keep conscience still,
And, to balance short commons, present a long
bill.

So, if there was nothing to eat, he should say,
He'll find to his cost, there is plenty to pay.
Perhaps for extortion I meet with a curse,
But I pocket an oath when I draw out a purse

For, though evil words often wound a good name,
 Yet gold makes an excellent plaster for fame,
 And when honour lost with cash gained I divide,
 The weight of the argument rests on my side.
 Still, from worlds old and new, &c.

ANSWER TO FLY FROM THE WORLD,
 OH, BESSY, TO ME.

(Lady Morgan.)

OH, should I fly from the world, love, to thee,
 Would solitude render me dearer?
 Would our flight from the world draw thee closer
 to me,
 Or render thy passion sincerer?
 Would the heart thou hast touched more tenderly
 beat
 Than when its wild pulse feared detection?—
 Would the bliss unrestrained be more poignantly
 sweet
 Than the bliss snatched by timid affection?
 Though silence and solitude breathed all around,
 And each cold law of prudence was banished,—
 Though each wish of the heart and the fancy was
 crowned,
 We should sigh for those hours that are vanished.
 When in secret we suffered—in secret were blest,
 Lest the many should censure our union,
 And an age of restraint, when opposed and op-
 prest,
 Was paid by a moment's communion.

When virtue's pure tear dewed our love-kindling
 beam
 It hallowed the bliss it repented,—
 When a penitent sigh breathed our passion's wild
 dream
 It absolved half the faults it lamented.
 And how thrillingly sweet was each pleasure we
 stole,
 In spite of each prudent restriction,
 When the soul, unrestrained, met its warm kin-
 dred soul,
 And we laughed at the world's interdiction.
 Then, fly, oh, my love! to the world back with
 me,
 Since the bliss it denies it enhances,
 Since dear is the transient delight shared with
 thee,
 Which is snatched from the world's prying
 glances;
 Nor talk thus of death, till the warm thrill of
 love
 From each languid breast is retreating,
 Then may the life's pulse of each heart cease to
 move
 When love's vital throb has ceased beating.

ABRAHAM BAILEY.

Air—"Abraham Newland."—(Cross.)

NEAR Bread-street, known well,
 In the sound of Bow-bell,
 Where Aldermen masticate daily,
 Grand carver in chief
 Of roast and boiled beef,
 Lived old father Abraham Bailey,
 Oh, rare Abraham Bailey!
 Plentiful Abraham Bailey!
 Perched in mam's lap,
 On pipkins of pap,
 Thrived his son, little Abraham Bailey.
 Your prime bills of fare
 Dad could dress to a hair,

But, alas! bills unpaid stewed him daily;
 His guests would so cram
 Down his beef and his lamb,
 A lost mutton they made of old Bailey.
 Oh, poor Abraham Bailey!
 No relish for Abraham Bailey;
 His jack it stood still,
 Out of spirits his jill,
 And knock'd up was Abraham Bailey.

A well fed British lad,
 When dished up, was dad,
 Alas! his fat sides melted daily,
 A venturesome blade,
 For to carve my own bread,
 On shipboard stepped Abraham Bailey,
 Poor young Abraham Bailey!
 Sink or swim, Abraham Bailey!
 Tossed to and fro,
 With yo heave yo ho!
 O'er ocean rolled Abraham Bailey.
 To land here my lot,
 A place soon I got,
 Not to cook for, but carve negroes daily,
 Harsh, cruel, and hard,
 O'er blacks to mount guard,
 But no blackguard proved Abraham Bailey.
 A heart had poor Abraham Bailey;
 For others felt Abraham Bailey;
 He boasted man's frame,
 Each negro the same,
 And a friend to mankind, Abraham Bailey.

WE CHEERFULLY JOIN IN THE HA, HA,
 HA, HA.

YOUNG Jockey, I vow, was the bonniest lad
 That e'er tuned a pipe on the banks of the
 Tay;
 Each grace that delighted from nature he had,
 Though frolicsome, modest—though diffident,
 gay.
 But pride in my bosom assumed a control,
 Compelling soft love for a time to withdraw,
 And, when he assayed to unbosom his soul,
 Coquettish I flounced with a ha, ha, ha, ha.
 In language persuasive the shepherd oft tried,
 In vain, to convince me how ardent his flame;
 For still his fond suit, with disdain, I denied,
 But soon found a cause my demeanour to blame.
 One eve through the grove as they wantonly
 strayed,
 With Kate, in soft converse, my lover I saw,
 Then jealousy stung me, which, pleased, he sur-
 veyed,
 And, careless, jogged on with a ha, ha, ha, ha.
 A cloud of despair now enveloped my mind,
 Conviction did sorely my conduct upbraid;
 As droops the parched rose, so my beauties de-
 clined,
 Which Jockey perceiving, soon flew to my aid.
 To church then he led me, and made me his bride
 I freely confess that his will was my law.
 By Hymen united, all folly aside,
 We cheerfully join in the ha, ha, ha, ha.

THE TRANQUIL SCENE—THE STILE AND
 TREE.

(G. Saville Carey.)

WHAT different tracks do mortals take,
 What risks they run for Pleasure's sake:
 The rustic hies to country fair,
 In hopes to meet his damsel there.

The beaux and belles of every place
 Make struggles all in Pleasure's chase :
 Some to the ball-room, all bedight,
 Would hunt her out by candlelight.
 No place is left for pensive me—
 None but my friendly stile and tree.

There, while I'm sheltered from the sun,
 That half his daily course has run,
 Full oft I listen with content,
 Unto some wood's inhabitant.
 The mellow ousel, or the dove,
 That sing their unmolested love ;
 Or where the tuneful Philomel
 Chants o'er his sweet harmonic tale ;
 Let no one envy pensive me,
 My tranquil scene—my stile and tree.

There oft I roam, as 'twere by stealth,
 And there receive the balm of health ;
 Where no envenomed tongues deride
 By envy prompted, or by pride,
 There Pleasure's form is ever seen,
 And, smiling, treads upon the green ;
 While Nature, with her bounteous hand,
 Bestrews her riches on the land.
 Let no one envy pensive me,
 The tranquil scene—the stile and tree.

Or when the silent solemn night,
 Shall borrow Cynthia's silver light,
 When all is hushed, and all serene,
 Where but the owl and bat are seen ;
 Near to some old monastic pile,
 Again I seek my friendly stile,
 Sometime in contemplation lost,
 To think what labour it has cost ;
 Let no one envy pensive me,
 The tranquil scene—the stile and tree.

DRINK, BOYS, DRINK!

A GLEE.

(Barrett.)

WHEN the sun-beams round us play,
 The mantling bowl fill to the brink,
 That mirth should never feel decay,
 What should we do?—Why, drink, boys,
 drink!

When lovely Spring adorns the year,
 Or Summer's sun upon us blink,
 At Autumn's fall, or Winter drear,
 What should we do?—Why, drink, boys,
 drink!

Then fill and pass around the bowl,
 For madness 'tis, my boys, to think,
 And death in vain attacks the soul,
 For though dead drunk, we still can drink.

THE VETERAN RETIRED.

(Frome.)

AT the name of the veteran what bosom but glows!
 What scenes of proud honour his actions disclose!
 His glory's the laurel which, woven by fame,
 Round his brow, gives the hero the boast of a
 name ;

At the sight of his scars, every Englishman's
 heart

Overflows with affection and zeal to impart
 To a character sacred, by all ranks admired,
 Whate'er in life's evening by man is desired,
 To cherish the heart of the veteran retired.

The rustic recruit, yet unpractised in arms,
 Still new to the war, to its terrors, and charms,

At the sign of the veteran, his spirits to cheer,
 While he gives the salute, hails the landlord for
 beer ;

Soon he sweeps off the Frenchman, the froth's
 usual name,

Toasts the King—and has in a fresh jug of the
 same ;

Then we both drink together, by one feeling fired,
 Till the stripling, at last, with my story inspired,
 Drops a tear, and then drinks to the veteran retired.

The veterans of Britain, unlike to her foes,
 Are the guardians of freedom—its enemies those ;
 The one fight, their altars and homes to preserve,
 The others for plunder a murderer serve.

For fighting, our warriors can one reason bring—
 No where else in the world—'tis a virtuous king,
 With whose value each Englishman's bosom is
 bred,

With the hope to defend him each soldier's in-
 spired,

Who never neglected the veteran retired.

THE LOVE-SICK GARDENER.

GOOD neighbours, attend to my ditty,
 And listen to Will of renown,
 You surely will grant me some pity,
 When I tell you how lovesick I'm grown.
 Till of late, quite content in my garden,
 The blithest young lad of the town ;
 For the lasses I cared not a farthing,
 Most strangely I'm altered, I own.

My delight was in weeding and hoeing,
 In sowing my cabbage and beans,
 I sung all the time I was mowing,
 Or gathered my fruit or my greens.
 With a heart just as light as a feather,
 On a ladder I nailed up my trees,
 Never minding bleak winds or cold weather,
 My bosom was always at ease.

'T the noise of my hammer, though shocking,
 I whistled, nor thought that my heart
 Like a hammer would ever be knocking,
 And cause this most terrible smart ;
 By its thumps I am sure it has broken
 Of ribs in my skin half a score,
 Of my love should you want further token,
 I can still, my good neighbours, give more.

On the bark of my trees is engrafted,
 My plants have impressed on their rind,
 The name of a damsel of Marsted ;
 I sigh for that damsel divine.

Her skin is as white as a lily,
 Her cheeks have the bloom of a rose,
 Like a snow-drop or daffadowndilly,
 Her head oft inclines to her toes.

Her eyes are like two fine blackberries,
 Her teeth like grown cellery white,
 Her lips may compare with red cherries,
 She charms without measure the sight.
 Which, though I've no coach, I've a barrow,
 In which this fair damsel might ride,
 'T would delight both my heart and my marrow
 To wheel her about as my bride.

BANISH DESPAIR IN A MUG.

(Sir Edward Morgan.)

IF Sorrow, the tyrant, invade thy breast,
 Haul out the foul fend by the lug, the lug,
 Let nought of to-morrow disturb thy rest,
 But dash out his brains with a mug, a mug.

If business, unluckily, goes not well,
 Let the fond fools their affections hug,
 To show our allegiance we'll go to the Bell,
 And banish despair in a mug, a mug.

If thy wife proves not one of the best, the best,
 But admits no time but to think, to think,
 Or the weight of thy forehead bow down thy
 crest,
 Divert the dull Damon with drink, with drink ;
 If Miss prove peevish, and will not gee,
 Ne'er pine, ne'er pine at the foolish pug,
 But find out a fairer, a kinder than she,
 And banish despair in a mug, a mug.

If dear assignation be crost, be crost,
 And mistress go home in a rage, a rage,
 Let not thy poor heart like a ship be tost,
 But with a brisk brimmer engage, engage ;
 What if the fine fop and the mask fall out,
 And the one hug, and the other tug,
 While they pish! and fie! we will frolic in stout,
 And banish all care in a mug, a mug.

Let, then, no misfortune e'er make thee dull,
 But drink away care in a jug, a jug,
 Then let not thy tide steal away, but pull,
 Carouse away in a mug, a mug.

While others for greatness and fortune's doom,
 While they for their ambition tug,
 We'll sit close and snug in a sea-coal room,
 And banish despair in a mug, a mug.

Let zealots o'er coffee new plots divine,
 And lace with fresh treason the pagan drug,
 Whilst our loyal blood flows, our veins shall shine
 Like our faces, inspired by a mug, a mug.

Let sectaries dream of alarms, alarms,
 And fools still for new changes tug,
 While, famed for our loyalty, we'll stand to our
 arms,
 And drink the king's health in a mug, a mug.

THY SOLDIER'S LAST SIGH IS FOR THEE.

THE trumpet may summon the soldier afar,
 And honour invite him to arms ;
 Though nerved by the signal that calls him away,
 He grieves to abandon thy charms ;
 Should laurels await him and glory abound,
 Yet mark, dearest maid, his decree,
 Subdued by defeat, or by victory crowned,
 Thy soldier's last sigh is for thee.

But, hark, 'tis the trumpet now speaks his adieu :
 And calls him from love to renown,
 Then, oh! dearest maiden, believe his heart true,
 Though fortune may smile, or may frown.
 Should laurels await him, &c.

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 through the year shall more cheerful 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 cloyed ;
 My body is stout, and my heart is as sound,
 And my love, like my courage, will never give
 ground.
 For I love Sue, and Sue loves me, &c.

Let ladies of fashion the best jointures 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.
 For I love Sue, and Sue loves me, &c.

Though Ralph is not courtly, nor one of your
 beaux,
 Nor bounces, nor flatters, nor wears your fine
 clothes ;
 In nothing he'll follow from folks of high life,
 Nor ne'er turn his back on his friend or his wife.
 For I love Sue, and Sue loves me, &c.

While thus I am able to work at my mill,
 While thus thou art kind, and my tongue but lies
 still,
 Our joys shall continue, and ever be new,
 And none be so happy as Ralph and his Sue.
 For I love Sue, and Sue loves me, &c.

MARIE, MY LOVE! I'LL COME TO THEE.

WHEN the sun sinks to his coral caves,
 When the winds sleep in the dark blue waves ;
 When the ocean birds are gone to rest,
 And lingering twilight dies in the west ;
 When the tapers of heaven appear on high,
 And the pure white clouds float slowly by,
 When the moon rises over the sea,
 Then, Marie, my love, I'll come to thee.

I will come to thee at the shadowy hour,
 When the spirit of love hath the deepest power
 When the gossamer fairy sails through the air,
 And the mermaids dress their yellow hair ;
 The vesper hymn and thy orisons o'er,
 Hie thee away to the lonely shore ;
 The morn's sofit light is on the sea,
 Now, Marie, my love, I come to thee.

GOOD-BY AND HOW-D'YE-DO.

ONE day, Good-by met How-d'ye-do,
 Too close to shun saluting ;
 But soon the rival sisters flew
 From kissing to disputing.
 Away, says How-d'ye-do, your mien
 Appals my cheerful nature ;
 No name so sad as yours is seen
 In Sorrow's nomenclature.

Where'er I give one sunshine hour,
 Your cloud comes in to shade it ;
 Where'er I plant one bosom's flower,
 Your mildew crops to fade it.
 Ere How-d'ye-do has tuned each tongue
 To " Hope's delighted measure,"
 Good-by in Friendship's ear has rung
 The knell of parting pleasure.

From sorrows past my chymic skill
 Draws smiles of consolation,
 While you from present joys distil
 The tears of separation.
 Good-by replied, your statement's true,
 And well your cause you've pleaded ;
 And pray who'd think of How-d'ye-do,
 Unless Good-by preceded ?

Without my prior influence,
 Could yours have ever flourished ;
 And can your hand one flower dispense,
 But those my tears have nourished.
 How oft, if at the court of love,
 Concealment is the fashion,
 When How-d'ye do has failed to move,
 Good-by reveals the passion.

How oft, when Cupid's fires decline,
 As every heart remembers,
 One sign of mine, and only mine,
 Revives the dying embers?
 Go, bid the timid lover choose,
 And I'll resign my charter,
 If he for ten kind How-d'ye-dos
 One kind Good-by would barter.

From Love and Friendship's kindred source,
 We both derive existence,
 And they would both lose half their force
 Without our joint assistance.
 'Tis well the world our merit knows,
 Since time, there's no denying,
 One-half in How-d'ye-doing goes,
 And t'other in Good-bying.

NAN OF HAMPTON-GREEN.

WITH care I searched the village round,
 And many hamlets tried;
 At length, a fair I haply found,
 Devoid of art or pride:
 In neat built cot, it is her lot,
 A rustic life to lead,
 With tender care, her lambkins rear,
 And watch her ewes at feed.
 Where Thames, and silver current flows,
 To beautify the scene,
 There blooms this fair, a blushing rose,
 Sweet Nan of Hampton-Green,

Her eyes bespeak a soul for love,
 Her manners formed to please;
 In mildness equalled to the dove,
 For innocence and ease;
 To paint her face, her form, and grace,
 All words are weak and vain;
 Enough to tell, she doth excel
 The daughter of the main!

Where Thames, &c.

When first this charmer I surveyed,
 With doubt my heart was fraught;
 Fancy the beautiful maid portrayed
 A goddess to my thought:
 In am'rous bliss I stole a kiss,
 Which banished all alarms,
 And joyful found, my wishes crowned,
 A mortal in my arms!

Where Thames, &c.

ENJOY BOTH YOUR BOTTLE AND LASS WHILE YOU CAN.

ONE day as I sat with a blooming young lass,
 In came jolly Bacchus, the rosy-faced god;
 He held out his hand, and he gave me a glass,
 I tossed it off quickly, and gave him a nod.
 Said he, jolly mortal, since life's but a span,
 Enjoy both your bottle and lass while you can.

He sat himself down, and called for a tun;
 A tun of good wine, it was sparkling champagne,
 And swore I should drink while the liquor would
 run;
 He filled, and I drank, and he filled it again,
 And said, jolly mortal, since life's but a span,
 Enjoy both your bottle and lass while you can.

He ordered again the same as before,
 And, laughing, said, prithee, boy, have t'other
 bout:

He said, son, drink hearty, I've plenty in store;
 Good father, said I, I'll e'en see it out;
 Said he, bravo! bravo! since life's but a span,
 Enjoy both your bottle and lass while you can.

What Bacchus has taught shall ne'er be forgot.
 As long as I've breath to top a full glass;
 And may rosy wine be for ever my lot,
 A hearty good friend, and a comely young lass.
 For, since I am certain that life's but a span,
 I'll drink and be merry as long as I can.

THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER.

JENNY has been to our village,
 And brought home a present from Harry;
 But though her affection he'd pillage,
 Blithe Jenny he never shall marry.
 For though she has taken to vex me,
 The ribbon he artfully bought her,
 She did it in joke to perplex me,
 She sweet Jenny, the forester's daughter.

Jenny has been to the gipsy,
 Who told her we're off and for ever;
 But sure the imposter was tipsy,
 As nothing two fond hearts can sever.
 For, though we have tiffed, when I meet her,
 I'll prove like a lover I've caught her;
 And the making-up kiss will be sweeter,
 With Jenny, the forester's daughter.

Jenny has cows half a dozen,
 And mine are the sheep in the valley;
 And though not so rich as her cousin,
 She's sweeter in temper than Sally.
 And soon, very soon, we shall marry,
 Though many more wealthy have sought her
 And then he may whistle, poor Harry!
 For Jenny, the forester's daughter.

THE IRISHMAN.

THE savage loves his native shore,
 Though rude the soil and chill the air,
 Then why shouldn't Erin's sons adore
 An isle, which nature formed so fair?
 What flood reflects a shore so sweet
 As Shannon great or pastoral Ban;
 Or who a friend or foe can meet
 So generous as an Irishman?

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
 But principle is still his guide;
 None more regrets a deed of harm,
 And none forgives with nobler pride:
 He may be duped, but wo'n't be dared;
 More fit to practise than to plan;
 And if the field of fame be lost,
 It wo'n't be by an Irishman.

If poor and strange, he'll for you pay,
 Or guide to where you safe may be;
 If you're his comrade, while you stay,
 His cottage holds a jubilee.
 His very soul he will unlock,
 And, if he may your merit scan,
 Your confidence he scorns to mock,
 For faithful is an Irishman.

By honour bound in wo or weal,
 Whate'er she bids he dares to do;
 Try him with bribe, it wo'n't prevail;
 Put him in fire, you'll find him true.
 He seeks not safety, be his post
 Where'er it may in danger's van;
 And if the field of fame be lost,
 It wo'n't be by an Irishman.

Erin's loved land, from age to age,
 Be thou more great, more famed, and free;
 May peace be yours, or should you wage
 Defensive war,—cheap victory.
 May plenty flow in every field,
 Which gentle breezes sweetly fan,
 And cheerful smiles serenely gild
 The breast of every Irishman.



Then he knocked her about, though she loudly did call,
 And made his head useful, sirs, as a foot-ball.
 O, poor Neddy! queer brainless Neddy! winding-sheet Neddy, pity your wo.

**NEDDY BRAY AND POLLY JENKINS;
 OR, SOLDIERS' HEADS AND PRETTY GIRLS.**

Air—"Gee ho! Dobbin."—(Miss Bryant.)

Mr. Edward Bray was a sweet dandy, fine,
 In size he was upwards of nine feet and nine;
 Though his form it was thin, why his head it was
 thick,
 And it looked like a mop perched upon a mop-
 stick.

O, poor Neddy!
 Ill-fated Neddy!
 Poor Mr. Neddy, I pity your wo.

At Neddy's heart love soon beat a rat-tat
 For Polly Jenkins, so short and so fat,
 Who swore, 'pon her honour, he should not be
 her beau,

Except for a fine light-horseman he'd go.
 O, poor Neddy!
 Hard-fated Neddy!
 Lighthorseman Neddy, I pity your wo.

Poor Neddy he 'listed, and went to the wars,
 And on his long back he got plenty of scars;
 Till, all through his legs, he was murdered one
 day,

For his head was shot off, sirs, in running away.
 O, poor Neddy!
 They slaughtered you, Neddy!
 Poor headless Neddy, I pity your wo.

One night, about twelve, up three pair of stairs,
 Sat Polly a weeping and saying her prayers;
 When a tall, ugly ghost at the door she did spy,
 Which straight threw its head, and it blackened
 her eye.

O, Mr. Neddy!
 Unpolite Neddy!
 Very wrong, Neddy! I scoff at your wo.

Says she, you're a brute, Mr. Ghost, in your
 sheet;
 Who are you? I'll soon call the watch from the
 street.

Says he, I am Neddy, who you once did court;
 Here's my head in my hand, dear, for I am cut
 short.

O, poor Neddy!
 Queer brainless Neddy!
 Winding-sheet Neddy, I pity your wo.

Then he knocked her about, though she loudly
 did call,
 And made his head useful, sirs, as a foot-ball;
 Till the ceiling gave way, by the depth of his
 power,

They vanished, and neither was never seen more.
 O, poor Neddy!
 Girl-stealing Neddy!

I'm ashamed of you, Neddy, but pity your wo.

Though a maid may be cruel, and talk when she
 weds,

Still they shouldn't be punished with light-horse-
 men's heads.

But now, if you're pleased, sirs, and think my
 song droll,

Why I shall be pleased, too—I shall, 'pon my
 soul!

Good by, Neddy!
 Thin Mr. Neddy!
 Good by, Neddy, I pity your wo.

ONE STRUGGLE MORE, AND I AM FREE.

(Lord Byron.)

ONE struggle more, and I am free
 From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
 One last long sigh to love and thee,
 Then back to busy life again.

It suits me well to mingle now
 With things that never pleased before ;
 Though every joy is fled below,
 What future grief can touch me more ?

Then bring me wine,—the banquet bring ;
 Man was not formed to live alone ;
 I'll be that light unmeaning thing
 That smiles with all and weeps with none.
 It was not thus in days more dear,
 It never would have been, but thou
 Hast fled, and left me lonely here ;
 Thou'rt nothing, all are nothing now.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe
 The smile that sorrow fain would wear,
 But mocks the wo that lurks beneath,
 Like roses o'er a sepulchre.
 Though gay companions o'er the bowl
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill ;
 Though pleasure fires the madd'ning soul,
 The heart—the heart is lonely still.

On many a lone and lovely night
 It soothed to gaze upon the sky ;
 For then I deemed the heavenly light
 Shone sweetly on the pensive eye :
 And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,
 When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,
 " Now Thyryza gazes on that moon,"—
 Alas ! it gleamed upon her grave.

When stretched on fever's sleepless bed,
 And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,
 " 'Tis comfort still," I faintly said,
 " That Thyryza cannot know my pains."
 Like freedom to the time-worn slave,
 A boon 'tis idle then to give,
 Relenting Nature vainly gave
 My life when Thyryza ceased to live.

My Thyryza's pledge in better days,
 When love and life alike were new !
 How different now thou meet'st my gaze !
 How tinged, by time, with sorrow's hue !
 The heart that gave itself with thee
 Is silent, ah ! were mine as still !
 Though cold as e'en the dead can be,
 It feels, it sickens with the chill.

Thou bitter pledge, thou mournful token !
 Though painful, welcome to my breast !
 Still, still preserve that love unbroken,
 Or break the heart to which thou'rt prest !
 Time tempers love, but not removes,
 More hallowed when its hope is fled !
 Oh ! what are thousand living loves
 To that which cannot quit the dead.

//////
 KING ARTHUR, GOOD WOT, WAS A
 MERRY OLD SOUL.

(Morton.)

KING ARTHUR, good wot, was a merry old soul,
 His table was round as the bonny brown bowl ;
 Each knight, after carving of monsters a pair,
 Armed with flagons of rhenish, sat down to kill
 care.
 Then whoop, bully boys, who'll quarrel or bicker,
 When Marjorie's the word and sack is our liquor.

So round is the world and round is the bowl,
 And as round is the measure to dance or to troll ;
 And round is the lip of the fair one we kiss,
 And round are the arms that ensure us the bliss.
 Then whoop, &c.

THE JOYS OF MARRIAGE.

(Upton.)

I ONCE loved a maid, and she loved me again,
 And truly our bliss knew no measure ;
 So married we were, when bliss turned to pain,
 Though marriage, they say, is a pleasure.
 O, yes, but the comforts to me were denied,
 For Fanny, before so kind hearted,
 Ran off with a soldier, to humble my pride,
 So Fanny and I are now parted.

Six weeks and a day we were wedded, 'tis true,
 And scarcely the honey-moon over,
 When Fanny the fond from her Benedict flew,
 And transferred her love to another.
 Yet this, I confess, was the least of the strife,
 (So tender was she and kind hearted,)
 Ten thousand in debt I was run by my wife,
 Ere Fanny and I were once parted.

Doctors' Commons, at last, put an end to my grief,
 Where things for a time rather tarried,
 When Fortune, good-naturedly, granted relief,
 And Fanny and I were—*unmarried!*
 And if I e'er venture on wedlock again,
 Or trust to a woman, false-hearted,
 May she prove a jilt, and, to heighten the pain,
May she and I never be parted.

//////
 TANTIVY, TANTIVY, HARK FORWARD,
 MY BOYS.

OF horses and hounds, who scud o'er the plains,
 Praise has oft winged its notes to the sky ;
 While echoing horns have repeated the strains,
 And joined in the huntsman's full cry.
 My voice I'll attune, then, the chase grace my
 song,

For nought can compare to its joys ;
 O'er mountains, through valleys, we spank i
 along,
 With tantivy, tantivy, hark forward, my boys.
 'Tis exercise ever gives health its warm glow,
 And yields to refreshment a zest ;
 Now sweetly to friendship the bottle will glow,
 When returned, plenty welcomes each guest.
 My voice I'll attune, &c.

Our hounds, truly trained, are of excellent breed.
 Brother sportsmen, I'm yours while I've breath.
 Our horses are ne'er to be equalled in speed,
 And we always are in at the death.
 My voice I'll attune, &c.

From the shades could old Nimrod, that hunter of
 old,
 Be permitted to view our domain,
 Our horses, our hounds, and our huntsmen so
 bold,
 He'd wish to pass life o'er again.
 My voice I'll attune, &c.

//////
 HIS COUNTRY AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Diödin.)

WHAT if the sailor boldly goes,
 To distant climates bound,
 Braves winds from every point that blows
 The varying compass round.
 No longer when compell'd to rove,
 To make him rich amends,
 As the needle true he finds his love,
 His country and his friends.

Thus every danger life endures,
 May to o'erwhelm him come,
 'Trouble at sea only ensures
 Pleasure that waits at home.

He braves the storm, that calm to prove
Propitious fortune sends;
As the needle true to find his love,
His country, and his friends.

THE FOOTMAN, THE BUTLER, AND THE COOKMAID;

OR, THE FATE OF INCONSTANCY.

Air—"The Exciseman."—(M. M. Bryant.)

In a nobleman's family dwelt
A footman, whose name it was John,
He loved a fair maiden, and felt
That his heart it was melted and gone.
She made all the puddings and pies,
Though askance with her eyes she did look,
And Johnny admired the sweet eyes
Of this fat little Betty the cook.

One night in the winter they sat,
All love, by the great kitchen fire,
Cried John, by the lace on my hat,
You're all that this breast can desire;
So swear to be constant to me,
Or you'll kill me, as I am a man;
If you do, straight my ghost shall make thee
Nothing else but a sop in the pan.

His Betty she swore, but, oh dear!
A week had but dwindled away,
When a butler spruce did appear,
With his wig all so powdered and gay,
So Johnny was slighted, and he
While cleaning his knives often sighed,
Till at length he took one, d'ye see,
And cut his poor throat till he died.

Now Betty she cared not a pin,
For, the very next Sunday, 'tis said,
The butler her word he did win,
And they went to St. George's to wed.
Then their friends in the kitchen all met,
Near the fire a young pig it did roast,
But Betty she could not forget,
For, oh dear, she remembered the ghost.

The butler was chanting a song,
When some one his singing did spoil,
'Twas the ghost in his winding-sheet long
Who came this poor maiden to broil.
The butler jumped into a chest,
The coachman fell flat on the floor,
While the housemaids and all of the rest
They flew to get out at the door.

The ghost seized his love, though she ran,
And never a word did he say,
But plump in the hot dripping-pan
Poor Betty quite meltingly lay.
The butler died in the chest,
And now, every year, it is said,
John's ghost does the mansion infest,
With a dripping-pan placed on his head.

FAREWELL, DEAR GLEN-OWEN.

(Mrs. Robinson.)

FAREWELL, dear Glen-Owen, and farewell, ye
mountains,
Where oft I have wandered to welcome the day;
Farewell to thy forests, thy crystalline fountains,
Which stray through the valley, and moan as
they stray.
O'er wide foamy waters I'm destined to travel,
A poor simple exile, forlorn and unknown,
Yet, while the dark fates shall my fortune un-
ravel,
My thoughts, my affections, shall still be thy
own.

Thy cities, proud Gallia. thy wide-spreading
treasure,

Thy valleys, where Nature luxuriantly roves,
May bid the heart, dancing to fancy's wild mea-
sure,

Forget for a moment its own native groves;
But where is the bosom that sighs not in sorrow,
Estranged from dear objects to wander alone;
Still counting the moments, from morrow to mor-
row,

A poor weary traveller, lost and unknown.

But thou, dear Glen-Owen, canst bring sweeter
pleasure,

All barren and bleak as thy mountains appear,
And though thou canst boast of no rich gaudy trea-
sure,

Still memory traces thy charms with a tear.
The keen blast may howl o'er the valleys and
mountains,

And strip the rich verdure that mantles each
tree,

And winter may bind in cold fetters thy fountains,
But still thou art dear, O Glen-Owen, to me.

I NE'ER CAN BE KISSED BY A CLOWN.

(O'Keefe.)

To hear a sweet goldfinch's sonnet,
This morning I put on my bonnet,
But scarce in the meadow, pies on it!
When the captain appears in my view.

I felt an odd sort of sensation,
My heart beat in strange palpitation,
I blushed like a pink or carnation,
When says he, my dear, how d'ye do?

The dickens, says I, here has popped him;
He thought to slip by, but I stopped him,
So my very best curtsy I dropped him.

With an air then he took off his hat.
He seemed with my person enchanted,
He squeezed my hand—how my heart panted
He asked for a kiss, which I granted,
And pray, now, what harm was in that.

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

COMING, COMING, WHEN THE BELL RINGS.

(Doctor Houlton.)

A LANDLORD is a supple blade,
He bows to all that come, sir,
And, if he well has learnt his trade,
He'll drink wine, beer, or rum, sir—
On his coming, coming,
When the bell rings.

A landlord's is a sweet employ,
When guests can smart away, sir;
And over measure runs his joy,
If they have cash to pay, sir—
On his coming, coming, &c.

But bucks will often lay a plot
To take poor landlords in, sir,
For they know they've not the shot,
They fire through thick and thin, sir—
On his coming, coming, &c.

And when they've eat and drank their fill,
 They'll d—n, and sink, and scoff, sir;
 "Here, scoundrel! waiter! bring a bill,"
 And, when he's gone, they're off, sir—
 With a going, going, &c.

With losses great, expenses high,
 We can't but smartly charge, sir;
 So gentlefolks, accordingly,
 Expect a bill that's large, sir—
 For a coming, coming, &c.

And now, God bless our king,
 And lords and commons all, sir;
 We'll cheerful pay each cost, and sing,
 If they'll but sometimes call, sir—
 To hear coming, coming, &c.

YOU TAUGHT ME LOVE.

(J. S. Byerley.)

BY your cheek of vermilion hue,
 By your lip's ambrosial dew,
 By your soft and languid eye,
 By your swelling bosom's sigh,
 You taught me love.

By the smile upon your cheek,
 By your look, so soft and meek,
 By the accents of your tongue,
 By the sweetness of your song,
 You taught me love.

Yet your cheek of vermilion hue,
 Yet your lip's ambrosial dew,
 Yet your soft and languid eye,
 And your swelling bosom's sigh,
 They know not love.

Nor the smile upon your cheek,
 Nor your look, so soft and meek,
 Nor the accents of your tongue,
 Nor the sweetness of your song,
 They know not love.

Fairest, do your nature right,
 Yield your soul to love's delight,
 Come, and, in my faithful arms,
 Taste the soft and sweet alarms
 Of mutual love.

THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

Air—"The Beautiful Boy," i. e. "Ballinamona Ora".—(Beuler.)

I'M Patrick O'Flann, a great genius, from Cork,
 I most things can do well, excepting hard work;
 I can sing, dance, and fight, and sweet blarney I
 speak,

Then my good-looking self a tight fortune will
 make.

For I will go courting rich Norah,
 I'll throw myself down before her,
 And swear that I deeply adore her,
 She is such a beautiful girl.

I have plenty of rivals, who, afraid of my gen'us,
 Endeavour to set me against the sweet Venus;
 They say that her teeth are false, they're told,
 What matters, says I, if they are set with gold.
 So I will away to sweet Norah, &c.

They say that her face with red wine is marked
 disky,
 Though not by herself, for she drinks nought but
 whisky;
 And drinks it sometimes till the shamrock looks
 blue;
 And why should she not?—she's as rich as a Jew.
 Then I will away to sweet Norah, &c.

Her chin's, sure, a long one, all garnished with
 bristles,
 And, whenever you kiss her, they scratch you like
 thistles;
 Her head a Dutch cheese is, her face a Dutch
 clock's,
 Her ringlets are carrots—Och! no, they are golden
 locks.

So I will away to sweet Norah, &c.

They say that her skin is the tint of the mixtures
 Of oak, and of deal, and mahogany fixtures;
 That her figure is squat, like an African grace's,
 Och! that's nothing, when covered with satins and
 laces.

So I will away to sweet Norah, &c.

Then, as for her eyes, sure they both look askew,
 And the left one is brown, and the other is blue;
 Her nose is an onion, o'erspread with caruncles—
 Och! no, ar'n't they jewels, you know, called car-
 buncles?

So I will away to sweet Norah, &c.

Her legs are in shape like a pot-hook and hanger,
 And, in pattens walking, they make a rare clanger;
 For one leg seems afraid that the other will
 knock it,

Och! but how sweetly that makes the brass chink
 in her pocket.

So I will away to sweet Norah, &c.

They say she's a talker, a drunkard, and scold,
 Hump backed, wry mouthed, long armed, wrinkled,
 and old;

That she hasn't one charm—but, och! now, my
 honey,

They never can say that she hasn't got money.

Then I will away to sweet Norah,
 And tell her how much I adore her,
 And so I will marry sweet Norah,

She is such a beautiful girl.

If her fortune were gone, she would fill one with
 spleen,

For sure, without that, she's not fit to be seen;
 Not fit to be seen—fortune gone—then, och!
 bother!

I'd make a show of her, and soon get another.

"Walk up here, now, and see Norah,
 You ne'er saw the like before her,"—

Och! I'm determined to marry sweet Norah!
 She is such a beautiful girl.

WHO CAN UNFOLD THE ROYAL ART?

A MASTER MASON'S SONG.

THUS mighty eastern kings, and some
 Of Abram's race, and monarchs good,
 Of Egypt, Syria, Greece, and Rome,
 True architecture understood.

No wonder, then, if Masons join,
 To celebrate those Mason kings,
 With solemn note and flowing wine,
 Whilst every brother jointly sings.

CHORUS.

Who can unfold the royal art?
 Or show its secrets in a song?
 They're safely kept in Mason's heart,
 And to the ancient lodge belong.

THE TAILOR'S GAY DAUGHTER.

(Dibdin.)

THE tailor's gay daughter of our gay town,
 As a body may say, was a wag;
 She had not the heart on a lover to frown,
 Though of lovers in plenty she'd brag

With her father's whole shop-board she'd toy and
she'd laugh,

Of their torment and pain making fun ;
Fie, wench ! cried the aunt, you're too forward by
half,

You should never encourage but one.

Cried miss, my dear aunt, as they sit in a row,
Can weak females beware of their hearts ?
Their legs, gracefully bending, are Cupid's cross-
bow,

And their needles are so many darts.
Did Venus this troop of Adonises see,
They'd all win her, as sure as a gun ;
Then how, my dear aunt, can a mortal like me
Resolve to encourage but one ?

There's the polished Joe Thimble, the neat Tommy
Tit,

And Frank Finedraw, of love know the art ;
Of Tom Sheers and Ned Needle might soon the
keen wit

Cut out work for a duchess's heart.
Then on goose, snip, and cabbage, with raillery so
neat,

Does Will Whipstitch so quibble and pun,
That in happiness how could my hopes be com-
plete

From this set did I choose out but one ?

Cried the aunt, do you think, miss, I've not had
my day ?

There was Hobnail, the smith, and Tom Slough,
And Slaughter, the butcher, so tender and gay,
And then Guzzle, that kept the Dun Cow ;
Then the sexton and clerk would have led me to
church,

Suds, the barber, and Tom, at the Tun,
But your uncle, I saw, let them all in the lurch,
And e'er since have been constant to one.

Then, cried miss, we're agreed, and I'll soon tell
you how,

For the maxim on't none can deny ;
At your feet, in the dumps, sigh, and promise, and
vow,

Nine lovers you've had, so have I ;
But your case, my dear aunt, is quite different to
mine,

Yours were men,—mine but ninths only run ;
So, d'ye see, even though I should wed the whole
nine,

I should still be but constant to one.

OH! THOU ATLANTIC, DARK AND DEEP.

(Rev. G. Croly.)

OH! thou Atlantic, dark and deep,
Thou wilderness of waves,
Where all the tribes of earth might sleep
In their uncrowded graves !

The sunbeams on thy bosom wake,
Yet never light thy gloom ;
The tempests burst, yet never shake
Thy depths, thou mighty tomb !

Thou thing of mystery ! stern and drear !
Thy secrets who hath told ?—
The warrior and his sword are there,
The merchant and his gold.

There lie their myriads in thy pall,
Secure from steel and storm ;
And he, the feaster on them all,
The cankerworm.

Yet on this wave the mountain's brow
Once glowed in morning beam ;
And, like an arrow from the bow,
Out sprang the stream ;

And on its bank the olive-grove,
And the peach's luxury,
And the damask rose—the night-bird's love—
Perfumed the sky.

Where art thou, proud Atlantis, now ?
Where are thy bright and brave ?
Priest, people, warriors' living flow ?
Look on that wave !

Crime deepened on the recreant land,
Long guilty, long forgiven ;
There power upreared the bloody hand,
There scoffed at Heaven.

The word went forth—the word of wo—
The judgement-thunders pealed ;
The fiery earthquake blazed below ;
Its doom was sealed.

Now on its halls of ivory
Lie giant weed and ocean slime,
Burying from man's and angel's eye
The land of crime.

TIP THE WHISKY ROUND.

Air—"Bob and Joan."—(O'Brien.)

TIP the whisky round,
I wish to be a-blinking,
My feet sha'n't leave this ground
While I'm fit for drinking ;
Fill, my Norah, do,
I'll drink while I'm able,
And when I think you two,
I'll fall beneath the table.
Tip the whisky round, &c.

Now, my Norah, dear,
You're my Norah double,
You've four eyes, it's clear,—
Now you are a bubble ;
You did not fill my glass,
I feel my eyes a-winking,
I fear I'll have a toss,
Now I am a-sinking.
Tip the whisky round, &c.

Norah, mind the stuff,
Leave it on the table,
Sure I had enough,—
I'll drink it when I'm able ;
But hand the bottle down,
Up I'll hold my throttle,
Pour it in, don't frown,
Then stuff down the bottle.
Tip the whisky round, &c.

Tip the whisky, hic-
Up—hold my head, my honey,
D—n it, I am sick,
Hic-up, wa—I'm dunny.
Curse it, how you funk,
You seem very brisky ;
Why, Norah, you are drunk,
'Twas you that drank the whisky.
Tip the whisky round, &c.

You can't, you say, stand tip,
I am a wicked sinner ;
On Sundays, deep I sip,
All the week no dinner.
How long have I slept ?
Is it night or morning ?
Whisky we have sipt,
And still we'll sip, my darling.
Tip the whisky round, &c.

THE GLORIES OF OUR BIRTH AND STATE.

(James Shirley, 1646.)

THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate,—
Death lays his icy hands on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked sithe and spade.
Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still;
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When the pale captive creeps to death.
The laurel withers on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds.
All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

//////////

THE DANCING-MASTER.

(Male.)

LADY bright,
Of delight
I'm the pinkey dashing;
Every grace
Here you trace,
Lively, natty, splashing;
Genteel, pretty, easy,
All I'll do to please ye;
Full of fire,
I expire,
When the glance you give me;
Now I sigh—
Read my eye,
And of love relieve me.
Now the trembling bow I draw,
Ri tum tum—and tum tum ta.
Turn your toes,
Cock your nose,
Attitude—there—bravo!
Sink—now slide,
Shassay side,
More easy,
Now breezey—
And chapay,
How happy,
By gar, you're a multum in parvo,
By gar, you're a multum in parvo.
Now the highland-reel you prance,
Now the merry hornpipe dance,
Now in figure you advance,
Lively as the morn;
Right and left—keep the time,
Figure in—that's sublime;
Charming creature,
Every feature
Speaks you more than mortal born,
Speaks you more than mortal born.

//////////

THE BLACKBIRD PIPES HIS EVENING LAY.

THE blackbird pipes his evening lay,
And all the chirping choir is still;

Listening their master-minstrel's voice,
Attuned with such melodious skill.

On dewy pinions, twilight gray,
Attracted by his tuneful power,
Quits the soft music of the spheres
To hover round his leafy bower.

The little playful cottage-boy
Protrudes his rosy lips, and tries,
With imitative sound, to mock
The gurgling cadence as it dies.
The weary woodman, homeward bent,
On the rude stile his faggot lays,
And, while he heeds the dulcet song,
Sighs for the scenes of other days.

E'en the tumultuous cares that press
Upon my poor bewildered brain,
Pause—as if consciousness was given,
To feel the sweet magician's strain!
And, lo! as down the western sky,
Apollo's fabled coursers run,
The god, with burning blush declares
His own celestial lyre outdone!

Sing on, sweet bird! thy evening lay;
Still make the woodland echoes ring;
And, oh! may false, ensnaring man
Ne'er bound the freedom of thy wing!
May He, who notes the sparrow's fall,
Protect from harm thy clay-built nest;
And be thy tiny span of life
With every balmy pleasure blest!

//////////

THE NEW LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

MY father keeps a village inn, where neighbours
meet together,
To smoke their pipes, and read the news, and talk
about the weather.
I heard old farmer Giles say, 'twas worth a while
to go, sir,
Up to Lunnun's famous city, to see the Lord Mayor's
show, sir.

I took my place, and safe arrived, met no disaster
shocking,
I found the folks were all alive, and to see the show
were flocking;
So I made my bow, and axed a man, which were
my way to go, sir,
And said, I'd cumed to Lunnun town, to see the
Lord Mayor's show, sir.

At last into Cheapside I got, and stood up by a door,
sir,
Such sights of ladies, dressed so fine, I never zeed
before, sir;
Their windows open, necks all bare, so cold the
wind did blow, sir,
Thinks I, they'll catch a nation cold seeing the
Lord Mayor's show, sir.

Just then the folks began to shove, and cried the
show approaches,
I zeed a power of pretty flags, drums, trumpeters,
and coaches;
And one great coach, 'twere made of gold, and the
horses decked with bows, sir,
I zeed the men in armour, too, at famous Lord
Mayor's show, sir.

When the mob they were gone by, I were quite ou
of breath, sir,
By gum, I thought, for zartin sure, they'd jostle me
to death, sir;
My clothes they 'most lugged off my back, my toes
were jumped on so, sir,
And people said, 'twere glorious fun to cum to Lord
Mayor's show, sir.

When first I got down from the coach, a shop
 caught my attention,
 Where they sold a power of pretty toys, too nume-
 rous to mention ;
 I for father bought a purse and knife, and for Sue
 fine beads a row, sir,
 Purse, knife, and beads, with all my cash, I lost
 at Lord Mayor's show, sir.

Though my pockets have been towzelled o'er, and
 emptied by some thief, sir,
 I do not mean to fume or fret, and break my heart
 with grief, sir ;
 I've paid my share to see the sight, and ye'r Lun-
 nun tricks I know, sir,
 Now I'll gang home, and tell my neighbours all I've
 zeed at Lord Mayor's show, sir.

ENSHRINED IN THE BOSOM OF LOVE.

Air—" *The Sun its bright Rays may withhold.
 Love.*"—(Miss Bryant.)

THE thought that for ever thou'rt mine, love,
 Dispels ev'ry doubt from this heart ;
 Let the wreath of affection still twine, love,
 Too firm e'en for ages to part.
 For what is the world without thee, dear ?
 A desert wherever I rove ;
 Then, ah ! long may our best feelings be, dear,
 Enshrined in the bosom of Love.

Though flow'rets may bloom fresh and fair, love,
 All nature look beauteous and gay,
 Still the world would seem clouded with care, love,
 If Heaven should take thee away.
 Then let's seize on young Joy while we may, dear,
 Too soon his soft visions may rove ;
 Though for ever should happiness play, dear,
 Enshrined in the bosom of Love.

THE STAMMERING GLEE.

OH ! sir, can you tell
 Where old Goody Groaner, the midwife, do dwell ?
 Pray, sir, be quick,
 My wife, she is sick :
 Zounds, you'll be all day !
 Pray, sir, stay,
 She do live over the way ;
 I'll tell you by and by.
 Goody Groaner is gone—he do lie,
 Poor Jenny is bad.
 Such stuttering and sputtering !
 Such stammering and hammering !
 'Twill make a man mad.

ALL ON BOARD OF A MAN OF WAR.

WOULD you know, pretty Nan, how we pass our
 time
 While we sailors are tossed on the sea,
 Why, believe me, my girl, in each season and
 clime,
 True-hearted and merry we be.
 Though tempests may blow, still unmindful of
 care,
 So the fiddles but strike up a bar ;
 Why we sing, and we dance, toast our sweet-
 hearts, and swear,
 All on board of a man of war.

Should the foe bear in sight, and all hands called
 on deck,
 Don't think jolly sailors are cowed ;
 No ; we'll teach them the old British flag to re-
 spect,
 And bid them defiance aloud.

Then to it like lions, perhaps, we may go ;
 What, then, do we whine at a scar ?
 No ; we sing and we fight, till we take her in tow,
 All on board of a man of war.

As for this thing and that, which the lubbers on
 shore
 Would fain make our lasses believe ;
 Why, d'ye see, it's palaver, my girl, nothing more ;
 So Nan, pretty Nan, do not grieve.
 No danger can ever our courage affright,
 Or shake the true love of a tar ;
 In wherever steering we still feel delight
 All on board of a man of war.

HUR HEART AND HAND ARE WINNY'S.

(J. Parry.)

ON Snowdon's lofty brow I roved
 The other morning early ;
 When Shenkin told me that he loved
 His pretty Winny dearly :
 His tuneful harp to love he strung,
 And thus in sweetest notes he sung :—
 Cot pless you my dear,
 Dispel ev'ry fear,
 And list to ap Shenkin ap Harry :
 Hur houses, and land,
 Hur heart, and hur hand,
 Are Winny's, if Winny will marry.

He vowed eternal faith and truth,
 And said he'd ne'er deceive me ;
 My heart bled sorely for the youth,
 Oh, yes it did, believe me.

His tuneful harp, &c

I meant to answer no, I vow,
 When he pressed me to marry ;
 But yes popt out, I know not how,
 I said— I'm thine, dear Harry.
 Again his tuneful harp he strung,
 Again in sweetest notes he sung :—
 Cot pless you, my dear,
 I know you're sincere,
 And true to ap Shenkin ap Harry ;
 Hur houses, and land,
 Hur heart, and hur hand,
 Are Winny's, now Winny will marry.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

Air—" *In a Post-office bred.*"—(E. Mackey.)

OH ! this is the day when, for love's mighty fray,
 All are armed with pens, paper, and ink ;
 Cook, housemaid, and John, the goose-quill seize
 upon,
 And of nothing but valentines think.
 Full of darts, flaming hearts,
 Cupids, Hymen, I shall die, man ;
 Doves so true, billet doux,
 Churches, rings, funny things ;
 Pretty flowers, shady bowers ;
 Some with fruit in, Cupid shooting,
 Love in roses, scratched noses ;
 Razor, rope, no hope ;
 Pop your brains for your pains ;
 Such variety like Noah's ark had,
 You would think, sir, I vow,
 Could you see 'em all now,
 The folks in this world were all stark mad.

SPOKEN.] This is the day for slaughter ; Cupid
 mows 'em down by dozens : every thing in the
 shape of a valentine is in requisition, from three-
 pence to half-a-guinea ; from the painted heart to
 the gilded doves : there is as much gold-leaf con-
 sumed as would gild the cupola of St. Paul's.
 Stamped paper, bleeding hearts, gilded darts, and

such verses! oh! ye gods! such verses! The postman wears out two or three extra pairs of shoes; and the stationer is up to his eyes in love. Mr. Foolscap, I want a valentine, a very pretty one. Yes, ma'am, directly. Here, John, take these six dozen of valentines to the boarding-school. Yes, sir. I zay, muster, I wunts a woluntine, an let's hae a good un, 'cause I wunts to send it down to my Doll, her wot lives at 'Squire Thingumbob's. Here's a very pretty one, sir. Ay, that ere'll do; now you must write the *connection* on it for un. This ere's for Dolly Dumpling, as lives zarvant at 'Squire Tallyho's, in Dorzeshire; ha ye put it all right now? Quite right, sir. Are ye zure on it. Yes, sir. That's all right; law! law! how Doll will grin and colour up. If you please, sir, I want a quire of gilt paper, embossed, half a hundred of pens, and a pint of ink, and then I'll send valentines to all my sweethearts.

Thus you see there's each kind, and food for the mind,

To be picked up on Valentine's Day.

Some folks write to quiz, and others there is

Who send them their love to declare;

In hopes of an answer their hearts all day dance, sir,

But if they get none, how they stare.

Butchers, bakers, undertakers,

Soldiers, sailors, tinkers, tailors,

Grocer, hum, sir, worth a plum, sir;

Monkeys, pigs, funny rigs,

Old maids, sorry jades,

Devil's imp, Mr. Gimp,

Clerk, dandy, drops of brandy,

Short and tall, fat, lean, and all,

Oh! dear, what a comical scenc, oh!

You would lift up your eyes,

And cry with surprise,

What the deuce can this nonsense all mean? oh!

[SPOKEN.] Oh! laws, Sally, I'se got a woluntine from John. Has you? Oh, my! what does he say? Oh! it says, sich a pretty one, it says,

Dear Zally, I do luvve you trew,

And dosent not no wot to du,

And if as how you'll marre me;

Why then yew no I'll marre yee;

So please to send me bock a line,

From yew're trew varth onle wollingtine.

Well, that is pretty; do you mean to answer it, Sally? Oh, yes, to be sure. The butcher began to *cut* up with a vengeance. The cobbler to *peg* away. The fishmonger to rub his *gills*. The tailor burnt his fingers with his goose. The publican got in *spirits*. The tallow-chandler *waxed* warm. The baker burnt his own batch. The milkman turned white. The wine-merchant sour. The tinker couldn't muster brass enough. The cook upset the dripping-pan. The housemaid a pail of water over the best carpet. The butler a dozen of wine. The footman the dinner-table, besides other mishaps, and only at the rap of the postman, because it is Valentine's Day. Oh, la! Miss Rosebud, have you had a valentine? Oh, yes, and such a beauty; and, do you know, I think it's come from Augustus. Ah! well, you're always lucky; why, I have not had one. (*aside*.) How vexing; I could tear my eyes out for spite; but she was always forward; however, she'll repent it some of these days. Have you had an answer, Mr. Finikin? No; I have not, 'pon honour, my dear fellow; quite disappointed. Have you? Oh, yes; an execrable one, a Jack-ass, dressed in the height of the fashion. Shocking! Thus you see some are teased, and some they are pleased,

Because it is Valentine's Day.

WHO'D KNOW THE SWEETS OF LIBERTY?

(R. Rolt.)

WHO'D know the sweets of liberty?

'Tis to climb the mountain's brow,

Thence to discern rough industry

At the harrow or the plough.

'Tis where my sons their crops have sown,
Calling the harvest all their own.

'Tis where the heart to truth allied,

Never felt unmanly fear;

'Tis where the eye, with milder pride,

Nobly sheds sweet pity's tear;

Such as Britannia yet shall see;

These are the sweets of liberty.

LET PHILOSOPHERS PRATE ABOUT REASON AND RULES.

LET philosophers prate about reason and rules,
And preach musty maxims, designed but for fools;
From a brisk sparkling bowl brighter sentiments
flow,

And I find myself wiser the deeper I go:

We can teach them to live, and by practice explain

What in theory only they never could gain;

Draw the cloud from their eyes, that o'er shadows
the soul,

And enlighten their heads with a sup from my
bowl.

May the pedant be lost in his phantom pursuit,
While I revel in wine, and with bumpers re-
cruit;

Since the wisest can never perfection attain,
Why should life proffer sweets and enjoyments in
vain?

Let not man, then, his time in such foppery
waste,

Or refuse mingled sweets with the bitters to taste.
But thus let him waft to Elysium his soul,
In an ocean of liquor,—his vessel my bowl.

Relaxed from the cares of the world let me live,
'Gainst the rude stream of life that I never may
strive;

With a friend to partake, and a girl to adore,
O, what mortal more happy, what man could wish
more?

Dull, mechanical mortals here look and repine,
That their hearts ne'er can glow with such feelings
as mine;

But such feelings, such joys, receive birth in the
soul,

When thus mellowed, thus reared, and refined in
my bowl.

CUPID ASTRAY.

(T. W. Kelly.)

THROUGH verdant woods, through verdant grove:

The lovely Paphian goddess roves;

She cries, 'I've lost my darling son,'

Why does he from his mother run?

Pray seek my child, restore him, do,
And I'll give thee a kiss or two,
More sweet than those which Dian sips
From young Endymion's rosy lips;

Or those full draughts the gods so love,

Quaffed from the nectar-bowls of Jove:

'This, this is the reward I'll give

To gain my little fugitive.'

Your son's retreat to me is known;

Yes, Venus, in my heart he's flown;

Then give me, straight, the promised kiss,
Or bid my love improve the bliss.

THE CADI OF BAGDAT.

(T. Dibdin.)

WHEN at school, not a fool e'er was I
For the finger of scorn to be wagged at ;
So the law soon I saw best to try,
In hopes to be cadi of Bagdat.

Soliman Shah was a lawyer good,
And he made me a very fine master ;
He cheated his clients as fast as he could,
And he taught me to cheat 'em faster.

When at school, &c.

Justice, we know, should be blind as wise,
And in each of the causes I've fagged at,
I ne'er could see till a fee opened the eyes
Of the worshipful cadi of Bagdat ;
Yet, to be partial I ever was loath,
So my conscience to clear it a fact is,
That when two sides would bribe, I took money of
both,
And thought it was pretty good practice.
For when at school, &c.

MARY LE MORE, THE IRISH MANIAC.

Air—" *The Exile of Erin.*"—(Rushton.)

As I strayed o'er the common on Cork's rugged
border,

While the dewdrops of morn the sweet primrose
arrayed,

I saw a poor female, whose mental disorder
Her quick glancing eye and wild aspect be-
trayed :

On the sward she reclined, by the green fern sur-
rounded,

At her side speckled daisies and wild flowers
abounded :

To its utmost recesses her heart had been wound-
ed ;

Her sighs were unceasing—'twas Mary le More.

Her charms by the keen blast of sorrow were
faded ;

Yet the soft tinge of beauty still played on her
cheek :

Her tresses a wreath of pale primroses braided,
And strings of fresh daisies hung loose round her
neck.

While with pity I gazed, she exclaimed, ' O my
mother !

' See the blood on that lash, 'tis the blood of my
brother ;

They have torn his poor flesh, and they now strip
another,—

'Tis Connor, the friend of poor Mary le More.

' Though his locks were as white as the foam of
the ocean,

These wretches shall find that my father is
brave ;

My father !' she cried, with the wildest emotion,

' Ah, no ! my poor father now sleeps in the
grave :

They have tolled his death-bell, they've laid the
turf o'er him !

His white locks were bloody, no aid could restore
him !

He is gone ! he is gone ! and the good will deplore
him,

When the blue wave of Erin hides Mary le
More.'

A lark, from the gold-blossomed furze that grew
near her,

Now rose, and with energy carolled his lay ;

' Hush, hush !' she continued, ' the trumpet sounds
clearer ;

The horsemen approach : Erin's daughters, away !
Ah ! soldiers, 'twas foul, while the cabin was burn-
ing,

And o'er a pale father a wretch had been mourn-
ing ;

Go, hide with the sea-mew, ye maids, and take
warning,—

Those ruffians have ruined poor Mary le More.'

' Away ! bring the ointment ! O, God ! see those
gashes :

Alas ! my poor brother, come, dry the big tear ;
Anon we'll have vengeance for these dreadful
lashes,

Already the screech-owl and ravens appear.
By day the green grave, that lies under the wil-
low,

With wild flowers I'll strew, and by night make
my pillow,

Till the goze and dark sea-weed, beneath the
curled billow,

Shall furnish a death-bed for Mary le More.'

Thus raved the poor maniac, in tones more heart-
rending

Than sanity's voice ever poured on my ear ;
When, lo ! on the waste, and their march tow'rds
her bending,

A troop of fierce cavalry chanced to appear.

' O, the fiends !' she exclaimed, and with wild
horror started,

Then through the tall fern, loudly screaming, she
darted.

With an overcharged bosom, I slowly departed,
And sighed for the wrongs of poor Mary le
More.

THE SEA-BOY'S FAREWELL TO THE
FAMILY-FLEET.

(Jesse Hammond.)

WAIT, ye winds, till I *repeat*

A *parting signal* to the *fleet*,

Whose *station* is at home ;

Then wait the sea-boy's simple prayer,

And let it oft be whispered there,

While other climes I roam.

Farewell to father, reverend *hulk*,

Who, spite of *metal*, spite of *bulk*,

Must soon his *cable ship* ;

But, ere he's *broken up*, I'll try

The *flag* of gratitude to *fly*,

In duty to the *ship*.

Farewell to mother, *first-rate* she,

Who *launched* me on life's *stormy sea*,

And *rigged* me *fore and aft* ;

May Providence her *timbers* spare,

And keep her *hull* in *good repair*,

To *tow* the smaller *craft* !

Farewell to sister, lovely *yacht*,

And whether she'll be *manned* or not

I cannot now foresee ;

But may some *ship* a *tender* prove,

Well found in *stores* of truth and love,

And *take her under lee* !

Farewell to George, the *jolly-boat*,

And all the little *craft afloat*

In home's delightful *bay* ;

When they arrive at *sailing* age,

May Wisdom give the *weather gage*,

And guide them on their way !

Farewell to all—on life's rude *main*,

Perhaps, we ne'er may meet again,

Through *stress of stormy weather* ;
 But, summoned by *the board* above,
 May *harbour* in the *port* of Love,
 And all be *moored* together.

MY TIGHT FELLOW-SOLDIERS, PREPARE
 FOR YOUR FOES.

(G. Colman.)

MY tight fellow-soldiers, prepare for your foes,
 Fight away for the cause of the jolly red rose,
 Never flinch while you live, should you meet with
 your death,
 There's no fear that you'll run, you'll be quite out
 of breath ;

Then be true to your colours the Lancasters chose,
 And the laurel entwine with the jolly red rose.

He who follows for honour the drum and the
 fife,

May, perhaps, have the luck to get honour for
 life ;

And he who for money makes fighting his trade,
 Let him now face the foe, he'll be handsomely
 paid.

Then be true to your colours, &c.

The fight fairly done, my brave boys of the blade,
 Now we'll talk o'er our cups of the havock we've
 made ;

Now we'll talk, if we once kill a captain or two,
 Of a hundred more fellows, that nobody knew !

Then, my tight fellow-soldiers, &c.

LOVELY PEGGY.

(J. Hogg.)

I LATELY lived in quiet ease,
 An' never wished to marry, O !

But when I saw my Peggy, fair,
 I felt a strange quandary, O !

As wild as ony Athol deer,
 She has trepanned me fairly, O !

Her cherry cheeks, her een sae clear,
 Harass me late an' early, O !

O, love, love, laddie.

Love is like a dizziness,

It winna let a pair body

Gang about his business.

To tell my fate, this single week,

Wad mak' a curious diary, O !

I drave my cart against the dyke,

My horses in the miry, O !

I wear my stockings white and blue,

My love's so fierce and fiery, O !

I drill the land that I should plough,

An' I pleugh the drills entirely, O !

O, love, love, laddie, &c.

As soon as dawn had brought the day,

I raise to thee the stable, O !

I coast my coat, and toiled away,

As hard as I was able, O !

I wrought a' mornin' out and out,

As I'd been reddin' fire, O !

But, when I had done, an' turned about,

Gude trowth it was the byre, O !

O, love, love, laddie, &c.

Her wily glance I'll ne'er forget,

The dear lovely blinkin' o't

Has pierced me through and through the heart,

An' plagues me wi' the prinklin' o't.

I tried to sing, I tried to pray,

I tried to drown 't wi' drinkin' o't,

tried wi' toil to drive 't away,

But could nae sleep for thinkin' o't.

O, love, love, laddie, &c.

Gif Peggy's love wad hire the gob,
 And save my heart frae breakin', O !

I'd put a girdle roun' the globe,

Or dive in Coryvreckin, O !

Or howk a grave at midnight mirk,

In yonder vault so eerie, O !

Or gang and speir for Mungo Park,

In Africa sa dreerie, O !

O, love, love, laddie, &c.

Nae man can tell the pains I prove,

Or how severe's my plisky, O !

I swear I'm sorer drunk wi' love

Than e'er I was wi' whisky, O !

But soon I'll be ayont the burn,

Whar Charon rows his wherry, O

Then drap a tear upo' the urn

O' ane that aye was merry, O.

O, love, love, laddie, &c.

An' grave it on my headstane, fair,

Here lies a lad o' twenty, O !

Wha neither wanted wit or lair,

Had bricks and talents plenty, O !

But love sae raked him fore an' aft,

He scarce could lift a leggie, O !

He first grew dizzy, sine grew daft,

And died for lovely Peggy, O !

O, love, love, laddie, &c.

HURLO THRUMBO !

(C. Dibdin.)

I'M the comic dwarf of the great giant Grumbo ;
 My name's Whackum Thackum Whikeechee Hurlo
 Thrumbo.

Master's hat is like a hackney-coach, his head is
 such a spanker ;

A main-mast is his walking-stick, his tooth-pick is
 an anchor ;

'Twas but last week (the thing much laughter did
 provoke)

He pocketed a waggon and eight horses for a joke :
 The driver missed his waggon, and inquired of all

the people ;

So my master, by the waistband, hung him dang-
 ling on the steeple.

O hee ! O whi hee, &c.

"Fee, faw, fum," cries the great giant Grumbo,
 Frightens Whackum Thwackum, &c.

My masier eat six aldermen (he did, as I'm a
 sinner,)

For his breakfast, and a whole corporation for his
 dinner ;

Drinks like a fish, but swigging water a'n't his
 way,

For he tipped off a hogshead of brandy t'other
 day.

But the brandy it was smuggled, so my master,
 like a wise man,

To prevent an information, he swallowed the
 exciseman.

O hee ! O whi hee, &c.

OH ! SWEET IS THE HOUR.

(David Lester Richardson.)

OH ! sweet is the hour

When, low in the west,

The sun gilds the bower

Where fond lovers rest.

Then, gorgeously bright,

Beneath the blue stream,

In garments of light,

Departs like a dream !

Oh! sweet and serene
 The spell that beguiles,
 When night's gentle queen
 More tenderly smiles!
 The boldest are coy—
 The wildest are grave—
 The sad feel a joy
 Loud mirth never gave!
 The spirits of love,
 To hallow the time,
 From regions above,
 Pour music sublime;
 Their harmonies cheer
 The dull gloom of night,
 And wake the sweet tear
 Of voiceless delight!

ICKLE CHICKA HAPPY SQUAD WID A
 JOLLY TAR.

Air—" *The Sailor-Boy capering ashore.*"

CHICKA lik' a sailor man,
 Tom lik' a Chicka, too;
 He come home, he shakee han';
 And me say, "How d'ye do?"
 Tom no to Ningland go,
 Doll nibber come so far, dar
 Ickle Chicka happy squad
 Wid a jolly tar.
 Tom shoot a cockatoo,
 Chicka put him in a pot;
 Tom fill a wamessou,
 And puxa till he hot.
 Him call for grog a ho!
 Me drinka swipe galore—hee, hee!
 Ickle Chicka happy squad
 Wid a jolly tar.
 But Doll, of Wapping, if she dead,
 Chicka, den, a Ningland goes—
 Yellow fcedder on a head,
 And silber at ee nose;
 Gold ring on ebery toe,
 Blue cheek and shinee hair—O, la!
 Ickle Chicka pretty squad
 For a jolly tar.

THE ROSE, THISTLE, AND SHAMROCK.

(T. J. Daly.)

Go, pluck the rose from yonder tree,
 Nor mind the thorns, how'er so sharp,
 But haste away, and bring it me,
 Till I begin my minstrelsy,
 For with it I'll entwine my harp.

Go you, and cull the shamrock green,
 Although the morning air is sharp
 At break of day, or fall of e'en,
 Its three small leaves are easy seen,
 Be quick, till I entwine my harp.

You go, and pull the thistle wild,
 Its numerous prickles are not sharp,
 It is spontaneous Nature's child,
 And blossoms in the summer mild;
 With it, also, I'll 'twine my harp.

So said the bard, with honour gray,
 He spoke in accents strong and sharp:
 Cursed may he be who'd tear away
 One of the blended flow'rets gay—
 Rose, shamrock, thistle, from my harp.

BOBBY BRUSH AND JEMMY TWIST.

A DUET.

Air—" *Will you come to the Bower?*"

(Moncreiff.)

Bobby. COME along, Jemmy Twist, for this here
 is Chalk-farm,
 And those 'ere is the fields vere the birds
 do so swarm;
 Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, come,
 come along,
 And we'll get us some tea for to make our-
 selves strong.

Jemmy. I is here, Bobby Brush; oh, my vig, how
 I svets!
 Ve an't shot nothing yet to put into our
 nets;
 Bobby, Bobby, Bobby, Bobby, let us go
 back,
 For I've carried my gun till my back's fit
 to crack.

Bobby. Though our dogs have knocked up, ve
 ourselves inustn't yield,
 'Tis the first of September—ve're first in
 the field;
 Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy, come,
 come along,
 And, blow me, if ve don't have a shot
 before long.

Jemmy. Ve've no license to game, ve've not got
 master's leave;
 Then our ramrods are shop-yards, our
 horns make-believe;
 Bobby, Bobby, Bobby, Bobby, let us go
 back,
 At the Adam and Eve, I'll treat you with
 a snack.

OH! THERE ARE LOOKS AND TONES
 THAT DART.

(T. Moore.)

OH! there are looks and tones that dart
 An instant sunshine through the heart;
 As if the soul that minute caught
 Some treasure it through life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes,
 Predestined to have all our sighs,
 And never be forgot again,
 Sparkled and spoke before us then.

So came thy every glance and tone,
 When first on me they breathed and shone;
 New as if brought from other spheres,
 Yet, welcome as if loved for years.

Then, fly with me, if thou hast known
 No other flame, nor falsely thrown
 A gem away that thou hadst sworn
 Should ever in thy heart be worn:

Come, if the love thou hast for me
 Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—
 Fresh as the fountain under-ground
 When first 'tis by the lapwing found.

But if for me thou dost forsake
 Some other maid, and rudely break
 Her worshipped image from its base,
 To give to me the ruined place,

Then, fare thee well; I'd rather make
 My bower upon some icy lake
 When thawing suns begin to shine,
 Than trust to love so false as thine.

A FRIEND AND A SONG, A BOTTLE AND BOWL.

(Titford.)

THOUGH Venus and Bacchus may boast of their power,
Our senses to charm, and rank care to devour,
But as things *sans* a finish are not quite the ton,
So's a friend and a bottle, without a good song.

Then Apollo invite, that famed musical blade,
Who dispels checkered scenes which in life may pervade,
And who bears on his arms this loved motto, or scroll,
A true friend and a song, and a bottle and bowl.

The tube of content I'll whiff off with my friend,
While concord and harmony round us attend,
The enjoyment of life, and a zest to the whole,
Is a friend and a song, and a bottle and bowl.

As a sweet golden rule, let temp'rance abound,
Be reason the guide, as the glass is put round,
And while freedom and merit replenish the whole,
Here's our friend and a song, and a bottle and bowl.

JESS MACPHARLANE.

WHEN first she came to town,
They called her Jess Macpharlane;
But now she's come and gone,
They call her the wandering darling.
Oh! this love, this love!
Of this love I'm weary, O!
Sleep I can get none
For thinking of my deary, O!

Her father loves her well,
Her mither loves her better,
And I like the girl mysel,
But, alas! I canna get her.
Oh! this love, this love, &c.

I took it in my head
To write my love a letter;
But, alas! she canna read,
And I like her aw' the better.
Oh! this love, this love, &c.

Then, since I canna rest,
For thinking of my darling;
I'll wander, too, in quest
Of lovely Jess Macpharlane,
Oh! this love, this love, &c.

COME, YE SPORTSMEN, SO BRAVE,
WHO DELIGHT IN THE FIELD.

COME, ye sportsmen, so brave, who delight in the field,
When the bud-barren mountain fresh raptures can yield;
Let the health-breathing chase rouse the soul with delight,
With the jolly god Bacchus be jovial at night;
See the high-mettled steeds, where, snorting, they fly,
While stanch the dogs cover the ground in full cry.
How can ye, my boys, from such sports now refrain,
When the horn's cheerful sound calls you forth to the plain?
Poor pussy she flies, and seems danger to scorn;
Then redoubles her speed, as she bounds o'er the lawn.

See the high-mettled steeds, &c.

She has cunningly cheated the scent of the hounds,
Through hedge-rows she creeps, and skulks o'er the downs:
Brush them in, my bold hearts! she sits panting for breath!
The victim is seized! hark! the horn sounds her death!

See the high-mettled steeds, &c.

HER HERO CLAIMS A WELCOME HOME.

(Dibdin.)

WITH what hard terms fond lovers cope,
That cruel Fate imposes;
Absence and danger banish hope,
And thorns choke up the roses.
Yet that her lover dangers prove
To earn the hero's name,
Must she suspend the joys of love
To swell the lists of Fame.
Nor with too timid woman's fears
Let her fond heart be troubled;
The storm appeased, a calm appears—
Her transports are redoubled;
Her hero claims a welcome home,
Well earned that glorious name;
His brows the laurel well become
That swells the list of Fame.

COME, BUY MY SPICE-GINGERBREAD,
SMOKING HOT!

COME, boys and girls, men and maids, widows and wives,
The best penny laid out you e'er spent in your lives;
Here's my whirl-a-gig lottery, a penny a spell,
No blanks, but all prizes, and that's pretty well.
Don't stand humming and naaing, with ifs and with buts,
Try your luck for my round and sound gingerbread-nuts;
And there's my glorious spice-gingerbread, too,
Hot enough e'en to thaw the heart of a Jew.
Hot spice-gingerbread, hot!
Come, buy my spice-gingerbread, smoking hot!
I'm a gingerbread-merchant, but what of that, then?
All the world, take my word, deal in gingerbread ware;
Your fine beans and your belles and your rattle-pate rakes—
One half are game-nuts, the rest gingerbread cakes;
Then, in gingerbread coaches we've gingerbread lords,
And gingerbread soldiers with gingerbread swords.
And what are your patriots, 'tis easy to tell,
By their constantly crying they've something to sell.
And what harm is there in selling—hem!—
Hot spice-gingerbread, &c.
My gingerbread-lottery is just like the world,
For its index of chances for ever is twirled;
But some difference between 'em exist, without doubt,
The world's lottery has blanks, while mine's wholly without,
There's no matter how often you shuffle and cut,
If but once in ten games you can get a game-nut.
So I laugh at the world, like an impudent elf,
And, just like my betters, take care of myself.
Hot spice-gingerbread, &c.

COME, SING ROUND MY FAVOURITE
TREE.

(Burgoyne.)

COME, sing round my favourite tree,
Ye songsters that visit the grove,
'Twas the haunt of my shepherd and me,
And the bark is a record of love.

Reclined on the turf by my side,
He tenderly pleaded his cause;
I only with blushes replied,
And the nightingale filled up the pause.

////////

A TRIFLING SONG YOU SHALL HEAR.

(Farquhar.)

A TRIFLING song you shall hear,
Begun with a trifle and ended;
All trifling people draw near,
And I shall be nobly attended.

Were it not for trifles a few,
That lately have come into play,
The men would want something to do,
And the women want something to say.

What makes men trifle in dressing?
Because the ladies, they know,
Admire, by often caressing,
That eminent trifle, a beau.

When the lover his moments has trifled,
The trifle of trifles to gain,
No sooner the virgin is rifled,
But a trifle shall part them again.

What mortal man would be able
At Whyte's half an hour to sit;
Or who could bear a tea-table
Without taking trifles for wit?

The court is from trifles secure,
Gold keys are no trifles, we see;
White rods are no trifles, I'm sure,
Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place
Where trifles abundantly breed,
The levee will show you his grace
Makes promises trifles, indeed!

A coach, with six footmen behind,
I count neither trifle nor sin;
But, ye gods, how oft do we find
A scandalous trifle within?

A flask of champagne, people think it
A trifle, or something as bad;
But, if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no trifle, by gad.

A parson's a trifle at sea,
A widow's a trifle in sorrow;
A peace is a trifle to-day,
'To break it a trifle to-morrow.

A black coat a trifle may cloak,
Or to hide it the red may endeavour;
But if once the army is broke,
We shall have more trifles than ever.

The stage is a trifle, they say,
The reason pray carry along,
Because, at ev'ry new play,
The house they with trifles so throng.

But with people's malice to trifle,
And to set us all on a foot,
The author of this is a trifle,
And his song is a trifle to boot

////////

THE LOVER'S OATH.

(R. A. Millikin.)

By Diana's silver car,
By the bright Hesperian star,
By Aurora's blushing cheek,
By pale Eve with farewell meek;
By the golden noon-day bright,
By the sphere-bespangled night,
By the nectar-breathing rose,
By each tender plant that blows,
By the daisy-sprinkled plain,
By the azure-bosomed main,
By the flow'ry-margined rills,
By the woods and by the hills,
By all pretty things that move,
By yourself, all sweets above,
You, and only you, I love.

////////

JERRY SNEAK'S AT HOME.

Air—"There's na Luck about the House."

MANKIND o'er women empire boast,
And claim a right to roam;
But very often blust'ring blades
Are Jerry Sneaks at home.
The hero who, in battle fierce
Has bravely risked his life,
The din of strife, domestic, fears,
And crouches to his wife.

Tol de rol, &c.

The lawyer, who, by pleadings keen,
In courts has gained renown,
Still finds, when drest in humble bob,
His wife will talk him down.
The statesman great, in senate bred,
In politic's wise school,
Beat by a casting vote at home,
His own house cannot rule.

Tol de rol, &c.

By diff'rent methods, ladies fair
Usurp supreme command;
The force of tongue's the common way,
And sometimes force of hand.
When ladies long for pretty toys,
And husbands keep the purse,
Hysteric fits are potent spells
To conquer men perverse.

Tol de rol, &c.

With sweeter dispositions blessed,
Some choose a gentler plan,
And each contrives, with bonds of love,
'To lead her own good man.
Look round the world, through all degrees,
These truths will stand confessed—
That women rule, and married men
Are Jerry Sneaks at best.

Tol de rol, &c.

////////

THE DEATH OF MOORE.

(Frome.)

YE British patriots whose breasts can feel,
Who venerate the martial warrior's name,
Whose manly hearts beat for your country's weal,
Dear as your blood, should flow the chieftain's
fame.
'Twas not to grace an eastern's minion's pride,
Nor to destroy a brave, but weaker foe;
'Twas in defending Nature's rights he died,
In Freedom's cause he met the fatal blow

Oft when the tiger, chased by desp'rate hands,
 Slow from the hounds the hunter's shout re-
 ceedes ;
 His onset, should he turn, not one withstands,
 But safety seeks in flight, or, breathless, bleeds.
 Thus as the Gallic chief his myriads poured
 From Egypt's shore, terrific visions rise ;
 The fiend of rapine sheathes his recking sword,
 And shuns the vet'ran Moore, who, conqu'ring,
 dies.

As when a whirlwind, deluge, threat'ning storm,
 Bursts in loud thunders o'er the trembling plains,
 The mercy-chartered bow displays its form,
 And Nature's ægis cheers the fear-struck swains.
 Thus, when the hero's mem'ry claims our tears,
 (His country's glory and her army's pride,)
 Like the celestial arch, his fame appears,
 We view his virtues, and forget he died.

WITHOUT A COMPANION, WHAT'S LIFE
 BUT A HEATH.

A DUET.

(Terry.)

WITHOUT a companion, what's life but a heath,
 That's wearisome, murky, and long ?
 But Dandie defies dullness, danger, and death,
 With his friend, and his glass, and his song.

You're right ; with a friend, man, you heighten
 your zest,
 And march o'er life's road brisk and lightly ;
 With double delight, on its green swards you rest,
 And trip o'er its rough places lightly.

Then come on, side by side, and, as long as I've
 breath,
 Here's an arm that's both willing and strong ;
 Jolly hearts bid defiance to danger and death,
 Make light of the dark roads and short of the
 long.

OH! WE WILL BE MARRIED, MY DEAR,
 FOR A' THAT.

(Upton.)

MY father cries, " Jenny, 'tis time you should
 wed ;"

My mither says, " lassie, and so I think, too ;"
 But the laird they have both of them got in their
 head,

In spite of his siller, for me wanna do ;
 For Donald, young Donald, yes, he is the lad,
 Has set my warm heart in a strange pit-a-pat :
 And, though they oft tell him I'm not to be had,
 Oh! we will be married, my dear, for a' that.

My father cries, " Jenny, we speak for your
 good ;"

My mither says, " lassie, so mind what we
 say ;"

But sure I could answer them both if I would,
 In the choice of a husband I should have my
 way ;

But then one and t'other would sell me for gold,
 For truly I ken very plain what they're at ;
 But this they shall find that I wanna be sold,
 Oh! we will be married, my dear, for a' that.

So Donald, braw Donald, the lad of my heart,
 Though father and mither would send him to
 sea ;
 Shall find that twa lovers like us canna part,
 So buckled at kirk in a month we shall be :

Then father and mither may frown if they will,
 'Tis love, and love only, can win me, that's pat ;
 And though they would hold me by leading-strings
 still,

Oh! we will be married, my dear, for a' that.

MISS FIDDLESTICK'S-END AND HER
 THREE LOVERS.

MISS FIDDLESTICK'S-END was a sweet pretty
 maid,

Or rather a tough hump-backed dame ;
 But Miss Fiddlestick's-end hated music, 'tis said,
 Though her's was a musical name.

Three lovers she had, which she thought did be-
 come her,
 A Scotchman, a Jew, and a tall Irish drummer,
 Who tried all they could into marriage to hum
 her,

Sweet Miss Fiddlestick's-end.

With true love for her—riches their bosoms were
 warmed,

But, not knowing the humourous jade,
 An unlucky intention each lover had formed,
 'To give her a sweet serenade.

Each, priding himself in his musical genius,
 Made sure of obtaining this copy of Venus,
 And all strove to please, by their words and de-
 meanours,

Charming Miss Fiddlestick's-end.

At the very same hour, on the very same night,
 They'd fixed for this grand master-stroke,
 The moon herself laughed as she gave them her
 light,

And the stars seemed to wink at the joke,
 When beneath their love's window these sons of
 Apollo,

The Jew on his harp, Sawney's bagpipe did fol-
 low,

But Pat, on his rub-a-dub, beat them all hollow.
 O, lovely Miss Fiddlestick's-end.

Miss Fiddlestick's-end had a very bad cold,
 And had long since retired to bed ;

She slept very sound, as her nose loudly told,
 But the noise might have roused up the dead.

Enraged, she jumped out, in a terrible passion,
 Seized a certain utensil, in bed-chamber fashion,
 And the poor serenaders it quickly went dash on.

O, cruel Miss Fiddlestick's-end.

FRIENDSHIP DETAINS US FOR ONE
 BOTTLE MORE.

ASSIST me, ye lads, who have hearts void of
 guile,

To sing in the praises of Old Ireland's isle ;
 Where true hospitality opens the door,
 And friendship detains us for one bottle more ;
 One bottle more, arrah, one bottle more,
 And friendship detains us for one bottle more.

Old England, your taunts on our country forbear ;
 With our bulls and our brogues we are true and
 sincere ;

For, if but one bottle remains in our store,
 We have generous hearts to give that bottle more :
 That bottle more, &c.

At Candy's, in Church-street, I'll sing of a set
 Of six Irish blades who together had met ;
 Four bottles a-piece made us call for our score,
 And nothing remained but one bottle more :
 One bottle more, &c.

Our bill being paid, we were loth to depart,
For friendship had grappled each man by the
heart,
Where the least touch, you know, makes an Irish-
man roar;
And the whack from shellelagh brought six bottles
more :

Six bottles more, &c.

Slow Phœbus had shone through our window so
bright,
Quite happy to view his blest children of light ;
So we parted, with hearts neither sorry nor sore,
Resolving next night to drink twelve bottles more :
Twelve bottles more, &c.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

(Miss Blamire.)

WHEN the sun-beams of joy gild the morn of our
days,
And the soft heart is warmed both with hope and
with praise,
New pleasures—new prospects—still burst on the
view,
And the phantoms of bliss in our walks we pursue.
What, though tangled in brakes, or withheld by
the thorn,
Such sorrows of youth are but pearls of the morn,
As the gem on the leaf, in the fervour of day,
The warmth of the season dissolves them away.

In the noontide of life, though not robbed of their
fire,
The warm wishes abate, and their spirits retire ;
Their colours, less glowing, give equal delight
When Reason just tints them with shades of the
night ;
Reflection's slow shadow steals down the gay hill,
Though, as yet, you may shun the soft shade as
you will,
And on Hope fix your eye, till her brightness, so
clear,
Shall hang on its lid a dim trembling tear.

Next, the shades of mild evening close silent
around,
And lengthened Reflection must stalk on the
ground,
Through her lantern of magic past pleasures are
seen,
And we then only know what our day-dreams have
been ;
On the pleasing illusion we gaze while we can,
Though we often exclaim—what a bauble is man !
In youth but a gew-gaw—in age but a toy—
The same empty trifle as man and as boy.

INCONSTANCY.

Air—" *Rag-Fair.*"—(G. W. L.)

PSHAW ! tell me not the girl is frail,
I like her, faith, the better ;
And, if inconstancy's her tale,
She'll find me not her debtor.
I never yet beheld the lass
Who wanted power to charm me ;
If young, she'll all her sex surpass,
If old, she'll never harm me.

For every woman I behold
A simile I pilfer ;
If red her hair, I vow 'tis gold,
If white, I swear 'tis silver ;

If lean, she's slender as the doe,
If fat, she's plump as marrow ;
If crooked, she's like Cupid's bow,
If straight, she's like his arrow.

If tall, she's like the queen of love,
If low, she's very pretty ;
If kind, she's like the turtle-dove,
If cross, she's very witty :
In short, my heart's so prone to range,
So well I love to ramble,
That, since 'tis Nature's law to change,
I'll follow her example.

ASPIRE TO THE NAME OF A GENTLE- MAN-SOLDIER.

SPREAD the flag, and strike up with the fife and
the drum,

We invite you to glory and gain, sirs ;
The vet'ran of sixty for bounty will come,
To gather new laurels again, sirs ;
Though a little the older,
Let him be enrolled here,
The old man, I wonder, will do for a soldier.

The courage of youth and the wisdom of age
Alike in our rank will be seen, sirs,
The man who is sixty alike we engage,
And the 'prentice who is not sixteen, sirs ;
The younger the bolder,
Let him be enrolled here ;
The lad will, I warrant him, do for a soldier.

At last, my brave boys, you'll have freedom to
beg,
When the toils of campaigning are done, sirs ;
Lo ! here is a vet'ran with only one leg,
And here is a hero with none, sirs.
Or younger or older,
Let all be enrolled here
Who aspire to the name of a gentleman-soldier.

THE ORIGINAL AND THE PICTURE.

(Dibdin.)

A virtuous and a comely dame,
With no desire or passion,
But honour's self might proudly claim,
Was borne away by fashion.
Midst crowds of lovers, one, sincere,
Dared 'gainst this tide endeavour,
And, though in heart she held him dear,
Was soon dismissed for ever.

His portrait she to keep had sworn,
That he might have no quarter,
She now, with every mark of scorn
Delivered to her porter ;
Cried she, sir, as you prize your place,
Or hope to be thought clever,
Let in the man that owns this face,
I turn you off for ever.

The lover ne'er was one so fond,
So heart-broke, so afflicted,
Though hope of pardon gone beyond,
Dismissed and interdicted ;
The porter bribed, wide flew the gate,
His fortune now or never,
I come, cried he, to know my fate,
Perhaps, to part for ever.

Her kindled anger to assuage,
In vain did he implore her,
She rang the bell, and, in a rage,
The porter called before her ;

Say, where's the portrait, drunken fool,
Did I not tell thee never
To admit this man—Dear ma'am be cool!
Out of my sight for ever.

They're no more like; the picture looks
Young, healthy, full of gumption;
That skinny gemman's off the hooks,
For love in a consumption;
Look herc ma'am! 'tis, alas! too true,
Such love how could I sever?
Vile folly, hence, vain world, adieu,
Come to my heart for ever.

WHEN I AND MY LAD SHALL BE
MARRIED.

(T. Dibdin.)

Now peace smiles around, and stern war is no
more,
And the lad, for whom thus long I've tarried,
Shall safely return, I'll live single no more,
But he and I'll go and be married.

The breakers which dash on the echoing shore,
(From whence they my true love have carried,)
Though oft I have blamed, I shall then blame no
more,
When I and my lad shall be married.

VOCAL TALENT EXTRAORDINARY;
OR, A MUSICAL PRODIGY!

Air—"Peaceful slumbering on the Ocean."

(E. J. B. Box.)

CHARMING warbling nymph, I own thy
Voice no owl's could e'er out-do;
And from the owl's thy note is known by,
Sharper thrill than whit-te-who!

Wit-te-who! wit-te-who!
Full as expressive, too,
As the thrilling wit-te-who!

Thine eyes, by north and south looks, showing,
You, at once, have prospects two,
Enrich the charm of shrill tones flowing,
From your mouth turned up askew!

Lovely, true, wit-te-who!
Sweetly expressive, too,
As the owl's note, wit-te-who!

Oh! could Apollo hear thy music,
He would Parnassus bid adieu!
And leave Olympus, like a Jew, sick
In love, sweet nymph, to sing with you,

Wit-te-who! wit-te-who!
None your tone can hit true,
Save the owl,—te-wit-te-who!

Through woods I'd wander all to-night, could
I, to-morrow, wed with you,
To find an owl, for my delight would
Be duets between you two!

Wit-te-who! wit-te-who!
'T'wixt owl and darling Sue,
Charming, double wit-te-who!!

RATHER LET ME QUAFF THE WINE.

[Translated from Anacreon.]

ON fragrant myrtles let me lie,
And Love, my slave, the wine supply,
Too soon we seek the Stygian gloom;

Time flies, and, since to dust we go,
Why idly bid the incense flow,
And spill the juice upon the tomb?

Ah! rather let me quaff the wine,
And bid the rose my brows entwine,
While youth, while health, the bosom warms,
Then, prithee, love, delight my heart,
Ere Death despatch his certain dart,
And bring some goddess to my arms.

ENCORE! ENCORE! ENCORE!

THROUGH life's pursuit, whate'er we start,
Whatever rank sustain,
We wish, if well we play our part,
To play it o'er again.
The grave, the gay, the young, the old,
E'er yet the scene be o'er,
Rejoice when by their country told
To act that same encore!

Greatly done, nobly won,
Honour's guide, nation's pride,
Bravely stormed, well performed,
Encore! encore! encore!

Still, though with humble talents graced,
Hope animates our cause;
For fancied wit, or shape, or taste,
We smirk, and ask applause:
The maid and mistress, clown and fop,
Your favouring smiles implore,
Who strum the harp, or twirl the mop,
All seek the word *encore*.

What a maid—who's afraid,
Finger voice—take your choice,
Flounces, frills, shaves, and trills,
Encore! encore! encore!

The brown, the fair, the squab, the lank,
Their sev'ral charms expose,
Whether a dumpling or a plank,
All move as fashion goes;
Flat pancake miss, in clothes tight bound,
Her flatness mark the more;
And miss, not quite so long as round,
A breast-work adds, *encore*!

What a taste—such a waist!
Each in wig—how they jig
O'er the ground—round and sound,
Encore! encore! encore!

Bobby, the crop, the buck, and the bean,
Scorns science, learning, pelf;
What does he love then? Ladies? No;
He only loves himself.
Though free from gold his manners prove
He has some brass in store;
And when you praise what most he loves,
He echoes your *encore*!

'Tis, in truth—such a youth,
With his dock—stock and block;
How he walks—how he talks,
Encore! encore! encore!

Some good we can't enjoy too long,
Could that come o'er again;
I mean, and you'll approve my song,
Our sovereign's happy reign;
Me! whose glad life for you is spent,
To rouse exertion more,
Perhaps, with these poor strains content,
You'll kindly say *encore*!

That's the thing—bless the king,
Whilst you live—would you thrive,
Night and day—roar away
Encore! encore! encore!



Johnny the maid for the mistress refused,
Because he'd been sworn at Highgate,
By the monstrous horns at Highgate.

THE MONSTROUS HORNS AT HIGHGATE.

(C. Dibdin.)

JOHNNY, the footman, a nice young blade,
Fell in love with the waiting-maid, Nancy;
He vowed and he swore, but his promise be-
trayed,
For John caught his mistress's fancy;
Nancy whimpered, and told him her faith he'd
abused,
But Johnny passed her with a shy gait;
And Johnny the maid for the mistress refused,
Because he'd been sworn at Highgate,
By the monstrous horns at Highgate!
And Johnny the maid for the mistress, &c

John married his mistress, to fatten his purse,
And happy he was he could get her,
But found that she soon turned out for the worse,
And feared that she'd never grow better.
Some call marriage a portion, and others a pill,
And with Johnny it had but a wry gait,
For he found 'twas a tug up a very high hill,
As steep as the hill at Highgate.
As the monstrous hill, &c.

Many folks have strange fancies, and so Johnny's
spouse
Of her husband grew tired in a twinkling;
And, as accidents happen in every house,
For another she caught a strong inkling;
So, Nancy avenging for all Johnny's scorns,
Her husband she gave the go-by gait,
And, for legacy, left him a large pair of horns,
As big as the horns at Highgate,
The monstrous, &c.

COME, MUSIC, BID THE WANDERER
WELCOME HOME.

[Music, Goulding & Co. Soho-Square.]

(G. M'Farren.)

COME, Music, thy sprightliest notes employ
To chase the dull moments that still intervene,
While Hope lights her torch at the lamp of Joy,
And points through the gloom to a happier scene,
Where smiles are beaming,
And bright eyes gleaming,
Like meteor stars round the friendly dome;
And voices blend,
And arms extend,
To bid the wanderer welcome home.

My heart, like the face of a glassy stream,
That reflects the dark cloud and the sparkling
ray,
Shines out with a brighter and holier beam
When the mists that hung o'er it are faded
away.

Oh! ne'er may sorrow
Awake the morrow
That dooms tranquillity hence to roam;
But deathless flowers
Still deck the bowers
That bid the wanderer welcome home.

THE ENGLISHMAN IN JAMAICA.

Air—"Quite politely."—(E. Mackey.)

WHEN in Jamaica I arrived,
Quite a greenhorn, quite a greenhorn.
When in Jamaica I arrived,
Oh! how I stared around me;
I plenty saw, both black and white;
The negroes, too, I thought a sight
To put one in no little fright,
Their looks did so astound me.

Tol de rol, &c.

Oh! how I stared to hear them talk,
Hear them talk, sirs,—hear them talk, sirs.
Oh! how I stared to hear them talk
'Bout *dis*, and *dat*, and *dodder* ;
I heard one say, me been *received*,
They told me that he meant deceived,
One I *exasarve pot liquor* grieved,
'Cause he had lost Cassada.
Tol de rol, &c.

At muster, too, oh! how I stared,
They were so awkward, they were so awkward.
At muster, too, oh! how I stared,
No one knew how to follow.
Some wheeling left, some wheeling right,
Another standing stock still quite,
I ne'er before saw such a sight,
Falstaff's recruits beat hollow.
Tol de rol, &c.

But now I've got quite used to it,
Quite at home, sirs,—quite at home, sirs.
But now I've got quite used to it,
And this I'll boldly say, sirs,
I'll take my punch or glass of wine,
Talk negro slang, and now, in fine,
To end my song I do incline,
And bid you all good day, sirs.

THE PATRIOT'S GRAVE.

OH! blest be the spot where the patriot reposes ;
And green be the sod round the tomb of the
brave :—
Light, light be the earth o'er his bosom that
closes,
And fragrant the wild flowers which cover his
grave.
Let the myrtle and rose seek the spot where he
slumbers,
And their tendrils around his loved tomb inter-
twine :—
Oh! sweet be his rest ; and the minstrel's warm
numbers
Be warmest and sweetest when breathed o'er
his shrine.
Though far from thy home and thy country thou
 sleepest,
Thy mem'ry, brave youth ! in affection is blest ;
And the sigh which love's bosom breathes saddest
and deepest
Shall be sent o'er the wave to the land of thy
rest.
Though 'mong strangers and foes thy free spirit
departed,
Yet sweet were the tears o'er thy bier that were
shed ;
And, from bosoms of sympathy, many a sigh
started,
And hung round thy clay when that spirit had
 fled.
Peace, peace to thy soul ! 'tis a friend that bends
o'er thee,
Who, like thee, from his country, a wand'rer,
has strayed :
But the tear of affection long, long, shall deplore
thee,
And hallow the spot where thy ashes are laid.

THE BRITISH FAIR, WITH THREE TIMES THREE.

MY jovial friends, with social glee,
The bottle now we'll pass ;
Each bosom charged with loyalty,
With good old port each glass :

The bumpers filled, the toast shall be,
The British fair, with three times three.
While Britain's sons, with martial fire
And patriot ardour glow ;
While they to warlike deeds aspire,
And pant to meet the foe ;
To British arms, by land and sea,
We'll drink success, with three times three.
The lovely nymphs of Albion's isle,
With pleasure, then, we'll toast,
And beauty's fascinating smile
Shall be each Briton's boast.
The bumpers filled, &c.

HENRY HIGGINS AND MISS AMELIA WIGGINS.

(C. Dibdin.)

AUGUSTUS Julius Cæsar Barbarossa Henry Hig-
gins
Fell in love
With Miss Aurelia Joan Amelia Wilhelmina Wig-
gins,
Such a dove!
Last winter, when the frost was hard, in spite of
nipping weather,
Upon the Thames, when frozen o'er,
These lovers true, with many more,
A-walking went together.
Ri tol, &c.—O, the joys of love !
Augustus Higgins skipped about, as nimble as a
kitten,
Or parched pea :
But Miss Aurelia said as how the frost her nose
had bitten
Inches three !
Her lover all so *grievously* bemoaned her evil pre-
sent,
Spied out a booth, wherein he goes,
And, to warm his deary's nose,
He called for something pleasant !
Ri tol, &c.—O, the joys of love !
But, as they sat there, Jacky Frost, that nose and
toes provoker,
Run away,
For Tommy Thaw came on the river with a red-
hot poker ;
Lack-a-day !
The ice he melted, all the people scampered in a
shiver,
But that same booth, where sat, so nice,
These lovers, on a lump of ice,
Went floating down the river !
Ri tol, &c.—O, the joys of love !
Now where this booth it floated to, there's nobody
can tell us,
And thereby
We've lost the rose of beauties, and the pink of
pretty fellows ;
I could cry !
Some wags say they're to fishes turned, (such whim-
sies in the nob stir,)
That he's an oyster crossed in love,
And she, as plainly they can prove,
Is the lady in the lobster !
Ri tol, &c.—O, the joys of love !

TUNE MY LOVE A LULLABY.

A DUET.

(G. Colman.)

She.—FROM break of the morning, were I with
my love,
I'd talk till the evening drew nigh ;

And, when the day did close,
I'd sing him to repose,
And tune my love a lullaby.

He.—From break of the morning, were I with
my love,

O! long 'ere the evening drew nigh,
Her talk would make me doze,
'Till the music of my nose
Would play my love a lullaby.

She.—Our children around us, I'd look on my
love,

Each moment in rapture would fly :

He.—But love is apt to pall
When the brats begin to squall,
And a wife is screaming lullaby.

Both.—From break of the morning, &c.

ON TO DEATH OR GLORY.

[Music, Goulding and Co. Soho-Square.]

(G. M'Farren.)

CALEDONIANS, brave and bold,
Heroes, never bought nor sold,
Sons of sires, who died of old,
To gild our martial glory—
Beauty claims the warrior's shield,
In her cause the death-sword wield,
Draw and join the battle-field,
On to death or glory!

Who would shun the glorious strife?
Where's the slave would cling to life,
When father, husband, daughter, wife,
For prompt relief implore ye?
Who would yield soft woman's charms,
To bless a ruffian foeman's arms?
Perish the thought!—sound your alarms!
On to death or glory!

Here's the path to sluggard peace—
Here's the haunt of dastard ease,
That sinks to death by slow degrees,
Unhonoured, weak, and hoary—
But ye who court a brighter name,
This way lies the road to fame—
Follow, then, through flood and flame,
And shout for death or glory!

WOMEN, WEALTH, AND WINE.

Air—"C'est l'Amour."—(Jesse Hammond.)

OH! 'tis love, 'tis love, we hear,
That beams in woman's eye,
That trembles in her pearly tear,
And floats upon her sigh;
'Tis love that sparkles in her smiles,
And blushes on her cheeks,
That ev'ry gen'rous heart beguiles,
With rapture when she speaks;
But love does more for mortals,
To lift them into bliss,
Her lips he makes the portals,
And heaven is her kiss—
Oh! 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love,
That makes us half divine;
Then what bold wish can soar above
Woman, wealth, and wine.

For 'tis wine, 'tis wine, 'tis wine,
That makes the lover bold,
That melts the ice round beauty's shrine,
The breast that's e'er so cold;
'Tis wine that woos in wondrous way,
And tells the tend'rest tale,
That lights the eye, and pours the lay
Which must at last prevail;

It opes the heart's wide portals,
And leads to beauty's shrine,
And thus the wisest mortals
Wish for woman and for wine.
For 'tis love, 'tis love, &c.

But 'tis gold, 'tis gold, 'tis gold,
A brilliant lustre sheds
On Cupid's wings, we're often told,
And lights the path he treads;
'Tis glittering gold that strews the way
With flowers bright and rare,
And then to love our vows we pay
His silken chains to wear;
And since it gilds the portals
That leads to beauty's shrine,
My wish, like wiser mortals,
Is Woman, wealth, and wine.
For 'tis love, 'tis love, &c.

TOM TACKLE.

(Dibdin.)

TOM TACKLE was noble—was true to his word,—
If merit bought titles, Tom might be a lord;
How gaily his bark through life's ocean would sail.
Truth furnished the rigging, and Honour the gale,
Yet Tom had a failing, if ever man had,
That, good as he was, made him all that was bad,—
He was paltry, and pitiful, scurvy, and mean,
And the snivelingest scoundrel that ever was seen,
For so said the girls, and the landlord's long
score,—
Would you know what his fault was?—Tom
Tackle was poor.

'Twas once on a time, when they took a galleon,
And the crew touched the agent for cash to some
tune,
Tom a trip took to jail, an old messmate to free,
And four thankful prattlers soon sat on his knee:
Then Tom was an angel, downright from heaven
sent,
While they'd hands, he his goodness should never
repent.
Returned from next voyage, he bemoaned his sad
case
To find his dear friend shut the door in his face!
Why, d'ye wonder? cried one—you're served
right, to be sure,—
Once Tom Tackle was rich—now Tom Tackle is
poor.

I ben't, you see, versed in high maxims and sich,
But don't this same honour concern poor and
rich?
If it don't come from good hearts, I can't see
where from,
And, d— me, if e'er tar had a good heart, 'twas
Tom,
Yet, somehow or 'nother, Tom never did right;
None knew better the time when to spare or to
fight;
He, by finding a leak once, preserved crew and
ship,
Saved the commodore's life—then he made such
rare flip;
And yet, for all this, no one Tom could endure,
I fancy, as how, 'twas because he was poor.

At last, an old shipmate, that Tom might hail
land,
Who saw that his heart sailed too fast for his
hand,
In the ridings of comfort a mooring to find,
Reefed the sails of Tom's fortune, that shook in
the wind;

He gave him enough through life's ocean to steer,
 Be the breeze what it might, steady thus or no
 near;
 His pittance is daily, and yet Tom imparts
 What he can to his friends; and may all honest
 hearts,
 Like Tom Tackle, have what keeps the wolf from
 the door,
 Just enough to be generous—too much to be poor.

ALL THE WORLD ARE MILLING, OH!

Air—"Green grow the Rushes, O!"

LOOK through the world, observe mankind,
 No more each other killing,
 But, in a friendly way, you'll find
 Each one his neighbour milling.
 For high or low, 'tis all the go,
 All the world are milling, oh,
 Milling, oh! milling, oh!
 All the world are milling, oh!

View but the state, the courtly van
 With taxes mill us all, sir;
 View Chancery's Court, the *Pun*-ing man
 There mills us with the law, sir.
 For high or low, &c.

If to the church you bend your way,
 With steps slow and unwilling,
 To hear what clargy has to say,
 Your conscience then he's milling.
 For high or low, &c.

See mobs, on coronation-nights,
 All gratis seeing plays, sir,
 And, in return for such grand sights,
 They kindly mill the glaze, sir.
 For high or low, &c.

See tight-laced shabs ape tip-top coves,
 Though scarcely worth a shilling,
Fib creditors, though in their gloves,
 And get off by their milling.
 For high or low, &c.

The ladies, too, play the same parts,
 Whate'er their rank or station,
 When with their eyes they mill our hearts
 We mill their reputation.
 For high or low, &c.

Each rank, each age, and each degree
 Are milling—great and small, sir,
 And those that don't with this agree,
 The devil *double-mill* 'em all, sir.
 For high or low, &c.

Then fill your glasses, never fear,
 Drink off your bumpers willing,
 And, with your hands and hearts sincere,
 Come, drink success to milling.
 For high or low, &c.

THE LOVE-LORN NIGHTINGALE.

(T. W. Kelly.)

NEAR a silent retreat,
 Where fond lovers would meet,
 While their love in the world yet was young,—
 When each leaf had a shade in the silver moon-
 beam,—
 On a tremulous bough, that stretched over a
 stream,
 To the moon a lorn nightingale sung.

Her song's mellow note
 On the still air would float
 Till Echo returned it again;

Ah, sad, silly bird! she no rival had known,
 And grew jealous to hear notes as sweet as her
 own,
 Trying still to surpass them in vain.

Over plain, tree, and stream,
 The silent moon-beam
 Couched, listening, the contest to hear;
 Again on the bough the lorn nightingale sang,
 And Echo, once more, with her wild music rang,
 And returned it as oft to her ear.

To excel, the bird tried,
 With a songster's fond pride,
 And more sweet, and more sweet her notes
 made,
 When, with emulous eye, glancing o'er the deep
 spring,
 With the same beauteous plumage, the same airy
 wing,
 She, Narcissus-like, saw her own shade.

"Ah, what do I see!
 'Tis my rival!" sang she,
 "But this lone stream shall find me relief!"
 Then a lesson she gave to her list'ners around,
 For her last, parting song had a sense in its sound,
 Though despair changed its accents to grief.

Oh, how sweet that sad lay
 In the air died away,
 Ere she dropped from the bough in the tide!
 With what balm-breathing melody finished each
 strain,
 While, with sweetness, she cautioned each maiden
 and swain,
 And this moral conveyed as she died:—

"Young lovers, be sure,
 If your bliss you'd secure,
 Every thought of suspicion you fly,
 For if jealousy once in your bosom should reign,
 Farewell to all pleasure, prepare for all pain,
 For 'twill only be left you to die!"

STAY, AND I'LL FIND, MY LOVE.

A PARODY.

Air—"Vedrai Carino."—(J. R. Planche.)

STAY, and I'll find, my love,
 If you're inclined, my love,
 Quickly, a rind, my love,
 Of Gloucester cheese.
 More I have not, my love,
 To give for what, my love,
 By plays can be got, my love,
 In such times as these!
 When folks had a shilling
 To spare, they were willing
 The house to be filling;
 Heavens! what a squeeze!
 Sad alteration!
 Now, through the nation,
 No compensation,
 Play what you please!

THE ORPHANS' ASYLUM.

(Upton.)

To the breast fraught with feeling for misery's
 tear
 Shall my song be addressed, and the subject held
 dear!
 And the eye never sparkles with lustre more
 bright
 Than when angel Charity gems it with light!

O, then, sound its praise from the throne to the
cot,
And the orphans' asylum be never forgot.

'Tis the soldier's sweet rapture, the sailor's proud
boast,
Should he fall for his country on this or that
coast,
On the land that he died for his offspring will
see

Every man a protector and father will be!
O, then, sound its praise, &c.

From the cold shed of want snatch the children of
grief,
And give the pale victim of sorrow relief;
And the thought that the friendless come under
your care,
Will call down a blessing through gratitude's
prayer!

O, then, sound its praise, &c.

Sad and drear is the lot of the parentless child,
Her path thorned with danger, her hopes dark
and wild!

Stretch the hand, then, of aid to the outcast dis-
tressed,

And pillow her sighs on Philanthropy's breast!
O, then, sound its praise, &c.

Old England, thy great institutions proclaim
Thy freedom! thy glory! thy wealth! and thy
fame!

Like a meteor thy star of benevolence shines,
And round British bosoms triumphantly twines!

O, then, sound its praise, &c.

ROGUES ALL.

(Harrison.)

WHILE pragmatICAL fools of dull politics prate,
And their bus'ness neglect for the bus'ness of
state!

Let us with more wisdom our own matters mind,
Nor e'er hope to govern the waves or the wind.
The ins and the outs who each other abuse,
Believe me, my friends, both have just the same
views;

To us what avails, then, who rise or who fall,
Since we may still sing the old song of "rogues
all."

Each air-swoln balloon that mounts up to the
skies,

Its gas soon exhausted, on earth, empty, lies;
The sun's bright levee draws the bubbles in
crowds,

To burst 'midst the conflicts of winds and of
clouds;

And such is their fate who, on vanity's wings,
Ambitiously flock to the levees of kings;

Then let us regard not who rise or who fall,
Since we may still sing the old song of "rogues
all."

So round with tne bottle, and thankful 'tis here,
Ne'er stop to consider if cheap or if dear;

To waste time in idle debate is but stuff,
While we feel we have got, or can soon get
enough;

'Tis this makes true Britons laugh loud, joke, and
sing,

They envy no statesman, and pity a king;
Then let us regard not who rise or who fall,
Since we may still sing the old song of "rogues
all."

THE BATTLE OF ALBUERA.

(Lord Byron.)

HARK! heard ye not those hoofs of dreadful
note?

Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeling sabre smote,
Nor saved your brethren e'er they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—The fires of death,
The ball fires flash on high; from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury siroc!
Red Battle stamps his foot, and thousands fee.
the shock.

Lo! where the giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorseth all it glares upon!
Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon,
Flashing afar, and, at his iron feet,
Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done;
For, on this morn, three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems
most sweet.

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there)
Their rival scarfs of mixed embroidery,
Their various arms that glitter in the air,
What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their
lair,
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the
prey!

All join the chase, but few the triumph share;
The grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
And Havock scarce, for joy, can number their
array.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high;
Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies;
The shouts are—France!—Spain!—Albion!—
Victory!

The foe, the victim, and the fond ally,
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
Are met—as if at home they could not die—
To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
And fertilize the field that each pretends to
gain.

There shall they rot—Ambition's honoured fools!
Yes, honour decks the turf that wraps their
clay!

Vain sophistry! in these behold the tools—
The broken tools—that tyrants cast away
By myriads, when they dare, to pave their way
With human hearts—to what?—a dream alone!
Can despots compass aught that hails their sway?

Or call, with truth, one span of earth their
own,
Save that wherein, at last, they crumble bone
by bone.

Oh, Albuera! glorious field of grief!
As o'er thy plain the pilgrim pricked his steed,
Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,
A scene where mingling foes should boast and
bleed?

Peace to the perished! May the warrior's meed,
And tears of triumph, their reward prolong!
Till others fall, where other chieftains lead,
Thy name shall circle round the gaping throng,
And shine, in worthless lays, the theme of
transient song!

IN GREENWOOD SHADE, OR WINDING
DELL.

A GLEE.

(M'Nally.)

IN greenwood shade, or winding dell,
We, merry maids and archers, dwell ;
In quiet, free from worldly strife,
We pass a cheerful rural life,
And, by the moon's pale quiv'ring beams,
We frisk it near the crystal streams.

Our station's near the king's highway,
We rob the rich, the poor to pay ;
The wo-worn wretch we still protect,
The widow—orphan—ne'er neglect ;
Fat churchmen, proud, we cause to stand,
And whistle for our steady band.

A NEW BUNDLE OF WANTS.

I'LL sing you a song about wants,
It's a song that you're wanting of me,
I don't want to make you all sad,
But I want much to add to your glee.
We all of us wants have enough
Through this life as we travel along,
And my first and my greatest of wants,
Is—I want to please you with my song.

A man that's in want of a place,
You'll say that no fate can be worse ;
A man that's in want of some money,
He's not much in want of a purse.
A man that's in want of his teeth
Had better give over nut-cracking ;
And he that wants shoes to his feet,
Needn't lay out his money in blacking.

The ladies, Lord bless 'em ! have wants,
I hope they'll not take it amiss ;
Little miss wants to be fat mamma,
Fat mamma wants to be little miss ;
The old ones they want to be wed,
The young ones to flirt with their beaux,
But I'm certain that both old and young
Have long been in want of more clothes.

A man that's in want of tobacco
He cannot want much with a pipe ;
And he that's in want of a dinner
May want half a yard of fat tripe ;
The man that has corns on his toes
Wants a smooth road instead of a rough ;
And the man that's no nose on his face
Must want a new way to take snuff.

The man that's in want of a leg
Will make but a very poor runner ;
And he that's in want of an eye
Will make but a pitiful gunner.
Our enemies' wants are supplied,
British soldiers will keep 'em retreating,
Our generals gave 'em their wants,
For they gave them a terrible beating.

THE SABLE-CLAD CURTAIN'S UNDRAWN.

THE sable-clad curtain's undrawn,
The lark carols sweetly on high,
Quickly opens the eye of the morn,
See, the sunbeams are gilding the sky ;
The huntsman he throws off the hounds,
The horn winds a tedious delay,
And the heart of each sportsman, elated, rebounds,
In expecting the summons for hark, hark away !
Hark, a burst gives the signal for chase,
Through woodlands we, dashing, pursue,

While the fox, fleet as wind, mends his pace,
Till the huntsmen proclaim him in view ;
Now, his strength and his cunning a-mort,
See the dogs seize, in triumph, their prey,
While the death of the game gives fresh life to the sport,

In expecting the summons for hark, hark away !
Now for Liberty-Hall we repair,
To replenish the joys of the field,
Where good-humour presides with the fare,
And the wife smiles, obedience to yield ;
While the bottle and bowl both unite
To vie with the sports of the day,
Let bumpers go round to the sportsman's delight,
And all join in the chorus of hark, hark away !

BROTHERLY LOVE, RELIEF, AND TRUTH,
ARE TITLES WE ADORE.

(Matthew Garland.)

FILL, brother, fill to the brim,
Freely drink and cheerful sing,
Long life and luck to him
Who does the apron wear :
Hymen shall rule the day ;
Venus must have sovereign sway ;
For masons love to toy and play,
When Hymen leads the way.

Fill, brother, fill, &c.

There is our Noble Grand,
The finest fellow in the land ;
Who waves his friendly hand
To grace the Master's chair ;
He's blessed for life,
United to a virtuous wife,
A virtuous wife his friend through life,
Who makes the happy man.

Fill, brother, fill, &c.

Such another set of souls,
Who virtue cherish o'er our bowls,
Who with us are to be compared
Among the sons of Noah ?
It's brother here, it's brother there,
High and low our titles wear,
Brotherly love, relief, and truth,
Are titles we adore.

Fill, brother, fill, &c.

THOU, BLUSHING ROSE.

(Sir Richard Fanshaw, 1648.)

THOU blushing rose, within whose virgin leaves
The wanton wind to sport himself presumes,
Whilst from their rifed wardrobe he receives,
For his wings purple, for his breath perfumes !

Blown in the morning, thou shalt fade e'er noon !
What boots a life which in such haste forsakes thee ?

Thou'rt wondrous frolic, being to die so soon,
And passing proud a little colour makes thee.

If thee thy brittle beauty so deceives,
Know, then, the thing that swells thee is thy bane ;

For the same beauty doth, in bloody leaves,
The sentence of thy early death contain.

Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy sweet flower,

If by the careless plough thou shalt be torn,
And many Herods lie in wait each hour
To murder thee as soon as thou art born ;
Nay, force thy bud to blow, their tyrant death,
Anticipating life, to hasten death.

THE SIEGE OF TROY.

(Dibdin.)

I SING of a war set on foot for a toy,
And of Paris and Helen, and Hector and Troy;
Where on women, kings, gen'ral's, and cobblers,
you stumble,
And of mortals and gods meet a very strange
jumble.

Sing didderoo, bubberoo, oh, my joy,
How sweetly they did one another destroy;
Come, fill up your bumpers, the whisky enjoy,
May we ne'er see the like of the siege of Troy.

Menelaus was happy wid Helen his wife,
Except dat she led him a de'il of a life;
Wid dat handsome taef, Paris, she'd toy and
she'd play,
Till they packed up their awls and they both ran
away.

Sing didderoo, bubberoo, &c.

Agamemnon, and all the great chiefs of his house,
Soon took up the cause of this hornified spouse;
While Juno said this thing, and Venus said that,
And the gods fell a wrangling they knew not for
what.

Sing didderoo, bubberoo, &c.

Oh, den such a slaughter, and cutting of trotes,
And slaying of bullocks, and off'ring up goats;
Till the cunning Ulysses, the Trojans to cross,
Clapt forty fine fellows in one wooden horse.

Sing didderoo, bubberoo, &c.

Oh, den for to see the maids, widows, and wives,
Crying, some for their virtue, and some for their
lives;

Thus, after ten years they'd defended their town,
Poor dear Troy in ten minutes was all burnt
down.

Sing didderoo, bubberoo, &c.

But to see how it ended 's the best joke of all;
Scarce had wronged Menelaus ascended the wall;
But he, blubb'ring, saw Helen, and, oh, strange
to tell,

The man took his mare, and so all was well.

Sing didderoo, bubberoo, &c.

~~~~~

OH! GENTLE SLEEP! LEAVE NOT THY  
LOVER NOW.

(David Lester Richardson.)

OH! gentle Sleep  
Leave not thy lover now,  
But thy fair tresses steep  
Where Lethe's streamlets flow,  
And lave my burning brow!

O, faithless maid!  
To fly when grief appears,  
And the languid frame is laid  
On a couch bedewed with tears!

Alas! in happier hours,  
When Peace, thy bridal maid,  
Wood thee to the secret shade,  
Where a gorgeous screen was twined  
O'er a couch of summer flowers—  
Thou wert not so unkind!

Farewell! thou faithless maid!  
Yet not a long farewell,—  
For swiftly speeds the coming night,  
When Death, with unresisted might,  
Shall bring thee to the silent cell  
Where a broken heart is laid!

## THE PARLIAMENT MAN.

(Knight.)

HEAR! hear! hear! each compeet  
Having met once more together,  
And you'll know, ere we go,  
How I plead my cause.  
Public speakers, pension seekers,  
As uncertain as the weather;  
A descendant, independent,  
Speaks for mere applause.

SPOKEN.] In broaching the present question before the honourable members of this house, I anticipate that liberality which marks both the national character and her acknowledged magnanimity; but I shall place my position, without going over the usual ground. Love, Mr. Speaker, occupies the heads and the hearts of many millions of the population of this brilliant empire. As Englishmen, we are called upon to protect the ancient feelings of our forefathers, and what feeling is there more ancient than the tender passion? 'Tis the soldier's stimulus; the sailor's reward; the solace of kings, lords, and commons; thereby involving the general happiness of mankind. (*Hear, hear, hear.*) Marriage, Mr. Speaker, is its best security: to effect which, I shall call to my aid, banns, license, and even a trip to the Tweed. My life is my country's, and I devote it to her; but my heart is my mistress's, its vitality my honour; if I stain either, my reward be the reward of a traitor. (*Hear, hear, hear.*) Come that's pretty well for a maiden speech.

Hear! hear! hear! &amp;c.

Hear! hear! hear!  
To content parliament,  
And prove worthy of my station,  
Friend or foe, con or pro,  
Ne'er shall bribe my will.  
Ever steady, always ready  
To assist or aid the nation;  
But our use is 'gainst abuses  
To bring in a bill.

SPOKEN.] I rise to assure the honourable member who spoke last, that I shall give all my support to his tax upon quacks, in order to prop the pillars by pulling down the caterpillars of every profession, viz. quack lawyers, quack doctors, quack players, quack parsons, quack poets, and quack members; all of whom tax the public by vending a spurious commodity. The manner in which I purpose levying this tax will, I hope, be considered a national good: I would have the quack lawyer without a fee, the quack doctor without a patient, the quack player without a plaudit, the quack parson without a pulpit, the quack poet without a printer, and the quack member without a seat. These honours I'd strip from the shadow of genius, in order to crown the substance. We should then have learned lawyers, skilful doctors, original players, pious parsons, sound poets, and, for the honour of the nation, sound members to support our sound constitution.

Hear! hear! hear! &amp;c.

Hear! hear! hear!  
Ere we turn to adjourn  
Business till another meeting,  
I must call one and all  
To a potent case.  
Order, order! call to order,  
While the subject I am treating,  
If not carried, when 'tis parried,  
I'll resign my place.

SPOKEN.] Mr. Speaker, the success of the present question is the darling object of my heart,

and the most incredulous will believe, when I assert, by the honour of my seat, that I feel deeply interested for the argument of to-night; and, therefore, profess myself highly flattered in seeing the House so well attended, having called the eyes of the public to the bill of this evening: I oppose the standing order for the exclusion of strangers, and, in case of a division, see no cause for clearing the gallery. A division or no division, that is the question? as many as are content, say aye! the non-contents, no! the contents have it, the contents have it.

Hear! hear! hear! &c.

//////  
HIS SPARKLING EYES WERE BLACK AS  
JET.

(G. Colman.)

His sparkling eyes were black as jet,  
Chica, chica, chica, cho;  
Can I my comely Turk forget?  
O, never, never, never, no!  
Did he not watch till night did fall,  
And sail in silence on the sea?  
Did he not climb our sea-girt wall,  
To talk so lovingly to me?  
O! his sparkling eyes, &c.

His lips were of the coral hue,  
His teeth like ivory so white;  
But he was hurried from my view  
Who gave to me such fond delight!  
And why should tender lovers part?  
And why should father cruel be?  
Why bid me banish from my heart  
A heart so full of love for me?  
O! his sparkling eyes, &c.

//////  
BEN, THE SAILOR;

OR, THAT WAS OUR WAY AT SEA.

(Upton.)

'SILENCE, Jack, don't be a railer,  
We are of the Albion's crew!  
Silence, then,' said Ben, the sailor,  
'We are sons of old true blue!  
What if this or that thing rake us,  
Let the vixen, Fortune, be!  
Grief should never overtake us,  
That was our way at sea!  
'Murmur not,' said Ben, the sailor,  
'Let the landsmen whine and growl;  
You nor I was ne'er a railer  
When the winds were known to howl!  
Death could never yet affright us,  
No, nor foes, where'er they be;  
Pass the grog, then, to delight us,  
That was our way at sea!  
'Come, my heart,' said Ben, the sailor,  
Sling about the smiling can?  
He was never yet a railer  
That knew how to show the man!  
Come, Jack, come, we've yet a duty  
To perform, both you and me;  
Pass the grog to friends and beauty,  
That was our way at sea.'

//////  
FRANTIC ELLEN.

(Harton.)

HARK! how on Jura's rocky shores,  
The storm of battle dismal roars,

And echoes to the sky;  
Now on each mail-clad chieftain prest,  
Dread lightnings flashed around each breast,  
And victory was 'the cry.

Stanch to the cause for which they bled,  
Their course they marked o'er heaps of dead,  
That strewed the crimson field;  
Though death in all its terrors frowned,  
And many a clansman bit the ground,  
Lord Malcolm scorned to yield.

From rank to rank the warrior hies,  
Destruction glancing from his eyes,  
And called on Douglas' name;  
Douglas, restore my dearest part,  
Or this keen blade shall find thine heart,  
And brand thy hated name.

Soon from his clan Lord Douglas sprung,  
Eternal anger chained his tongue,  
With mighty strength, in vain,  
The faithless blade, beneath the stroke,  
On Malcolm's plumed helmet broke,  
And shivered on the plain.

'Then stern the youthful warrior stood,  
Paused ere his falchion drank his blood,  
And thus exclaimed aloud;  
'Tis Heaven hath given this arm of mine  
To punish dastard crimes like thine,  
So hie thee to thy shroud.

The sword from Malcolm's lordly crest  
Its passage sought through Douglas' breast,  
And stopped his vital breath;  
The corse, pale, quivering, on the ground,  
Convulsed with many a bleeding wound,  
Terrific looked in death.

Now Ellen, from the castle's height,  
Had been spectatress of the fight,  
And saw the tyrant's end;  
Great God, she cried, my hero lives,  
My lord, my Malcolm, still survives,  
His Ellen to defend.

This fairest flower of Nature's hand,  
That ever grew on Scottish strand,  
Was Donald's only child;  
Her form was purer than the snow,  
That oft the wintry whirlwinds blow,  
From Lomond's mountains wild.

The locks that o'er her forehead played  
Disclosed two gems beneath their shade,  
In artless beauty framed;  
The softest wind that gently blows  
Had tinged her cheeks with vernal rose,  
And modesty unblamed.

Down from the walls she cheerly hies,  
And through the camp directs her eyes,  
Her lord once more to greet;  
When, lo! some fury winged a dart,  
That pierced her Malcolm to the heart,  
And stretched him at her feet.

Shrieking aloud, her face turned pale,  
Too weak to bear the passing gale,  
She fainted on the plain;  
I go, she cried, to other shores,  
Where no loud martial discord roars,  
In peace we'll meet again.

//////  
THE LOAVES AND THE FISHES.

(Bryant.)

WHEN a servant is lucky, and gets a good place,  
He should always avoid getting into disgrace;  
He should bow and be grateful, smile and ali  
that,  
And he's sure to come in for the lean and the fat;

And then you'll confess he completes all his wishes,  
For there's nothing on earth like the loaves and the fishes.

Then, if he's promoted, with salary raised,  
In public his master should always be praised,  
And loudly his virtues should be dwelt upon,  
Although the said master is favoured with none;  
And then, you'll confess, he completes all his wishes,

For there's nothing on earth like the loaves and the fishes.

But once out of place, with the money in purse,  
At servitude rail, and say nothing is worse;  
And, if talking of master, of son, or of wife,  
Say you never knew one that was good in your life:

But this should be done when you've gained all your wishes,  
For there's nothing on earth like the loaves and the fishes.

~~~~~

OH! DID YOU NOT HEAR A VOICE OF DEATH.

(T. Moore.)

OH! did you not hear a voice of death?
And did you not mark the paly form
Which rode on the silver mist of the heath,
And sang a ghostly dirge in the storm?

Was it a wailing bird in the gloom,
Which shrieks on the house of wo all night?
Or a shivering fiend that flew to a tomb
To howl and to feed till the glance of light?

'Twas not the death-bird's cry from the wood,
Nor shivering fiend that hung in the blast,
'Twas the shade of Helderic, man of blood,
It screams for the guilt of days that are past.

See how the red, red lightning strays,
And scares the gliding ghosts of the heath;
Now on the leafless yew it plays,
Where hangs the shield of this son of Death.

That shield is blushing with murderous stains,
Long has it hung from the cold yew's spray;
It is blown by storms, and washed by rains,
But neither can take the blood away.

Oft by that yew, on the blasted field,
Demons dance to the red moon's light,
While the damp boughs creak, and the swinging shield
Sings to the raving spirit of night.

~~~~~

DAN DAB AND DOLLY DECKSWAB;

OR, A WHISPER OF KIND COMFORT.

Air—"When William, at Eve, meets me down at the Stile."—(E. J. B. Box.)

WHEN Dolly Deckswab I meets down at the Gate,  
That is, Billingsgate-market, I mean;  
While her basket of flounders she bears on her pate,

Oh! how sweetly she'll lap up the gin;  
And Doll never thinks it too early nor late,  
So the cove brings us full quarters in.

So the cove brings, &c.  
If a half-pint I calls for, at Darkhouse-lane door,  
As a standing-go, just passing by!  
When 'tis out, Dolly hints that 'twere best take one more,

Just between us, to wet t'other eye!  
Then the third, fourth, and fifth in, while I pays the score,  
Doll's too well-bred the sixth to deny.

Doll's too well-bred, &c.

T'other morning's full market, fugh! smelt rather staid,

Doll and I, always up to our stops,  
The weather was warm, and the fish getting cale,  
They war'n't flash for the monger-coves' shops.  
Took our freights, made a go, that's a lucky day's sale,

We at night met to take our cool drops.  
We at night met, &c.

In our cups, taken freely, affection grew blind,  
Then, said Doll, "Now, I thinks, I can see,  
"It would be a prime rig, if we both were inclined,

"That's to make a joint stock, and agree  
"To tell out our swag, and be both of one mind,  
"Just as husband and wife ought to be.  
"Just as husband," &c.

"Enough!" says I; for, to have said a word less  
Would have been t'have said nothing at all;  
"We'll both row in one boat, and be both in one mess,

"Whether sober or drunk, stand or fall."  
Doll jumped up, screwed her sweet mouth to give,  
as you'd guess,  
Me a kiss, but, by luck, kissed the wall.  
Me a kiss, but, &c.

All was settled for good luck, till bad luck contrived,

The next day, 'twixt our bargain to slip  
In, her husband, Dick Deckswab, from India arrived,

And, alive, came ashore from his ship;  
Thus our boat of love swamped, our new joys were short-lived,  
As oft haps 'twixt the cup and the lip.  
As oft haps 'twixt, &c.

Still we meet at the Gate, there, while Fortune we blame,

Still in taking our comfort-drops free,  
"If Dick Deckswab," I says, "home unluckily came;"

Thus Doll whispers kind comfort to me:  
"Poh! nonsense, Dan, as husband is but a name,  
"Twill be Dan Dab, when Dick's gone to sea.  
"Twill be Dan Dab," &c.

~~~~~

HASTEN HOME, ERE CLOSE OF DAY.

A GLEE.

[Music, Goulding, and Co. Soho-square.]

(G. M'Farren.)

SEE, the sun is brightly glowing,
And the birds forget their tune;
Mountain airs no more are blowing,
'Tis the drowsy hour of noon.
The wanderer, freshed and free,
His humble thanks shall pay,
And bless the hospitality
That helps him on his way.
Then hie away—hie away—
Hasten home, ere close of day—
Over hill, over dell;
Friends, fare ye well.

Here the pilgrim, faint and weary,
Shares our free but frugal board;
Here the mourner, sad and dreary,
Soon is cherished and restored.
And cold, indeed, that heart must be
That scorns a tuneful lay.
To bless the hospitality
That helps him on his way.
Then hie away, &c.

~~~~~

## TANTIVY, TANTIVY, AWAY WE WILL GO.

(B. Bigg.)

SPORTSMEN, away, the morning air  
 Leads us on, both fresh and fair;  
 The merry-sounding pack await our call,  
 And Harmony reigns, well-pleas'd, with all.  
     Tantivy, tantivy,  
     Away we will go,  
     And join in the cry  
     Of the huntsman's hollo'

Love may be fine, but not to me,  
 Give me a life of sport and glee,  
 Of horses and hounds a plentiful hoard,  
 And, at night, nut-brown ale ever gracing my board.  
     Tantivy, tantivy, &c.

Peace may smile, 'tis hard if she don't,  
 But can we make the jade, if she wo'n't?  
 So a fig for old Fortune, away with old Care,  
 Give me but a hunter, a hound, and a hare.  
     Tantivy, tantivy, &c.

FROM A LONG VOYAGE WHEN HOME-  
WARD STEERING.

FROM a long voyage when homeward steering,  
 Their native home once more in view,  
 The long-lost Albion's cliffs appearing,  
 The sight revives the jovial crew;  
 For there each one expects much pleasure  
 With the girls whom they adore,  
 To sail no more, enjoy the treasure,  
 To rest content on their native shore,

While the happy crew is thus regaling  
 On thoughts, how jovial have they been,  
 And every joy again prevailing,  
 Till annoyed by danger unforeseen;  
 For oft, when they have gained their coast,  
 Expecting every peril o'er,  
 All hands are pressed, again they're forced  
 To sea, and leave their native shore.

Their perilous toil again assails them,  
 The fate of war, or winds, or waves,  
 Their fortitude yet never fails them,  
 Though doomed to find a distant grave.  
 From dire alarms, or bitter mournings,  
 In heat of fight, when cannons roar,  
 A hope yet cheers them of returning  
 To rest content on their native shore.

OBEY THE GLAD SUMMONS, TO LETHE  
REPAIR.

(Garrick.)

YE mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex,  
 Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex;  
 Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest,  
 Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest,  
 Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,  
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your  
 care.

Drink deep of the stream, &c.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,  
 And young ones the rover they cannot regain;  
 The rake shall forget how last night he was cloyed,  
 And Chloe again be with passion enjoyed:  
 Obey, then, the summons, to Lethe repair,  
 And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.  
     And drink an oblivion, &c.

The wife, at one draught, may forget all her  
 wants,  
 Or drench her fond fool to forget her gallants;

The troubled in mind shall go cheerful away,  
 And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to-day:  
 Obey, then, the summons, to Lethe repair,  
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your  
 care.

Drink deep of the stream, &c.

## THE MORN IS BEAMING BRIGHTLY.

Air—"Charlie is my Darling."—(Miss Bryant.)

THE morn is beaming brightly,  
 The dew is brighter still,  
 The sun looks, peeping, lightly  
 Just over yonder hill:  
     Then listen to thy lover,  
     Who, joyful, waits thee here,  
     Shade Nature's beauties over,  
     And come to me, my dear.

The little flowers, in wildness  
 And fragrance, breathe a sigh,—  
 The violet, in its mildness,  
 Looks like thy dark blue eye.  
     Then listen to thy lover, &c.

The blushing rose, in splendour,  
 With dye so pure and meek,  
 Looks lovely, and as tender  
 As those upon thy cheek.  
     Then listen to thy lover, &c.

E'en Nature's self is smiling,  
 She bids me think of thee,  
 Then, all her sweets beguiling,  
 Ah, dearest, come to me.  
     Then listen to thy lover, &c.

## DRINK, AND FILL THE BOWL AGAIN

(Upton.)

BRING me, boy, a flowing bowl,  
 Deep and spacious as the sea,  
 Then shall every noble soul  
 Drink and fathom it with me;  
 While good-humour is afloat,  
 E'er to part would be a sin;  
 Let us sail in pleasure's boat,—  
 Drink, and fill the bowl again.

Let the hoary miser toil,  
 We such sordid views despise;  
 Give us wine, and beauty's smile,  
 There each glowing rapture lies.  
 While good-fellowship we boast,  
 Fill the goblet to the brim;  
 Lovely woman! is my toast,  
 Drink, and fill the bowl again.

Care, thou bane of every joy,  
 To some distant region fly;  
 Here reigns Bacchus, jolly boy!  
 Hence, old greybeard, hence, and die.  
 While we revel in delight,  
 E'er to part would be a sin;  
 And, since Care is put to flight,  
 Drink, and fill the bowl again.

## BEHOLD THE MAN THAT IS UNLUCKY

Air—"Jack Rattlin."

BEHOLD the man that is unlucky,  
 Not through neglect, by fate worn poor;  
 Though generous, kind, when he was wealthy.  
 His friends to him are friends no more!  
 He finds in each the same like fellow,  
 By trying those he had relieved;

Though men shake hands, drink healths, get mel-  
low,  
Yet men by men are thus deceived.

Where can he find a fellow-creature  
To comfort him in his distress?  
His old acquaintance proves a stranger,  
That used his friendship to profess!  
Although a tear starts from his feeling,  
His selfish heart cannot be moved;  
Then what avails his goodly preaching,  
Since gen'rons deeds cannot be proved.

But so it is in life among us,  
And, give mankind their justly due,  
'Tis hard to find one truly gen'rous,  
We all, at times, find this too true;  
But, if your friend, he feels your sorrow,  
His tender heart's glad to relieve;  
And, when he thinks on you to-morrow,  
He's happy he had that to give.

\*\*\*\*\*

### IS'T MY STORY YOU'D KNOW.

(Dibdin.)

Is't my story you'd know—I was Patrick Mul-  
rooney,  
A jolman, and Ireland my nation;  
To be sure, I was not a right fellow, too, honey,  
Before my transmogrification.  
I did not at all talk of flames and of darts,  
To conquer the fair—the dear jewels,—  
And with husbands, because I won their wives'  
hearts,  
I did not fight plenty of duels.  
Then, arrah, bodder how you can,  
You'll ne'er persuade me, honey,  
For I shall always, bull or man,  
Be Patrick Mulrooney.

When at Almack's, or White's, or at Brookes's, or  
at Boodle's,  
I have sat up all night in the morning,  
'Mong blacklegs, and coggers, and pigeons, and  
noodles,  
The calling to use I was born in;  
To be sure, many honest gold guineas it yields,  
But, since 'tis a service of danger,  
I'm a better man now, I'm a bull in the fields,  
To popping and tilting a stranger.

\*\*\*\*\*

### THE SWEET LITTLE GIRL THAT I LOVE.

MY friends all declare that my time is mispent  
While in rural retirement I rove;  
I ask no more wealth than dame Fortune has  
sent,  
But the sweet little girl that I love.  
The rose on her cheek's my delight,  
She's soft as the down of the dove;  
No lily was ever so white,  
As the sweet little girl that I love.

Though humble my lot, calm content gilds the  
scene,  
For my fair one delights in the grove;  
And a palace I'd quit for a dance on the green  
With the sweet little girl that I love.  
The rose on her cheek's, &c.

No ambition I own but to call her my own,  
No fame but her praise wish to prove;  
My happiness centers in Fanny alone,  
She's the sweet little girl that I love.  
The rose on her cheek's, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

### HORNS.

THE gods, at a feast, to enliven the hour,  
Called forth the assistance of music's sweet power:  
Their decree I approve, to my horn I will sound,  
For the horn is the music I'll strive to redound.  
Derry down, &c.

No music so ancient, therefore, none so good;  
They had horns in great plenty before Noah's  
flood,  
And down from the deluge, all hist'ry informs  
That kings, lords, and commons have all blown  
their horns.  
Derry down, &c.

Our wives are called consorts, and why? you will  
ask;  
To answer that question's a difficult task;  
I humbly conceive, 'tis because they can bring  
A huge pair of horns, and a tongue that can  
sing.  
Derry down, &c.

Some husbands, contented, as I have been told,  
With wearing of horns, if they're tipt with gold;  
Whilst others run mad, when they find out their  
wives,  
Like horn-giggs they whip them each day of their  
lives.  
Derry down, &c.

A comb's made of horn, and, therefore, 'tis said,  
When a man is henpecked, his wife combs his  
head,  
And when the grey mare's better horse of the  
two,  
The man runs horn mad, so gets rid of his shrew.  
Derry down, &c.

In George the Fourth's reign, full many a spouse,  
With a pair of these antlers, adorn their love's  
brows;  
To fulfil the scripture, the sweet creature labours  
To exalt her dear's horns 'bove that of her neigh-  
bours.  
Derry down, &c.

Though the horn may in music be proper and  
good,  
Yet, to guard the old isle, there's nothing like  
Wood:  
May honour and honesty be the proud strain,  
With success to old England, and George the  
Fourth's reign.  
Derry down, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

### KEEN IS THE SORROW, AND SAD IS THE TEAR.

(H. B. Code.)

THOUGH keen is the sorrow, and sad is the tear,  
From the scene of our joys when we part,  
And turn a last look on the friends who are dear,  
Or the still dearer girl of our heart;  
Yet, O! what a desert the bosom must prove  
That knows not the feelings of friendship and  
love.

The dew-drop of night, though in darkness it lie,  
Gives a gem to the lustre of morn;  
And so, in our griefs, sensibility's sigh  
The heart whence it springs can adorn.  
But, O! what a desert, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

MR. ABRAHAMS, THE JEW PEDLER;  
OR, CURING THE SIMPLES WITHOUT CUTTING!

Air—"Since Kathleen has proved so untrue."

(E. J. B. Box.)

I'm a merry Jew-pedler as pe,  
Arl round de country vat's tripping it;  
Arl de peeples vat's dealers mit me  
Knows I'm a rum one for tipping it.  
Vatch-chains and rings, brooches, seals,—  
Gammons vat I'm a prime jeweller,  
But who vat for a mended-crack deals,  
Finds none more at vorking job crueller.

SPOKEN.] I mends a crack as quack cures a cancer, by making it vorse de more I doctors it; and, like a quack, ven I gets a job into ma hands, ma tinkering is sure to do arl mischief mitout no good at arl, and arlvays mar vatever I mend! I makes arl ma gold-solder of pure lead, vat's capital for a joint; peautiful it ish, ven I lackers it arl over nice as it looks like real gold to a body's eye. So I touch de balsam for ma job, vat does it matter to me if de joint vo'n't hold ven it ish touched? I'm off, and lem dem find dat out time enough arter vat's behind ma back.

Dat's arl vat's fair trade in our vay,  
As 'twas practised of old at Jerusalem;  
Do de job, (vat ish make 'em vell pay,)  
And, to finish de vork, vell *bamboozle* 'em.

Von day a young farmer's fat vife,  
A lady vat arl superstitious was,  
Proke her ring, vat ill-luck for her life,  
A token she tought unpropitious vas!  
A gypsy, consulted, had said,  
"By dis accident, ma'am, you are done over,  
But for dis arl your life's marriage-bed,  
Would have been nice sweet sleeping upon  
clover!"

SPOKEN.] She vas tell me arl dat apout it herself; and, O! tear, Mister Abrahams, says she, I am so unhappy vat I shall pe arl miserable of ma life! Pooh! arl nonsense, says I, don't pelief a vord vat you say to yourself. I'll put arl right, and make you as happy mit your husband's arm as vould be if you vas in Abraham's bosom. Vell den, Mister Abrahams, says she, mit a sigh of her heart fluttering in her mout, you tinks vat you can do it for me? Yesh, ma'am, I can do it arl for you, vat take away every bit of ill-luck. Made a nice soft job, mit ma solder peautiful lackered arl over; knew it vouldn't hold togeder arl night, so makes her pelief vat if de joint open in de morning it ish let in arl her good-luck back again; and if it don't it vo'n't. Next day she vas quite arl over delight mit de crack, and crack-ed me arl round her neighbours, vat got me plenty of jobs mit de ladies; made her tip handsome for de ring-joint, vat *unjoint* to bring her every ting vat ish please her comfortable back again: made a profitable jewel of *her*. I am a prime jeweller in de vomen's vay, vat likes a bit of humbugs, or it vo'n't do at arl mit 'em. Besides,—

Dat's arl vat's fair trade, &c.

In ma travels vat yearly I takes,  
Mit de vomens nobody's more fun about;  
Of arl colours, fair, reds, browns, and *blakes*,  
Dey, like chickens, arl round me comes running  
out:  
Though complaint of ma workmanship's made,  
Vat a mended crack cracked again suddenly;  
Yet, as I arl ma *vork* does in *lead*,  
Dey can't say vat I do dere jobs *voodenly*.

SPOKEN.] Ven I stops in a village vat's but von

public-house, I arlvays puts up at de head inn, to be respectable. Von day at Nutley, vhere I'm arlvays svelt upon ma landlady, vat I do arl her odd jobs for vat she vants; Mrs. M'Gullmoony, an Irish lady, vat keeps de sign of de Pope's Head and Pepper-box, vas as hot upon me as mustard and cayenne ven I vent in, because her ear-drop came out. Och! be Jabis, Mister Abrahams, says she, but you vo'n't be doing a lady again mit your good joints vat's a bad one! Arl de gold vat you did, vas noting but pewter, vat's every bit lead. Be de powers! you made ma gold ear-drops a vooden job vat dropped out before dey vas in; vat's as a shame, Mr. Abrahams. Vell, vell; don't you make yourself in passions, ma svelt Mrs. M'Gullmoony; you knows vat I arlvays does your odd jobs nice, so you can't say vat if it be leaden vork tish a vooden job I makes! says I. Let me look at it again. Ah! dere now; I sees arl vat is; you vas put your drops into your mout, 'stead of in your ear; dat's vat turn every ting to lead; but I'll make it arl gold over again for noting only half price, peautiful for you. Lead and lacker; did her job over again, and did her over, too; for, though she vas sharp, she vasn't up, so made her tip down. Vorked her over nicely as ma eye, at laste,—vorked her into good humour, and vorked her out of de brads. So, you see, I'm a proper vorking jeweller mit de vomens vherever I pe; sure to cheat 'em, von vay or t'oder, vat's arl one; vvhile you know—

Dat's arl vat's fair trade, &c.

In ma business I knows every trick  
Vat's belong to arl sorts of Jew-pedlaricals,  
Makes and sells vat make vell people sick,  
Mock rhubarb and other such medicals.  
Sham nutmegs, and plasters for corns,  
Drops vat's for green-sickness routing out;  
Pills vat's to procreate horns,  
Powders to soften 'em vvhile sprouting out.

SPOKEN.] I does more business in dat vay as nobody at arl beside. Den I've got a charm vat's a specific for love-qualms, and cures de simples mitout cutting! Nothing vat's better as dat; bringing de simples out of ma customers ish vat bring de monies into ma pocket; and I never stops at any ting for vat's make 'em pay for dere vit; because every vay I cures de simples.

Dat's arl vat's fair trade, &c.

## HUSBANDS EVER MUST BE PLEASED.

(Holcroft.)

COLD or hungry, wet or weary,  
Husbands ever must be pleased;  
Nor with saucy pout, or query,  
Wives must ever once be teased:  
Patient, humble,  
Unknown to grumble,  
Seldom angry, soon appeased;  
Cold or hungry, wet or weary,  
Husbands ever must be pleased.

Though of folly they're convicted,  
Yet, should they the facts deny,  
Wives must not be contradicted;  
Nor once asked for reasons why:  
Swinging, dinging,  
Scolding, singing,  
If they laugh, or if they cry,  
Wives must not be contradicted;  
Nor once asked for reasons why.

THE DEATH OF THE WANDERING  
HIGHLANDER.

(W. Gillespie.)

FROM the climes of the sun, all war-worn and  
weary,  
The highlander sped to his youthful abode,  
Fair visions of home cheered the desert so dreary,  
Though fierce was the noon-beam and steep was  
the road.

Till, spent with the march that still lengthened  
before him,  
He stopped by the way in a sylvan retreat,  
The light, shady boughs of the birch-tree waved  
o'er him,  
And the stream of the mountain fell soft at his  
feet.

He sank to repose where the red heaths are  
blended,  
One dream of his childhood his fancy passed  
o'er,  
But his battles are fought, and his march it is  
ended,  
The sound of the bagpipe shall wake him no  
more.

No arm, in the day of the conflict, could wound  
him,  
Though War launched her thunder, in fury, to  
kill,—  
Now, the angel of Death in the desert has found  
him,  
Now stretched him in peace by the stream of the  
hill.

Pale Autumn spreads o'er him the leaves of the  
forest,  
The fays of the wild chant the dirge of his  
rest;  
And thou, little brook, still the sleeper deplorest,  
And moistenest the heath-bell that weeps on his  
breast.

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE;

OR, CABBAGE, BUT NO GOOSE.

(C. Dibdin.)

I AM a tailor gay  
As ever wore a thimble,  
Through life I work away,  
My fingers always nimble;  
Although *threadbare* of wit,  
The lasses I can wheedle,  
And cut out jokes to fit,  
As sharp as any *needle*.  
Tarat, raral, la, &c.

A *pattern-book* of taste,  
Of manners *superfine*, sir,  
With fashion's orders graced,  
To go through *stitch* is mine, sir;  
On customers I fawn,  
The girls I quite bewitches,  
My speeches are *fine-drawn*,  
Though I sometimes take *long stitches*.  
Tarat, raral, la, &c.

Some folks, for jeering sake,  
(But I despise such railers,)  
They say, a man to make,  
It takes, at least, nine tailors;  
The falsehood I denounce,  
Though bucks may kick up rackets,  
In spite of all their bounce,  
Why, I can *baste their jackets*.  
Tarat, raral, la, &c.

With *cabbage*, too, they're free,  
Poor tailors, la! they'd starve 'em;  
Let 'em send a coat to me,  
And for't see how I'd serve 'em:  
Much *cabbage* I don't make,  
As proof I can produce, sirs,  
Glad all you'll *give to take*,  
But pray don't give me *goose*, sirs.  
Tarat, raral, la, &c.

Good customers, believe,  
To please you I'll endeavour;  
May I ne'er *stitch a sleeve*  
If *turncoat* I'll be ever;  
Though *broad-cloth* are my jokes,  
I've *superfine* for ladies;  
Approve them, then, good folks,  
And gratitude my trade is.  
Tarat, raral, la, &c.

## A THRUSH UPON A CHERRY-TREE.

A THRUSH, upon a cherry-tree,  
Piped sweetly to the skies,  
When, to disturb his tuneful glee,  
A prowler him descries.

The unwelcome stranger soon drew near,  
And proudly perching, too,  
On the same tree, began to jeer  
The songster with *cuckoo*!

Hard by, a blooming holly grew,  
Within whose leafy breast,  
Concealed from prying rustic's view,  
His bride had built her nest:

The feathered pirate marked the bush,  
And prescient of his prey,  
Descending, seized the eggs, and thrush,  
Lamenting, drove away!

Thus, sometimes, in the smiling scene  
Of human love and joy,  
Will fell Misfortune intervene,  
And all their bliss destroy.

## O, SEND LEWIE GORDON HAME.

O, SEND Lewie Gordon hame,  
And the lad I dare na name;  
Though his back be at the wa',  
Here's to him that's far awa'.  
O, hon, my highlandman!  
O, my bonny highlandman!  
Weel wad I my true love ken,  
Among ten thousand higlandmen.

O, to see his tartan trews,  
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heeled shoes,  
Philibeg aboon his knee,—  
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.  
O, hon, my highlandman! &c.

This lovely youth of whom I sing  
Is fitted for to be a king;  
On his breast he wears a star,  
You'd take him for the God of War.  
O, hon, my Highlandman! &c.

O, to see this princely one  
Seated on a royal throne!  
Disasters a' wad disappear:  
Then begins the jub'lee year.  
O, hon, my Highlandman! &c.

FAREWELL, FAREWELL! FOR EVER-  
MORE, FAREWELL!

[Translated from the Irish.]

BEHOLD the crowded barks, that bear  
The pride of Erin from her shore ;  
Hark, their voice salutes the air,—  
Farewell, farewell! for evermore,  
Farewell!

A fresher breeze impels each sail,  
Swifter they cut the yielding wave,  
Till distance, and the rising gale,  
Have drowned the voices of the brave.  
Farewell!

Lost are their forms, and from their eyes  
Their less'ning vessels sweep along ;  
Now let the voice of sadness rise ;  
Now strike the harp to sorrow's song.  
Farewell!

But vain expression's plaintive powers  
Our weeping country's woes to tell ;  
Yet, not with yonder humbled towers,  
Her pride, her strength, her glory fell.  
Farewell!

No, then her glory owned no stain,  
Her pride, her strength, then shone as high,  
They bowed—a conquest to obtain,  
And changed defeat to victory.  
Farewell!

But now is faded all her fame ;  
Lost are the triumphs she has won ;  
Torn are the trophies from her name ;  
The sons she gloried in are gone.  
Farewell!

Gone from their native vallies far,  
To combat on some foreign plain ;  
Lead Gaul's thick squadrons to the war ;  
Give valour to the hosts of Spain.  
Farewell!

Yes, now she falls! no guardian hand  
Her prostrate form from earth to raise!  
And Erin—lost, deserted land!  
Has bade the brightest of her days  
Farewell!

### THE VILLAGE COQUET.

(R. C. Fair.)

OLD Timothy Starch was an oilman by trade,  
Ha! he! ho!  
One daughter he had, who passed for a maid,  
Ha! he! ho!  
She (next to his cash) was her father's delight,  
So beautiful, too, with her red and her white,  
Hair and nose of the first, cheeks and lips of the  
latter,  
And she'd numerous suitors who wished to be at  
her.

Fol de rol, ha! he! ho!

All the bucks in the village to her paid their vows,  
Ha! he! ho!  
For her father's strong coffer they wished to es-  
pouse,  
Ha! he! ho!  
But the draper, so spruce, she sent off in a huff,  
And said the poor tailor was not man enough,  
That the carpenter swore, and the cobbler got  
drunk so,  
That one had bad eyes, and another's breath  
stunk so.

Fol de rol, ha! he! ho!

But a travelling preacher, who stopt at the place,  
Ha! he! ho!  
To regenerate sinners, and fill 'em with grace,  
Ha! he! ho?  
When informed of Miss Starch, and her manifold  
charms,  
Determined to win the grand prize to his arms ;  
By his holy discourse he soon gained her af-  
fections,  
And, what he most loved, she increased his col-  
lections.

Fol de rol, ha! he! ho!

His doctrines in theory to her he taught,  
Ha! he! ho!  
And soon the new birth to practice they brought,  
Ha! he! ho!  
Then the dear Holy Man, having pilfered the key,  
With Old Starch's strong coffer made rather too  
free,  
Then left the poor lady, her character shivered,  
Who of two babes of grace was soon after deli-  
vered.

Fol de rol, ha! he! ho!

### VALENTINE'S DAY.

WHEN blushes dyed the cheeks of morn,  
And dew-drops glistened on the thorn,  
When skylarks tuned their carols sweet  
To hail the God of light and heat,  
William, from his downy bed,  
To fair Dorinda's chamber sped,  
Crying—"Awake! sweet love of mine  
I'm come to be thy Valentine!"

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

She, starting, cried I am undone!  
William, charming youth, begone!  
For this time, to your vows sincere,  
Make virtue, not your love, appear ;  
No sleep has closed these watchful eyes,  
(Forgive the simple fond disguise ;)  
To gen'rous thoughts your heart incline,  
And be my faithful Valentine.

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

### MAKE READY! PRESENT! FIRE!

(Cherry.)

GREAT Jove, the protector of our happy land,  
Indignant, views the tyrant-spoilers' aim,  
His belt resigns to great Britannia's hand,  
To pour destruction on the Gallic name.  
Her gleaming vengeance quick be hurried,  
Her foes avoid Old Albion's ire,  
The words alarm the warring world—  
Make ready! Present! Fire!  
Great Mars, the director of our warlike bands,  
At whose dread nod the British lion roars,  
On our sea-beat beach the God of Battle stands,  
To fight usurpers from our peaceful shores.

The massy, columned, lengthened line  
Of husband, brother, son, and sire,  
In one great common cause combine—  
Make ready! Present! Fire!

REMEMBER, 'T WAS ONCE SO WITH YOU.

(Cobb.)

'THE guardian, dear sir, or, if you would rather,  
Suppose, if you please, 'tis the young lady's father,

Capricious,  
Avaricious,

Shuns the fond lover's suit,  
And, with frowns, strikes him mute.

Pray, give me leave, sir, my tale to pursue.  
Well, what's to be done?

The lady's in tears,  
The lover distracted,  
Such mad pranks are acted;

Till love interferes,

And cries—"Off you must run!"

Dear sir, remember, 'twas once so with you.

As subjects, you know, to Cupid's dominion,  
All lovers must bow to their sovereign's opinion;  
From laws so delightful, say, who can depart?  
The laws of a monarch, whose throne is the heart!  
Hush! hush! remember 'twas once so with you.

The picture is yours, sir; the likeness is just;  
And, though painted too young, that you'll pardon,  
I trust;

Like you, I the dictates of Nature pursue—  
Hush! hush! remember 'twas once so with you.

COME, COURAGE, LADS, AND DRINK  
AWAY.

(Dibdin.)

COME, courage, lads, and drink away,  
A man, upon his wedding-day,  
Ought, surely, well his part to play  
At stingo or October.

For who would be that stupid elf,  
For whim, caprice, or love, or pelf,  
To poison, hang, or drown himself,  
Or marry when he's sober.

For madam's will at nothing stops,  
She must have balls, and routs, and fops,  
And often ransack all the shops,  
In gay attire to robe her:  
Then drink the day you take a wife,  
As the last comfort of your life,  
For, ever after, noise and strife  
Are sure to keep you sober.

HOW DEAR THOU ART TO ME.

THROUGH frozen climes, or burning deserts ro-  
ving,  
My thoughts are all on thee;  
My mind and heart's best actions fixed on proving  
How dear thou art to me.

In prosperous breezes, or misfortune's storms,  
My only hope is thee;  
Thy beauty, my poor anguished bosom warms,  
For thou art all to me.

Say, doth thy breast contain a heart so chilling,  
It hath no thought for me;  
Whilst I, with pain involuntary thrilling,  
Can think on nought but thee?

Such pain is pleasure, and I'll fondly cherish  
My love for only *thee*;  
And when, with life, my hopes and thoughts all  
perish,  
Oh! give one sigh for me.

In my last moments, when life's taper's trembling,  
Cast one sweet smile on me;  
And my last sigh, when there is no dissembling,  
Shall breathe my love for thee.

RAGGED AND ROUGH WERE THE  
CLOTHES SHE WORE.

A PARODY.

Air—"Rich and rare were the Gems she wore."

(Miss Bryant.)

RAGGED and rough were the clothes she wore,  
And a bottle and glass in her hands she bore;  
But, oh! her red nose shone far beyond  
The sparkling rum in her dark brown hand.

'Nancy, oh, Nan! don't you fear to stray,  
Before the morn, on the king's highway,  
When the sons of London are shiv'ring cold,  
And may run away with the bottle you hold.'

'Get out, for I don't feel the least alarm,  
I'm too ugly and old for to do me harm;  
Though they love young girls, and a plentiful  
store,  
Still they'll look on a dirty old woman no more.'

On she went to the famed Turnstile,  
And, tired enough, she sat down awhile;  
'Till, *non se ipse*, all care she defied,  
For she drank so much, that she hiccupped and  
died.

VALENTINE AND ISABEL.

(Prince Hoare.)

WHEN first I felt love's pleasing smart,  
Tingling, tingling at my heart,  
Wrapt in a lover's fairy dreams,  
'To shady groves and purling streams,  
I taught my lute the loves to tell  
Of Valentine and Isabel.

With joy, I bade my thoughts to stray  
Onward to the wedding day,  
For then I hoped, amid the throng,  
To lead the merry dance along,  
While fiddles brisk the mirth should tell  
Of Valentine and Isabel.

But never thought I on the pain,  
Throbbing in the jealous brain,  
Or what a change would then be seen,  
If once a rival intervene,  
And horns the Lord knows what should tell  
Of Valentine and Isabel.

POOR WILL PUTTY.

(C. Dibdin.)

WILL PUTTY was a glazier bold,  
Whose head was of the putty mould;  
He went a-courting to a scold,  
Ri tiddle lol, poor Putty!

To him she smooth as glass appears,  
But took him in, all unawares,  
For, married, soon she broke all squares,  
Ri tiddle lol, poor Putty!

But glass is brittle, we all know,  
And Billy soon he found it so,  
For Mrs. Putty had a beau,  
    Ri tiddle lol, poor Putty!

He found it out, and words arise,  
She broke his fanlights by surprise,  
Which means, she gave him two black eyes,  
    Ri tiddle lol, poor Putty!

This filled with pains the glazier's head,  
Who then resolved to be unwed,  
And his dear wife to Smithfield led,  
    Ri tiddle lol, poor Putty!

For eighteen-pence he sold her—list!  
A parting kiss she would insist,  
And picked his pocket while they kissed,  
    Ri tiddle lol, poor Putty!

The eighteen-pence paid the pin,  
The buyer hopped off, with a grin—  
Bill thought he'd took the buyer in,  
    Ri tiddle lol, poor Putty!

But diamond here cut diamond had,  
Bill missed his purse, and then, poor lad,  
He found the eighteen-pence was bad!  
    Ri tiddle lol, poor Putty!

\*\*\*\*\*

#### WITH FRIENDS AND WIVES BE HAPPY ALL YOUR LIVES.

(Andrews.)

SINCE the gladsome hour, at length, arrives,  
Which affliction from remembrance drives,  
We may hope, with faithful friends and wives,  
'To be happy all our lives.

Ev'ry joy that's worth possessing,  
Friendship cheering, love caressing,  
Life's invaluable blessing.

Nature's dear domestic scene;  
Shall, with all its sweets surrounding,  
Sweets that nurture no chagrin;  
Sprightly song and jest abounding,  
Witness that the heart's serene:  
    For the gladsome hour, &c.

Age a kind indulgence showing,  
While, on youth its gifts bestowing,  
Will, their grateful hearts o'erflowing,  
    Feel its early warmth renewed.  
Youth, with native ardour firing,  
Love and duty, both conspiring,  
Every vengeful thought retiring,  
    Is by generous care subdued.  
    Since the gladsome hour, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### AN EMPIRE IMMORTAL IN STORY.

WHEN Neptune our isle from the deep had sur-  
veyed,

Saw its base was a rock, and its cliffs bright ar-  
rayed,

That our oaks and our men had hearts fit for war,  
In strains thus prophetic he spoke from his car:

    Brave Albion! to thee

    I give the wide sea,

For thy bulwark, thy honour, and glory;

    By thy feats on the main

    Thou shalt ever maintain

An empire immortal in story.

'Gainst thy commerce, possessions, and freedom  
    divine,

Thy foes will be plotting, and nations combine;  
But thy tars, so heroic, shall baffle each aim,  
And confirm, on the ocean, their country's just  
claim.

    For, Albion, to thee, &c.

Batt'ring rafts, hulks, and ships, in hostile array,  
Thy foes, with proud menace, will vainly display;  
For long, o'er the waves, as thy thunder shall  
    roil,

Thy rights and thy laws they shall never control.  
    For, Albion, to thee, &c.

This gift of great Neptune we sacred will keep,  
And reign, undisputed, the lords of the deep;  
By freedom inspired, with lasting renown,  
Our realm we'll defend, constitution, and crown.

    Then, Britons, since we

    Find the rule of the sea

Our bulwark, our honour, and glory;

    By our feats on the main

    Let us ever maintain

An empire immortal in story.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### WITHOUT VICTUALS AND DRINK THE WORLD WERE UNDONE.

LORD! Lord! without victuals and drink,  
We poets must give up each strain,

It helps us poor devils to think,

And thrash with more vigour our brain.

Without victuals and drink, Lord! the world were  
undone,

'Tis the soul of the world—'tis the *sine qua non*.

The soldier, 'midst battle alarms,

Without it could ill face the foe,

So faint would he handle his arms,

And draw with such weakness his bow.

    Without victuals, &c.

What would ladies and gentlemen do,

That say such fine things to each other,

They would never be able to woo,

They would never be father and mother.

    Without victuals, &c.

Then hey for good victuals and drink,

Who's there that would not carouse?

Whoever he may be, I think,

He's not to be found in this house.

    Without victuals, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### AS THE STAR ON THE OCEAN.

(P. Brangan.)

As the star on the ocean so brilliant doth shine,

When the blue wave is roused by the pure sum-  
mer blast,

So my soul hath been roused by those bright eyes  
of thine,

With the breeze of affection that always will  
last.

As the sun, from whose cheerful and gladdening  
ray,

With the quick sense of spirit imbibes every  
flower,

So thy sweet smile of friendship hath lit up the  
way,

And gladdened my heart after sorrow's dull  
shower.

As the silvery brook, that responsively thrills

Through the valley of peace, of contentment, and  
rest;

So may thy dear spirit glide free from life's  
ills,

To the vale of Elysium, eternally blest.

\*\*\*\*\*



When, lo! a mastiff, strong and young, of Newfoundland the breed,  
 into the barky-pickling sprung, and proved poor Dip's God-speed.

THE EXCISEMAN'S DISASTER;

OR, DIPSTICK IN THE TAN-PIT.

Air—"Chery Chuse."—(Collins.)

GOD prosper long our noble selves,  
 Our wives and children all;  
 And grant, in pits of wayward elves,  
 Nor we, nor they, may fall.

To gauge the bub, and sound the cask,  
 Old Dipstick took his way;  
 Employed in supervisor's task,  
 All on a summer's day.

With ink-horn hung to button-hole,  
 And eke in pouch his book,  
 He once upon a tanner stole,  
 His hides to overlook.

For strict the statute was, he knew,  
 If skins illegal went;  
 And twelve hours' notice (when he drew)  
 Neglected, caused extent.

When, omen dire! at high noon-tide,  
 Whisk'd o'er his head a bat;  
 And, heedless, casting eyes aside,  
 He plumpt into a vat!

'Murder, I'm drowned!' old Dipstick cried,  
 While floundering like a trout;  
 'A death like this I can't abide,  
 Help, murder! drag me out!'

When, lo! the tanner straitway came,  
 And thus, deriding, spoke:  
 'To break the laws I'll bear no blame,  
 So there you needs must soak.'

For ere one hide I deign to draw,  
 From out one tan-pit here,  
 Twelve hours' full notice, by the law,  
 On 'cise-book must appear;

'So take your pen, and mark it down,  
 'Tis fair and legal warning,  
 And as 'tis six i' the afternoon,  
 I'll come at six i' the morning;

70--VOL. III.

'And then, if here, alive or dead,  
 My word you need not doubt,  
 Of all exchequering free from dreao,  
 I'll draw your Hodsack out.'

'Twelve hours!' (quoth Dip,) 'O, cause the laws  
 No notice shall be taken;  
 I'll burn my books, so do not pause,  
 But help, and save my bacon.'

When, lo! a mastiff, strong and young,  
 Of Newfoundland the breed,  
 Into the barky-pickling sprung,  
 And proved poor Dip's God-speed.

For, fastening on him by the hair,  
 He dragged him out amain;  
 So Death, for once, his prey did spare,  
 Though seldom in such vein.

But harder was the tanner's heart  
 Than bull's or bullock's hide;  
 Nor would he with the ganger part  
 From off the tan-pit's side,

'Till book was burnt, and entries all,  
 'For now,' says he, 'all's over,  
 You next may seek, at duty's call,  
 To exchequer honest Rover.'

And thus, of all accounts bereaved,  
 Poor Dipstick wailed his case;  
 For though, 'tis true, his life was saved,  
 Alas! he lost his place.

God prosper long our noble selves, &c

LOVE FELL ASLEEP IN A SUMMER BARK.

(G. M'Farren.)

LOVE fell asleep in a summer-bark,  
 That was moored by the river-side;  
 But the floods came on, and drifted his ark  
 Far over the swelling tide.

So maiden-hearts, that are soft and pure,  
Too often reposing lie,  
And fondly fancy their joys secure  
While danger is lurking nigh.

Hope, on the shore, kept watch that night,  
While the moon-beams danced on the wave;  
She spied the boy in his piteous plight,  
And cast out her anchor to save.  
Then learn, ye lovers, both fond and fair,  
That jealous doubts are vain;  
Where Truth resides, kind Hope will repair,  
To bring back the rover again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
GUY FAUX.

Air—"Bow, wow, wow."—(H. P.)

I SING a shocking tragedy,  
Guy Faux, the prince of sinisters,  
Who once blew up the House of Lords,  
The king, and all the ministers;  
That is, he would have blown them up,  
And folks can ne'er forget him,  
His will was good to do the job,  
If they had only let him.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

And so he stole from Lambeth, sir,  
And wished the state was undone,  
Then crossing over Vauxhall-Bridge,  
That way came into London;  
At least, he would have come that way,  
To perpetrate his guilt, sir;  
But one little thing prevented him,  
You see, the bridge wa'rn't built, sir.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Then, creeping through those dreary vaults,  
With portable gas-light, sir,  
About to touch the powder-train,  
I scarce can tell for fright, sir;  
I mean to say he would have used  
The gas, when thus prevented;  
But gas, they say, in *James's* time,  
It had'n't been invented.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

And when they caught him in the fact,  
He uscd a little kickery,  
And so they went to Bow-street, sir,  
For that bold *runner*, Vickery;  
In course they would have chosen him,  
For fear, sir, he's no starter at,  
But Vickery wa'rn't living then,  
He wa's'n't born till arter that.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

And next they put poor Guy to death,  
For ages to remember,  
And now again he dies each year,  
One day in dark November;  
I mean to say his effigies,  
For truth is stern and steady,  
And Guy can never die again,  
Because he's dead a'ready.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Now bless our gracious George the Fourth,  
And bless his royal son, sir,  
May he and son be ne'er blown up,  
That is, if e'er he's one, sir;  
And if he does, he sure will reign,  
Thus prophesies my song, sir,  
And, if he don't—why, then, he wo'n't,  
So you see I can't go wrong, sir.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

FLY WITH ME.

Air—"Thine am I."—(Jesse Hammond.)

FLY with me, fly with me, my lovely Jane,  
From giddy scenes of fashion,  
Turn away thine ear from folly's strain,  
To tender tones of passion;  
O! let us seek the silent dale,  
Where the wild fountain gushes,  
Where sweetest flow'rs their beauties veil,  
Like smiles amid thy blushes.

Fly with me, fly with me, my blooming maid,  
To that sweet bed of roses,  
Fly with me to that delightful shade  
Where Love himself reposes;  
There let us banquet on our bliss,  
Where the wild fountain gushes,  
With sighs be kindled ev'ry kiss,  
And lighted *by thy* blushes.

\*\*\*\*\*  
THE QUACKS.

Air—"Lord, what a Place is a Camp."

Of quacking and quacks let us sing,  
Since both of them so much abound,  
Nor confined to the medical string,  
But applying to ev'ry round.  
The mountebank, mounting his rostrum,  
Pretending to give his advice,  
*He preys on you all with his nostrum*,  
Like Grimalkin, devouring the mice.

Tol de rol lol, tol de rol lol, tol de rol lol, &c.  
Physicians, when young, make pretence,  
On patients experiments try,  
Experience alone gives them sense,  
The afflicted, by *chance*, live or die;  
But, should even the worst prove the case,  
The widow can't call him a fool,  
He'll protest, with affected grimace,  
That he *kill'd* quite according to *rule*.

Tol de rol lol, &c.

Now quacking so widely has grown,  
Each phiz that you meet in the street,  
Not dabbles in physic alone,  
All are quacks now-a-days that we meet;  
The courtier's a quack, I declare,  
Poor Britain's disease to explore,  
He tries, but resigns up the care,  
And leaves her much worse than before.

Tol de rol lol, &c.

The patriot, too, you may see,  
Is a quack in political stuff,  
For the noise that he makes, slip a fee,  
And you'll find that he's silent enough;  
The lawyer, he quacks with his brief,  
For client, whose pocket's well lined;  
But, instead of your gaining relief,  
A speedy *consumption* you'll find.

Tol de rol lol, &c.

Divinity quacks are a crowd,  
Undermining religion, like moles;  
And, canting their nonsense aloud,  
Like Crispin, would *cobble* your souls;  
The soldier's a surgical quack,  
He clumsily opens your veins,  
And with *pills* made of lead, in a crack,  
He'll quickly *remove* all your pains.

Tol de rol lol, &c.

The lord, too, by *patent*, a quack,  
Prescribes the political race;  
Yet, for all the fine clothes on his back,  
A *jockey* you read in his face.  
E'en the barber, who lathers your skin,  
A-quacking he speedily scuds;

For *politics eager*, your chin,  
*Like the nation*, he leaves in the *suds*.  
 Tol de rol lol, &c.

Poor Britain! I pity thy case,  
 Each quack at thy purse has a pull,  
 For the needy, the rich, and the great,  
*Have a pluck at the simple John Bull* ;  
 But, if you would take my advice,  
 No longer continue an elf,  
 Dismiss all those quacks in a trice,  
 And hereafter prescribe for yourself.  
 Tol de rol lol, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

SINCE FORTUNE, POLLY, HAS BEEN  
 KIND, I ANCHOR CLOSE BY THEE.

SINCE Fortune, Polly, has been kind,  
 And soothed the waves, and lulled the wind,  
 Thy William leaves the sea ;  
 No longer means to heave the log,  
 But swig on shore his can of grog,  
 Safe anchored close by thee.

Though oft I've felt the cutting blast,  
 Which, by the board, has torn the mast,  
 No care I've known, d'ye see ;  
 Except the thought has crossed my mind,  
 That, cast away, I ne'er could find  
 Safe harbour close by thee.

How oft I've seen thee in my sleep,  
 And strove to kiss the dear deceit,  
 Which seemed my kiss to flee ;  
 But now such dreams no longer tease,  
 Since, blest with plenty, love, and ease,  
 I anchor close by thee.

\*\*\*\*\*

HARK! TO THE WOODS, HARK, AWAY!

WHEN Phæbus begins just to peep o'er the hills,  
 With horns we awaken the day,  
 And rouse brother sportsmen, who sluggishly  
 sleep,  
 With, hark! to the woods, hark away!  
 See, the hounds are uncoupled, in musical cry,  
 How sweetly it echoes around ;  
 And high-mettled steeds, with their neighings, all  
 seem  
 With pleasre to echo the sound.

Behold, when sly renard, with panic and dread,  
 At distance o'er hillocks doth bound ;  
 The pack, on the scent, fly with rapid career,  
 Hark, the horns! O, how sweetly they sound!  
 Now, on to the chase, o'er hills and o'er dales,  
 All dangers we nobly defy,  
 Our nags are all stout, and our sports we'll pur-  
 sue,  
 With shouts that resound to the sky.

But, see how he lags, all his arts are in vain,  
 No longer with swiftness he flies ;  
 Each hound, in his fury, determines his fate,  
 The traitor is seized on, and dies!  
 With shouting and joy, we return from the field,  
 With the bowl crown the sports of the day ;  
 Then to rest we incline, till the horn calls again,  
 Then away, to the woodlands, away.

\*\*\*\*\*

BRIXTON TREAD-MILL.

Air—" *Lass of Richmond-Hill*."

ON Brixton-Hill there stands a shop,  
 Oft known to cyprians fair,  
 Where prigs and knowing swells oft stop  
 To taste the Surrey air ;

There you'll meet  
 Black Sall, so neat,  
 Though much against her will ;  
 Hard fate, my eyes!  
 The black nymph cries,  
 To tread the Brixton-Mill!

Ye midnight dames, who pad the hoof,  
 And tramp it on the road,  
 Of Surrey-traps, pray keep aloof,  
 Lest this be your abode ;  
 On search-night last,  
 My doom was cast,  
 With Dusty Bob and Bill,  
 And a hundred more,  
 Whose hearts were sore,  
 With treading the Brixton-Mill.

How happy would poor Black Sall be  
 Saint George's Fields to view,  
 With Dusty Bob she'd dance with glee,  
 Her flash man, stanch and true ;  
 Both night and morn,  
 The traps they'll scorn,  
 Since they have had their will,  
 And sooner be lagged,  
 Than once more dragged  
 To tread the Brixton-Mill!

\*\*\*\*\*

ROSY WINE.

A PARODY.

Air—" *Cherry ripe*."—(James Bruton.)

ROSY wine, rosy wine, wine we sip,  
 Sweeter far than woman's lip ;  
 If green-eyed grief assail the soul,  
 Why, drown him in the flowing bowl ;  
 'Twere folly now to grieve or pine,  
 While seated near such rosy wine.

Rosy wine, &c.

Rosy wine, rosy wine, wine, they cry,  
 Doth beauty's cheek by far outvie ;  
 Thou to the soul art more sincere,  
 Her love is weaker than her tear ;  
 Then wreath my brow with laughing vine,  
 While I quaff the rosy wine.

Rosy wine, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

SIR TOOLEYWHAGG O'SHAUGHNA-  
 SHANE.

A PARODY.

(G. Colman.)

DON'T, now, be after being coy ;  
 Sit still upon my lap, dear joy,  
 And let us at our breakfast toy,  
 For thou art wife to me, Judy!  
 And I am bound, by wedlock's chain,  
 Thy humble sarvant to remain,  
 Sir Tooleywhagg O'Shaughnashane,  
 The husband unto thee, Judy!

Each vassal, at our wedding-feast,  
 Blind drunk, last night, as any beast,  
 Roared till the daylight streaked the east,  
 Which spoiled the sleep of thee, Judy.  
 Feasts in the honey-moon are right,  
 But, that once o'er, my heart's delight!  
 Nought shall disturb thee all the night,  
 Or ever waken me, Judy!

The skin of wolves,—by me they bled,—  
 Are covers to our marriage-bed ;  
 Should one in hunting bite me dead,  
 A widow thou wilt be, Judy!

Howl at my wake, 'twill be but kind,  
And if I leave, as I've designed,  
Some little Tooleywhaggs behind,  
They'll sarve to comfort thee, Judy!

THE ROSE OF THE VALLEY.

Air—"The last Rose of Summer."—(J.W. Evans.)

THE rose of the valley  
Her modest head bowed,  
Though loveliest, seeking  
Her beauties to shroud,  
Beneath the dew bending,  
That clung to the flower,  
Like Beauty, desponding,  
In Misery's hour.

But the beam of the morning  
Its genial ray shed,—  
The lone one, expanded,  
Her blushing leaves spread.  
More bright than her kindred  
Her sweet vermeil hue,  
The fairest surpassing,  
In splendour she blew.

So worth, unassuming,  
In solitude mourns,  
Till fostering kindness  
Its merit discerns:  
Then, raised and supported  
By bounty benign,  
Its bright emanations  
Transcendently shine.

THROWING THE HATCHET;

OR, TOUGH STORY-TELLING.

Air—"Derry down."—(T. Jones.)

SINCE to draw the long bow quite the fashion is  
grown,  
Sure the hatchet may, sometimes, be quite as well  
thrown;  
Since our times are so hard, all is catch as catch  
can,  
He who tells the best lie may be far the best man.  
Derry down, down, down, derry down.  
So, in club-rooms, in shops, or, indeed, in the  
street,  
You expect some broad lie from each person you  
meet;  
Few tales now are told that with truth will agree,  
Since I deal not in fiction, I'll tell two or three.  
Derry down, &c.

Once, a seaman, distressed for a mast in the tide,  
With the Monument thought all his wants well  
supplied,  
But, as that would not yield to the strength of the  
gale,  
He just tied London-bridge to his mast for a sail.  
Derry down, &c.

Once, a man, who, by drinking, had made him-  
self queer,  
Marching, straight as he could, through Cheap-  
side, full of beer,  
Tied Bow-church round his neck, by way of a  
locket,  
Then passed through Temple-bar with St. Paul's  
in his pocket.  
Derry down, &c.

Irish Pat, who, by sucking of eggs, you must  
know,  
Gained a voice which, for sweetness, might rival  
a crow,

By a curious experiment, mended his tune,  
For, one night, wanting eggs, fait, he *boulted* the  
moon.

Derry down, &c.

At Stone's End, you must know, once a broad-  
shouldered wench  
Declared that, with ease, she could clear the  
King's Bench;

Then, without caring where, or on whom it might  
fall,

With a run, tried a somerset over the wall.

Derry down, &c.

But her case it proved hard, for some desperate  
rail

At the top of the wall, caught her fast by the tail,  
Till one grand effort more made her conquest com-  
plete,

So, on Blackfriars-bridge, she fell plump on her  
feet.

Derry down, &c.

Now, to prove all I've told not one word of a lie,  
May be easily done, whensoever I try;  
However, at present, I choose to be mute,  
Lest, in proving these truths, I cause you to dis-  
pute.

Derry down, &c.

WHEN WAR'S ALARMS.

(R. B. Sheridan.)

WHEN war's alarms enticed my Willy from me,  
My poor heart, with grief, did sigh,—  
Each fond remembrance brought fresh sorrows on  
me,

I waked ere yet the morning was nigh.

No other could delight him,

Oh, why did I e'er slight him!

Coldly answering his fond tale;

Which drove him far,

Amidst the rage of war,

And left silly me thus to bewail.

But I no longer, like a maid forsaken,

Thus will moan, like yonder dove,

But, ere the lark to-morrow shall awake him,

I'll go seek my absent love.

The hostile country over

I'll fly to meet my lover,

Scorning every threat'ning fear;

Nor distant shore,

Nor cannon's roar,

Shall longer keep me from my dear.

THE STONE BOTTLE, ALIAS THE OLD  
COW.

(Upton.)

OLD COW, shall I sing of thy beauties and worth,  
Which have oft given life to the spirits of mirth?  
O, yes! for the laugh, jest, and blithe repartee,  
Have long owed their birth and existence to thee!

Though thy face (like some faces) is apt to look  
brown,

There's a something within thee can vanquish a  
frown,—

There is that bids the bosom of friendship be gay,  
And drives, like a charm, the blue-devils away.

From thy teat has the milk flowed in streams of  
delight!

Gave a lustre to wit, and made fancy more bright!  
From thy teat has the tear-drops been running for  
years,

But then, be it told, they were rapture-born tears.

Then live, live, Old Cow, like a foe to the spleen,  
The best bottle-conjurer yet ever seen!  
There's a magic about thee so sweet in its glow,  
May thy tear-dropping fountain eternally flow.

\*\*\*\*\*

MARY'S DREAM.

[As originally written.]

(John Lowe.)

THE lovely moon had climbed the hill,  
Where eagles big\* aboon the Dee,  
And, like the looks of a lovely dame,  
Brought joy to every body's ee  
A' but sweet Mary, deep in sleep,  
Her thoughts on Sandy, far at sea;  
A voice drapt saftly on her ear,  
" Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!"

She lifted up her waukening een,  
To see from whence the voice might be,  
And there she saw her Sandy stand,  
Pale, bending on her his hollow ee!  
" O, Mary, dear, lament nae mair,  
I am in death's thraves † below the sea;  
Thy weeping makes me sad in bliss,  
Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me."

" The wind slept when we left the bay,  
But soon it waked and raised the main,  
And God he bore us down the deep,  
Who strave wi' him but strave in vain!  
He stretched his arm, and took me up,  
Though laith I was to gang but ‡ thee,  
I look fra' heaven aboon the storm,  
Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me!

" Take off thae bride-sheets frae the bed,  
Which thou hast faulded down for me;  
Unrobe thee of thy earthly stole—  
I'll meet with thee in heaven hie."  
Three times the gray cock flapt his wing,  
To mark the morning lift her ee,  
And thrice the passing spirit said—  
" Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!"

\*\*\*\*\*

MARY'S DREAM.

[As altered from the original.]

(John Lowe.)

THE moon had climbed the highest hill  
Which rises o'er the source of Dec,  
And, from the eastern summit, shed  
Her silver light on tow'r and tree,—  
When Mary laid her down to sleep,  
Her thoughts on Sandy, far at sea,  
When, soft and low, a voice was heard,  
Saying—" Mary, weep no more for me!"

She from her pillow gently raised  
Her head, to ask who there might be,  
She saw young Sandy, shiv'ring, stand,  
With visage pale, and hollow ee.  
" O, Mary, dear, cold is my clay,  
It lies beneath a stormy sea;  
Far, far from thee, I sleep in death;  
So, Mary, weep no more for me!"

" Three stormy nights and stormy days  
We tossed upon the raging main,  
And long we strove our bark to save,  
But all our striving was in vain;

E'en then, when horror chilled my blood,  
My heart was filled with love for thee:—  
The storm is past, and I at rest,  
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

" O, maiden dear, thyself prepare,  
We soon shall meet upon that shore  
Where love is free from doubt and care,  
And thou and I shall part no more!"  
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,  
No more of Sandy could she see;  
But, soft, the passing spirit said,  
" Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

\*\*\*\*\*

SWEET LASSES, COME, AND BUY.

(G. M'Farren.)

I'm a jolly pedlerman,  
And o'er the hills I wander,  
Store of wares my pack contains, for those who've  
cash to squander;  
And, though to scan  
Mankind's my plan,  
Of womankind I'm fonder;  
To them I cry—  
Sweet lasses, come, and buy!

I've buckles—silver, gold, and brass,  
And shoes, to trip with grace in;  
Sashes, ribbons, laces strong, for those who've  
need to lace in;  
And looking-glass,  
For buxom lass  
To view her pretty face in;  
And leer and sigh—  
Come, pretty girls, and buy.

Come, maids and widows, soon, mayhap,  
You'll change your single stations;  
I've basting-ladles, mugs, and horns, to stock  
your habitations;  
And rattle-trap,  
And spoons for pap,  
In case of twinifications;  
Hush, pet, don't cry—  
Come, ladies all, and buy.

\*\*\*\*\*

AN AFRICAN WOMAN'S LAMENT.

(Rev. T. Browne.)

POOR child! how contented it sleeps!  
As yet quite a stranger to wo;  
'Tis unknown why thy mother thus weeps,  
Why her tears thus incessantly flow:  
Ah! cease not to flow, briny tears!  
Ye bring to my anguish relief;  
Ye give vent to my heart-rending cares,  
And soften the sharpness of grief.

Ah! did ye not flow to my aid,  
My heart would have broken in twain;  
Alas! by barbarians betrayed,  
I shall ne'er see my husband again!  
The wretches, well skilled to beguile,  
With a smile on their brow, thou didst meet:  
Ah! why didst thou trust in that smile,  
Beneath it lurked faithless deceit.

I am told that, in dungeons confined,  
Shut out from the light of the day,  
With strong fetters the captive they bind,  
Who is made (sad misfortune!) their prey:  
That, in huge floating castles, they're borne  
To a country far distant from here—  
From all tender connexions they're torn,  
From all that their souls could hold dear

\* Build their nests. † Thraves, throes.  
‡ But, without.

Far, far they are borne from the soil  
 Where their love—their affections remain,  
 And compelled for their tyrants to toil—  
 To gather their harvests with pain.  
 The sigh that is bursting my heart  
 Accuses my fondness and care ;  
 Ah! why did I let thee depart,  
 In thy dangers why did I not share ?

Ah, my child!—but I shall not yet be  
 Quite of all consolation bereft ;  
 I will cease to lament, since, in thee,  
 I still have some small comfort left.  
 I will live!—but it is for thy sake ;  
 To thee I'll transfer all my care ;  
 But for thee, I had plunged in the lake,  
 In the transports of grief and despair.

To the wood's dark recesses I'll fly,  
 Where fell tigers prowl, nightly, for prey ;  
 Could I hide from these ravagers' eye—  
 The tiger less cruel than they.  
 'Tis hunger alone that excites  
 These monsters to range through the wood ;  
 But the Christian, more savage, delights  
 To riot in carnage and blood.

Grief will soon bring my life to a close ;  
 To the land I shall then wing my way  
 Where the spirits departed repose —  
 Impatient I wait for the day.  
 I again shall my husband behold,  
 In safety reclined in the grove,  
 Where the fierce Christian, thirsting for gold,  
 Shall part me no more from my love

\*\*\*\*\*

### HAIL! GREAT BACCHUS!

Air—“ *Rule Britannia.*”—(E. Mackey.)

WHEN Bacchus first from Jove arose,  
 He banished Care, as worst of slaves,  
 And wine produced—the sparkling wine that flows  
 Spontaneous from its clust'ring caves.

Then hail, great Bacchus,  
 Great Bacchus, son of Jove,  
 Thy orgies we, with fervour, love.

And, if dull Care should e'er intrude,  
 'Tis thou shalt banish him away,  
 Such interlopers, worst of Mis'ry's brood,  
 Thou, Bacchus, only here hast sway.  
 Hail, great Bacchus! &c.

E'en Love, intruder in each breast,  
 Durst not appear where thou hold'st court,  
 But flies away, for other souls in quest,  
 Nor dares with mortals such as we to sport.  
 Hail, great Bacchus! &c.

Hail, Bacchus! then, thy power we own,  
 And freely quaff the sparkling wine,  
 The tun adore, as thy superior throne,  
 And ever crown thee with the vine.  
 Hail, great Bacchus! &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

### WISDOM'S STANDARD A MASON DISPLAYS.

Air—“ *My fond Shepherd.*”

ASSIST me, ye fair tuneful Nine!  
 Euphrosyne, grant me thine aid!  
 While the honours I sing of the trine  
 Preside o'er my numbers, blithe maid.  
 Cease, Clamour and Faction, oh, cease,  
 Fly hence, all ye cynical train,  
 Disturb not the lodge's sweet peace,  
 Where silence and secrecy 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, and zeal,  
 Our master's commands we obey,  
 No cowan our secrets can steal,  
 No babbler our mysteries betray.

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

If on earth any praise can be found,  
 Any virtue unnamed in my song,  
 Any grace in the universe round,  
 May these to a Mason belong.  
 May each brother his passion subdue,  
 Proclaim charity, concord, and love,  
 And be hailed by the thrice-happy few  
 Who preside in the grand lodge above.

\*\*\*\*\*

### OH! WHEN THE FOE WE MEET, I KNOW

A DUET.

Air—“ *Darby Kelly.*”—Miss Bryant.

*She.* Oh! when the foe we meet, I know,  
 And bullets spring around us, O,  
 Why even I would rather die  
 Than they should e'er confound us, O.

*He.* Och! Meg, my dear, you needn't fear,  
 Your Mooney never will retreat,  
 He'd rather fall, lose you and all,  
 Then ever Britons should be beat.  
 Then march away, with glee, huzza!  
 The devils soon shall have a row,  
 To slash and kill my doctor's pill,  
 An Irish English row dow dow.

*She.* Although I wear a red coat, dear,  
 I'm woman enough to like you now,  
 So, by your side, the foe defied,  
 I'll kill whoe'er shall strike you, O.

*He.* Och! bless your heart, in every part,  
 We'll fill the place with wonder, O,  
 While cannons roar, oft heard before,  
 The British favourite thunder, O.  
 Then march away, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

### CORYDON AND PHILLIS.

(Cunningham.)

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

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

Cease, cease, pretty birds, what a chirping you  
keep,

I think you too loud on the spray;  
Don't you see, foolish lark, that the charmer's  
asleep,

You'll wake her, as sure as 'tis day.  
How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet maid!  
Her cheeks he mistakes for the rose;  
I'd put him to death, if I was not afraid  
My boldness would break her repose.

Then Phillis looked up, with a languishing smile,  
Kind shepherd, said she, you mistake;  
I laid myself down for to rest me awhile,  
But, trust me, I was not asleep.  
The shepherd took courage, advanced with a bow,  
He placed himself down by her side;  
And managed the matter, I cannot tell how,  
But, yesterday, made her his bride.

\*\*\*\*\*  
**I AM THE BOY IN A BATTLE.**

(Dibdin.)

HAST e'er seen a hen on hot griddle?  
Has Jack Lanthorn e'er played tricks with thee?  
Hast e'er see a cat in a fiddle?

Then pray judge in a battle of me:  
For I am the boy in a battle,  
That ne'er yet one moment stood still,  
While shrill trumpets blow, or drums rattle,  
Its in quick running I show my skill;  
For, when whizzing by come the bullets,  
And soldiers lay down, and are dead,  
And broadsides have slit up their gullets,  
Its time to take care of my head.

Yet still I'm the boy in a battle,  
Am missing when danger is nigh,  
At running I beat all their cattle,  
And pay to receive I can fly.

Shot off were your arms in a hurry,  
Though it certainly makes you more light,  
You'll find yourself so much in a flurry,  
That no hand you can have in the fight.  
Blown off were your legs from their station,  
(In dread war's direful chance, sure, they  
might,)

Not all the great wit of the nation  
On a footing can put you to fight.  
To lose a man's head in a battle,  
Out of countenance, sure, puts him quite;  
He hears neither fife squeak or drums rattle;  
His nose he can't show in the fight.

Yet still I'm the boy, &c.

A fool's advice take in a battle,  
And your heels use when danger's at hand,  
Or when arrows fly, and drums rattle,  
You may then have no heels on to stand.  
And then you'll lie down in a battle,  
Your enemies laugh at the joke,  
Deprived of the pleasure of prattle,  
And quite lost in a torrent of smoke.

Yet still I'm the boy, &c.

Then Glory comes in with her laurel,  
And shadows your poor bleeding head;  
Though life you have lost in the quarrel,  
Your fame will live after you're dead.  
Then, what should I do in a battle?  
Nay, 'twere best dwell in safety, like thee,  
Nor wait till Fame's trump sounds her rattle,  
No such grinning honours for me.

Yet still I'm the boy, &c.

**COME NEAR TO ME, MY GENTLE GIRL.**

COME near to me, my gentle girl,  
Come, share a father's parting sorrow,  
And weep with me those tears to-day,  
Nor thou, nor I, may weep to-morrow.  
Come, lean once more upon my breast,  
As when a simple child, caressing,  
For, another day, and far away,  
Wilt thou be from thy father's blessing.

The wind blows fairly for the sea;  
The white waves round thy bark are swelling,  
Thy lover sighs for the morn to rise,  
And make thee a bride, my gentle Ellen.  
Yet closer, closer, round me cling,  
Though another claim thy love to-morrow,  
None, none are here, to reprove the tear  
That flows to-day for a father's sorrow.

Come, gaze on me, thou darling child,  
My fairest and my fondest cherished,  
That I may trace, in thy placid face,  
Thy mother's beauty, ere she perished.  
And let me hear thy mother's song  
Yet once more from thy sweet lips swelling,  
And none again shall sing that strain,  
The last song of my gentle Ellen.

And say that, when between us lie  
Wide lands and many a mountain billow,  
Thy heart will tend to thine earliest friend,  
And think, in prayer, of his aged pillow.  
For my head is white with winter snow  
No earthly sun away may carry,  
Until I come to my waiting home—  
The last home—where the aged tarry.

Then lean once more upon my breast,  
As when a simple child, caressing,  
For, another day, and far away  
Wilt thou be from thy father's blessing.  
Aye—closer, closer, round me cling,  
Though another claim thy love to-morrow,  
None, none are here, to reprove the tear  
That flows to-day for a father's sorrow.

\*\*\*\*\*  
**WITH HARMONY WE'RE CROWNED.**

Air—"Bright Chanticleer."—(Bryant.)

IF you would taste the sweets of life,  
Come here, and live with me;  
We know no envy, care, nor strife.  
'Mid song, and joke, and glee.  
True pleasure rules our spacious grove,  
Mirth laughs at all around,  
While every voice breathes strains of love,  
And peace is daily crowned.  
Then come, come, and be jolly,  
For grieving is nothing but folly;  
No treasure can measure—  
Can equal our pleasure;  
No treasure, no treasure, no treasure  
Can equal—can equal our pleasure;  
While every voice breathes strains of love,  
With harmony we're crowned.

Let misers count their bags of ore,  
And pine in solitude,  
Let Care their inward souls explore,  
On me he'll ne'er obtrude;  
For, while the forest leaves are green,  
While yon red stream can flow,  
Despair on me shall never lean,  
Or goad my heart with wo.  
Then come, come, &c.

Then, while I live in our blest land,  
This shall my motto be;  
To grasp true friendship's steady hand,  
And make my fellows free;

For pleasure is a fragrant rose,  
Which Nature's breast adorns;  
Then why should we prove Nature's foes  
By cherishing the thorns?  
Then come, come, &c.

//////  
**LOVE AND DOUBT.**

(T. W. Kelly.)

ONE sunny evening, to a bower of brown inwoven  
shade,  
I sped from summer's sultry warmth, and on the  
green grass laid  
My listless limbs; then thought of her whom still  
my heart loved most,  
And soon with Love and Doubt I found my sleep-  
ing thoughts engrossed.

Love counted many a billing kiss pressed on her  
velvet lip;  
Said Doubt, "You fool, Inconstancy still there  
delights to trip;"  
Well, then Love counted many a vow and promise  
she had spoken,  
But Doubt stood laughing by, and swore they'd all  
of them been broken!

"Ah! but Love! the rose's tint has often flushed  
her cheek,  
Whene'er I've ventured of my love and constancy  
to speak."  
Quoth Doubt, "That cherished blush still brought  
her treachery to view,  
For, when she blushed, it was to think how she had  
cheated you!"

Still Love would not be quieted, but questioned if  
her glance  
Was not of pure sincerity, when she, with sweet  
entrance,  
Would look with so much meaning, aye, and true  
affection, too,  
As if her eyes were heav'n's bright orbs, and it was  
bliss to woo.

"No, no!" said Doubt, "he: glance is false, and  
every winning smile,  
Although it wears the mask of truth, but wears it  
to beguile;  
One eye will look as if it loved, the while the other,  
straying,  
Is to some rival swain, alas! the self-same false-  
hood saying."

But, ere this last suggestion had 'scaped clearly  
from my brain,  
Half dozing, I raised up my head, and heard, with  
how much pain!  
My treacherous love, in neighb'ring grove, mov'd  
by my rival's pray'r,  
Bestow a kiss to Colin's bliss—to me, alas! despair!

//////  
**WHEN BIBO WENT DOWN TO THE  
REGIONS BELOW.**

Air—"To Anacreon in Heaven."

WHEN Bibo went down to the regions below,  
Where Lethe and Styx round cternity flow,  
He awoke, and he bellowed, and would be rowed  
back,  
For his soul it was thirsty, and wanted some sack.  
"You're drunk," Charon cried, "you was drunk  
when you died,  
So you felt not the pain that to death is allied."  
"Take me back," roared out Bibo, "I mind not  
the pain,  
For, if I was drunk, let me die once again."

"Forget," replied Unaron, "those regions of  
sine,  
Drink of Lethe divine! 'tis the fountain of life,  
Where the soul is new born, and all past is a  
dream,  
And the gods themselves sip of the care-drowning  
stream."  
"Let the gods," he cried, "still drink water  
that will,  
The maxims of mortals I always fulfill;  
Prate, prate not to me of your Lethe divine,  
Our Lethe on earth was a bumper of wine."

At length, grim old Cerb'rus began a loud roar,  
And the crazy old bark struck the Stygian shore,  
When Bibo arose, and he staggered to land,  
But he jostled the ghosts as they stood on the  
strand.

Cried Charon, "I tell you 'tis in vain to rebel,  
For you're banished from earth, and you now are  
in hell."

"'Tis a truth," replied Bibo, "I know by this  
sign,  
'Twas a hell upon earth to be wanting of wine."

//////  
**AH! WELL-A-DAY! MY POOR HEART!**

(Holcroft.)

To the winds, to the waves, to the woods, I com-  
plain,

Ah! well-a-day! my poor heart!  
They hear not my sighs, nor regard not my pain;  
Ah! well-a-day! my poor heart!

The name of my goddess I carve on each tree,  
Ah! well-a-day! my poor heart!  
'Tis I wound the bark, but Love's arrows wound  
me;  
Ah! well-a-day! my poor heart!

The heavens I view, and their azure-bright skies;  
Ah! well-a-day! my poor heart!  
My heaven exists in her still brighter eyes;  
Ah! well-a-day! my poor heart.

To the sun's morning splendour the poor Indian  
bows;  
Ah! well-a-day! my poor heart!  
But I dare not worship where I pay my vows;  
Ah! well-a-day! my poor heart!

His god each morn rises, and he can adore;  
Ah! well-a-day! my poor heart!  
But my goddess, to me, must soon never rise  
more;  
Ah! well-a-day! my poor heart!

//////  
**THE LIVING SKELETON.**

Air—"The Ladies' Darling."—(E. Mackey.)

OH! what strange sights are in London seen,  
There's something new each day, I ween,  
Some famed for fat, and some for lean.

When the mermaid was brought up, they fell  
it on;

But now, for want of something new,  
And scarcely knowing what to do,  
'Tis said they have produced to view  
The bare sight of a living skeleton.

[SPOKEN.] Aye, its all the rage now, nothing  
but *spare-ribs*, though there is no doubt but he will  
soon be able to live on the *fat* of the land, though  
at present he cannot bear the thoughts of *Bread-*  
*street*, *Butchers'-hall* lane, *Fish-street*-hill, or the  
*Poultry*, but prefers *Skinner*-street, *Air*-street,  
and *Hungerford*-market; *Silver* and *Gold* streets are  
likewise great favourites; but to tell the truth, any  
one who visits him need not expect a substantial

entertainment, for he looks not like an inhabitant of the earth, and yet is on it; with his

Spare ribs, bare ribs, marrow-bones all,  
Like a poplar-tree, just after a fall  
Of the leaf, to your fancy will quickly call  
An idea of the living skeleton.

He is produced to the public gaze,  
Without shirt, waistcoat, coats, or stays;  
I'm sure I don't like such indelicate ways.

Then the doctors have all fell, pell mell, it on;  
Some say, but who can think it right,  
'Tis, praise God, Barebones come to light,  
On a visit to earth, from the regions of night,  
This wonderful living skeleton.

SPOKEN.] Bless my soul! what a surprising sight, said old Double-lungs.—Aye, aye, cried Brisket, he don't carry much *weight* with him, and it won't do for him to *puff* himself to the public.—For my part, said old Marrowfat, I cannot help thinking he's the devil.—Then you had better not search into him too much, or you'll burn your fingers.—As for me, I cannot help thinking it is very indelicate, and am surprised how *flesh* and blood can *bare* to put up with the examination he does.—Och! devil burn me, said Phelim O'Flaherty, and why didn't you say *blood* and *bones*, for the devil a bit of flesh has he but his skin, and that isn't flesh at all at all; but, as for indelicacy, sure and they ought to be after making him some glass clothes to cover him.—Why, shiver my topsail, cried a sailor, that 'ere fellow must have come from *Buenos Ayres*, and this here must be *Marroubone*, or else *Wast-men-stare*, an't it so, old *Skin-and-Bones*? Aye! what wo'n't you speak? Well, you're a rum un, arter all; with your

Spare ribs, bare ribs, &c.

Some folks they dare not him go nigh,  
For they stoutly swear he is old Guy,  
And come to blow us all on high!

This poor earth there will then be a hell it on.  
But mark poor authors, in garrets pent,  
With not a farthing for food or rent,  
And ev'ry rag to their uncle lent,  
Each one is a living skeleton.

SPOKEN.] My fortune is made, cried Tag Rhyme, (who pawned his best threadbare coat to raise the sum required for admission,) I will write stanza upon stanza, and thus transmit both my own and this wonderful being's name to posterity.—Take care, said a builder, you are not *raising castles in the air*.—Ah! said an actor, Angels and ministers of grace, defend us; Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned, Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,

Be thy intent wicked or charitable,  
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape  
That I will speak to thee.

Well, said a pugilist, he shows bone and pluck, any how, and there is no *loose flesh* about him.—For my part, said a son of Galen, I should think him to be a *quack*, who has, unfortunately, taken some of his own medicine.—Oh! no, returned an undertaker, if such had been the case, I should have had a *job* before now.—He don't seem to be in want of *breath*, either, said a bellows-maker.—He may have a good *sole*, said a shoemaker, but he has a devilish poor upper-leather.—Aye, such a one as I would not lend much upon, said uncle Ready-dumps.—Aye, said a tailor, he is like, as Shakspeare says, a *bare bodkin*.—I should suppose, cried a bookbinder, he will shortly have to be done up in boards.—Well, said a carpenter, I never saw such a thing in my life before, and it is *plane* we have some queer things to *deal* with now-

a-days.—I never met with such an odd fish in my life, said Mr. Gill.—I, said a publican, think he looks like *spirits* just come from their *tier*; I have no doubt but he is one.—That is no *rule* to go by, returned a mathematician.—Well, bawled a butcher, I would *stake a rump* and *dozen* that his chops water for any thing but a scrag of mutton.—Aye, and wash it down, replied a wine-merchant, with what he much needs in his veins, some good *claret*, it would have a wonderful effect on his  
Spare ribs, bare ribs, &c.

He's born to all troubles flesh is heir to,  
Although but a bag of bones, it is true.  
Two ounces of victuals he'll each day chew,  
And his spareness will keep quite well it on.  
If all were like him, each butcher's shop  
Would look ill, and the master ready to drop;  
Daniel Lambert suited them best, for his crop  
Would contain more than that of the skeleton.

SPOKEN.] Two ounces of victuals a day, cried old Cormorant; why I eat as many pounds at each meal; why the fellow must live upon *air*; talking of *air*, there's nothing I like better, except turtle, venison, or —; zounds. I like anything that is good. If I bore a likeness to him, many caterers would pull long faces; however, I cannot *spare* time, or *bare* to *lean* my thoughts that way; it has now given me such a gnawing at my stomach that I must drop *the subject*, with his  
Spare ribs, bare ribs, &c.

## AS GILDED BARKS, THAT HOVER NEAR.

A DUET.

(G. M'Farren.)

[Music, Goulding, and Co. Soho-square.]

As gilded barks, that hover near  
The shores of sun-lit ocean,  
Together launched, our hearts shall steer  
To shun the storm's commotion.  
If jealous Fortune change our doom,  
And tempests bid us sever,  
True love shall cheer the midnight gloom,  
Our polar star for ever.

Through many a bright and cloudy day,  
Though breeze or blast be blowing,  
Love still shall burn with steady ray,  
And every sigh be glowing.  
And when life's summer suns decline,  
And age brings wintry weather,  
Like kindred flowers our hearts shall twine,  
And wither both togethe.

## THE MARINER'S COMPASS IS GROG.

SAM SPRITSAIL's a lad you'd delight in,  
For friendship he's ever a-gog,  
Loves his King, loves his wench, and loves fighting,  
And he loves (to be sure he does) grog.  
Says Sam, says he, "Life's all a notion,  
And wants from the spirits a jog,  
The world is a wild, troubled ocean,  
And our rudder and compass is grog;  
For grog is our larboard and starboard,  
Our mainmast, our mizen, our log;  
At sea, or ashore, or when harboured,  
The mariner's compass is grog.  
Let but grog take its charge of the helm,  
We perceive not the dangers of sea,  
Or, if billows the vessel o'erwhelm,  
Still grog is the pilot for me;  
Since grog saves the trouble of thinking,

Then here's to each bold, jolly dog,  
 For he that delights in good drinking,  
 Will toss off his full can of grog."  
 For grog is our larboard and starboard, &c.

Sam Spritsail, though grog he loved dearly,  
 And its praise he, enraptured, would sing,  
 Yet he fought for his country most cheerly,  
 Loved his sweetheart, and honoured his King.  
 For Sam's heart was spliced to his Nancy's,  
 And his mind on the wench quite agog;  
 Yet sailors have comical fancies,  
 And dear as his Nance he loved grog.  
 For grog is our larboard and starboard, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

### LUBIN AND ROSALIE.

(Tickell.)

YOUNG LUBIN was a shepherd-boy,  
 Fair Rosalie a rustic maid;  
 They met—they loved—each other's joy—  
 Together o'er the hills they strayed.

Their parents saw and blessed their love,  
 Nor would their happiness delay;  
 To-morrow's dawn their bliss should prove—  
 To-morrow be their wedding-day.

When, as at eve, beside the brook,  
 Where strayed their flocks, they sat and smiled,  
 One luckless lamb the current took—  
 'Twas Rosalie's!—she started wild.

Run, Lubin, run, my favourite save;  
 'Too fatally the youth obeyed:  
 He ran, he plunged into the wave,  
 'To give the little wanderer aid.

But scarce he guides him to the shore,  
 When, faint and sunk, poor Lubin dies!  
 Ah, Rosalie! for evermore,  
 In his cold grave thy lover lies.

On that lone bank, oh! still be seen,  
 Faithful to grief, thou hapless maid;  
 And, with sad wreaths of cypress green,  
 For ever soothe thy Lubin's shade.

\*\*\*\*\*

### TO THE WOODS AND THE FIELDS, MY BRAVE BOYS, HASTE AWAY!

To the woods and the fields, my brave boys, haste  
 away!  
 Our sport is to follow the hare;  
 For the morning is clear, and delightfully gay,  
 Sure nothing with this can compare!

See our horses so swift, and courageously bold,  
 Our hounds so well scented and fleet;  
 Hark! hark! they're all off, they're crossing the  
 field,  
 Let's pursue, then, with courage and heat.

See! see! how poor pussy redoubles her speed,  
 Through briars, brakes, hedges she flies!  
 With the hounds in full tone, and old Ball in the  
 lead,  
 Sweet echo resounds to the skies!

But behold, on a sudden, the hounds are all lost,  
 She's squatted, and now pants for breath;  
 Till, alas! she soon finds (and that to her cost)  
 The pursuit will soon finish in death!

Then, huzza! my brave boys, let us hasten to  
 crown  
 The pleasures of this sportive day;  
 For, our spouses and sweethearts we'll never dis-  
 own,  
 But be always blithe, jolly, and gay.

### NELLY BROWN;

OR, SHE NE'ER COULD PASS THE GIN-SHOP.

(Upton.)

I COURTED pretty Nelly Brown,  
 Nay more, I married her, d'ye see;  
 And for a time, our bliss to crown,  
 Why Nelly was the world to me!  
 Whene'er we spoke, 'twas 'love' or 'dear,'  
 Nor did we quarrel night or day;  
 My Nelly spotless did appear,  
 And yet,—she had an awkward way,  
 She ne'er could pass the gin-shop.

Though east or west, or north or south,  
 Whatever way the wind might blow,  
 Her hand was somehow near her mouth,  
 So sad a wife did Nelly grow;  
 My clothes were pawned, my shirts were tore,  
 And I for Nelly forced to roam;  
 Besides, and what I must deplore,  
 Right sure was I, when not at home,  
 'To find her at the gin-shop.

Thus worse and worse did things go on,  
 My once loved home of joy bereft;  
 My peace was broke, my sticks were gone,  
 And only the *gin-bottle left*.  
 At length my spouse, I'm forced to say,  
 By glass on glass so shortened life,  
 My pretty Nelly died one day,  
 And I, poor Crispin, lost my wife,  
 By going to the gin-shop, &c.

MORAL.

Now, all *young* maids, and *old* maids, too,  
 Who wish to shun the ills of gin,  
 Whene'er the "Bunch of Grapes" you view,  
 Take my advice, and don't go in;  
 For though a quartern and three-outs  
 May tempt you now and then to stop,  
 There's something there, beyond all doubts,  
 May lead you to *another drop*,  
 By going to the gin-shop.

\*\*\*\*\*

### LOVE'S HOLIDAY.

(R. Bloomfield.)

THY favourite bird is soaring still,  
 My Lucy, haste thee o'er the dale;  
 The stream's let loose, and from the mill,  
 All silent comes the balmy gale;  
 Yet so lightly on its way,  
 Seems to whisper holiday.

The pathway-flowers, that bending meet,  
 And give the meads their yellow hue;  
 The may-bush, and the meadows sweet,  
 Reserve their fragrance all for you:  
 Why, then, Lucy, why delay?  
 Let us share Love's holiday.

Since, then, thy smiles, my charming maid,  
 Are with unfeigned raptures seen;  
 To beauty be the homage paid,—  
 Come, claim the triumph of the green.  
 Here's my hand, come, come away,  
 Share, oh! share Love's holiday.

A promise, too, my Lucy made,  
 And shall my heart its claim resign?  
 That ere May flowers again should fade,  
 Her heart and hand should both be mine.  
 Hark ye, Lucy, this is May,  
 Love shall crown the holiday.

## THE SHORT MAN.

Air—"The Irish Duel."—(G. Jefferson.)

SWEET gentlefolks, pray list to me,  
 I'll not detain you long;  
 For as I am but *short*, you see,  
 Why *short* shall be my song.  
 Our joys are *short*, and *short* our life,  
 And *short* should be delay,  
 So I espoused a nice *short* wife,  
 All on the *shortest* day.

Fal lal lal la, &amp;c.

So *short* our courtship was, I vow,  
 So soon her heart I caught,  
 Says I, 'My dear,' and made a bow,  
 'We'll *cut the matter short*;  
 I've known you only three *short* days,  
 Will you my spousee be?  
 If not, I'll *shortly* go my ways.'  
 'No, don't, my love,' says she.

Fal lal lal la, &amp;c.

The church was but a *short* way off,  
 In *short*, the knot was tied,  
 Midst many a laugh, and jeering scoff,  
 At me and my *short* bride;  
 Our honeymoon was *shortly* o'er,  
 My ears with noise soon rung,  
 I wished my wife, like many more,  
 Had got a *shorter* tongue.

Fal lal lal la, &amp;c.

*Short* reck'nings will *long* friendships bind,  
 Pray, note the buck, so gay,  
 His memory's *short*, you'll often find,  
 When *long* bills are to pay;  
 Their *short*-cake clients lawyers pose,  
 In their queer *short*-hand way;  
 Pedestrians, with *short* repose,  
 Will walk both night and day.

Fal lal lal la, &amp;c.

*Short*-sighted we must all appear,  
 If we would stylish be;  
 For though an object be quite near,  
 We can't, without this, see.  
 A *short*-cut road to fame, we know,  
 Have Britons often found,  
 In *cutting short* the daring foe,  
 On this or foreign ground.

Fal lal lal la, &amp;c.

## WHAT'S LOVE!

(J. Mackey.)

WHAT'S Love? 'Tis like the tulip-flower,  
 Which owns nought else but beauty's power;  
 Which looks no further than the scene,  
 Where Nature's charms unrivalled seem.

What's Love? 'Tis like the blushing rose,  
 Which with sweet sense and virtue blows;  
 And still doth hold its pleasing lure,  
 When tints are gone, with beauty's hour.

## THE HAPPY FARMER;

OR, 'TIS MY PRIDE AND MY BOAST TO BE FREE.

WHEN the bonny gray morning just peeps through the skies,

The lark, mounting, tunes his sweet lay;  
 With a mind unencumbered by care I arise,  
 My spirits light, airy, and gay.  
 I take up my gun, honest Tray, my old friend,  
 Wags his tail, and jumps joyously round;

To the woods, then, together our footsteps we bend,

'Tis there health and pleasure are found.  
 I snuff the fresh air, bid defiance to Care,  
 And happy as mortal can be.  
 From the toils of the great, from ambition and state,

'Tis my pride and my boast to be free.

At noon, I, delighted, range o'er the rich soil,  
 —And labour's rough children regale;  
 With a cup of good home-brewed I sweeten their toil,

And laugh at their joke or their tale:  
 And whether the ripe waving corn I behold,  
 Or the innocent flocks meet my sight,  
 Or the orchard, whose fruits are just turning to gold,

Still, still health and pleasure unite.  
 I snuff the fresh air, bid defiance to Care,  
 And happy as mortal can be.  
 From the toils of the great, &c.

At eve, to my humble-roofed cot I return,  
 When, oh, what new sources of bliss,  
 My children rush out, while their little hearts burn,

Each striving to gain the first kiss.  
 My Dolly appears, with a smile on her face,  
 Good-humour presides at our board,—  
 What more than health, plenty, good-humour and peace,

Can the wealth of the Indies afford?  
 I retire to rest, sweet content fills my breast,  
 As happy as mortal can be.  
 From the toils of the great, &c.

~~~~~

HEAVE-A-HEAD! PULL AWAY.

(C. Dibdin.)

BORN at sea, and my cradle a frigate,
 The boatswain he nursed me true blue;
 I soon learnt to fight, drink, and jig it,
 And quiz every soul of the crew.

So, merrily push round the glasses,
 And strike up the fiddles, huzza!
 And foot it away with the lasses,
 Tol de rol, heave-a-head, pull away!

A tar, though his hopes should be lopped off,
 His courage should ever hold fast,
 So Tom Tough, when his colours were popped off,
 His blue jacket nailed to the mast.

So, merrily, &c.

To love and to fight's a tar's duty,
 And either delight to him bring,
 To live with his favourite beauty,
 Or die for his country and king.
 So, merrily, &c.

~~~~~

## WHAT CARE I HOW FAIR SHE BE?

(George Wither, 1622.)

SHALL I, wasting in despair,  
 Die, because a woman's fair?  
 Or make pale my cheeks with care  
 'Cause another's rosy are?  
 Be she fairer than the day,  
 Or the flowery meads in May,  
 If she be not so to me,  
 What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined  
 'Cause I see a woman kind?  
 Or a well-disposed nature  
 Joined with a lovely feature?

Be she meeker, kinder than  
Turtle-dove or pelican,  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move  
Me to perish for her love?  
Or, her merit's value known,  
Make me quite forget my own?  
Be she with that goodness blest  
Which may gain her name of best;  
If she be not such to me,  
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,  
Shall I play the fool and die?  
Those that bear a noble mind  
Where they want of riches find,  
Think what with them they would do  
That without them dare to woo;  
And, unless that mind I see,  
What care I, though great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,  
I will ne'er the more despair;  
If she love me, this believe,  
I will die e'er she shall grieve;  
If she slight me when I woo,  
I can scorn, and let her go;  
For, if she be not for me,  
What care I for whom she be?

////////

#### I WILL LAUGH AND I WILL SING.

BRING me flowers, and bring me wine;  
Boy, attend thy master's call;  
Round my brow let myrtle twine,  
At my feet let roses fall.  
Breathe in softest notes the flute,  
Form the song and sound the lute,  
Let thy gentler accents flow  
As the whisp'ring Zephyrs blow.

Sorrow would annoy my heart,  
But I hate its baneful sting;  
Joy shall chase the rapid dart,  
I will laugh and I will sing.  
Breathe in softest notes, &c.

What avails the downcast eye?  
What avails the tear, the sigh?  
Why should grief obstruct our way  
When we live but for a day?  
Breathe in softest notes, &c.

////////

#### THE SOLDIER'S DEPARTURE.

THE trumpet sounds from afar,  
The clangour of arms to proclaim,  
Brave Mars calls his soldiers to war—  
To laurels of honour and fame;  
The drum summons loud to the field,  
And love to my fair summons, too,  
But fondness to glory must yield—  
Your soldier must part from his Sue.

In slaughter and battle's alarms,  
For vengeance when pants ev'ry heart,  
When the hero swift rushes to arms,  
To encounter the death-pointed dart;  
'Midst bloodshed, that purples the ground,  
With carnage and horror in view,  
Though smarting, and deep be his wound,  
Your soldier shall think on his Sue.

Should Fate doom your soldier to fall,  
With pleasure he sinks to the grave,  
Of death ne'er repine at the call,  
Nor weep for the loss of the brave;

But if, for his country and king,  
Death spares him, to venture anew,  
A lover's impatience shall wing  
Your soldier's return to his Sue.

Then, don't be faint-hearted, my dear,  
Nor fall to dull Sorrow a prey;  
Let Hope wipe away ev'ry tear  
That starts when your soldier's away.  
Returned from the perils of war,  
With heart ever constant and true,  
He'd forget ev'ry danger and fear  
When blessed in the arms of his Sue.

////////

#### THE IRISH WAKE.

Air—"Murphy Delaney."—(O'Brien.)

OCH! whisky's the devil! it's the Irishman's evil,  
When he tastes his darling it maddens his  
brain;  
Be'm ever so civil, it makes him a devil,  
And, in spite of the priest, he will taste it  
again.  
One day, Paddy Regan and Darby O'Fagan  
Contended who'd tittle off most of the stuff;  
A sweet whisky-fever tipped the wind of each  
shaver,  
And their wake it was held in the village of  
Bruff.

[SPOKEN.] The Coroner was sent for; who summoned twelve respectable jurors—there was Maloney M'Guire, the brogue-maker; Tim O'Shaughnassey, the master-tailor, who kept no body at work but his own *body*; there was Carbry O'Flin, the bundle-cloth weaver and thatcher; Paddy M'Namara, the smasher, not of money but heads; Phelim O'Houragan, the chair, stool, flail, and coffin maker; Turlough O'Shannihan, the flax-dresser and dancing-master; Teague Drury, the butcher and quack-doctor; two dumb men; a blind piper; and, for want of more men, Biddy Casey, the *man*-midwife and stocking-knitter; and Gillin Toben, the pincushion-maker and fortune-teller. But, all this time, there was

Such squeaking and bawling,  
Such crying and squalling,  
Och! curse on the whisky the women would cry;  
But, slily, the noggin  
The creatures went jogging,  
And Judy would whisper—we'll wet t'other eye.

Coroner O'Kelly, with his thumping big belly,  
Came, puffing and blowing, and red was his  
nose;  
He loved not drinking, bar spirits were sinking—  
That you may guess by the gout in his toes.  
Next comes the jury, at their head was Teague  
Drury  
Seated, and sworn, not on book, but the cross,  
To bring in their verdict, in conscience quite perfect,  
And, faith, they did that, as they pushed round  
the glass.

[SPOKEN.] Now, the jury kept deliberating, when a jackass trust his head into a hole in the wall, and kicked up such a devil of a noise.—Ho, ho! cried Coroner O'Kelly, had you come in time, Mr. Neddy, you should be one of us; put some straw in that hole, Paddy M'Namara.—I am a juryman, Mr. Coroner, you must get somebody else; don't insult me, or, d—n me, I'll smash your rotten toes.—Pass it over, cries the Coroner; business is precious. My opinion is that your verdict must be *felo-de-se*.—No such thing, cried Tim O'Houragan, the coffin-maker; the two men were insane, or they would not drink first shot,—first shot killed them, and not themselves; the coffin

are made, let them be buried decent.—Arrah! says the Coroner, let us taste this first shot before we return a verdict. So he tasted, and tasted, until down he went as flat as an oaten cake on a rusty griddle, and all that he could say was—Both—men—shot—shot—shot—insanity. Now, it would make your heart bleed to hear

Such squeaking and bawling, &c.

Some standing, some sitting, some crying, some skitting,

And sweethearts, so doleful, would sob and then cry,

Arrah! Paddy, my darling, last night I had warning,

But little thought whisky would kill you, my boy;

If, like your own daddy, you'd live still, my Paddy,

You would not be now like a log in a bog,

But like your dear mother, who, somehow or other,

Fell into a slough, and was drowned, the last fog.

SPOKEN.] Faith, and I think that she was shot, too, for she overshot the mark, for the water wasn't two inches deep. Bad luck to you all! make room there! here comes Father Brady. Go on your knees, you devils! Hide the noggins! Judy, you're drunk; go under the bed.—Welcome, your reverence!—Thank you, thank you, good people: this is a fine job, isn't it? Arrah, Tim Riley, didn't I give you absolution this morning, and there you are, as drunk as the devil's sow.—Faith, then, Father Brady, if the black one can get drunk there, I am his humble servant. Och! no more absolutions for Tim Riley. May he keep a private still; I'll soon be with him; and, faith, I'll tip your reverence a drop of the best when you give us a call.—Silence, you mad spalpeen, and go to bed.—By the mass, there is somebody there already!—It's the coroner, your reverence. He was shot.—Shot, you say; why, I shall soon lose my whole flock. Whisky shot him, your reverence, and the bottle is in his pocket now.—Arrah! let me taste that cursed first shot, for I am curious to know the difference between the first and the last shot.—Fill up for Father Brady, he is the best judge in this place. Och! bless your reverence, there is another bottle, Father Brady, at your sarvice.—Faith, he tipped it, and tipped us all absolution into the bargain. The moment he was gone there was

Such squeaking and bawling, &c.

A little more steady, in Sunday clothes ready,

To bury the boys,—they all scampered from home,

Some hundreds did follow, when they heard the halloo

From a hundred old women near the village of Croam.

Faith, there Father Brady before us was ready,

To watch that no more of his flock should be shot;

And he was so civil, till Riley, the devil,

Fell dead on a tombstone,—and there he lay flat.

SPOKEN.] Now we returned home, and swore we would not drink in any house for six months to come, and this made Father Brady quite happy, and called us good boys and girls. Faith, we drank in no house, sure enough, for we drank the darling outside the door, as we went home—

A drinking and bawling, &c.

OH, LET ME ONLY BREATHE THE AIR.

(T. Moore.)

OH! let me only breathe the air,  
The blessed air that's breathed by thee  
And whether on its wings it bears  
Healing or death—'tis sweet to me.

There drink my tears while yet they fall,  
Would that my bosom's blood were balm,  
And well thou know'st I'd shed it all  
To give thy brow one minute's calm.

Nay, turn not from me that dear face,  
Am I not thine—thy own loved bride,  
The one—the chosen one, whose place,  
In life or death, is by thy side?

Think'st thou that she whose only light  
In this dim world from thee hath shone  
Could bear the long and cheerless night,  
That must be hers when thou art gone?

That I can live and let thee go  
Who art my life itself? No—no—  
When the stem dies the leaf that grew  
Out of its heart must perish too.

////////

O! TWELVE WAS THE HOUR WHEN FOR  
FROLIC I STARTED.

Air "Savourneen Delish."—(J. R. Planche.)

O! TWELVE was the hour when for frolic I  
started,

Singing Savourneen delish olin ogue;  
The plays were all over, the people departed,  
Savourneen delish, &c.

In the Strand, round her waist, I a fair one caught  
neatly;

She turned round, indignant, I kissed her so  
sweetly,

She shrieked, and the watch came, and nabbed me  
completely;

Savourneen delish, &c.

Soon I knocked down two or three of the nearest,  
Savourneen delish, &c.

But my brains, at the time, they were none of the  
clearest;

Savourneen delish, &c.

When a thought came across, while the rattles  
were springing,

To the Charlies around I some dubs began flinging,  
And took care, while they scrambled, my flight to  
be winging;

Singing Savourneen delish, &c.

////////

### THE BRITISH OAK.

YE Britons! venerate this tree,

The guardian of our liberty

Through many a distant age:

Beneath its shade the Druid rose,

And waked the British youth from woes

To true heroic rage.

Forth from their woods they rushed like flame

What time Rome's hostile legions came,

They met them at their waves:

And who shall call the conflict vain,

They perished on their native plain,

Nor lived a race of slaves.

And still this tree, to Britons dear,

Protects our rights from year to year;

Hence are our terrors hurled!

Ye Britons! venerate the oak!

Nelson from this in thunders spoke,

And shook the astonished world

While this shall flourish in the glade,  
 What foe shall dare our rights invade?  
 O, lovely tree, increase!  
 Still spread thy bending branches far,  
 Protect us from the woes of war,  
 And shelter us in peace.

\*\*\*\*\*

**MARRIED FOLKS, LET NO SQUABBLES  
 DISTURB YOUR REPOSE.**

(Cobb.)

FOND DAMON wishes he were dead,  
 For Chloe looks too pale, too red;  
 Or, when a heart gay Strephon played,  
 Revoked, and trumped it with a spade;  
 While she, distracted, tears her fan,  
 And has hysterics for a week,  
 Because the false, the faithless man,  
 Let Celia's lap-dog touch his cheek.  
 When they meet, Chloe paces the drawing-room  
 o'er,  
 He frowns at the cieling, and then at the floor;  
 She sings and he mutters, till, eager to quarrel,  
 (Each certain of conquest,) they strive for the  
 laurel.  
 Zounds, ma'am, you're inconstant.—Sir, you are  
 ungrateful—  
 Yet hear me—no more, sir,—to me you are hate-  
 ful—  
 Rage, fury, distraction, destruction, and death!  
 Ha! ha! ha!—oh!—I'm quite out of breath;  
 Take advice from dull folks, who make love in  
 plain prose,  
 'Twill save you much trouble to follow our plan;  
 Let no squabbles heroic disturb your repose,  
 But e'en kiss and be friends as soon as you can.

\*\*\*\*\*

**TRAVELLERS SEE STRANGE THINGS.**

(T. Dibdin.)

IN England I've seen the brave sons of roast beef  
 Raised high on prosperity's wings,  
 Saw wealth and good-humour beyond all belief;  
 But travellers see strange things.  
 Strange things, strange things,  
 Travellers see strange things.  
 That you'll doubt my narration I feel pretty sure,  
 Though I soar not on fabulous wings:  
 I've seen honest lawyers, and doctors that cure;  
 But travellers see strange things.  
 Strange things, &c  
 Believe me no falsehood I wish to advance,  
 From truth my authority springs;  
 I've seen England can never be conquered by  
 France;  
 But travellers see strange things.  
 Strange things, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

**GUESS THE REST.**

Air—"Nae Luck about the House."—(H. P.)

YOUNG BELVILLE wooed the gentle Jane,  
 With eye of azure blue,  
 Nay, married her, and found she proved  
 A most unruly shrew.  
 A wedded life, cried he, one day,  
 Is, sure, the source of evil;  
 Blest singleness, he, frantic, cried—  
 To wed's the very —.  
 But, oh! forgive the bashful muse,  
 By modest feelings prest,  
 Ashamed to close the doubtful verse,  
 Leaves you to guess the rest.

Mistress Bubb one fault had she,  
 She often took a sup,  
 Mister Bubb he stole the key,  
 And locked the bottle up.  
 Poor Mistress Bubb she couldn't stop,  
 But grieved her husband's sin,  
 She trotted to the corner shop.  
 And got a glass of —.  
 But, oh! forgive the bashful muse, &c.

Doctor Potts a servant had,  
 Saucy little Sue,  
 Cupids dwelt in every curl,  
 From which their bows they drew.  
 Yet once, behind the pantry-door,  
 In all the tide of bliss,  
 He seized on little struggling Sue,  
 And gave her lips a —.  
 But, oh! forgive the bashful muse, &c.

Pretty Soph, at breakfast time,  
 Her surly husband near,  
 Leave, to go to Margate's clime,  
 Entreated of her dear.  
 A fifty pound will take me down,  
 And in the packet crammed;  
 You'll give me fifty—wo'n't you, love?  
 If I do may I be —!  
 But, oh! forgive the bashful muse, &c.

Lovely Jessy, plump and fair,  
 Young Harry made his bride;  
 But, in three months, she fell so sick,  
 They thought she would have died.  
 Now, how's my joy, he asked the maid,  
 In accents sad and wild,  
 Your joy, sir, cried the maid, abashed,  
 Has got a little —.  
 But, oh! forgive the bashful muse, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

**COME, LADDIES, HASTE AWAY.**

HUNTING CHORUS.

COME, laddies, haste away, haste away, haste  
 away,  
 See! see! the coming day,  
 Ready for our pleasure.  
 Mount your steeds, my bonny men, bonny men,  
 And the timid stag you'll ken,  
 Our well-contested treasure.  
 O'er the mountain's side he'll steal,  
 Through the forest, down the vale,  
 While we his frightened ears assail  
 With a hey, oh! chevy!  
 Come, laddies, haste away,  
 See! See! the blooming day  
 Hails our gay tantivy!

\*\*\*\*\*

**SWEETLY BREATHES THE BLUSHING  
 MAY.**

(Mrs. Brooke.)

Now the wintry storms are o'er,  
 Spring unlocks her verdant store;  
 Smiling pleasure crowns the day;  
 Sweetly breathes the blushing May.  
 O'er the daisy-painted mead  
 Now the wanton lambkins spread,  
 Ever playful, ever gay,  
 Fond to welcome in the May.  
 Now, responsive, through the grove,  
 Softer tuned to spring and love,  
 Echo, with her spurtive lay,  
 Joins our carols to the May.

\*\*\*\*\*

## HOT LOVE AND COLD;

OR, A VEIL FOR THE LADIES.

VONCE deep in love I got,  
Its flame I scarce could hold,  
'Twas so perdigious hot;  
And then I got a cold.  
"My sweet, how fair you are,  
You beats the vittest snows"—  
And, ven I'd got so far,  
Was forced to—blow my nose.  
Tol de rol, O, tol de rol;  
Tol de rol lol, O! (*Blows.*)

Says she, "Vat's that you say?  
You're joking, vithout doubt;  
I *cotched* a cold to-day,  
And *nose* (knows) vat I'm about."  
"I love you, *love*," says I,  
"Ve'll marry, if you please;"  
Says she, "O, dear! O, fie!"  
And then did at me sneeze.  
Tol de rol, O, tol de rol!  
Tol de rol lol, O. (*A sneeze.*)

Thinks I, this is, of course,  
A hend to hall my joys;  
Vith fear and cold quite hoarse,  
I almost lost my voice.  
(*Hoarsely.*) "My darling duck," says I,  
"If so be you're cruel,  
I vill, that I may die,  
Put pison in my gruel."  
Tol de rol, O, tol de rol;  
Tol de rol lol, O. (*A physic-taking face.*)

"Attend unto my suit,  
I've got on my best clothes;  
An't this a lovely boot?  
I genteel always goes.  
That I in death mayn't sleep,  
Vone kiss I do desire;  
In 'ot vater don't me keep,  
For I vith love *puspire*."  
To de rol, O, tol de rol,  
Tol de rol lol, O. (*A kiss, aloud.*)

My mouth I viped, d'ye see,  
That I might kiss vith grace;  
And she a smack gave me—  
On wrong part of my face.  
Says I, "I'm rather rich;"  
Says she, "I takes your offer,  
Your gold or cold is *sich*,  
I'm sure to have a *coffer* (cougher)."  
Tol de rol, O, tol de rol;  
Tol de rol lol, O. (*A cough.*)

Ven ve'd consulted pa,  
A rum old gill, vith ruffles,  
Ve marri'd, etcetera,  
And she died of the snuffles.  
So I a vidde'er be,  
O, ladies, hear my tale,  
And she vat marries me  
Shall 'ave an 'andsome *veil* (vale.)  
Tol de rol, O, tol de rol;  
Consent to take the *veil*.

## BONNY KATE.

(Dibdin.)

THE wind was hushed, the fleecy wave  
Scarcely the vessel's side could lave,  
When, in the mizen-top, his stand  
Tom Clueline taking spied the land.  
Oh! sweet reward for all his toil!  
Once more he views his native soil!

Once more he thanks indulgent fate,  
That brings him to his bonny Kate.

Soft as the sighs of zephyr flow,  
Tender and plamtive as her wo;  
Serene was the attentive eve,  
That heard Tom's bonny Kitty grieve.  
"Oh! what avails," cried she, "my pain?  
He's swallowed in the greedy main;  
Ah! never shall I welcome home,  
With tender joy, my honest Tom."

Now high upon the faithful shroud,  
The land awhile that seemed a cloud,  
While objects from the mist arise,  
A feast presents Tom's longing eyes:  
A riband, near his heart which lay,  
Now see him on his hat display;  
The given sign, to shew that fate  
Had brought him safe to bonny Kate.  
Near to a cliff, whose heights command  
A prospect of the shelly strand;  
While Kitty Fate and Fortune blamed,  
Sudden, with rapture, she exclaimed,  
"But see, oh, Heaven! a ship in view,  
My Tom appears among the crew,  
The pledge he swore to bring safe home  
Streams on his hat—'tis honest Tom."

What now remains were easy told,  
Tom comes, his pockets lined with gold,  
Now rich enough, no more to roam  
To serve his king, he stays at home;  
Recounts each toil, and shows each scar,  
While Kitty and her constant tar,  
With rev'rence, teach, to bless their fates,  
Young honest Toms and bonny Kates.

MY SWEET GIRL, MY FRIEND, AND  
PITCHER.

(O'Keefe.)

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

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

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

## DAN DOLEFUL AND JACKDAW;

OR, A SYMPATHETIC EXIT.

Air—"Ask'st thou how long my Love shall stay?"

(E. J. B. Box.)

DAN DOLEFUL had an old jackdaw,  
(Bred up with Dan was he,)  
That sweetly sung, in matin caw,  
'Old bachelors are we!'  
And cawed, and cawed, and cawed again,  
This matin-song, 'I want a hen;  
Then, caw boy! caw boy! caw boy, then,  
How doleful 'tis to lack a hen!'

Dan Doleful had a large estate,  
 Full twenty pounds a-year;  
 Yet, strange, he let no other mate  
 Than Jack, his riches share;  
 Who cawed, and cawed, and cawed again, &c.

Dan Doleful died, at last, one night  
 Of age, for he was old;  
 Next morn, with day's returning light,  
 Poor Jack found Dan quite cold!  
 And over him cawed, and cawed again,  
 But Dan was dead, alack! and then,  
 Jack cawed no more, but died, too, when  
 To mourn them, left no doleful hen!!

\*\*\*\*\*

CRAZY JANE.

(M. G. Lewis.)

WHY, fair maid, in every feature,  
 Are such signs of fear exprest?  
 Can a wand'ring, wretched creature,  
 With such horror fill thy breast?  
 Do my frenzied looks alarm thee?  
 Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain;  
 Not for kingdoms would I harm thee,  
 Shun not, then, poor crazy Jane!

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?  
 Mark me, and avoid my wo;  
 When men flatter, sigh, and languish,  
 Think them false:—I found them so!  
 For I loved, ah! so sincerely,  
 None could ever love again;  
 But the youth I loved so dearly,  
 Stole the wits of crazy Jane!

Fondly my young heart received him,  
 Which was doomed to love but one;  
 He sighed, he vowed, and I believed him:  
 He was false, and I'm undone.  
 From that hour, has reason never  
 Held her empire o'er my brain,  
 Henry fled,—with him for ever  
 Fled the wits of crazy Jane!

Now, forlorn and broken-hearted,  
 And with frenzied thoughts beset;  
 On that spot where last we parted—  
 On that spot where first we met;  
 Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,—  
 Still I slowly trace the plain,  
 While each passer-by, in pity,  
 Cries, 'God help thee, crazy Jane!'

\*\*\*\*\*

THE PLEASURES OF MARGATE I SING.

Air—"John Appleby."—(Nussey.)

THE pleasures of Margate I sing,  
 Where there's ev'ry thing good to invite ye;  
 But plenty of cash you must bring,  
 Or nothing that's here shall delight ye!  
 With hundreds packed up in a hoy,  
 First, you 'scape from the smoke of the city,  
 And a charming sea-sickness enjoy,  
 With the jokes of the pert and the witty.  
 Tol de rol, &c.

Next, anchored alongside the pier,  
 Which is thronged like a fair for to greet ye,  
 This surely your spirits must cheer,  
 To have so many friends come to meet ye!  
 When the waiters their cards have presented,  
 You've lodging and board in a trice;  
 All this, sure, must make ye contented,  
 As in charging they're not over nice.  
 Tol de rol, &c.

Next, your spirits made lively and gay,  
 By taking a dip in the sea,  
 And at night take a heat at the play,  
 Where actors of spirit you'll see.  
 Then auctions, balls, music, and reading,  
 Are thronged so, they squeeze you to death,  
 And at Mitch'ner's on turtle we're feeding,  
 Aye, and crammed, till we're gasping for  
 breath!

Tol de rol, &c.

Public breakfasts are here in great style,  
 In the gardens of sweet Dandelion,  
 And music and song will beguile  
 Your spirits from care, now rely on;  
 You'll laugh at each word as its spoke,  
 And the song and the dance it will charm ye!  
 Forgive me, kind friends, for this joke;  
 It's meant to amuse, not alarm ye.  
 Tol de rol, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

I THOUGHT OF PLEASURE, LOVE, AND  
 THEE.

A DUET.

(Dibdin.)

*He.*—DID tempests howl, thy fancied form  
 Hushed into peace the threat'ning storm;  
 Did cannons roar, thou wert the guide  
 That turned the murd'rous ball aside:

All peril, labour, toil and pain,  
 Essayed to quell my mind in vain;  
 In dangers safe—in shackles free,  
 Still comfort came, led on by thee.

*She.*—DID summer parch, did winter freeze,  
 Did hurricanes unroot the trees:  
 Did dread alarms of war increase,  
 I thought of thee, and all was peace.

No chance, no fate, no force, no art,  
 I knew could shake thy constant heart;  
 And, though from pain no moment free,  
 I thought of pleasure, love, and thee.

\*\*\*\*\*

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL  
 JAMIE COMES HOME.

(Burns.)

BY yon castle wa', at the close of the day,  
 I heard a man sing, though his head it was gray;  
 And as he was singing, the tears down came,  
 'There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.  
 'The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,  
 'Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;  
 'We dare na weel say't, but we ken wha's to  
 blame;  
 'There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

'My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,  
 'And now I greet round their green beds in the  
 yird,  
 'It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame.  
 'There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.  
 'Now life is a burden that bows me down,  
 'Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;  
 'But till my last moments my words are the  
 same,  
 'There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.'

\*\*\*\*\*



Och! a good tough scull-breaker's the best of all speakers,  
sing filliloo! hubbuboo! Erin-go-braugh!

**IRELAND'S THE NATION OF SHELLE-  
LAGH-LAW.**

Air—"Paddy O'Carroll."—(Bculer.)

OCH! Ire'land the place is for Grecians and graces,  
For sweetest of faces the world ever saw;  
For fighting genteelly and drinking too freely,  
Potatoes so mealy, and sweet usquebaugh.  
Och. the Paddies are rare ones, the ladies are  
fair ones,  
And no one there dare once to say they are not,  
If Barney were by now, his cudgel would ply now,  
And make him soon fly now, as quick as a shot.  
For he's of the nation of civilization,  
Of sweet botheration and shellelagh-law;  
Och! a good tough scull-breaker's the best of all  
speakers,  
Sing filliloo! hubbuboo! Erin-go-braugh!  
Sweet Judy O'Connor, a maid of true honour,  
So neatly I won her, at Donnybrook-fair,  
From Paddy M'Fingal, an Ulster-man single,  
Who came in a jingle, and sported her there.  
Och! Judy, I cried now, how can you ride now,  
And have at your side now, that bandy-legged  
knave?  
Och! cried Paddy, Barney, pray give us no  
blarney,  
Or, faith! I'll soon learn ye, now how to be-  
have  
To a sprig of the nation of civilization, &c.  
Pat's cudgel was handy, and, though he was bandy,  
He was quite the dandy in love or a fight;  
He gave me a topper,—I gave him a wopper,  
It was such a stopper it stopped his mouth quite.  
His courage was all out, he murder did bawl out,  
"An' why did we fall out, sweet Barney, my  
joy?"  
Och! if you'd know why now, for Judy I'd die  
now,  
Take that in your eye now, dear Paddy, my boy.  
For I'm of the nation of civilization, &c.

So Judy I caught her, but, very soon after,  
She did die a martyr to whisky so strong;  
There was a grand making at sweet Judy's waking,  
Lights, whisky, and cake in galore the night  
long.  
As Judy did lie now, her friends all did cry now—  
"Och! why did you die now, and leave us to  
night?"  
Till, with liquor o'ertaken, we got to heads breaking,  
And finished the wake in—a row and a fight.  
For we're of the nation of civilization, &c.

**MAY FREEDOM BLESS EVERY SHORE!**

THE Power that created the night and the day,  
Gave his image divine to each model of clay:  
Though on different features the God be imprest,  
One spirit immortal pervades ev'ry breast;  
And Nature's great charter the right never gave,  
*That one mortal another should dare to enslave!*  
The same genial rays that the lily unfold,  
Gave the rose its full fragrance, the tulip its gold;  
That Europe's fond bosoms to rapture inspire,  
Warm each African breast with as generous fire.  
And Nature's great charter, &c.  
May the head be corrected, subdued the proud  
soul,  
That would fetter free limbs, and free spirits con-  
trol!  
Be the gem set in ebon, or ivory enshrined,  
The same form of heart warms the whole human  
kind.  
And Nature's great charter, &c.  
May freedom, whose rays we are taught to adore,  
Beam bright as the sun, and bless ev'ry shore;  
No charter that pleads for the rights of mankind,  
To invest *these* in gold, *those* in fetters can bind.  
And Nature's great charter, &c.

## THE SUPERANNUATED PAVIER;

AN APPEAL TO THE SYMPATHIES OF MR. M'ADAM.

Air—"Ye Banks and Braes o' bonny Doon."

(Beuler.)

YE streets and ways of London town,  
Oft have I paved ye all with all care;  
Oft have I ramm'd your white stones down,  
With many a "hough!" when Wilkes was  
Mayor.

You'll break my heart, you Mr. M'Adam,  
You're breaking all these stones to dust;  
Och, murder! murder! will you kill 'em?  
Then kill me, too, sir, if you must.

How oft all day I used to fag on,  
To pave ye cleanly, when a youth;  
And then I've blest each broad-wheel waggon,  
That helped to make ye neat and smooth.

Ye used to look like clean raw 'tatees,  
When in the rain ye'd had a wash;  
But now, when wet, so dirty your state is,  
Ye look like 'tatees boiled to smash!

I'm old and deaf, and can't walk over ye,  
Unless at th' cars I place two horns,  
To see no coachman does run over me,  
Whilst I tread soft, not t'hurt my corns;  
Och! in wet weather you dirt my shoe leather,  
In dry, your fine dust makes all my eyes smart;  
Then, if you go on breaking up all the stone,  
Och! Mr. M'Adam, you'll break my heart!

\*\*\*\*\*

THE ISLES WHERE THE BONES OF OUR  
FATHERS REPOSE.

(M. K.)

THOUGH destined afar from our country to roam,  
Our bosoms feel, proudly, our country's our home,  
And hallowed for ever the bumper which flows  
To the isles where the bones of our fathers re-  
pose.

Though commerce allure us, and oceans divide,  
The land of our birth is the land of our pride;  
And blest be the friends, and accurst be the  
foes,  
Of the isles where the bones of our fathers  
repose!

Blest isles! where, spontaneously, liberty springs,  
Protected and cherished under loyalty's wings;  
We exult in our bliss,—we still weep for our  
woes,  
Dear isles! where the bones of our fathers re-  
pose.

Long, long may ye flourish, united and free,  
And long may your freighted ships whiten the  
sea;

Your heroes still triumph, when nations oppose  
The isles where the bones of our fathers repose!

Wherever we wander, through life's thorny ways,  
May our path lead to *home*, ere the end of our  
days;

And our evening at last in serenity close,  
In the isles where the bones of our fathers re-  
pose.

But, my song grows too grave,—fill the bumper,  
and join

To the wreath, where *rose*, *thistle*, and *shamrock*  
combine;

Here's their flowers to their friends, and their  
thorns to their foes,

And the isles where the bones of our fathers re-  
pose.

\*\*\*\*\*

FORWARD, HARK FORWARD, THE  
HUNTSMAN CRIES.

A HUNTING CHORUS.

[Music, Goulding and Co. Soho-Square.]

(George Macfarren.)

O'ER heath-covered mountains, when day is first  
dawning,

And mists overhang the deep valley and lake;  
The merry horn sounds, like the voice of the morn-  
ing,

To bid drowsy hunters and echoes awake.

Then on to the chase

We swiftly race,

And forward, hark forward, the huntsman cries;

While horse and hound

Fly o'er the ground,

Till the game is won, and the victim dies.

SONG.

Thus ever may night-clouds of discord and sor-  
row

To fresh-dawning beams of contentment give  
place;

And may Joy's thrilling music still waken each  
morning,

And call the dull sleepers to Pleasure's fleet  
chase;

Where, side by side,

Truth and friendship ride,

And honour and feeling remain within call;—

Love's rosy smile

Soothes every toil,

And envy and pride are the victims that fall.

O'er heath-covered mountains, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

## MARY, ADIEU! I MUST AWAY.

(Lord Byron.)

WELL, thou art happy, and I feel  
That I should thus be happy too;  
For still my heart regards thy weal,  
Warmly as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's blest, and 'twill impart  
Some pangs to view his happier lot;  
But let them pass,—ah! how my heart  
Would hate him if he loved thee not.

When late I saw thy favourite child,  
I thought my jealous heart would break;  
But when the unconscious infant smiled,  
I loved it for its mother's sake.

I kissed it, and repressed my sighs,  
Its father in its face to see;  
But then it had its mother's eyes,  
And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu! I must away,  
While thou art blest, I'll not repine;  
But near thee I can never stay,  
My heart would soon again be thine.

I deemed that time, I deemed that pride,  
Had quenched at length my boyish flame;  
Nor knew, till scated by thy side,  
My heart in all, save hope, the same.

Yet I was calm,—I knew the time,  
My breast would thrill before thy look;  
But now to tremble were a crime,  
We met, and not a nerve we shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,  
Yet met with no confusion there;  
One only feeling could'st thou trace,  
The sullen calmness of despair.

Away, away! my early dream,  
Remembrance ever must awake;  
Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?  
My foolish heart, be still, or break.

TO ADULTERATE STILL IS THE GO.

Air—"Madam Fig's Gala."—(E. Mackey.)

To adulterate still is the go,  
In the papers each day you may read, sirs,  
The tea they adulterate *slow*,  
Although, it is said, that's the *lead*, sirs;  
I just that and sugar shall mention,  
Nor wish about others to prate, sirs,  
To touch on them is my intention,  
Tea now is a matter of weight, sirs.  
Rumpti iddity, &c.

When old gossips at tea-tables meet,  
To scan and converse on each fault, sirs,  
They dream not, as their tea they try, sweet,  
They are taking their portion of salt, sirs;  
Though the salt may have double effect,  
And their spleen in great quantities bring up,  
Sweet discourse you can never expect,  
Nor that tea-dealers praises they'll ring up.  
Rumpti iddity, &c.

When the baker with pastry does tread,  
And unto its owner he hies on,  
He'll remember the trays on his head,  
Contain a great portion of *pies on*;  
If to him you should sugar e'er puff,  
You will meet with a *tartish* reply, sirs,  
Which may appear *saltish* enough,  
But, no matter for that, you will cry, sirs.  
Rumpti iddity, &c.

But, the baker I cannot let go,  
As with him I've a *bone* just to pick, sirs,  
That his heart is quite stony, I know,  
And his honesty's all *hum*, I'll stick, sirs;  
But I don't mean to *sugar* you over,  
Flattery never suits me to a *T*, sirs;  
*Paris-plaster* suits bakers in clover,  
And I to conclude shall make free, sirs.  
Rumpti iddity, &c.

LOVE, WHO'LL BUY?

Air—"Cherry Ripe!"—(Miss Bryant.)

Love, who'll buy? Love, who'll buy? Love,  
who'll buy?  
Hark! his value now I cry.

A wreathed smile, an eye of light,  
A bosom fanned by pure delight,  
A thought that's free from guile or vice,  
A warm young heart, and that's his price.  
Love, who'll buy? &c.

Now, his faults I wish to show,  
His bosom friends are Joy and Wo,  
Falsehood lures him o't away,  
Clip his wings, and then he'll stay.  
Love, who'll buy? &c.

This is true Love, not a cheat,  
Famed for many an artful feat;  
Pleasure nursed him, Folly taught,  
So excuse each little fault.  
Love, who'll buy? &c.

The sale's begun—a-going, gone!  
Knock Love down—the sale is done.  
On his flutt'ring wing rests joy,  
Pay the price, and take the boy.  
Love, who'll buy? &c.

THE TIPLING PHILOSOPHERS.

DIOGENES, surly and proud,  
Who snarled at the Macedon youth,  
Delighted in wine that was good,  
Because in good wine there is truth;  
But, growing as poor as a Job,  
And unable to purchase a flask,  
He chose for his mansion a tub,  
And lived by the scent of the cask.

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

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

Copernicus, too, like the rest,  
Believed there was wisdom in wine,  
And knew that a cup of the best  
Made reason the brighter to shine:  
With wine he replenished his veins,  
And made his philosophy reel,  
Then fancied the world, as his brains,  
Turned round like a chariot-wheel.

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

When Pyrrho had taken a glass,  
He saw that no object appeared  
Exactly the same as it was  
Before he had liquored his beard;  
For things running round in his drink  
Which, sober, he motionless found,  
Occasioned the sceptic to think  
There was nothing of truth to be found.

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

WILLIAM AND JESSE.

(Dit'din.)

THE whitened breakers lashed the shore  
When William did from Jesse part,  
And, as the surge heaved more and more,  
So swelled with grief her bursting heart.

The evening held its peaceful reign,  
Then gently melted into night,  
Soon did the sky shut in the main,  
And William's ship was out of sight.

The whistling winds, the billows' jar,  
Now William pulls the yielding rope;  
No friendly moon, no twinkling star,  
To lend a single glimpse of hope.

And now, a thousand leagues apart,  
For many a mournful morn and night  
Was tender Jesse sick at heart,  
That William's ship was out of sight.

The radiant sun dispelled the dew,  
Two ling'ring years had passed, or more,  
When Jesse paid to William true  
Her morning visit to the shore.

She saw a ship at random driven,  
Sweet Hope created new delight,  
And, as she poured her thanks to heaven,  
Her William's vessel hove in sight.

PAT BRAY AND HIS PEGGY.

(O'Brien.)

PAT BRAY he loved Peggy as well as the whisky,  
She had but one eye, sure, but that was a brisk  
eye,

The dark one Peggy would prudently hide  
As often as Paddy would gain the blind side.  
But sly little Cupid kicked up such a podder,  
For he lived in her good eye, and slept in the  
todder,

So, early one ev'ning, he shot Paddy Bray,  
Who married sweet Peggy that very same day.

Sure Pat was no fool,  
He acted by rule,  
For Jealousy humbugs  
A man that's not cool.

Jealousy seldom gives time for a pause, sir,  
And Paddy was certain that he had some cause,  
sir,

He set to work coolly, got sick, went to bed;  
Peg called out Paddy, and found him stone dead.  
She, little doubting but dead was her honey,  
Cried, Paddy, you are gone, boy, and so is your  
money;

O'Dec's whisky-bottle will have some to spare,  
And landlords will miss you at market and fair.  
Sure Pat was no fool, &c.

When over your whisky, 'till morning, a-quaffing,  
You spalpeen, I wished you, many times, in your  
coffin,

As my prayer it's granted, it alters the case,  
Tim Murphy, the joiner, will do in your place;  
The sentence scarce finished, when in walked her  
spark, sir,

He made a strong coffin and brought it at dark,  
sir;

When Peg saw the coffin she heaved a big sigh,  
As much as to say, Paddy, it's all in my eye.  
Sure Pat was no fool, &c.

Tim pulled out his dude, for he dearly loved  
smoking,  
And Peggy sat near him, well pleased with his  
joking;

A trance, sure, cried Peggy, may Paddy assail,  
You go for some candles, the coffin I'll nail.  
She shut the door, gets the nails and the hammer.  
Avast there! bawled Paddy; I'll give you a cram-  
mer,

And out of the coffin he jumped on the floor;  
That moment Tim Murphy stepped in at the door.  
Sure Pat was no fool, &c.

Tim looked at Paddy, not believing his eyes, sir,  
And shouted out murther, och! what a big size,  
sir;

Arrah, ghost are you, Paddy, or what brought  
you back?

Says Paddy, my honey, to give you a crack.  
Now, darlings, I'm ready to give you my blessing;  
He snatched up his thorn, and gave them a dress-  
ing,

Then married the lovers, without more ado.  
For tight in the coffin he nailed up the two.  
Sure Pat was no fool, &c.

WHAT IS MASONIC DUTY.

(Matthew Garland.)

WHO is the man will let me know  
What is Masonic duty;  
And teach me whence the source does flow  
That constitutes its beauty?  
The task be mine, for I can tell  
The science and the myst'ry,  
Your noble zeal becomes you well,  
And, brothers, I'll assist ye.

Should foreign foes, by madness led,  
Invade our happy nation,  
Or rank rebellion near at hand,  
Where is the Mason's station?  
Wherever duty shall assign,  
With sword or contribution,  
His life and fortune to resign  
For king and constitution.

Should Hymen kindle up the flame,  
And at his altar crown him,  
What is duty to his dame  
And progeny around him?  
The kindness of the turtle-dove  
Must be his sole attraction,  
Parental tenderness and love  
Pervade his every action.

NO, SOLDIER, NC.

(Upton.)

BONNY is the Highland lad,  
Bonny does he woo;  
And, with sword and buckler clad,  
What brav things can do.  
But, when the battle's done,  
And laurel-glory won,

When he sues to kiss the lassie can she bid him  
go?

No, soldier; bonny soldier! No, Willy, no.

Bonny is the Lowland girl  
That kens the Highland lad,  
And dear, dear, she loves him well  
That wears the Tartan plaid.  
And when he homeward hies,  
Where all his treasure lies,  
When he sues to kiss the lassie, &c.

Bonny is the smile of peace,  
When the wars are o'er;  
Sweet the clang of arms to cease  
When lovers part no more:  
Then, when, devoid of strife,  
Willy claims her for a wife,  
When he sues to kiss the lassie, &c.

A GLASS AND THE ECHOING HORN.

HARK away! to the horn's mellow note,  
It sounds through the hill and the dale,  
While Echo, delighted to float,  
Repeats back a second-told tale.  
Ye huntsmen, arise to the chase,  
The lark, too, salutes the gay morn,  
While Diana is rising to grace  
The welcoming sound of the horn.

Let's taste the fat beeves 'fore we go,  
Come, give us a glass of good ale,

A fig for all grumbling and wo,  
 Let gladness for ever prevail;  
 And, at night, as we sit round the fire,  
 We'll speak of the feats of the morn.  
 Ah! give me, 'tis all I desire,  
 A glass and the echoing horn.

////////

### THE TEAR OF COMPASSION IN BEAUTY'S BRIGHT EYE.

(G. Macfarren.)

[Music, Goulding & Co. Soho-Square.]

WHEN sorrow's deep gloom o'er the young heart  
 is stealing,  
 Or aged heads droop with the wrongs they are  
 feeling,  
 To soothe the sad sigh,  
 There's no magic can vie  
 With the tear of compassion in beauty's bright  
 eye.

How bright are the dew-drops that deck summer  
 flowers,  
 How beautiful the rainbow that beameth through  
 showers;

But their lights disappear  
 When the night-cloud draws near,  
 While in darkness still shineth compassion's  
 mild tear.

From that bosom of snow, my beloved Malvina,  
 Oh! far from that bosom of snow, my loved Mal-  
 vina,

May every thought fly  
 That gives birth to a sigh,  
 And no tear but compassion's e'er gem thy  
 bright eye.

////////

### FILL, FILL THE BOWL, THE ILLS OF LIFE.

(Rev. C. Maturin.)

FILL, fill the bowl, the ills of life  
 I'll value not a feather;  
 No cloud shall cross my soul to-night,  
 Or shade its sunny weather.

I've sorrowed till my heart was sore,  
 And groaned,—but hence with prosing,  
 My last care dies upon this draught,  
 My last sighs in this closing.

I'll revel with a better joy,  
 And mock at baffled sorrow,  
 Nor will I reck how many a pang  
 Must waken with the morrow.

'Tis a sweet flower the tell-tale rose  
 That decks the fallow autumn,  
 And those the dearest beams of joy  
 That burst where least we sought 'em.

////////

O, MALACHI!

OR, THE JEWESS AND A WARM BATH FOR LOVE.

(E. J. B. Box.)

DERE vas a maid, she vas a Jewess,  
 And she vas sing "O, Malachi!  
 Why break ma heart, vat to you true is?  
 O, Malachi! O, Malachi!"

Dis maiden sat beneath a willow,  
 And sighed and sang "O, Malachi!  
 Dis river's bed must be my pillow!  
 O, Malachi! O, Malachi!"

As on de brink she still vas linger,  
 She still vas sing "O, Malachi!  
 (Feeling de varter mit her finger,  
 O, Malachi! O, Malachi!"

She then turned to de willow, crying,  
 In vildest grief, "O, Malachi!  
 Dis varter's cold for love to lie in!  
 I'll have it warmed before I die!"

////////

POLLY PUFF.

(W. H. Amherst.)

I LOVED and courted Polly Puff,  
 And Polly said she'd me prefer,  
 'Cause I ticed her not with oaths and stuff,  
 Which, broke, do cast a mighty slur.  
 "Poll," says I, "do you love me true?"  
 "Peter," says she, "by gosh! I do."  
 "Then," says I, "no more ado,  
 Since you likes I, and I likes you."  
 SPOKEN, *very amorously.*] Ah! I did believe  
 we did love each other.

Tol lol de riddle lol—lol.

I was torn away from Polly Puff,  
 At the instigation of her aunt,  
 A woman cruel, fat, and bluff,  
 Who joyed two lovers to supplant.  
 "But, Pattypan," sighed Polly dear,  
 "Pluck up your heart, and nothing fear,  
 For true, as I stand upright here,  
 'Twixt us no aunt shall interfere."

SPOKEN.] Ah! Polly was a girl of spirit.  
 Tol lol de riddle lol—lol.

Yet Polly, poor thing, used to weep,  
 And losed all her appetite,  
 And was so tortured in her sleep,  
 That she was worn to an atomy quite.  
 How can I the rest relate,  
 For it reflects great shame on me,  
 Poll went, for her health, to Billingsgate,  
 And, in a tiff, I went to sea.

SPOKEN.] Oh! I was a cruel youth to her.  
 Tol lol de riddle lol—lol.

The captain, when quite out at sea,  
 A moving letter gave to me  
 From Polly Puff, which made me see  
 I had committed perjury.  
 O, Polly, Polly, Polly, dove,  
 No man, I'm sure, can so much love,  
 And Peter's truth you yet shall prove,  
 Who has a heart of stone to move.  
 Tol lol de riddle lol—lol.

////////

### HE'S ONE WHO HAS GUARDED OUR LAND.

A JOLLY old farmer once, soaking his clay  
 At the door, by the side of his dame,  
 When there chanced a poor soldier to pass by that  
 way,  
 Worn out with fatigue and quite lame.  
 Said the farmer, "Friend, stop, and here you  
 shall find  
 I'll be willing, with heart and with hand,  
 To relieve such as you, and, dame, to him be  
 kind,  
 For he's one who has guarded our land.  
 Come into my cottage, your spirits I'll cheer,  
 Dame, bring the brave fellow some food,  
 And draw him a mug of the best home-brewed  
 beer,  
 And let's try to do him some good;

When a little refreshed, he'd shoulder his crutch,  
And then show how in battle he'd stand;  
Do whate'er you will for him, you can't do too  
much,

For he's one who has guarded our land."

The poor soldier, well fed, once again he revives,  
And begins of those days just to tell,  
When many brave comrades of his lost their  
lives,

And how they all gloriously fell.

"Huzza!" cried out Hodge, "ne'er let it be said  
That my heart don't with feeling expand;  
This brave fellow shall ne'er want a morsel of  
bread,

For he's one who has guarded our land."

Said the farmer, "Come, soldier, now give us a  
toast;"

"I will," he replied, "sir, with glee:

'May we keep from foreign invaders our coast,  
And may England for ever be free.'"

"Come, soldier, here's mine, you must drink  
again:

'May our fleets by true Britons be manned;  
And, while we drub our foes on the wide watery  
main,

May our soldiers defend us on land.'"

////////

### THE LONDON NEWSPAPERS.

SURE you all must agree, that the world's epi-  
tome

May be found in the London newspapers;

Why, from parts far and wide, we have news,  
ev'ry tide,

Of all the grand fetes and rum capers.

In the coffee-room met, what a queer looking set,

With their spectacles placed on their noses;

Politicians a score, o'er the pages how they pore,

And devour the strange news it discloses—

Electioneering, privateering—

Auctioneering, volunteering—

Revolution, execution—

Hanging, dying, wedding, trying—

Haut-ton, crim. con.—

In business who wins and who loses.

SPOKEN.] Waiter, bring an evening paper.—  
Not come in yet, sir.—Indeed! it's very late.—  
Yes, sir; all owing to the debate last night; the  
*Day* didn't come in till almost night; and don't  
expect the *Evening Star* till the morning. Here  
comes the man with the *Globe* at his back, and the  
*World* in his pocket.—Waiter, what's this?—The  
*Sun*, sir.—Why, it is wet.—Yes, sir; wet sun.—  
Oh, yes, I remember, we had enough of wet sun  
last year; we don't want another. Waiter, bring  
me a candle.—What for, sir!—To see the sun wi'.  
—Why can't you see the sun without a candle? in  
our country they can, sir.—Pray, sir, have you  
done with that there paper?—No, sir; but you  
can have this here paper.—Waiter, bring me the  
*Statesman*.—It's on the other side, sir.—Then  
bring me the *Post* or *Courier*.—They are both on  
the same side.—Will you tell that gentleman  
who's spelling the advertisements that he cannot  
oblige the company more than by setting the *British  
Press* at liberty.—Will you give up your *Press* for a  
*Post*?—No, sir, but I'll give up my *Statesman*  
for an Independent Whig.—I beg pardon, sir, but  
I just gave the *Wig* to that gentleman with a bald  
head.—Why, waiter, this file of the *Englishman* is  
imperfect.—Yes, sir, we've lately sent a great many  
to France.—Oh! that accounts for it.—This *Statesman*  
is abominably dirty, and very much torn;  
bring me another.—We hav'n't got another, sir.  
Then send and buy one; there's plenty of states-

men to be bought.—Here, waiter, waiter.—Coming,  
coming, sir.—So—

Keep it up, that's the way,

All agog ev'ry day

To see who wins and who loses.

In country, like town, from the peer to the clown,  
In Europe's great affairs never tiring,

Politicians, you know, may be found at the plough,  
What's the news? what's the news? all in-  
quiring.

Hear the horn's twanging sound to the villages re-  
sound,

Announces the news come so late in,  
Where a party are seen, each night at the inn,  
And for news most impatiently waiting.

Advertising, things surprising—

Public places, Epsom races—

Siege or battle, show of cattle,

Foes surrounded, horses pouched,

Fighting cocks, price of stocks,

And in business who wins and who loses.

SPOKEN.] Landlord, will you read the paper  
out?—I cannot read very well at first sight, on ac-  
count of the stops.—Pray, sir, will you be kind  
enough to read *pro bono*?—We don't take it in, sir.  
—Ask Mr. Boxall, the undertaker, if he'll read?  
—No, sir, I beg leave to object to that, he always  
begins with the deaths, and that's professional;  
perhaps Mr. Parchment, the solicitor, will, or  
show cause why he refuses.—Why, sir, I've no  
objection, and, as I hate any thing professional, I  
will try to amuse you. What's this—oh! 'Wil-  
kins versus Watkins. This was an action for the  
recovery of the sum of 2*l.* 14*s.* 9*d.*'—Now didn't  
I tell you he would also begin with something pro-  
fessional? we don't want law, do we, doctor?—  
No, sir, I think the most amusing part of the paper  
is the accidents.—On Thursday last, as a poor la-  
bouring man was at work on the top of a ladder,  
in Spring-Gardens, he was, by a sudden gust of  
wind, blown as far as Charing-Cross; he fell at  
the door of Bish's fortunate lottery-office, where  
tickets and shares are—Poo, poo, it's a lottery-  
puff; I hate puffs; don't you, Mr. Pastry-cook?—  
No, sir, I don't dislike anybody's puffs; live and  
let live, that's my motto.—Well, sir, since you  
have put down the paper, I'll try if I can amuse  
you.—Beware of puffs, sir.—Oh, oh! you have  
no need to tell me that, for I think I smell a puff  
the very moment I take the paper in hand; I'm  
not to be had, sir; I think I know too much of a  
paper for that, sir. (*Reads.*) 'St. Helena.' What  
have we here, news from St. Helena? this can't  
be a puff. 'An officer, just arrived from this  
island, reports the following singular circumstance:  
that the *ci-devant* emperor declares it to be his  
fixed determination, in opposition to the advice of  
his faithful followers, to use no other than War-  
ren's Blacking; to be had at No.—Oh, nonsense,  
nonsense.—So—

Keep it up, that's the way, &c.

Then they differ in name, none alike, just the  
same,

Morning Chronicle, Day, Advertiser,  
British Press, Morning Post, Herald, Times—  
what a host

We read every day, and grow wiser.

The Examiner, Whig, all alive to the gig,

While each one his favourite chooses,

Times, Star, and Sun, to keep up the fun,

And tell all the world what the news is.

Examination, embarkation—

Consultation, publication—

Abdication, botheration—

City feasts, wild beasts—

And in business who wins and who loses.

SPOKEN.] (*Horn, and imitation of the horn-*

*boys calling the Extraordinary Gazette—second edition, &c.)* Let's see—oh! 'We stop the press to announce that, if intelligence of any important victory should reach in the course of the afternoon, we shall publish it in a third edition.' (*Horn again, calling third edition.*) 'We stop the press'—(turning hastily round)—pray don't press upon me, sir. 'We stop the press to announce that nothing new has arrived since our last.'—Great intelligence, certainly—very pleasant indeed. How amusing to read the newspapers crosswise:—'Last night, a young gentleman made his first appearance in the arduous character of Hamlet, and performed it with ease—in less than fifteen minutes. Lost, a lady's lap-dog, answers to the name of Pompey—if he will return to his disconsolate parents, he will be kindly received. A very fine cow, of the Leicestershire breed, is exhibiting in Exeter—for the benefit of her six lovely children. An over-drove ox ran down Fleet-street, and entered the dwelling-house of Mr. Bayley's glass-manufactory, where he did considerable damage—due notice will be given of his second appearance. Wants a place, as groom, a young man, of great respectability, who can have have an unexceptionable character; letters (post paid) will find him—double-ironed in Newgate, for horse-stealing. An ill-looking fellow was taken to Bow-street, on suspicion of being concerned in several robberies; in searching his pockets, they were found to contain—six chaldron of coals, a waggon, and five horses. Lost, a lady's reticule; its contents are—a chest of drawers and a gridiron. Married, at Leeds, Joshua Jones, Esq. to Isabella Jenkins, of the same place—he seemed fully resigned to his fate. The minister—passed the dreadful sentence of the law on the unhappy wretch; he was a good-looking young man, of five-and-twenty years of age; and, in all other respects, conducted himself with becoming propriety.—Then—

Keep it up, that's the way, &c.

WHO'LL BUY PRIMROSES? WHO'LL BUY?

COME, buy of poor Mary, primroses I sell,  
Through London's famed city am known mighty well;  
Though my heart is quite sunk, yet I constantly cry,  
Come, who'll buy primroses? come, who'll buy primroses?

Who'll buy? who'll buy?

Friends and parents I've none, I am looked on  
with scorn,  
Ah! better for me that I ne'er had been born;  
Here I sue for protection, while plaintive I cry,  
Come, who'll buy primroses? come, who'll buy primroses?

Who'll buy? who'll buy?

My companions despise me, and say I am proud,  
Because I avoid them and keep from their crowd;  
From wicked temptations I ever will fly,  
I live by primroses, come, who'll buy primroses?  
Who'll buy? who'll buy?

If Pity to Virtue were ever allied,  
The tear of compassion yet ne'er was denied;  
Then pity poor Mary, who plaintive doth cry,  
Come, who'll buy primroses? come, who'll buy primroses?

Who'll buy? who'll buy?

MY LOVELY, CHARMING SUE.

WHEN duty called I sailed away,  
Still to my king and country true:  
And nothing could my heart dismay.  
But parting from my charming Sue.  
With grief her tender heart was pressed,  
And scarcely could I bid adieu;  
Her sorrows filled my constant heart  
For dear I love my charming Sue.

I kissed away the falling tear,  
And vowed I ever would be true;  
Then bid her hope, and banish fear,  
'To pacify my charming Sue.  
She sighed, and wept, and sighed again,  
But I was forced to bid adieu;  
Yet, while I sailed upon the main,  
I thought upon my charming Sue.

The whistling winds began to blow,  
And dreadful rocks appeared in view;  
Now up aloft, now down below,  
Yet still I thought on charming Sue.  
For three long years, upon the main,  
Each toil and danger I went through;  
At length, quite tight, returned again,  
I came, and found my charming Sue.

Constant my lovely girl I found,  
To me she faithful was and true:  
And, having sailed the world around,  
I'm safe in port with charming Sue.  
Well rigged, to church we tript away,  
Surrounded by the jolly crew;  
And I am bound to bless the day  
I saw my lovely, charming Sue.

I'VE KISSED AND I'VE PRATTLED WITH  
FIFTY FAIR MAIDS.

A DUET.

(Mrs. Brooke.)

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

She.—There's fifty young men, who have told me  
fine tales,  
And called me their fairy-she;  
But, of all the gay wrestlers that sport  
on the green,  
Young Harry's the lad for me.

He.—Her eyes are as black as a sloe in a hedge;  
Her face like the blossoms in May;  
Her teeth are as white as the new-shorn  
flock;  
Her breath like the new-made hay.

She.—He's tall and he's straight as the poplar-  
tree,  
His cheeks are as fresh as the rose;  
He looks like a squire of high degree,  
When drest in his Sunday clothes.

FATHER HE WROTE FOR YEARS, WHILE  
I WRITE FOR TO-DAY.

Air—"The Lamplighter."—(T. Dibdin.)

IN times not very long gone by,  
You heard a bard with glee,  
Whose lyre, how'er I dare try,  
Will feebly sound from me.  
Father and I, it plain appears,  
Unequal powers display,  
The difference is, he wrote for years,  
While I write for to day.

The world's a stage, as Shakspeare told,  
 We're actors and no more,  
 And many a Yorick now lies cold,  
 Who made the table roar;  
 Act well your part, the poet says,  
 There all the honour lies;  
 And he acts best who best can raise  
 Fall'n genius ere it dies.

The drama's laws, so taste decrees,  
 The drama's patrons give;  
 And folks, 'tis said, should live to please  
 Who only please to live.  
 Then think of them whose hours must be  
 Devoted still to you;  
 And who, while here you're *sans souci*,  
 Perhaps are *sans sui sous*.

Those ages dark, thank Fate, are past,  
 When buskins, masks, and socks,  
 Through burly justices, set fast  
 The wearers in the stocks.  
 But now a luckier Thespian set  
 This very room presents,  
 Who, if in any stocks they get,  
 'Tis in the Three per Cents.

Yet some there are, whom Fate denies  
 To join the luckier ranks,  
 And many who deserve a prize,  
 Though doomed to draw but blanks;  
 For such we join, like brethren good,  
 Their hapless lot to mend;  
 And those not brethren, be so good,  
 At least, to prove a friend.

Some village *Hamlet* want may bow,  
 Or turn *Othello* pale;  
 Some mute inglorious *Norval* now  
 May tell a humble tale;  
 O'er *Richard's* woes a balm pray shed,  
 Let gold enrich the tear,  
 To give *Jane Shore* a loaf of bread,  
 And furnish *Juliet's* bier.

May timely Prudence, heav'nly maid,  
 Impart her cautious power,  
 And let our brethren find a shade  
 Against a stormy hour:  
 And every blessing rest with you,  
 Whose gifts our cares dispel,  
 Till prompter Time shall take the cue  
 To ring life's curtain bell.

#### OF WOMAN'S SMILE, AND WOMAN'S CHARMS.

[Music, Goulding & Co. Soho-square.]  
 (G. Macfarren.)

OF woman's smile, and woman's charms,  
 A thousand praises number;—  
 She lights the peaceful world to arms,  
 And bids the battle slumber.  
 Such nectar hangs upon her lip:  
 Such sun-beams dance about her;  
 Man dreams of heaven when'er he sips,  
 And fancies none without her.

Though cased in mail, that spurns the lance,  
 And armed with martial boldness;  
 She wounds with one bewitching glance,  
 That melts his icy coldness.  
 Yet, while he owns her soft control,  
 And bends in silken slavery;  
 Her cheering voice can wake his soul  
 To deeds of matchless bravery.

#### HERE AROUND THE BRISK HEARTH.

Air—"Ere around the huge Oak."—(J. Bruton.)  
 HERE around the brisk hearth, where the huge  
 faggot's placed,  
 Jolly hearts sit, contented and free;  
 Secure from the wind that howls over the waste,  
 And the snow that fast falls on the lea.  
 The poor red-breast, forlorn, when cold winter  
 comes,  
 At the threshold for succour he pleads;  
 And we from our portion, though scant, spare the  
 crumbs,  
 On which he most gratefully feeds.  
 Thus may the rich pity's boon e'er bestow,  
 To lend the poor peasant a lift,  
 Whose heart, like poor robin's, will gratefully  
 glow,  
 And tell his high sense of the gift.

#### SOON THE KIRK WE'LL GAIN.

Air—"There's nae Euck about the House."  
 (Bryant.)

JENNY loved her Sandy well,  
 And he loved Jenny, too;  
 He'd go at night his tale to tell,  
 And swore he loved her true:  
 Says he, I'll buy a ribbon fine,  
 Red, yellow, brown, or blue,  
 And when my dearest Jenny's mine,  
 She'll beauteous look to view.  
 Then come awa, my dearest lass,  
 Was still the lover's strain;  
 Then come awa, my dearest lass,  
 And soon the kirk we'll gain.

Jenny blushed, and so did he,  
 And then he kissed her cheek;  
 Says she, "what can the matter be,  
 I've scarcely breath to speak?"  
 He took her by her lily hand,  
 And to the maid did say,  
 "It is not right that thus we stand,  
 So I'll wed you to-day."

Then come awa, &c.

Now when they got to kirk, 'tis said,  
 The village all was there,  
 To see this lovely couple wed,  
 He brave, and she so fair;  
 And, as they danced upon the green,  
 They trifled time away,  
 And lasses lovely there were seen,  
 Whose sweethearts thus did say,  
 Oh, come awa, &c.

Thus Sandy and his Jenny, too,  
 Are blest from morn till night;  
 And all good folks go there to view,  
 This couple with delight:  
 And every Sunday, in the morn,  
 The couples you may see,  
 The altar at the kirk adorn,  
 And speak thus merrily.  
 Oh, come awa, &c.

#### HARMONIA'S SONS, YOUR HEARTS AND VOICES RAISE.

SWEET music's aid we haply share,  
 To charm the ills of wayward life,  
 To smooth the ruffled brow of care,  
 And cheer when all within is strife;  
 Harmonia's sons, your hearts and voices raise,  
 And join your powers in sacred music's praise.

The call, melodious, we obey,  
And fain would sing its power divine;  
Hark! 'tis Apollo joins the lay,  
Responsive shout the sacred Nine.  
Harmonia's sons, &c.

'Tis thou can madd'ning rage disarm,  
And free the mind from base alloys;  
And, when distressing fears alarm,  
'Wake in the soul celestial joys!  
Harmonia's sons, &c.

Orpheus famed, as poets tell,  
(So wond'rous were the magic strains;)  
Whose pow'rs, transportive, fled through hell,  
And soothed awhile its endless pains.  
Harmonia's sons, &c.

While earth and hell its charms admire,  
(All praise to music does belong,)  
Angels, seraphic, strike the lyre!  
And join the universal song.  
Harmonia's sons, &c.

May jarring discord ever cease,  
And all our lives harmonious prove,  
Till in the happier realms of peace,  
We taste what angels do above.  
Harmonia's sons, &c.

////////

### I'LL SHOW YOU HOW MUCH I IMPROVE.

(Cobb.)

If you teach me, dear sir, the art of deceiving,  
I'm sure you will not take it ill  
That whilst, with attention, your lessons receiv-  
ing,  
On yourself I should practise my skill;  
And when of your own wit the dupe I have made  
you,  
All doubts of your art 'twill remove,  
For you can't but esteem it a compliment paid  
you,  
To show you how much I improve.

So doting parents oft have smiled  
At mischief from a fav'rite child,  
And viewed, with fond exulting joy,  
The growing genius of the boy,  
Who gives poor Hodge's awkward bow,  
And shows you how he goes to plough;  
Hits off the vicar's vacant stare,  
Wry faces makes behind his chair;  
And, while he mocks the parson's quaffing,  
The good folks almost die of laughing.

Soon, panting for satiric fame,  
Our little master seeks new game;  
And, tired of laughing at the guest,  
On host and hostess breaks his jest;  
His father's gouty steps takes off,  
His purblind eyes, and winter's cough;  
Nor can mamma's pert smiling leer  
Escape the wicked urchin's sneer;  
And giggling servants, raptured, sit,  
Well pleased to see the little wit  
Thus ape the simpers of mamma,  
And cough and hobble like papa.

////////

### I'LL HAVE HIS DAUGHTER, THAT I KNOW.

(O'Keefe.)

MASTER is a parish Hector,  
Overseer, tax-collector;  
To increase his private store,  
Cheats the king and robs the poor;

Executor of old folks' wills,  
With orphans' right his bags he fills;  
And I'll have all, or if not so,  
Ah, ha! oh, oh!  
I'll have his daughter, that I know:  
Happy dog, o'er sea and bog,  
Smuggle mog-jog, dog, jig it happy;  
Mogg, kiss a paw to pappy.

Master is a very wise man,  
Bailiff, smuggler, and exciseman;  
Cudgel to a poor man's back,  
To the rich a supple Jack;  
Puts cash and beggars in the stocks,  
And he's at home when Old Nick knocks.  
But I'll have all, &c.

In a ship we skim like swallows  
In his wherry master follows,  
At the oar he'll toil and tug,  
Whilst we sit in cabin snug;  
As he swears out, oh, how we laugh,  
And kiss and toy, and toddy quaff.  
For I'll have all, &c.

////////

### YANKO AND ORRA.

(Dibdin.)

YANKO he tell, and he no lie,  
We near one pretty brook,  
Him flossing hair, him lovely yie  
Sweetly on Orra look:  
Him see big world, fine warrior-men,  
Grand cruel king love blood;  
Great king! but Yanko say, what den,  
If he no honest good?  
Virtue in foe be virtue still,  
Fine stone be found in mine,  
The sun one dale, as well one hill,  
Make warm where'er him shine.

You broder him, him broder you,  
So all de world should call,  
For Nature say, and she say true,  
That men be broder all.  
If cruel man, like tiger grim,  
Come, bold, in thirst of blood,  
Poor man! be noble, pity him,  
That he no honest good.  
Virtue in foe, &c.

////////

### TO CHASE O'ER THE PLAINS THE FOX OR THE HARE.

To chase o'er the plains the fox or the hare,  
Such pleasure no sport can e'er bring;  
It banishes sorrow and drives away care,  
And makes us more blest than a king;  
Whenever we hear the sound of the horn,  
Our hearts are transported with joy,  
We rise, and embrace, with the earliest dawn,  
A pastime that never can cloy.

O'er furrows and hills our game we pursue,  
No danger our breasts can invade,  
The hounds, in full cry, our joy will renew,  
An increase of pleasure's displayed.  
This freedom our conscience never alarms,  
We live free from envy and strife;  
If blest with a spouse, return to her arms,  
Sport sweetens the conjugal life.

The courtier, who toils o'er matters of state,  
Can ne'er such a happiness know,  
The grandeur and pomp enjoyed by the great  
Does ne'er such a comfort bestow;

Our days pass away in a scene of delight,  
 Our pleasure's ne'er taken amiss,  
 We hunt all the day and revel all night;  
 What joy can be greater than this?

\*\*\*\*\*

### NOW WE'RE FREE FROM COLLEGE RULES.

Now we're free from college rules,  
 And systems out of season;  
 From lumber of the lying schools,  
 And syllogistic reason:  
 We never more will have defined  
 If matter thinks, or thinks not;  
 All the matter we shall mind—  
 Is he who drinks, or drinks not.

Metaphysically to trace  
 The mind or soul abstracted;  
 To prove infinity of space,  
 By cause and cause effected;  
 Better souls we can't become  
 By immaterial thinking;  
 And, as for space, we want no room—  
 But room enough to drink in.

Plenum, vacuum, minus, plus,  
 Are learned words, and rare, too;  
 Those terms our tutors may discuss,  
 And those who please may hear, too:  
 We plenum in our glasses show,  
 With plus and plus behind, sir;  
 And, when our cash runs (minus) low,  
 A vacuum there we find, sir.

Newton talked of lights and shades,  
 And different colours knew, sir;  
 But let not that disturb your heads,  
 We need but study two, sir:  
 Both red and white our glasses boast,  
 Reflection and refraction;  
 And, after him, we'll take our toast—  
 The centre of attraction.

Upon this thesis we'll declaim,  
 With stratum super stratum,  
 There's magic in the mighty name,  
 'Tis nature's postulatum:  
 Wine, in Nature, 's next to love,  
 Then wisely let us blend 'em,  
 And metaphysically prove—  
 Nunc tempus est bibendum.

\*\*\*\*\*

### THOU WAST FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

(Dr. Percy.)

O, NANNIE, wilt thou gang wi' me,  
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town;  
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,  
 The lowly cot and russet gown?  
 Nae langer drest in silken sheen,  
 Nae langer decked wi' jewels rare,  
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

O, Nannie, when thou 'rt far awa,  
 Wilt thou not cast a look behind?  
 Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,  
 Nor shrink before the warping wind?  
 O can that saft and gentlest mien  
 Severest hardships learn to bear,  
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

O, Nannie, canst thou love so true,  
 Through perils keen wi' me to gae?  
 Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,  
 To share wi' him the pang of wae?

And, when invading pains befall,  
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care?  
 Nor, wishful, those gay scenes recall,  
 Where thou wast 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 cheer with smiles the bed of death?  
 And wilt thou o'er his much-loved clay  
 Strew flowers, and drop the briny tear?  
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,  
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

\*\*\*\*\*

### MRS. MUNNS AND I.

Air—"Tipitywicket."

I'ZE heard its been the talk here,  
 Last few weeks gone by,  
 How lately came from Yorkshire  
 Mrs. Munns and I.  
 To take a shop, we here did stop,  
 Our fortunes for to try,  
 And seek for fame, no one can blame  
 Dear Mrs. Munns and I.

Of Yorkshire folk, I hear,  
 Most other folk fight shy;  
 But no one need to fear  
 Poor Mrs. Munns and I.  
 To please you all, both great and small,  
 It be our wish to try;  
 And so we pray, keep not away  
 From Mrs. Munns and I.

'Tis said we Yorkshire folk  
 Resemble much a fly,  
 If so, you mean to talk  
 Of Mrs. Munns and I.  
 Why, 'tis our wish, in ev'ry dish,  
 To take a taste, and try;  
 For have our fill of your goodwill  
 Would Mrs. Munns and I.

Another thing I know,  
 Folk call us "bite 'em sly,"  
 But, prithee, say not so  
 Of Mrs. Munns and I.  
 Since 'tis our fate to throw the bait,  
 For your applause to try;  
 And, if you bite, 'twill quite delight  
 Both Mrs. Munns and I.

\*\*\*\*\*

### BEN BLOCK AND MARY.

(Dibdin.)

THE decks were cleared, the gallant band  
 Of British tars, each other cheering;  
 Each kindly shook his messmate's hand,  
 With hearts resolved, no danger fearing.  
 Ben Block turned pale, yet 'twas not fear,  
 Ben thought he had beheld some fairy;  
 When on the deck he saw appear,  
 In seaman's dress, his faithful Mary.

Her cheeks assumed a crimson glow,  
 Yet such for love her noble daring,  
 No prayers could keep her down below,  
 With Ben she'd stay, each danger sharing;  
 When cruel fate ordained it so,  
 Ere Ben had time to say, "how fare ye?"  
 An envious ball conveyed the blow,  
 That closed in death the eyes of Mary.

Ben's arms received the falling fair,  
 Grief, rage, and love, his bosom tearing;  
 His eyes reflected wild despair,  
 No more for life or safety caring;

Close came the foe, Ben madly cried,  
 "Ye adverse powers come on, I dare ye;"  
 Then springing from the vessel's side,  
 Rushed on the foe, and died for Mary.

\*\*\*\*\*

### TEDDY'S SPRIG OF SHELLELAGH.

I'M a comical fellow, I tell you no fib,  
 And I come from the bogs of Killaley;  
 You may see I'm the thing, by the cut of my jib,  
 And they christened me Teddy O'Reilly;  
 I asked dad for a fortune, he answered so smart,  
 He'd got none for himself, so none could he part.

SPOKEN.] And so, d'ye see, I began the world  
 With an Irish estate—that's a true honest heart,  
 And a snug little sprig of shellelagh.

Dad's blessing along with me, off then I goes;  
 Success to the bogs of Killaley;  
 And *Erin go bragh* was the motto I chose,  
 Like a sound-hearted Teddy O'Reilly;  
 For if she did not flourish, what good could I do?  
 Och! and then for her friends I've a heart warm  
 and true:

SPOKEN.] And, as for her enemies, och! to be  
 sure now, and I wouldn't give them a hand!

Och! yes, but I would, and along with it, too,  
 A nate little sprig of shellelagh.

Then I came to this town, where the world's all  
 alive;

Success to the bogs of Killaley!  
 And soon I learnt how many beans go to five;  
 What a wonderful Teddy O'Reilly!  
 My pockets were empty, my heart full of glee:  
 Och! that was meat, drink, washing, lodging to  
 me.

SPOKEN.] And then the young vargins! och!  
 to be sure, and I didn't make a few conquestesses;  
 and the laurels, my dear jewels, the laurels;  
 arrah! and is it the laurels you're after meaning  
 now?

Och! the laurel that bangs all creation for me,  
 Is a tight little sprig of shellelagh.

\*\*\*\*\*

### THE SMILE OF WOMAN.

Air—"My Friend and Pitcher."—(Lawler.)

WHEN pale misfortune rules the hour;  
 When kind relief we meet from no man;  
 Ah! what fell sorrows rankling power,  
 Can soften like the smile of woman?  
 Or, change the scene, let joy serene,  
 Dispense the choicest bliss that's human,  
 We find it all had tasteless been,  
 Without the smile of lovely woman.

But, oft the dearest bliss we prize,  
 Is still the foremost to undo man;  
 The snake concealed in verdure lies,  
 So ruin's in the smile of woman:  
 The wily snare, so sweet, so fair,  
 May boast the softest power that's human;  
 But, of the mischief well beware!  
 That lurks beneath the smile of woman.

\*\*\*\*\*

### THE BLADDER OF WHISKY.

A PARODY.

Air—"Young May Moon."—(Bryant.)

THE cats on the tiles are squalling, love,  
 And the watchmen past twelve are bawling, love;

So step down this ladder,  
 For I've, in a bladder,  
 Some whisky, that "drink me" is calling, love.  
 I've had nothing to-day but porter, love,  
 With some glasses of gin and water, love;  
 So if you come down,  
 I'll lay you a crown  
 That this bladder we quickly will slaughter, love.  
 I've some onions, and bread, and cheese, my love,  
 And some Scotch snuff to make you sneeze, my  
 love;

So since I'm so pressing,  
 Pray don't wait for dressing,  
 But come down as quick as you please, my love.  
 They may talk of imperial measure, dear,  
 But, if you'll taste true midnight pleasure, dear,  
 We'll drink under this lamp,  
 Then away we will tramp  
 To some night house and drink at our leisure,  
 dear.

\*\*\*\*\*

### THE LAST KISS.

Air—"Far over Land, far over Wave."

(Jesse Hammond.)

LOVE me, did my Laura say,  
 When weeping 'neath the willow?  
 Yes, I will love, when far away  
 My bark rides o'er the billow;  
 I'll think on thee,  
 When far at sea,  
 From England's rocky shore I sever,  
 And thy last kiss,  
 So fraught with bliss,  
 Shall make me love thee more than e'er.

I'll love thee, Laura, night and day,  
 Awake, or when thou sleepest;  
 When smiles amid thy dimples play,  
 Or when, in wo, thou weapest.  
 I'll think on thee, &c.

I'll love thee, Laura, young and gay,  
 And full in beauty's blossom;  
 I'll love thee when those charms decay,  
 And age shall chill thy bosom.  
 I'll think on thee, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

### MY FATHER DID SO BEFORE ME.

(Hook.)

WHEN I was a chicken I went to school;  
 My master would call me an obstinate fool,  
 For I ruled the roast, and I roasted all rule,  
 And he wondered how ever he bore me.  
 His tables I blotted, his windows I broke,  
 I fired his wig, and I laughed at the smoke,  
 And always replied, if he rowed at the joke,  
 Why—my father did so before me.

I met a young girl, and I prayed to the miss;  
 I fell on my knee, and I asked for a kiss;  
 She twice said no, but she once said yes,  
 And in marriage declared she'd restore me.  
 We loved, and we quarrelled; like April our  
 strife;

I guzzled my stoop, and I buried my wife;  
 But the thing that consoled me at this time of  
 life,  
 Was—my father did so before me.

Then, now I'm resolved at all sorrows to blink;  
 Since winking's the tippy, I'll tip 'em the wink,  
 I'll never get drunk, when I cannot get drink,  
 Nor ever let misery bore me;

I sneer at the Fates, and I laugh at their spite,  
I sit down contented, to sit up all night,  
And, when my time comes, from the world take  
my flight.

For—my father did so before me.

THE SLIGHTED HEART.

(J. W. Evans.)

WHEN early affection my bosom first cherished,  
My spirit adored thee, and bowed at thy  
shrine;  
But love, like the mist of the morning, has pe-  
rished,  
'Twas the first—'tis the last, that will ever be  
mine.

False in heart, I have waked from the dream that  
deceived me,  
I have burst from the chains that enshackled my  
soul;  
But, though thy deceit of fond hopes has bereaved  
me,  
Wild wishes will rise, that no power can con-  
trol.

Though the spell is dissolved, yet the heart thou  
hast slighted,—  
Still festering and rankling,—shall never again  
On earth taste repose; it is withered and blighted,  
The shaft may be drawn, but the wound will re-  
main.

I COURTED A MAID ONE SATURDAY  
NIGHT.

(Ball.)

I COURTED a maid one Saturday night,  
I made her a wife on the Sunday,  
I thought her a saint in her bridal-dress white,  
Till she broke my poor head on the Monday;  
I ran to the farrier to heal up the wound,  
Who kept me so long with his pother,  
That, when I came back, my house robbed I found,  
And my deary gone off with another.

So, so,  
I e'en let her go,  
Sure wedlock's a terrible joke;  
For a man and his wife,  
Who live always at strife,  
Live worse than two cats in a poke, a  
poke,  
Live worse than two cats in a poke.

Seven years after, I married once more,  
But, as I'd an aversion to clatter,  
I took me a wife deaf as nail in a door,  
And dumb as an oyster in batter;  
But once more, to my cost, I found myself wrong,  
If her tongue it was short, her nails they were  
long;

She died,  
How I cried  
O'er an onion to better the joke;  
For a man and his wife, &c.

SLUMBER, MY LOVE, TILL THE MORNING  
IS NIGH.

(Soane.)

ON the pale day the shadows are creeping,  
Silent and sad the twilight is weeping,  
Slumber, my love, till the morning is nigh;  
In the moon's light the flow'rets are sleeping,  
Slumber, my love, till the morning is nigh.

Shadows that form from sick fancy borrow,  
Cloud not thy sleep with visions of sorrow,  
Slumber, my love, till the morning is nigh;  
Blest be thy night, more blessed thy morrow,  
Sleep till the stars in the warm daylight die.

HENCE ALL YE VAIN DELIGHTS.

(Beaumont and Fletcher, 1611.)

HENCE all ye vain delights,  
As short as are the nights  
Wherein you spend your folly!  
There's nought in this life sweet,  
If man were wise to see't,  
But only melancholy,  
Oh! sweetest melancholy.

Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes,  
A sigh that, piercing, mortifies;  
A look that's fastened on the ground;  
A tongue chained up—without a sound.

Fountain heads and pathless groves,  
Places which pale passion loves;  
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls  
Are safely housed,—save bats and owls.

A midnight bell, a parting groan!  
These are the sounds we feed upon!  
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,  
Nothing so dainty, sweet, as melancholy.

THE UNION SOCIETY.

Air—"The Country Club."—(E. Mackey.)

OH! ours is a society,  
For humour and variety,  
As any you'd wish to know;  
Such a set of rare men  
You will never meet again  
If to fifty clubs you go.  
English, Irish, Welsh, and Scotch,  
Altogether meet hotch-potch,  
At our club, sir, the Union by name.  
So, gentles, with your leave,  
I'll endeavour just to give  
A description of the same.

[SPOKEN.] Now, then, to proceed to business,  
we'll suppose the company assembled, and all the  
names called over. Arrah! my honies, says  
Teddy O'Rafferty, the chairman, are you all here  
now; them that are missing and all? Ha! ha!  
ha! why, shiver my timbers, cried old Jack Junk,  
if we a'n't got a *bull-calf* in the chair to night.  
Arrah! be after being aesy wid you now, or I'll  
fine you, said the chairman. You fine, and be  
d—d to you, cried Jack; do you think I'm  
going to be *cowed* by a—? but avast, heaving,  
not so fast, Jack; we hove in sight of each other  
to night to enjoy ourselves, and Jack loves sport  
too well to keep it under hatches; so a truce, mess-  
mates, heave out your grappling hooks, and I'll  
lower my topsails. Weel, weel, said Donald  
M'Innes, we a' met here for muckle harmony;  
the best thing ye can do, Maister Chairman, will  
be to ca'on some one for a sang. Arrah! my  
sweet, and wo'n't I be after calling on Mr. Junk?  
and then, I dare say, he will have no objection to  
give us a song at all, at all, whether he can or  
not. I say, lay to, messmates, if so be as how it's  
my watch upon deck first, why here goes, my  
hearties, so have at you, my brave boys, Jack  
Junk never finches.

What argufies jawing, and all that there bother  
'Mongst friends all our quarrels are vain,

And while all mankind can look on one another,  
 May the British flag fly at the main.  
 For my king and my country with honour I'll  
 fight,  
 If I fall 'tis the chance of the war;  
 Good humour, grog, women, and *bacca* delight  
 The heart of a true British tar.

SPOKEN.] Bravo! bravo! och! by the powers,  
 cried the chairman; sure now, and that isn't  
 enough to warm the heart of any Briton, whether  
 he was born in England, Ireland, France, or any  
 where else; or whether he wasn't born at all, at  
 all: but what shall we be after saying, Mr. Junk?  
 Avast, shipmate, avast heaving there, will you?  
 and only call me Jack Junk, or else plain Jack;  
 but don't mister me, 'cause that lingo don't suit.  
 Howsomdever, here goes for a toast:—Here's  
 may he who shears off from a signal of distress  
 sail into the mouth of an enemy. Bravo! bravo!  
 Now, I say, messmate Donald, it's your watch;  
 so starboard watch a-hoy,—hear the news there.  
 Oh! weel laddies, an' it's my turn, I'll e'en en-  
 deavour to do my best. Cot splutter hur nails! said  
 Taffy, and if hur does hur pest, nobody can plame  
 hur, so rosin hur pow, and pegin.

My ain gude friends assembled here,  
 Around the social glasses, O!  
 The right course may ye always steer,  
 Through life's intricate passes, O!  
 An' may ye oft assemble here,  
 Where mirth and humour a' unite;  
 May never brawls disturb our cheer,  
 Whilst we support a Briton's right.

SPOKEN.] Hurra! bravo! och! by my soul, my  
 honey, now but that was an illustrious song; and  
 now, my darling, what shall we be after saying,  
 by way of a toast? Why, my good friends, I was  
 just going o say,—

Here's the Union Society,  
 May it never cause satiety  
 In its progress on the road to fame.

Tom Tough sang "Hearts of Oak;"  
 M'Dermot, "Teddy Rourke;"  
 A doctor drawled, "Death and the Lady;"  
 Ap Williams, "Winnie dear,  
 Hur has lost hur heart hur fear."  
 Next O'Flannighan roared, "Widow Brady;"  
 Then brave Sandy M'Culloch,  
 "Roy's wife of Aldivalloch;"  
 And others too num'rous to name.  
 So I'll give her Taffy's song,  
 And the chairman's, neither long,  
 If you'll listen to the same.

SPOKEN.] Oh! now, devil burn me, if I mustn't  
 be after calling upon somebody for a song, so I  
 shall fix upon Mr. Taffy ap Morgan ap Shenkin  
 ap Wilkins ap Jones. Oh! hur as cotched a cold,  
 put hur will try to do what hur can. Shiver my  
 topsails, don't stand palavering about it,—let's  
 have it at once.

Hur tearly loves hur native Wales;  
 Hur loves hur hut where hur was born;  
 Hur tearly loves hur hills and vales,  
 O'er which hur rampled night and morn:  
 Hur loves to meet good friends like these,  
 Who, like true prethren, all combine;  
 May all our days be past in peace  
 And unity at friendship's shrine.

SPOKEN.] Bravo! bravo! och! by the powers  
 of Moll Kelly's great big kettle, but we must be  
 after having a toast now, so be after giving us a  
 daccnt one, Mr. Taffy. Well, with all hur heart;  
 here's may a true Briton never forget hur native  
 home. Bravo! bravo! Is the toast gone round

the table? All! all! all! Well, now then, I'll  
 be after giving you a nate bit of a ditty, and then  
 we'll divide ourselves by joining our wives and  
 families.

Oh! friendship's the thing for a nate Irishman;  
 He'll stick to his duty as fast as he can,  
 With his sprig of shellelagh and shamrock so  
 green.

He'll fight for his friends, and he'll fight them the  
 while,

Now a frown on his face, the next minute a smile;  
 But here is success to our true Union Club,  
 And all foreign enemies constant we'll drub,  
 With a sprig of shellelagh and shamrock so green.

SPOKEN.] Hurra! and shiver my timbers, but  
 that 'ere's what I call a true bill; but come,  
 launch your toast, my hearty, and we'll splice the  
 main-brace; and, a'ter all that 'ere, why, d—e,  
 we'll crowd all sail, about ship, and start with a  
 fair breeze for different ports. Well, gentlemen,  
 then I'll be after giving you the toast, and we'll  
 toss off full bumpers to it. Here's all the absent  
 members present, and may they be here at the  
 next meeting, whether they're able to come or not.  
 Well, that ere's what I call a bit of a bull, how-  
 somdever. Never mind, here's your toast, old  
 one; and, if you think as how I haven't done jus-  
 tice to it, why, d—e, we'll have another.

Huzza! here's success to Old England, my lads;  
 And here's to the wearers of kilts and of plaids:  
 Arrah! lads, and I'll give you old Ireland for  
 ever;  
 And hur gives dear Wales, and the Union so  
 clever.

SPOKEN.] Now, then, by way of parting,—  
 Here's the Union Society, &c.

## SWEETEST ZEPHYR, SOFTLY BREATHING.

(T. W. Kelly.)

SWEETEST Zephyr, softly breathing  
 Through the dell and through the shade,  
 Where a garland I am wreathing  
 For my lovely little maid.

Tell me, when you next are greeting  
 Scenes o'er which so oft you've strayed,—  
 Tell me, in our next sweet meeting,  
 How I loved that little maid.

Tell me what impassioned feeling  
 Did my love-fraught soul pervade  
 When my ardent flame revealing  
 To my charming little maid.

## PATRICK O'TOOLE.

IN Sligo's neat town, one fine summer's day,  
 About six in the morn, all the people did say,  
 My father and mother were made into one;  
 Old Father O'Toole, with his mass-book and beads,  
 A pipe in his cheeks, sure the sarvice he reads,  
 Then stops in the middle and pops out a ring,  
 It fit to a hair, and was thought just the thing  
 By Larry O'Queer'em and Miss Biddy Flinn.

We all ran away to a neat whisky-shop,  
 And I followed after and took a big drop,  
 That bothered the head of my father's own son;  
 I looked all about, but my eyes were shut up,  
 My mother I saw, sure she'd got a big sup;  
 My father was drunk all alone by her side,  
 And Parson O'Toole was kissing the bride,  
 While she thought, sure, it was Larry O'Queer-  
 'em.

Now, when I was born, sure, it was a mistake,  
But they hushed it up, for their family's sake,  
And O'Toole's lawful son was my father's own  
boy.

I grew up a man, when they learned me this song,  
In trying to sing it I hope I'm not wrong:  
At wedding they say you may take your own ease,  
I'll sing it again just whenever you please,  
Oh, with pleasure, I'm sure, to the son of  
O'Toole.

//////////

### ARIADNE AND THESEUS.

ARIADNE, one morning, to Theseus was turning,  
When, mixing her man, to the beach down she  
flew,

Her cries unavailing; she saw, far off, sailing,  
His ship, 'fore the wind, less'ning swift to her  
view.

She tore her fine hair, beat her breasts in despair,  
Spread her arms to the skies, and sank down in  
a swoon,

When Bacchus, 'midst æther, begged leave of his  
father

To comfort the lady: Jove granted the boon.

Then, gently descending, her sorrows befriending,  
His thyrsus he struck 'gainst the big-bellied  
earth,

When o'er the smooth gravel, in murmuring travel,  
A spring of champagne at her head bubbled  
forth.

She waked with the scent, gave her sorrows fresh  
vent,

Yet to drink she determined, exhausted by  
tears;

She tastes the champagne—licks her lips—tastes  
again,

And feels herself suddenly freed from her fears.

As still she kept sipping, her heart lightly leaping,  
She looked upon 'Thes as a pitiful elf,

Wine turned her to singing, in hopes it would  
bring in

A lover—'twas lonely to drink by herself.

The god, her adorer confessed, stood before her,  
She hailed the celestial, she welcomed the  
guest;

Champagne stopped resistance, she kept not her  
distance,

But jollily clasped the young buck to her breast.

Each girl, given over, betrayed by her lover,  
To hartshorn, or salts, or salt water may fly;

But we've an elixir will properly fix her,

If properly she'll the prescription apply.

The recipe's wholesome, 'tis beauty's best balsam,  
For which we refuse, though, to pocket a fee,

As gratis we give it, girls grateful receive it—

So here's to the practice of love's *beaume de vie*.

//////////

### JEAN ANDERSON.

All—"John Anderson, my jo."—(J. Mackey.)

JEAN ANDERSON, my dear Jean,

When first in youth we met,

Thy cheeks were like the rose, Jean,

Thy eyes like sparkling jet;

But now thy eyes are dim, Jean,

And sallow is thy cheek,

And soon thou wilt be laid, Jean,

Where winter's wind blows bleak.

Jean Anderson, my dear Jean,

We've aft thegither played,

And mony a time, my Jean,

We o'er the moors have strayed;

But now we're getting auld, Jean,  
Those pleasures from us fly,  
Yet, smiling, we can look, Jean,  
To days lang since gone by.

Jean Anderson, my dear Jean,

Thou hast a guid wife been,

And mony's the year, my Jean,

We have thegither seen;

But now we soon must part, Jean,

Our limbs are getting weak,

And soon we shall be laid, Jean,

Where winter's wind blows bleak.

//////////

### HONEST BOB OF THE MILL.

(Sir H. B. Dudley.)

MY heart is as honest and brave as the best,  
My body's as sound as a roach,  
Though in gay fangled garments I never was drest,  
Nor stuck up my nob in a coach:  
If Fortune refuses to flow with my stream,  
My sacks with her riches to fill,  
Why, surely, 'tis Fortune alone that's to blame,  
And not honest Bob of the Mill.

My breast is as artless and as blithe as my lay,  
From my cottage Content never flies,  
She is sure to reward the fatigue of the day,  
And I know how to value the prize:  
Would the girl that I love, then, but give me her  
hand,

The world it may wag as it will;  
I defy the first squire or lord of the land  
To dishonour plain Bob of the Mill.

//////////

### OH! LISTEN, LISTEN, LADIES, GAY

(Sir Walter Scott.)

OH! listen, listen, ladies, gay,  
No haughty feats of arms I tell;  
Soft is the note, and sad's the lay,  
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew,  
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay;  
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,  
Nor tempt the stormy Firth to-day.

The blacking wave is edged with white,  
To niche and rock the sea-mews fly;  
The fishers have heard the water-sprite,  
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

Last night, the gifted seer did view  
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;  
Then stay thee, fair, at Ravensheuch,  
Why cross the gloomy Firth to-day?

'Tis not because Lord Lindsay's heir  
To-night, at Rosslyn, heads the ball,  
But that my ladye-mother there  
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

'Tis not because the ring they ride,  
And Lindsay at the ring rides well,  
But that my sire the wine will chide,  
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle.

O'er Rosslyn, ali that dreary night,  
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam,  
'Twas broader than the watch-fire light,  
And redder than the bright moon-beam.

It glared on Rosslyn's castled rock,  
It rudded all the copse-wood glen,  
'Twas seen from Dreyden's groves of oak,  
And seen from caverned hawthorn den

Secmed all on fire that chapel proud,  
Where Rosslyn's chiefs uncoffined lie,  
Each baron, for a sable shroud,  
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Secmed all on fire within, around,  
Deep sacristy and altar pale;  
Shone every pillar, foliage bound,  
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,  
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair;  
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh,  
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Rosslyn's barons bold  
Lie buried beneath that proud chapelle,  
Each one the holy vault doth hold,  
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.

And each St. Clair was buried there,  
With candle, with book, and with knell;  
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung  
The dirge of the lovely Rosabelle.

REVENGE IS ALL!

(Margravine of Anspach.)

THE shipwrecked sailor, cast from off the strand,  
Labours for life, and thinks it almost gone:  
More welcome to his sight appears the land,  
More cheering than the brightest morning sun.  
But, oh! to me, who can no lower fall,  
Revenge is sweeter far—Revenge is all!  
Revenge! Revenge!  
Revenge is all!

The love-sick stripling, treated with disdain,  
Who bends beneath the weight of beauty's  
scorn,  
Sees, in a smile, the end of all his pain,  
His love on Hope's gay pinions lightly borne.  
Hope is not mine, who can no lower fall;  
Revenge is all I ask—Revenge is all.  
Revenge! Revenge!  
Revenge is all!

BY GOLES, I NEVER WILL MARRY.

(Cross.)

AS gay as a lark, and as blythe as a bee,  
Handsome, generous, sprightly, and young;  
Cheeks glowing with pleasure, eyes sparkling with  
glee,  
And a voice like the nightingale's song;  
As fond as a sparrow, as true as a dove,  
Must be the sweet swain whose vows I'll ne'er  
parry:  
Convinced of his constancy, give loye for love;  
But, by goles, till I am—why, I never will  
marry.

He ne'er with neglect his fond lass should up-  
braid,  
If, by chance, for a time we should part;  
Though distant, his features would run in my  
head,  
And his form ever reign in my heart.  
Kind fancy, in dreams, should his absence supply,  
And, believe me, I mean not much longer to  
tarry;  
For, joking apart, I've a lad in my eye,  
Ay, by Jove, if I ha'n't—why, I never will  
marry.

O'er the lawn, t'other day, as I joyously sped,  
Young Jemmy trick'd out not amiss,  
To o'ertake me, as light as a fawn was his tread,  
Seized my hand, and entreated a kiss:

I frowned—he persisted—and breathed love so  
sweet,  
That, somehow, I promised, a little unwary,  
To church both would trip it, the next time we  
meet,  
Ay, by goles, if we don't—why, I never will  
marry.

O'ER THE BOWL IT LIVES AGAIN.

A GLEE AND CHORUS.

WHEN ev'ning's rays no more appear,  
And hunters further sport decline;  
When ploughmen from their fields repair,  
And mournful night-birds rend the air;  
Still, at home, the chase shall reign,  
O'er the bowl it lives again.

When loud the chilling tempest blows,  
And winter makes all Nature pine;  
When lowing herds, and rooks, and crows,  
Do droop and moan at frosts and snows;  
Still, at home, the chase shall reign, &c.

HAVE YOU NOT SEEN THE TIMID TEAR?

(Moore.)

HAVE you not seen the timid tear  
Steal trembling from mine eye?  
Have you not marked the flush of fear,  
Or caught the murmuring sigh?  
And can you think my love is chill,  
Nor fixed on you alone?  
And can you rend, by doubting still,  
A heart so much your own?

To you my soul's affections move,  
Devoutly, warmly true;  
My life has been a task of love,  
One long, long thought of you.  
If all your tender faith is o'er,  
If still my truth you'll try;  
Alas! I know but one proof more,—  
I'll bless your name, and die.

THE PECK O'PUNCH.

A CUMBERLAND BALLAD.

'Twas Rob and Jock, and Hal and Jack,  
And Tom and Ned for by,  
Wi' Archy drank a peck o' punch,  
Ae neet when they were dry;  
And aye, they jwoked, and laughed, and smaiked,  
And sang wi' heartfelt glee,  
To-night we're yen, to-morrow geane,  
Syne let us merry be.

Saint Mary's muckle clock hummed eight,  
When each popped in his head,  
But ere they rose, they fairly drank,  
The sheam-feaced muin to bed;  
And, ay, they jwoked, &c.

To mony a bonny basel lass,  
The fairest o' the town;  
And mony a manly British chiel,  
The noggin glass went roun'.  
And, ay, they jwoked, &c.

A neybor's fau'ts they ne'er turned owre,  
Nor yence concealed their ain;  
Had Care keeked in wi' wae-worn feace,  
They'd kick him out again.  
For, ay, they jwoked, &c.

The daily toil, the hunter's spoil,  
The faithless foreign powers ;  
Each monarch's fate, and o'ergrown state,  
By turns beguiled the hours.  
And, ay, they jwoked, &c.

Let others cringe, and bow the head,  
A purse-proud sumph to please ;  
Fate grant to me, ay, liberty,  
To mix wi' souls like these.  
Then oft we'll jowk, &c.

CONTENT AND A COT.

(Harrison.)

I HAVE looked into life, and with truth I can say,  
I find highest bliss lies in lowliest lot ;  
From my breast drive the demon of pride far  
away,  
And give me, kind heaven ! content and a cot.  
If fixed on a plain, or a hillock's green side,  
In a valley, a wood, or a dale, matters not,  
From oppression, and falsehood, O let me but  
hide,  
And give me, kind heaven ! content and a cot.  
May I ne'er expect clothing, or food, without  
toil,  
Or covet the wealth that's dishonestly got ;  
Though man be ungrateful, not so is the soil,  
And give me, kind heaven ! content and a cot.  
In the sweat of my brow, make me till my scant  
ground,  
To raise fruits and herbs, for the dish or the  
pot,  
While my innocent babes, with my lambs, frolick  
round,  
And give us, kind heaven ! content n our cot.  
With the wife of my youth, till ol age, let me  
live,  
And soothe each sad pang, tha' the sex's hard  
lot ;  
The errors of each, teach us eac . to forgive,  
And grant us, kind heaven ! content in our  
cot.  
Thus, as life wears away, let us live free from  
blame,  
Our love never cool, nor our anger e'er hot,  
May our girls and our boys prove precisely the  
same,  
Then, grant them, kind heaven ! content and a  
cot.

YOUR MASTER HAS KILLED A CROW.

(G. Colman.)

THOUGH lovers, like marksmen, all aim at the  
heart,  
Some hit wide of the mark, as we wenches all  
know ;  
But of all the bad sport, he's the worst in the art,  
Who shoots at a pigeon, and kills a crow .  
O, ho !  
Your master has killed a crow.  
When youngsters go out the first time in their  
lives,  
At random they shoot, and let fly as they go ;  
So our master, unskilled how to level at wives,  
Has shot at a pigeon, and killed a crow.  
O, ho ! &c.

Love and money thus wasted in terrible trim,  
His powder is spent, and his shot running  
low ;

Yet the pigeon he missed, I've a notion with  
him,  
Will never, for such a mistake, pluck a crow.  
No, No !  
Your master may keep his crow.

WHAT DOES IT SIGNIFY ?

(C. Dibdin.)

THE world it goes round,  
And the people go mad ;  
When good can't be found,  
We must put up with bad :  
Go things as they will, I ne'er mind 'em,  
But take 'em all just as I find 'em,  
For what does it signify ?

Your starch-looking folks,  
Who shrug with grimace  
At practical jokes,  
Or a thing out of place,  
Are monstrosly troublesome creatures ;  
I laugh, while they screw up their features,—  
For what does it signify ?

A light heart must win,  
All *must* allow that ;  
Gloom grunts and grows thin,  
Mirth laughs and grows fat :  
Your sour crabbed folks are mere martyrs,  
And tuck themselves up in their garters,—  
But what does it signify ?

THIS DAY I'LL ENJOY, AND WITH WINE  
IN GOOD STORE.

(T. Inskip.)

THIS day I'll enjoy, and with wine in good store,  
Libations to Bacchus I'll joyously pour ;  
For what time's so propitious the mind to unbend,  
As the day that returns which gave birth to a  
friend.

Then fill up a bumper, I'll drink to his name,  
With a heart that is cheerful and gay ;  
For friendship, true friendship, is ever the same,  
Nor e'er feels a change or decay.

A foe to contention, ambition, and pride,  
To no party interest, no faction allied :  
Independent and free, he's the friend of mankind,  
And what most he loves, is the peace of his mind.  
Then fill up a bumper, &c.

A friend to gay mirth, and a foe to dull care,  
An ardent admirer of every sweet fair ;  
Yet, for helpless distress he has always a tear ;  
For a friend he delights in, a heart that's sincere.  
Then fill up a bumper, &c.

To a friendship that's faithful, what pleasures be-  
long,  
Where one dares reprove, when the other is wrong.  
Where the kindest of wishes spring warm from  
the breast,  
And with pleasure each bosom's alternately blest.  
Then fill up a bumper, &c.

Such a friendship is ours, and still may it last,  
Whilst with joy and delight we reflect on the past,  
In hopes we may see this blest day recommence,  
And hail its return a hundred years hence.  
Then fill up a bumper, &c.



Do you want ere a basket-woman, your honour?—No, sir, much obliged to you, I o, sir.—And a'n't I a woman, now? only by my coat and hat you are after taking me for one of yourselves; but, if your honour will only step into my basket, I'll trip home with you as safe as a bunch of turnips.

LONDON AT FIVE IN THE MORNING.

Air—"The Honeymoon."

HARK! the buz of Covent-garden-market is increasing loud;  
Waggons, baskets, cabbages, and carrots choke the way;  
Costermongers and greengrocers bustle now amid the crowd,  
And *drive* their bargains hard ere they *drive* their carts away.  
Water-cresses—birds and china—oranges and apples, too—  
Turnips, eggs, and roses of the very finest dye;  
Nuts and pears, with *cherries ripe*, that look so tempting to the view;  
Asparagus, fine peaches, hoboys, nectarines—who'll buy?

SPOKEN.] (*As a Jew clothesman.*) Clo! Clo! Clo!—(*Boy.*) I say, Moses, have you come from the Old Bailey?—(*Jew.*) Why so?—(*Boy.*) Who was hung there last week?—Get away, you little plackguard.—Moses, wasn't it Abrahams, for cutting the dog's throat, in Norfolk-street?—Vell, suppose it vas; do you think your peoples are to keep all the gallows to themselves? Hare-skin! rabbit-skin! Cook, have you any hare-skin?—No, my mistress cuts them all up to make comforters for the children.—Coach! coach! (*in a hoarse voice.*)—I'm hired.—I say you are not.—I says I am.—But I say you are not.—Why, how d'ye know?—I know you are not, you scoundrel!—You're very handy at your good names, howdsomever; but look inside, if you don't believe. There! there's a gentleman lying on both seats asleep; he engaged me for the whole day; he's going to the Royalty Theatre, in Wellclose-square, this evening, and is determined to be there in time.—What's o'clock, watchman?—I can't tell; I'm off my beat.—You deserve to be

beat for the answer.—Halloo! who have you here? This gentleman seems to have business on both sides of the way (*reeling*).—Pray, sir, can you tell me which is my way home?—Really, sir, I cannot, unless you will first tell me where you live.—That's exactly what I want to find out—it's—it's—that is to say—(*hiccough*)—I live in one of the new streets that a'n't christened yet, and we hav'n't settled whether my house is No. 9 or No. 40. I beg your pardon.—Steady, steady.—Bless my soul! how very uneven they do make the roads.—Dear me! what's the matter with that gentleman?—Nothing; he's merely been spinning out the evening with a few friends, and now he's reeling it home.—Halloo! coach, I say.—I'm hired.—Yes; and I'm tired, so we shall suit very well together.—Where do you want to go to, sir?—To the city.—My horses live at Piclico, and they can't go.—Do you want ere a basket-woman, your honour?—No, sir; much obliged to you; no, sir.—Och! be after using me, your honour.—No, sir; much obliged to you; no, sir.—And does your honour mistake the *sexes*, sure? and a'n't I a woman, now? only by my coat and hat you are after taking me for one of yourselves; but, if your honour will only step into my basket, I'll trip home with you as safe as a bunch of turnips, and much cheaper into the bargain.

Hark! the buz, &c.

Now all the *mails* are coming in, and *females* twirl all their mops,  
Milk-maids, in the watery way, above the area call;  
Apprentices begin to think how soon they'll open all their shops,  
While "*Sweep!*" in accents musical, the sooty urchins bawl.  
Greeks and pigeons now turn out, from Pall-mall and St. James's Street;  
With "*done,*" and "*done,*" there's many *dme*, at hazard, *rouge et noir*;

Parties from *quadrille* returning, exquisitely fine,  
you meet,  
The market beating *Babylon* in all confusion's  
roar!

SPOKEN.] Ha! why it's Jack! our friend Jack.  
How d'ye do? you rise early.—No; I've been up  
*late*.—Why, where's your *cabriolet*?—Oh! it's  
gone—gone, my dear fellow: played with a friend  
—lost all the cash; two to one on the *cab*. says he  
—done, says I; away went the dice, then I lost  
my man—but that's nothing. Owe him two years'  
wages—rather a troublesome article. So away went  
my *cabriolet* and friend together, and here am I.—  
(*Horn sounds*.) I say, Bill, here's the *Manchester*  
mail.—Stop the coach! Pray, Mr. Coachman,  
have you a small brown paper parcel, with a pair  
of brass snuffers and a box-iron, directed to "Mrs.  
Mary Oldmayon, No. 2, Prospect-row, Filligree-  
place?"—Go to Jericho with you. Ya, hip!—  
Pray, sir, can you tell me where the Bath stage  
goes from?—Yes, sir, from the Golden Cross, or  
from the White Horse Cellar, or from the Swan  
with Two Necks, or from the Bull and Mouth, or  
from the George and Blue Boar, or from the Sa-  
racen's Head, or from the —Ay, you have told me  
quite enough already, sir, I'm sure.—I say, what  
building is that?—That's the *Lying-in-Hospital*.—  
That will just suit us, for we have been lying out  
all night.—"Sweep! sweep!" How I pity those  
creatures who are obliged to plod through the dirty  
paths of life to keep us clean.—Ay, a friend of mine  
has invented a plan to do away with climbing-  
boys.—How is that, pray?—He means to substi-  
tute climbing-girls.—Indeed!—Sir, I am surprised  
at your introducing such a subject at this time of  
the morning.—"Sweep! sweep!"—Here, my little  
fellow, here's sixpence for you.—Thank'ee, sir.—  
Come, Bill, make a bow to the gentleman. (*The*  
*master, in a whisper, to the boy*.) I say, Bill, vo'n't  
you be arter treating your master to a dram?  
(*Aloud*.) I always takes care of the boy's money,  
your honour.

Hark! the buz, &c.

London streets begin to fill—the overgrown metro-  
polis  
Is pouring forth its populace, their business to  
attend;  
Though late they seem deserted, like the lonely  
*Persopolis*,  
Now all is hurry-bustle, from the east to the west  
end:  
Dustmen, dandies, fishmongers, and porters, ra-  
cing to and fro;  
Bakers, newsmen, barrow-women, all their trades  
now drive;  
Covent-garden-market is the only place in town,  
I know,  
Where London, in epitome, is always found  
alive.

SPOKEN.] "Mackarel! ah, mackreal!"—What  
a number of derivations that word has in London,  
to be sure; now only listen: "Ah, meckral! eh,  
mackeral! oh, mackeral! ah, mackera!" (*Imita-*  
*ting the various voices*.) "Gooseberries! ripe  
gooseberries!"—Why, what notes do you call  
them?—I should consider them as *barrow*-notes.—  
"Milk below! milk above! me oh! me oh!"—  
Why, what can that man mean by me oh? Surely  
there's no English for me oh!—No, but it's good  
French for all that; *mi oh!* (*mi eau*) means *half*  
*water*.—I say, old gentleman, with the red night-  
cap, why don't you move your cart there?—What's  
that to you.—Vhy, it is to me. I've been standing  
here for the last half-hour; so, why don't you  
move on your horse, and let me get over the way?  
—If you wish to get over the way, you must get

under my horse's belly.—Vell, you're a gentleman,  
full veight, I don't think.—Halloo! coachee, are  
you hir d?—(*Cochman yawns*.) Yes; I've been  
waiting for a gentleman all night. Oh! here he  
is. Here I am, your honour.—Well, what of that?  
—I drove your honour here last night; my fare  
was eighteen pence.—Oh! true, true; and I'll pay  
you.—Yes, sir! but, now I've been waiting all  
night, my fare's seven-and-twenty shillings and  
nine-pence.

Hark! the buz, &c.

#### THE BLUE BONNETS ARE OVER THE BORDER.

MARCH, march, *Ettrick* and *Teviotdale*!  
Why, my lads, dinna ye march forward in  
order?  
March, march, *Eskdale* and *Liddesdale*!  
All the blue bonnets are over the border.  
Many a banner spread,  
Flutters above your head,  
Many a crest that is famous in story;  
Mount, and make ready, then,  
Sons of the mountain-glen,  
Fight for your king, and the old Scottish border.  
March, march, *Ettrick*, &c.  
Come, from the hills where your hirsels are  
grazing,  
Come from the glens of the buck and the roe,  
Come to the crag, where the beacon is blazing,  
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the  
bow;  
Trumpets are sounding,  
War-steeds are bounding,  
Stand to your arms, and march in good order:  
England shall many a day,  
Tell of the bloody fray,  
When the blue bonnets came over the border.  
March, march, *Ettrick*, &c.

#### FASHION'S VAGARIES.

Air—"Derry down."

How strange are all fashion's vagaries and ways,  
For what is the fashion we ever must praise;  
How various the titles by which she is known,  
The *taste*, and the *tippy*, the *rage*, and the *ton*.  
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

When Adam was fashioned, in truth, I must say,  
He'd not be a fashionable spouse for this day;  
But, as to his consort, it must be confest,  
The *ladies of fashion* like *Eve* have been drest.  
Derry down, &c.

Before any spencers were cloaks and surtouts,  
And *Nimrod* first sported the fashion of boots;  
For he was a buck, though he had not a wife,  
And never saw *Bond-street*, perhaps, in his life.  
Derry down, &c.

The painting the skin, we're by history told,  
Was first introduced by the Britons of old;  
And this is a fashion that's still thought a grace,  
For it gives a *new bloom* to an *old virgin's face*.  
Derry down, &c.

The old English barons sought liberty, sweet,  
And, born to be free, cast their chains at their  
feet;  
King *Edward* and *Henry* new fashions bestowed,  
And *Richard* himself was equipped *a-la-mode*.  
Derry down, &c.

With ladies the stomachers all were the *ton*,  
They boasted long waists, though they lately had  
none;

An excellent *taste*, sure, Queen Betty displayed,  
When breakfast on porter and beef-steaks she  
made.

Derry down, &c.

In the reign of King Charles, you distinguished a  
prig  
By the length of his cane, and the size of his  
wig;  
Cromwell's hats were quite broad—the heads thick  
and round,  
Their hair hung like candles, sixteen to the pound.

Derry down, &c.

But, now the reverse, in the taste which pre-  
vails,  
Our bucks are all crows, for they've lost all their  
tails;  
The noddle a proof of such emptiness gives,  
They have nothing to spare now but cloth in their  
sleeves.

Derry down, &c.

Though fashion to vary for ever is prone,  
One thing still exists, and will still be the *ton*;  
For Englishmen always, so brave and sincere,  
Their king and their country will ever revere.

Derry down, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

### WAKE, MY HARP, TO MEASURES OF JOY.

(G. Macfarren.)

[Music, Goulding & Co. Soho-Square.]

WAKE, my harp, from long slumbers of sorrow  
and care,  
To measures of joy, for Malvina, the fair,  
Whose fame o'er the waters to Erin hath come,  
And pilgrimed the bard from his dear native  
home.

Oh! blest be the land where she's destined to  
dwell,  
And happy the bosom she claims for her cell:  
Though a thousand bold hearts for that 'vantage  
may vie,  
All their discord shall yield to the balm of her  
sigh.

May her eyes be our guide-stars wherever we go,  
And her lips breathe the charm that dispels all our  
wo;  
Her smile be the sun-beam where darkness de-  
forms,  
And her brow, the mild rainbow that guards us  
from storms.

\*\*\*\*\*

### FRIAR BACON.

(Upton.)

FRIAR Bacon loved a maid, and her name it was  
Nan,  
And he thought she loved him, but there he was  
mistaken;  
For Nan she loved another, and him the friar's  
man,  
Which made the little cuckoo cry, 'Ah! poor  
Friar Bacon!'

This friar was a *conjurer*, and knew every thing,  
Even thought he knew a *woman*, but there he  
was mistaken;  
For this, they say, in spite of him, the cuckoo-bird  
would sing,  
Whene'er the friar took a nap, 'Ah! poor Friar  
Bacon!'

The friar, too, they cried, made a noise about his  
*head*,

And swore its tongue should tell the *truth*, but  
there he was mistaken;  
For though the friar *lost* his *hair*, the *horns* grew in  
its stead,  
Which made the little cuckoo cry, 'Ah! poor  
Friar Bacon!'

\*\*\*\*\*

### THE WANDERING GIRL.

(J. W. Evans.)

CHILL, chill sweeps the bitter wind through the  
bare grove,  
And lowering tempests are gathering above,  
Around me I seek for some sheltering cell  
Or retreat for a desolate wandering girl.

My shivering limbs are exposed to the blast,  
And, houseless, I wander, forlorn and outcast;  
Unheeded, unpitied, my story I tell,  
And none cry, "God help thee, poor wandering  
girl."

Oh, ye, who 'mid splendour and affluence move,  
Who ne'er with keen Penury's feelings have  
strove,

Of a home all the heart-gladdening joys ye can  
tell,

That ne'er shall be known to the wandering girl.

Home, home! what is home?—I have none upon  
earth:

Cold Misery claimed me its child at my birth,  
O'er my childhood dark Fate threw its withering  
spell,

And doomed to misfortune the wandering girl.

The wolf has a lair, and the savage a cave,  
But I have no refuge—no hope but the grave;  
In its dark, cheerless precincts, unmourned, I  
shall dwell,

And none shed a tear for the wandering girl.

When that haven I seek, and this cold heart is  
dead,

Not a sigh will be breathed for the spirit that's  
fled;

The night-bird shall, mournfully, scream my  
death-knell,

And the blast howl the dirge of the wandering  
girl.

\*\*\*\*\*

### LE JUIF BON VIVANT;

OR, THE BACCHANALIAN ISRAELITE!

(E. J. B. Box.)

VAT, though our graybeard-rabbies say  
Dat getting drunk ish sinful,

Venever vine comes to my vay,  
I arlways likes a skin-full!

Moses, Aaron, and Noah,  
Vould get drunk as Chloe,

Mit svigging shin, prandy, and crog;  
In the Vilderness, too,

If had drunk been each Jew,

Dey vould ne'er have been lost in a fog.

Hey for bumpers! full glasses  
For toasting the lasses!

Vat's arlways my vay to die game.

Fill the goblet, though large,

Still I'll stick to *full* charge,

Till I *goes off* in red rosy flame.

Give me old port, or cood strong ale,  
Shin, rum, or vat's most handy;

But, ven de store of dese vas fail,

I vo'n't object to prandy!

As I'm arlmost half-sprung,

'Cause ma'vords clip ma tongue,

You'll, perhaps, say as vat I'm quite tipsy ;  
 But, no matters for dat,  
 It vas make vit more pat,  
 And ven fuddled I'm most *meis-ipse!*  
 Hey for bumpers! full glasses, &c.

If 't *hapes* so vat my spirits sink,  
 As stocks vas fall below par,  
 To raise dem up, I bumpers drink,  
 Dat's knock down Care mit crow-bar!  
 Give me t' jolly full bowl,  
 'Tish ma life—'tish ma soul—  
 'Tish ma solace, ma pleasure, ma pride!  
 'Tish ma heaven divine!  
 Keep ma bowl full of wine,  
 And I'll covet no heaven beside.  
 Hey for bumpers! full glasses, &c.

Good liquor vas enrich de blood,  
 While round de glass keeps moving,  
 It makes de heart bote sound and good,  
 And sveetens honey-loving!  
 So, ven voman's and vine  
 My delights vas combine,  
 In full ardour, O, Bacchus! I feel  
 All dat fierceness of love  
 Vat thy dad vas, great Jove,  
 Ven embracing thy mother Semele.  
 Hey for bumpers! full glasses, &c.

THE SEA-BOY'S DREAM.

(Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.)

THE tempest had ceased, and our ship was se-  
 cured,  
 For the roar of the whirlwind in sighs died  
 away ;  
 In their hammocks the toil-wearied crew were all  
 moored,  
 Save the watch, that looked out for the dawning  
 of day :  
 When as Sleep o'er my senses her soft mantle  
 threw,  
 In the visions of midnight, Hope lured me to  
 roam ;  
 Over seas, shores, and mountains, transported, I  
 flew,  
 Till my heart wandered back to the scenes of my  
 home.

I dreamed that our cottage-latch gently I raised,  
 And beheld each dear object of former delight ;  
 A father, whose dimmed eyes with tenderness  
 gazed,

And the tears of a mother were sweet to my  
 sight.

My Emma! whose lips on my cold cheek im-  
 pressed,

Implored me no longer o'er ocean to roam ;  
 And my heart beat tumultuous, when clasped to  
 her breast,

That sighed as it welcomed the wanderer home.

Then I strayed through the bowers, where my  
 footsteps so oft

Had roved, when my hopes and existence were  
 young ;

The boatswain's shrill whistle here piped us aloft,  
 Yet I thought 'twas the lark from the wild wood  
 that sung.

But the visions that cheated my fancy were fled,  
 I woke—still to gaze on the billows' wild foam ;  
 And I sighed, as I looked from the mast's giddy  
 head,

For the peaceful retreat of my own mountain-  
 home.

NORAH GRAMACHREE.

Air—"Molly Ashtore."—(Miss Bryant.)

THE evening star is brightly drest,  
 The sun hath sought the sea,  
 And soft reclined upon my breast  
 Is Norah Gramachree.

The fairest maid in our green isle  
 Must yield the palm to thee ;  
 For who can shed a witching smile  
 Like Norah Gramachree!

Let others glance with eye of jet,  
 Ah! they are nought to me,  
 Compared to thine, in azure set,  
 Sweet Norah Gramachree.

Farewell, false world! a long farewell!  
 I scorn thy slave to be,  
 This conquered heart can only dwell  
 With Norah Gramachree.

HERE'S TO EVERY DAY.

(E. Mackay.)

WHAT discord or folly  
 Or dull melancholy  
 Shall ever intrude on our cheer?  
 We'll bumper our lass,  
 And toss off the glass  
 With success to each day in the year.  
 Tol de rol, &c

We'll no day hold to scorn,  
 Since on each one was born  
 Some mortal, averse to all care,  
 With humour and wit,  
 With fancies replete,  
 Who drank to each day in the year.  
 Tol de rol, &c.

Past days we'll forget,  
 Which occasioned regret,  
 Since in them we had not a share ;  
 And hope that the present  
 Will prove truly pleasant  
 With each other day in the year.  
 Tol de rol, &c.

The future, we'll hope,  
 Will for joy afford scope,  
 And each bring a prospect that's fair ;  
 From misery free,  
 Most joyful will we  
 Drink success to each day in the year.  
 Tol de rol, &c

Then the glass raise on high,  
 With your lips drain it dry,  
 Let not the least moisture appear,  
 'Tis a toast that demands  
 Applause from all hands—  
 "Here's to every day in the year."  
 Tol de rol, &c.

THE BANNER OF ENGLAND FOR EVER.

[Music, W. Blackman, Bridge-street, Borough.]

THE soldier, who starts when the trumpet of war,  
 Loud and deep—loud and deep—wakes the  
 valley,

Leaves the cottage of peace, to wander afar  
 Round the flag of his fathers' rally,

As he gazes on thee,  
 Sweet isle of the sea,  
 "Farewell!" he cries, "we sever,  
 For the trumpet of war  
 Sounds afar, sornds afar,

And the flag of the brave,  
See it wave, see it wave—  
On to glory, I say,  
March away, march away!  
The banner of England for ever!"

The soldier, who fights in the field of the brave,  
Where the loud—where the loud cannons rattle,  
Though he treads on the turf that may cover his  
grave,

He defies all the dangers of battle,  
Cries, "Albion, from thee,  
Sweet isle of the sea,  
Thus—thus thy bold sons sever;  
But, 'tis Victory's star  
Beams afar, beams afar,  
And the flag of the brave,  
See it wave, see it wave—  
On to glory, I say,  
March away, march away!  
The banner of England for ever!  
The banner of England for ever!"

OH! HOW TAFFLINE HOPES AND FEARS.  
(T. Dibdin.)

Oh! how Taffline hopes and fears to see the  
wished-for day,  
So merry, blithe, and cheery,  
When to church, white arrayed, she gaily trips  
away,

To marry with her deary;  
Oh! how fine my lad will be,  
Neat and spruce, and all for me,  
What a charming sight to see,  
Taffline and her deary.

Oh. how every pretty girl will watch, with eager-  
eye,

While I say, half crying,  
The "Yes," which, to pronounce, each pretty,  
anxious girl does sigh,  
Howe'er such wish denying.

Those who oft, with scorn, say nay,  
May repent the time, when they  
Were asked to name the wedding-day,  
And were not more complying.

THE POOR FARMER'S BEST TREASURE.

WHEN the gray eye of morn peeps out from the  
east,

Then the farmer abandons his pillow;  
If he lies to enjoy the soft blessing afresh,  
Until Sol rises forth from the billow;  
The fruits of past labour, by slothful neglect,  
In the womb of cold earth he has slighted;  
Then the farmer laments that he carelessly slept,  
Whilst the blossom of industry's blighted.

But the secret is known  
To poor farmers alone,  
Whose first pride, whose delight, and whose plea-  
sure,

Is to view o'er the land  
Nature's bountiful hand  
Scatter plenty, the farmer's best treasure, his  
pleasure,

The farmer, the farmer's sure treasure.  
Now the dew-drop of eve is shed from the skies,  
And the farmer his work has completed,  
Then home to his cottage he cheerfully hies,  
'Mongst his neighbours and family seated;  
A jug of brown nappy—oblivion of toil—  
With a friend and his wife is quaffed cheerly,  
He toasts his good landlord, he blesses the soil,  
And his dame and his offspring loves dearly.

Now this pleasure is known  
To poor farmers alone,  
Whose first pride, &c.

SING TO BEAUTY BRIGHT.

Air—"The Bridesmaid's Song, in *Der Frieschutz*."  
(J. F. Bryant.)

WHEN beauty bright first sheds its light,  
How sweet's the lovely pleasure,  
Its lustre brings, on heavenly wings,  
True blessings without measure.  
Then sing, oh! sing in praise of beauty bright,  
Of love, of mirth, and pleasure;  
Then sing of beauty bright.

They boast that wine has joys divine,  
But with it there's no treasure;  
Give me the eyes of sparkling jet,  
In them I find pure pleasure;  
The joys of wine are but a moment's stay,  
But beauty stays for ever.  
Then sing of beauty bright.

QUANKO'S DESCRIPTION OF JOHN BULL  
AND HIS LADY.

(C. Dibdin.)

QUANKO he poor tawny Moor,  
Hey ho, ting-a-ring;  
For England leave him native shore,  
Hey ho, ting-a-ring;  
Wid Johnny Bull fine life him led,  
On *rosse* beaf and plum-pudding fed,  
But porter strong get in him head—

SPOKEN.] Den him say hickup! keep it up.  
nothing like *brown stout* for *blue devils*, it do so  
make poor tawny Moor sing  
Hey ho, ting-a-ring.

Quanko see fine beau full sail,  
Hey ho, ting-a-ring;  
He cry "here monkey wear no tail,"  
Hey ho, ting-a-ring;  
Den lady fine, too, Quanko view,  
Him say, "call lady *belle* dey do,  
And every *bell* have clapper, too."

SPOKEN.] And clapper him ring, too. *One* lady  
talkee, always have de last word. *Two* lady  
talkee, no get a word in edgeways. *Three* lady  
talkee, make a jackdaw parliament wid their  
Hey ho, ting-a-ring.

Den him see de play, fine ting,  
Hey ho, ting-a-ring;  
Where all laugh, cry, and dance, and sing  
Hey ho, ting-a-ring.  
Saw Opera, too, de best, no doubt,  
For dare fine lady squall and shout,  
Nobody know what she about.

SPOKEN.] So fine squeaky, squally—sharp, flat,  
natural. Opera lady sing sharp—Johnny Bull  
him flat—sharp taken in flat—he! he! he! Dat  
natural, wid  
Hey ho, ting-a-ring.

THE GENEROUS TAR.

(Upton.)

WHEN we touched at Spithead, from a seven years'  
cruise,  
And orders came down to discharge off each  
man,

Like a ball from a cannon, my spirits broke loose,  
To think, once again, I should see my sweet  
Nan.

I told her, at parting, to have a good hope,  
And rest well assured I should gaily return;  
Yet the fool would be sighing, and grievously  
mope,  
Which nearly unmanned me to see her concern.

But you know that a sailor should never repine,  
So, d'ye mind me, I kissed her, and bade an  
adieu;  
Though the sun was then clouded, I knew it would  
shine,  
While the heart, like the compass, was steady  
and true.

And, d'ye see, in my reck'ning I surely was right,  
Old Davy, good natured, has pushed me on  
shore;

'Tis true, I found Nanny in pitiful plight,  
But the dear little creature shall be so no more.

The billows of Fortune have tossed us about,  
While the rough winds of Trouble have frozenly  
blew;

Yet constancy weathered each enemy out,  
And love, in life's sea, will now pilot us through.

#### THE HUNTER'S SONG.

(Sidney Waller.)

THROUGH the forest we roam to hunt the wild  
boar,

The huntsmen's bold joys when the horn calls  
away;

Hark, the forester's horn! list, the bold tiger's  
roar!

Through thicket and furze she will prowl for her  
prey.

See, the bloodhounds, in speed, the tiger pur-  
suing,

Follow on, sounds the horn, fear then sub-  
duing,

The fierce monster borne down, and staggering for  
breath,

Gave a hideous howl, and the dogs tore to  
death.

Follow hark, follow, follow hark, follow hark,  
la la la, &c.

The old hunters stood forth, clenched each spear,  
took their aim,

With gigantic nerves struck the bold tiger down,  
Howled with pain, foamed with rage, fiercely rising  
again,

Nobly struggling with death, the huntsman's re-  
nown.

Songs of triumph and fame cheer the forester's  
soul,

And gaily they sing the exploits of the day;  
Thus, forgetting all cares and fatigues in the  
bowl,

The huntsman's joys follow, hark, hark away!  
Hark, follow hark, &c.

#### JENNY HAD VOWED AWAY TO RUN WITH JOCKIE TO THE FAIR.

'Twas on the morn of sweet May-day,  
When Nature painted all things gay,  
Taught birds to sing, and lambs to play,

And gild the meadows fair;

Young Jockie, with the early dawn,

Arose, and tript it o'er the lawn;

His Sunday's coat the youth put on,

For Jenny had vowed away to run

With Jockie to the fair.

The cheerful parish-bells had rung;  
With eager steps he trudged along;  
While flowery garlands round him hung,  
Which shepherds used to wear;  
He tapped the window, 'Haste, my dear;  
Jenny, impatient, cried, 'Who's there?'  
' 'Tis I, my love, and no one near,  
Step gently down, you've nought to fear,  
With Jockie to the fair.'

'My dad and mam are fast asleep,  
My brother's up, and with the sheep,  
And will you still your promise keep,  
Which I have heard you swear?  
And will you ever constant prove?'  
'I will, by all the powers above!  
And ne'er deceive my charming dove,  
Dispel these doubts, and haste, my love,  
With Jockie to the fair.'

'Behold the ring,' the shepherd cried,  
Will Jenny be my charming bride?  
Let Cupid be our happy guide,  
And Hymen meet us there.'

Then Jockie did his vows renew,  
He would be constant, would be true,  
His word was pledged, away she flew,  
O'er cowslips, tipt with balmy dew,  
With Jockie to the fair.

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

#### THE PRAISES OF SWEARING.

FROM the king to the constable, (see Dr. Burn,)  
All people in office must swear in their turn,  
And at such oath-taking let saints not be staring,  
For justice could never be had without swearing!  
Derry down, &c.

All juries are sworn to deal justly, forsooth,  
And the witnesses swear they will tell the whole  
truth;  
While his worship, as lawyers are moving their  
jaw,  
Is sometimes heard swearing—according to law.  
Derry down, &c.

The exciseman, who wishes neat brandy to smug-  
gle,  
Wo'n't stick at an oath, sir, to swear through the  
juggle;  
The lawyer, who wants to make wrong appear  
right,  
Is, for a fee, ready to swear black is white.  
Derry down, &c.

The pluralist parson, two livings to hold,  
To take double oaths with his conscience makes  
bold;  
And the place-hunting bankrupt, when to the  
house brought,  
Will swear to his fortune, though not worth a  
groat!  
Derry down, &c.

Great lords, who to lie under scandal are loth,  
Will clear up their character by a great oath!  
While many a great lady, but give a handle,  
Will swear like a strumpet, to propagate scanda-  
lous.

Derry down, &c.

Rich and poor, high and low, no man his oath  
grudges,  
While some swear like troopers, and some swear  
like judges;  
Then, at such oath-taking, let saints not be  
staring,  
For what, sir, could law do, if there was no  
swearing?

Derry down, &c.

//////////

### MALVINA'S BRIDAL DAY.

A TRIO AND CHORUS.

(G. Macfarren.)

[Music, Goulding & Co. Soho-square.]

TAKE thou this cup, with ruby wine o'erflowing,  
Drown in the tide each jealous fear,  
And, while its balm upon thy lip is glowing,  
Breathe one sigh to friendship dear.

Wine hath the charm soft memories to cherish,  
And wash away dull Care's alloy;  
Thus, in the goblet, every thought shall perish,  
Save those of friendship, love, and joy.

Hence every hostile feeling,  
Discord to distance reeling,

Soft Pleasure's  
Welcome measures  
Make the moments gay.

While honour's sacred tie  
Each martial hand combines,  
And beauty's beaming eye  
With brighter lustre shines,  
To glad Malvina's bridal day.  
Hence every hostile feeling, &c.

//////////

### A BUDGET OF BLUNDERS.

Air—"Derry Down."—(H. S. Fuller.)

As blunders in Ireland most rarely are found,  
Some few tales I'll chant, which in blunders  
abound,

As the stories are old, you'll o'erlook the odd taste  
Of blundering thus o'er my opening grace.  
Derry down, down, derry down.

An Irish captain, at an hotel arrived,  
Beheld, hanging up, of a hog the left side,  
And, rubbing his hands, good living, I vow,  
Why, landlord, a pig you've been killing, I trow.  
Derry down, &c.

Why, sir, said the innkeeper, 'twixt you and me,  
The left side of one hanging yonder you see;  
Odzo, said the captain, a great silly calf,  
And pray, landlord, when do you kill the right  
half.

Derry down, &c.

A new-married couple, each other's fond joy,  
At the end of six months there was born a fine  
boy;

Why, doctor, says Pat, how is this, rather wild,  
O, it's often the case, sir, with the first child.

Derry down, &c.

Invited to dine, by a charming young maid,  
A nice roasted goose on the table was laid;  
Sir, what would you like, a wing, or a thigh?  
A bit under the apron, was Pat's reply.

Derry down, &c.

Why, sir, says the lady, I'm sorry it's true,  
That I cannot oblige you with what you wish, too,  
But my geese do not wear none, I'd have you to  
know,

For the petticoat, sare, is your meaning, I vow.

Derry down, &c.

An Irish perfumer once killing a bear,  
For the sake of the grease, the hide, and the  
hair;  
The smell brought his neighbours, such works to  
oppose,  
Well, after all, says Pat, he's led you by the  
nose.

Derry down, &c.

My Irish bulls for the present I'll cease,  
If, blundering thus, I should chance you to  
please;

The wish of my heart is dull care to beguile,  
And, amidst all my blunders, to merit your smile  
Derry down, &c.

//////////

### THE COMPLAINT.

(Beuler.)

WHAT'S that I espy in my Clara's blue eye?

A tear? yes, by all that is charming!  
A sigh, too, I hear, from the breast of my dear,  
Ah me! these are omens alarming!

Say, what has opprest my dear Clara's sweet  
breast?

Why heaveth that bosom so high?  
Why vanish the wiles of your roseate smiles?  
And whence is that piteous sigh?

Come, Clara, be brief, and tell me your grief,  
Now, tell me, and don't be deceiving;—  
Said she, quite morose, "why, then, you are the  
cause

Of all my thus foolishly grieving."

Distraction and death! in every breath  
Don't I swear that I love you to madness?  
How then can you doubt, and those cherry lips  
pout,

With whining, and weeping, and sadness?  
Think you that my love can possibly rove,  
Or from you, sweet, ever dis sever?

To banish your pain, I now swear again  
I love you more dearly than ever!

My bosom, by heaven! by grief would be riven  
If ever you fancy me fickle;

Then, Clara, be kind, unburthen thy mind,  
And dry up thy tears as they trickle.

With a smile and a leer, said Clara, "my dear,  
No rival I dread to dispute thee;  
But when, on the lawn, you met me this morn,  
You know, you forgot to salute me."

//////////

### JUDY'S LAMENT FOR TEDDY.

Air—"Now, Katty, now can't you be aisy."

(James Bruton.)

SINCE Ted o'er the bog has taken a jog  
To London, from Balinacasey,  
I sob and I sulk, till I'm lessened in bulk,  
And pined till I'm nearly gone crazy.

[SPOKEN.] Ah! my own dear Teddy, I dare  
say you are seated, snug enough, in some sky-blue  
garret, in St. Giles's, as comfortable as a pig in a  
parlour, while your own dear, red-haired Judy is  
sitting, moping, forlorn, in her own mud cabin, as  
mute as a mackerel, wid de tears running down  
her alabaster cheeks like tragle over a pipkin.  
Och! hone, now, w'n't the London lasses be set-  
ting their caps to steal away that beautiful heart  
from your own poor, gray-eyed Judy? sure enough,  
it will break my heart if they do; and cure it's  
swelled now as big as a bushel. Oh! Teddy,  
think of your Judy.

And don't let 'em come over you wid dere—  
Tu ral lu lu—tu ral, &c.  
Arrah! Teddy, now, can't you be aisy.

Our cabin brick-floor was clean sanded o'er  
Once a week, and looked clean as a daisy;  
And all things did use to look clean and spruce,  
But now they are dirty and greasy.

SPOKEN.] And, sure, it's all through Teddy's  
laving me that every ting's turned topsy-turvy.  
I've nothing now left to solace me but Teddy's  
woollen nightcap, that cost a thirteen, at O'Bog's,  
the linen-draper, that Teddy gave me before he  
went, wid a mortar-hod, to London, to make his  
fortune, as a pledge of his love. Every ting goes  
dirty, except the pig-stye that holds my Teddy's  
pig. 'T stand for hours together, and scratch his  
brist, back, because I have seen Teddy do it, and  
every time he grunts he reminds me of him; and  
sometimes, for the love I bear my Ted, I sleep  
wid the pig all night, and, when he wakes me wid  
his snoring, I tink it is my Ted, so I clasp him to  
my heart, and cuddle him to death almost; and  
sing, in my sleep—

Now don't be coming over me wid your—  
Tu ral lu lu—tu ral, &c.  
Arrah! Teddy, now, can't you be aisy.

Cruel Teddy, ah! when will you come back again  
To our cabin, at Balinacasey;  
Where your mammy and dad are sighing and sad,  
And your Judy, by grief, grow half crazy?

SPOKEN.] Every ting is at sevens and sixes  
since Teddy's gone. There's not a potato that  
blossoms but tells me of his departure. I often  
pick up the pipes that he used to play, but I lay  
'em down again in despair, for they make me *pipe*  
my eye. It was but yesterday my father told me  
to bring the inkstand and pen, and I fetched him  
a pail of water and a mop. Heigho! I'll never  
see the time again that I did wid my Ted, when  
we used to stray over the bogs at moonlight, and,  
under some tree, he'd ax me for a kiss; to be sure,  
but I gave it him, though I did look as red as a  
turkey-cock, and sing—

Now don't be coming over me wid your—  
Tu ral lu lu—tu ral, &c.  
Arrah! Teddy, now, can't you be aisy.

## LOVE IS HEAVEN, AND HEAVEN IS LOVE.

A GLEE.

(Sir Walter Scott.)

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed,  
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed,  
In halls, in gay attire is seen,  
In hamlets, dances on the green.  
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
And men below, and saints above,  
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

## THE GLASS, LIKE THE GLOBE, SHALL GO ROUND.

(Holcroft.)

The glass, like the globe, shall go round,  
While friends and good claret abound;  
In spite of your grave preaching thinker,  
A good fellow means a good drinker;  
When past three o'clock shall resound,  
Should any one, prudently, sober be found,  
We'll give him the nickname of skinker.  
Old Noah, when lodged in his barge,  
Beheld himself floating at large,  
And viewed the wide waters around him,  
Yet hated that water should bound him;

Men thought him shut up in the dark,  
Lord, sir, if you had but stepped into the  
ark,

You, floating in claret, had found him.

The juice of the grape, all agree,  
Rejoices the jovial and free;  
Then, Bacchus, thou hero of fable,  
We'll tope with thee while we are able,  
For thou canst our sorrows dissolve,  
And, therefore, thy honours shall nightly  
devolve  
On the first that falls under the table.

## TO BE, OR NOT TO BE.

A VOCAL PARAPHRASE ON HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

(Collins.)

In Shakspeare's all-enlight'ning school,  
Where wit and wisdom equal shine,  
Where genius spurns at fettering rule,  
And, tow'ring, soars to heights divine,  
The royal Hamlet, wrapt in thought,  
On Freedom's power and Fate's decree,  
The question, with importance fraught,  
He states—"To be, or not to be."

Now, pond'ring, if the noble mind  
Should tamely suffer Fortune's frown,  
Or treat her as a mistress kind,  
Whose smiles our tend'rest wishes crown!  
Or, when in dire and troublous siege,  
Strong ills assail, like hostile foes,  
'Twere best to take up arms, in rage,  
Her slings and arrows to oppose.

Resolving, then, what 'tis to die,  
He says—"To sleep,"—and nothing more;  
And if from tears it clears each eye,  
And eases hearts that ached before;  
Ending at once each crank'ring grief  
To which devoted flesh is heir;  
That sleep, which brings such sweet relief,  
Will soon be yours, ye sons of care!

"To sleep,"—but, then, perchance, to dream;  
Ay, there's the rub, dark Doubt replies;  
For whips, and stings, and fire, and flame,  
And widows' moans, and orphans' cries;  
Oppression's yoke, pride's rankling gall,  
Love's pangs despised, and law's delay,  
A bodkin's point might end them all,  
But for that dream which bars the way.

Then, till we quit this mortal coil,  
To reach that undiscovered bourn,  
Where terminates all human toil,  
And whence no trav'ler can return,  
Let smiling hope expand the breast,  
And all from doubt and dread be free.  
Since all is ordered for the best—  
Whate'er's "To be, or not to be."

## I SHALL EVER REMEMBER YOUR NOSE.

(Fowler.)

A MAN and his wife  
Lived together in strife,  
Though they wanted for nothing, I say;  
But still this said wife,  
Led him such a life  
About rings, for to make her look gay.  
This man, on my life,  
He did much love his wife,  
And, to wear, she had plenty of things;  
Yet this very man,  
Define it who can,  
Had a wondrous objection to rings.  
Tol de rol de rol, &c.

‘ You brute,” cried the wife,  
 “ Some fine rings, on my life,  
 I will have, though I pawn all my clothes ;”  
 He passionate got,  
 So hard was her lot,  
 That he gave her some—wings of the nose.  
 She sang, “ Oh, my nose !”  
 As he pulled, I suppose,  
 “ Why, you used not to do these here things ;”  
 But he kept tugging on,  
 Till wifey began  
 Crying, “ Deary, I want no more rings.”  
 Tol de rol de rol, &c.

Then he let her nose go,  
 But she said it was low  
 Thus to use a poor woman so rough ;  
 Said he, “ Never mind,  
 I’ll still use you kind,  
 If one ring on your finger’s enough !  
 But, if it is not,  
 I declare ’tis your lot,  
 Though you dress in the gayest of clothes,  
 When on rings you insist,  
 I’ll open my fist,  
 And shall ever remember your nose.”  
 Tol de rol de rol, &c.

THE DISCONSOLATE SAILOR’S RETURN.

(G. S. Carey.)

Once more I’ve returned to my own native shore,  
 Which I left so dejected, so heartless, and poor,  
 Each face looked indignant and shy ;  
 I sought for relief on the perilous main,  
 And Fortune she cheered my poor heart once  
 again,  
 While I braved the caprice of the sky.

Though death seemed impatiently waiting around,  
 With sharp-pointed lightning and thunder pro-  
 found,  
 Or roared in the turbulent wind ;  
 When a calm has returned, I have said to each  
 mate,  
 Though the heavens have frowned, there’s nothing  
 I hate  
 So much as the frown of mankind.

I had not forgot how my heart was oppressed,  
 And slighted by those whom I’d often caressed,  
 And parted my penny so free ;  
 But, if ever dame Fortune should leave me again,  
 No more shall ingratitude give me a pain,  
 I’ll seek for resource on the sea.

I WANT ONE THAT CAN BUSTLE AND  
 STIR IN MY SHOP.

(O’Keefe.)

In the choice of a husband us widows are nice,  
 I’d not have a man who’d grow old in a trice ;  
 Not a beau, or a monkey, a clown, or a fop,  
 But one that can bustle and stir in my shop.

A log I’d avoid when I’m choosing my lad,  
 And a stork, that might gobble up all that I had ;  
 Such suitors I’ve had, sir, but off they might hop,  
 I want one that can bustle and stir in my shop.

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

PEWTER POTS.

Air—“ Ah ! well-a-day !”

WHY, zounds ! this can never be borne,  
 My pots the rogues never restore ;  
 They’re stolen at night and at morn,  
 They’re stolen before my own door.  
 Ah ! well-a-day, lack-a-day, dismal day, oh !

Each pot cost me full eighteen-pence,  
 Of the very best pewter ’twas made ;  
 ’Twas scoured twice a week, and, from thence,  
 Shone as bright as the best in the trade.  
 Ah ! well-a-day, &c.

My pot-boy’s the pride of my tap,  
 My pot-boy’s the pride of my kitchen,  
 He knocks up maids with such a rap,  
 And calls “ pots !” with a voice so bewitching.  
 Ah ! well-a-day, &c.

Mrs. Bounce is a dear charming woman,  
 A neat, tidy, notable, body ;  
 A better wife never had no man,  
 To mix up a glass of gin-toddy.  
 Ah ! well-a-day, &c.

Half-a-dozen young Bounces she’s brought,  
 No children had ever wits quicker ;  
 So well by their dad they’ve been taught,  
 They can all draw a pot of good liquor.  
 Ah ! well-a-day, &c.

But what signifies this or t’other ?  
 (If I’m not ruined may I be shot !)  
 For, how can I keep child or mother,  
 If I cannot keep one pewter-pot ?  
 Ah ! well-a-day, &c.

To the ministry straight will I post ;  
 They have wisdom and vigour united,  
 When I tell ’em the pots I have lost,  
 Sure the government will see me righted.  
 Ah ! well-a-day, &c.

IF NATURE IN THY BOSOM DWELLS.

(G. Macfarren.)

[Music, Goulding, and Co. Soho-square.]

IF Nature in thy bosom dwells,  
 Or Virtue ever harbours there,  
 Oh ! bid them twine their kindred spells,  
 To aid a hapless mourner’s prayer !  
 If ever, in soft Beauty’s bower,  
 A true-love smile hath beamed on thee,  
 The memory of that blissful hour  
 Shall wake one pitying sigh for me !

Turn not those melting looks away,  
 Nor hide the generous tears that start,  
 Like dewdrops, at the break of day,  
 To cheer the drooping flower—my heart.  
 Still let them deck that martial eye,  
 And sparkle like the gems of light  
 That glitter in the purple sky  
 To chase away the gloom of night.

INSTRUCTIONS TO COCKNEY SPORTS-  
 MEN.

Air—“ The Cuke-Man.”—(G. Jefferson.)

YE young cockney sportsmen, so prime,  
 I pray ye, attend to my song,  
 It sha’n’t take up much of your time,  
 For I hate a ditty that’s long ;  
 A few hints I now mean to give,  
 Which may a small profit soon yield

To you who in *London* can live  
 Yet enjoy the *sports of the field*.  
 Cockney sportsmen, so prime,  
 I pray you, attend to my song,  
 It wo'n't take up much time,  
 For I hate a ditty that's long.

My friends, in the choice of a gun,  
 A barrel that's *crooked* prefer,  
 A risk then you scarcely can run,  
 You must hit, whate'er should occur ;  
 A *level direct* is too hard,  
 Although you in *London* were born ;  
 Then, if a good chance you regard,  
 Let your piece be *curved* like a horn.

SPOKEN.] Ay, ay, take my advice, and you'll do ; for, as the odds are against your leveling direct, you will have a capital chance with a crooked barrel, and bring down your game without much trouble to

Cockney sportsmen, &c.

In *loading* the old-fashioned way,  
 The *powder's* put in 'fore the shot,  
 But that's of no moment I say,  
 You're free to pursue it or not.  
 Your *flints* you should choose very dull,  
 Scarcely one spark you require,  
 But cover them over with wool  
 Should they offer to throw out *much fire*.

SPOKEN.] If your flints have too much fire they will, inevitably, scatter, and, perhaps, burn your hand or your nose ; that wouldn't answer at all for

Cockney sportsmen, &c.

When on the ground lies the snow,  
 For a *pointer* there is little need,  
 The dog that now with you should go  
 Must be of the *Newfoundland* breed.  
 Some men shut *one* eye when they aim,  
 And yet kill, at times, as they tell,  
 But, if you want plenty of game,  
 Shut *both*, and you'll shoot *twice* as well.

SPOKEN.] Ay, you'll find your only pointer should be a Newfoundland dog, and be particularly careful to have him entirely *white*, you'll then have a good chance of *surprising* the enemy.

Cockney sportsmen, &c.

*Blind* should your dog be, and *lame*,  
 For, were he *too active*, we know,  
 Perchance, he might *put up the game*,  
 And that would spoil all to do so :  
 Yet this fault you easy may cure,  
 Should your dog be too brisk on his pegs,  
 He'll soon mend of that, to be sure,  
 If you only tie up his hind legs.

SPOKEN.] I wonder the plan of tying up a dog's hind legs was never thought of *before* ; the advantage it gives must be obvious to

Cockney sportsmen, &c.

And now, with regard to the game,  
 Of what to prefer I will sing,—  
 First, the birds I will name ;—  
 The *turkies* are strong on the *wing* ;  
 But be not to your shooting confined,  
 A *hen* will much pleasure produce,  
*Sucking pigs* can run like the wind,  
 And the best of all shots is a *goose*.

SPOKEN.] Poultry is certainly good game : the first of September has become as hostile to cocks as Shrove-Tuesday was formerly. Parrots may be, also, considered fair game,—only there is some danger in shooting them without breaking the windows or marking a person's face like a

plum-pudding,—this must be left entirely to the dexterity and good management of

Cockney sportsmen, &c.

#### OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

(T. Moore.)

OFT, in the stilly night,  
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Fond Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me :—  
 The smiles and tears of boyhood's years,  
 The words of love then spoken,  
 The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone,  
 The cheerful hearts now broken.

When I remember all  
 The friends, so linked together,  
 I've seen around me fall,  
 Like leaves in wintry weather,  
 I feel like one who treads alone  
 Some banquet-hall deserted,  
 Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,  
 And all but he departed.

#### JOHN BARLEYCORN.

THERE were three kings lived in the east,  
 Three kings, baith great and high,  
 And they hae sworn a solemn oath  
 John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plow, and plowed him down,  
 Put clods upon his head ;  
 And they hae sworn a solemn oath  
 John Barleycorn was dead.

But cheerful spring came kindly on,  
 And showers began to fall ;  
 John Barleycorn gat up again,  
 And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,  
 And he grew thick and strong,  
 His head well armed wi' pointed spears,  
 That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn entered, mild,  
 When he grew wan and pale ;  
 His bending joints and drooping head  
 Showed he began to fail.

His colour sickened more and more,  
 He faded into age ;  
 And then his enemies began  
 To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,  
 And cut him by the knee ;  
 Then tied him fast upon a cart,  
 Like rogues for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,  
 And endgelled him full sore ;  
 Then laid him up before the storm,  
 And turned him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit  
 With water to the brim,  
 They heaved in John Barleycorn,  
 There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,  
 To work him farther wo ;  
 And still, as signs of life appeared,  
 They tossed him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,  
 The marrow of his banes ;  
 But a miller used him worst of all,  
 He crushed him 'twen twa stances.

And they hae ta'en his true heart's blood,  
And drunk it round and round;  
And still, the more and more they drank,  
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn's a hero bold,  
Of noble enterprise;  
For, if you do but taste his blood,  
'Twill mak your courage rise.

'Twill mak a man forget his wo,  
'Twill heighten all his joy;  
'Twill mak the widow's heart to sing,  
Though tears were in her eye.

Then, let us toast John Barleycorn,  
Each man a glass in hand;  
And may his great posterity  
Ne'er fail in old Scotland.

#### THE MILLER'S MILL GOES CLICK, CLACK, CLACK.

WHILE Fortune's wheel, deceptive, turns,  
And various cares abound;  
And courtier's breast with envy burns,  
The miller's wheel goes round—goes round,  
The miller's wheel goes round.  
He sighs not for Ambition's wealth,  
Or Fortune's guilty store;  
Content and labour bring him health,  
And nature claims no more—no more,  
And nature claims no more.  
In wife and prattling children blest,  
What comforts does he lack?  
He's ne'er with toil or sorrow prest,  
While his mill goes click, clack, clack,  
Click, clack, clack.—(thrice.)  
While his mill goes click, clack, clack.

His merry heart, delighted, glows,  
His friendly cloth is spread,  
Whene'er the stranger seeks repose,  
Or poor solicit bread.  
From rich men's sacks his grist he takes,  
While others blast the soil;  
But should his dame, inclined to strife,  
Her tongue, unbridled, slack,  
To drown the anger of his wife,  
His mill gives clack for clack,  
Click, clack, clack,—  
His mill gives clack for clack.

#### THE FREEMASON'S TOAST.

SOME folks have, with curious impertinence,  
strove  
From freemasons' bosoms their secrets to move;  
I'll tell why in vain their endeavours must prove,  
Which nobody can deny, &c.  
Of this happy secret, when once we're possest,  
Our tongues can't explain what is lodged in our  
breast,  
For the blessing's so great, it cannot be expressed,  
Which nobody can deny, &c.  
Truth, charity, justice, our principles are;  
What one does possess the others may share,  
And these, in the world, are blessings most rare,  
Which nobody can deny, &c.  
Now, since we are met, the world's wonder and  
boast,  
And each one enjoys what pleases him most,  
I'll give the best and most glorious toast,  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Here's a health to the generous, the brave, and  
the good,  
To all those who think and act as they should,  
And in this is the freemason's health understood,  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

#### NAUTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

(Dibdin.)

I BE one of those sailors who think it no lie,  
That for every wherefore of life there's a why;  
That, be fortune's strange weather a calm or a  
squall,  
Our births, good or bad, are chalked out for us all.  
That the stays and the braces of life will be found  
To be some of 'em rotten, and some of 'em sound:  
Thus the good we should cherish, the bad never  
seek,  
For death will, too soon, bring each anchor a-peak.  
When, astride on the yard, the toplifts they let go,  
And I came, like a shot, plump among 'em be-  
low;  
Why, I catched at a halliard, and jumped upon  
deck,  
And so broke my fall to save breaking my neck;  
Just like your philosophers, for all their jaw,  
Who, less than a rope, gladly catch at a straw.  
Thus the good we should cherish, &c.  
Why, now, that there cruize we made off the banks,  
Where I peppered the foe, and got shot for my  
thanks.  
What then? she soon struck; and, though, crip-  
pled, on shore,  
And laid up to refit, I had shiners galore:  
At length, live and loving, I tried the false main,  
And, to get more prize-money, got shot at again.  
Thus, the good we should cherish, &c.  
Then, just as it comes, the bad with the good,  
One man's spoon's made of silver, another's of  
wood;  
What's poison for one man's another man's balm,  
Some are safe in a storm, and some lost in a calm:  
Some are rolling in riches, some not worth a souse;  
To-day we eat beef, and to-morrow lobs-couse.  
Thus, the good we should cherish, &c.

#### OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER SHALL WEATHER THE STORM.

[Music, T. Williams, 2, Strand.]

(D. A. O'Meara.)

OLD England, thy stamina never has yielded  
To the ills that have menaced abroad and at  
home,  
And, while all your energies nobly are wielded,  
Triumphant you still shall support freedom's  
dome!  
Distress for a moment may dim your bright glory,  
But the clouds will pass over, no cares shall de-  
form,  
Thy councils and people may tell the proud story,  
Old England for ever shall weather the storm.  
Old England for ever shall weather the storm,  
England for ever shall weather the storm,  
Thy councils and people shall tell the proud story,  
Old England for ever shall weather the storm.  
Thy force, single-handed, has long been victo-  
rious:  
The friend of the suff'ring, the pride of the  
brave;  
Thy struggles—privations, have ever been glori-  
ous!  
The birth-place of Liberty—home of the slave!

Yes, yes, there's a spirit within thee proclaiming,  
 No blast of misfortune thy strength shall disarm;  
 Like thine own native oak,—the rude tempest disdain-  
 ing,  
 Old England for ever shall weather the storm.  
 Old England for ever, &c.

POOR ROMBOO.

MY misse sad, weep all day long,  
 'Cause cruel Moor us take;  
 All comfort gone for poor Romboo,  
 If misse's heart do break.  
 We travel o'er the desert wide,  
 Grand caravan so fine,  
 When brown man meet us, rob it all,  
 While moon so bright did shine.  
 Good massa fight so bold for us,  
 But hateful Moor too strong,  
 Forced misse and her poor Romboo  
 With cruel men along.  
 Me hope to see black man come back,  
 And set my misse free,  
 Den to own country all return,  
 Our good friends' joy to see.

THE JOYS OF DEAR WOMEN AND WINE.

COME here, we're all jovial and hearty,  
 As hearty as hearty can be,  
 No sorrow or care to perplex us,  
 From trouble we ever are free;  
 Give me the gay fellow in life,  
 Who seldom a dull thought has known,  
 That would rather kiss any man's wife,  
 By the one half, than he'd kiss his own.  
 Then, fill up the glasses, dear boys,  
 And make the best use of your time;  
 For, believe me, there's nothing surpasses  
 The joys of dear women and wine.

Since life is at best but a span,  
 'Tis as good to be merry as not,  
 We'll happily live while we can,  
 For sorrow brings nothing but thought;  
 We'll prattle away with the lasses,  
 And crack a gay flask with our friends,  
 So thus our time merrily passes,  
 In taking the world as Fate sends.  
 Then, fill up the glasses, &c.

D—n money, 'tis nothing but trash,  
 We'll be merry, though ever so poor:  
 When we have it, we cut a great dash,  
 When it's gone, we ne'er think of it more;  
 So, let me be wealthy or not,  
 My spirits are always the same,  
 Quite free of ev'ry dull thought,  
 And a hearty good fellow's my name.  
 Then fill up the glasses, &c.

DEATH, AND THE TROUBLES OF LIFE;  
 OR, DAY, FOUL OR FAIR, ALIKE ENDS THERE!

Air—"Sprig of Shellelagh."—(E. J. B. Box.)  
 "WHEN the heart of a man is oppressed with"  
 deep "care,"  
 And his spirits sink under the weight of despair,  
 Which has fixed in his bosom, sad Sorrow's  
 abode!  
 All in vain he may strive his good-humour to  
 keep,

Sweet tranquillity flies him, ay, even in sleep;  
 Though his eye may withhold the big tear from his  
 cheek,  
 Yet the chords of his heart will be ready to break,  
 With its ceaseless exertions to cast off the load.  
 Although smiling Content may seem perched on his  
 brow,  
 The heart suffers more pain from that forced out-  
 ward show,  
 Which he uses, the depth of his grief to con-  
 ceal;  
 For the more the wounds fester, more gangrene and  
 smart,  
 More corrode and sink deep to the core of his  
 heart,  
 Till his mind off the hinges of reason is flung,  
 By the anguish with which his sad bosom is  
 wrung,  
 In those deep stabs of sorrow no patience can  
 heal!

In this pitiable state, of all hope he's bereft,  
 And his miseries no solace, or comfort, have left,  
 To abate the full wo of his heart and his mind;  
 Thus affliction, grown ripe, in his overcharged  
 breast,  
 Neither morn, noon, nor night, can his sorrows have  
 rest;  
 For, involved in this wildness, his mind nought  
 can save  
 From the torture of wreck, till to peace, in the  
 grave,  
 The whole altogether, by death, is consigned!

Thus, in viewing life's troubles, we clearly may see  
 What the full end of trouble in all things will be,  
 Let the cause and effect be whatever they may;  
 Let the mind be disturbed, or the heart be op-  
 pressed;  
 Let the pocket and stomach by want be distressed;  
 Be it one, or a part, or these ills altogether,  
 Be the day of our life one whole stress of foul  
 weather,  
 Still the grave alike ends both the fair and foul  
 day!

MAD MAUDLIN.

(T. Durfey.)

To find my Tom of Bedlam ten thousand years I'll  
 travel,  
 Mad Maudlin goes with dirty toes to save her shoes  
 from gravel;  
 Yet I will sing, bonny boys, bonny mad boys  
 Bedlam boys are bonny,  
 They still go bare, and live by the air, and wan  
 no drink or money.

I now repent that even poor Tom was so dis-  
 dained,  
 My wits are lost since him I crost, which makes  
 me go thus chained,

Yet will I sing, &c.

My staff has murdered giants, my bag a long knif  
 carries,  
 To cut mince-pies from children's thighs, with which  
 I feast the fairies.

Yet I will sing, &c.

My horn is made of thunder, I stole it out of hea-  
 ven,  
 The rainbow there is this I wear, for which I  
 thence was driven.

Yet I will sing, &c.

I went to Pluto's kitchen, to beg some food one  
 morning,  
 And there I got souls, piping hot, with which the  
 spits were turning,

Yet will I sing, &c.

Then I took up a cauldron, where boiled ten thousand harlots,  
'Twas full of flame, yet I drank the same, to the health of all such varlets.

Yet I will sing, &c.

A spirit, as hot as lightning, did in that journey guide me,  
The sun did shake, and the pale moon quake, as soon as e'er they spied me.

Yet I will sing, &c.

And now that I have gotten a lease, then doomsday's no longer,  
To live on earth, with some in mirth, ten whales shall feast my hunger.

Yet I will sing, &c.

No gipsy-slut, or doxy, shall win my mad Tom from me,  
We'll weep all night, and with stars fight, the fray will well become me.

Yet I will sing, &c.

And when that I have beaten the man in the moon to powder,  
His dog I'll take, and him I'll make, as could no dæmon louder.

Yet I will sing, &c.

A health to Tom-a-Bedlam, go fill the sea in barrels,  
'll drink it all, well brewed with gall, and maudling drunk I'll quarrel,

Yet I will sing, &c.

#### HUNTING THE HARE.

Air—"Robin Adair."

WHAT is a pleasant sport?  
Hunting the hare;  
Where do jolly boys resort?  
To hunt the hare.

When morning rises gay,  
Echo cries, hark away,  
Hounds bark a roundelay,  
Hunting the hare.

Over each ditch and stile,  
Hunting the hare;  
Gallopping many a mile,  
To hunt the hare,

Oh, it is sweet to see  
All in such hearty glee;  
Sport, thou art all to me,  
Hunting the hare.

Night comes, and goblets, then,  
We do not spare;  
Singing, like merry men—  
Toasting the hare;

Drinking the nut-brown ale,  
Momus tells many a tale:  
Hunting, thy beauties hail!  
Hail to the hare!

#### TAK' CARE O'THYSEN.

(Rev. Thomas Browne.)

WHEN I was a wee little tottering bairn,  
An had nobbut just gitten short frocks;  
When to gang, I at first was beginnin' to lairn,  
On my brow I gat monie hard knocks;  
For se waik, an' se silly, an' helpless was I,  
I was always tumbling down then,  
While me mother would twattle me gently, and cry,  
Honey, Jenny! tak' care o' thysen.

When I grew bigger, an' gat to be strang,  
'At I cannily ran all about  
By mysen, whor I liked, then I always mud gang.  
Bithout benin' telled about ough;  
When, however, I com' to be sixteen year auld,  
An' rattled and ramped amang men,  
My mother wad call o' me in, an' would scauld,  
And cry, huzza! tak' care o' thysen.

I've a sweetheart coms now upo' Setterday nights,  
An' he swears 'at he'll mak me his wife;  
My mam grows se stingy, she scaulds and she flytes,

And twitters me out of my life;  
But she may leuk seur, an' consait hersen wise,  
An' preach again likin' young men,  
Sen I's grown a woman, her clack I'll despise,  
And Ise—marry! tak' care o' mysen.

#### THE CONCERT OF NATURE.

(Dibdin.)

FROM the lark's playful notes in the morning,  
To the nightingale's warble at eve,  
What charms are the country adorning!  
What joys we from Nature receive!  
In her concert, though simple yet glowing,  
Bird and beast bear a principal part;  
While their harmony sweetly is flowing  
To ev'ry recess of the heart.

Musicians are learnedly talking,  
Of the air, and of sixes and thirds;  
How much richer our music, while walking,  
To the air of the fields and the birds.  
Music's but imitation of nature;  
Then be silent, each mimicking elf;  
For, while we admire ev'ry creature,  
We listen to Nature herself.

#### THE SWEET MERRY CHINK OF THE RHINO.

(Kenney.)

OF young Mr. Cœlebs you've heard,  
Who wouldn't be left in the lurch;  
So, to lead the fond life he preferred,  
Of a spouse he must needs go in search.  
All the charms that could grace wedded life,  
He resolved in his lady should shine O;  
But when I go in search of a wife,  
'Tis in search of a wife with the rhino  
'Tis then that I sigh,  
When the ready is nigh,  
Leer, ogle, and wink,  
When I hear the sweet chink,  
The sweet merry chink of the rhino!

If you hav'n't good cheer to inspire,  
What's Venus, the Loves, or the Graces,  
Or Cupid, without a good fire,  
To warm all his bare little places!  
If music the food be for love,  
I fancy 'tis music that I know;  
As all married gentlemen prove,  
With a wife that can jingle the rhino.  
Oh! then let me sigh, &c.

#### THE COMFORT OF A CONTENTED MIND.

(Lord Vaux, 1576.)

WHEN all is done and said,  
In th' end, thus shall you find,  
He most of all doth bathe in bliss,  
That hath a quiet mind;

And, clear from all worldly cares,  
 To deem can be content,  
 The sweetest time in all his life,  
 In thinking to be spent.

The body subject is  
 To fickle Fortune's power;  
 And, to a million of mishaps,  
 Is casual every hour.  
 And death in time doth change  
 It to a clod of clay;  
 When as the mind, which is divine,  
 Runs never to decay.

Companion none is like  
 Unto the mind alone;  
 For many have been harmed by speech;  
 Through thinking, few, or none.  
 Fear oftentimes restraineth words,  
 But makes not thoughts to cease;  
 And he speaks best that hath the skill  
 When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at our death,  
 Our kinsmen at the grave;  
 But virtues of the mind unto  
 The heavens with us we have.  
 Wherefore, for Virtue's sake,  
 I can be well content,  
 The sweetest time of all my life  
 To deem in thinking spent.

SHOULD LOVERS' JOYS BE E'ER  
 FORGOT?

Air—"Auld lang syne."

SHOULD lovers' joys be e'er forgot,  
 Or ever out of mind?  
 Should lovers' joys be e'er forgot,  
 An' vows sae saft an' kind?  
 For vows sae saft an' kind, my love,  
 An' days o' lang syne,  
 We'll tak a glass for pleasures past,  
 And vows o' lang syne.

We twa hae run about the groves,  
 And pu'd the flow'rets fine,  
 But parting scenes hae wrought na change  
 Sin' auld lang syne,  
 For vows sae saft an' kind, my love, &c.

We twa hae run about the glade,  
 When simmer days were prime;  
 But time has broke wi' us no squares  
 Sin' auld lang syne.  
 For vows sae saft an' kind, my love, &c.

An' there's a hand, my sonsie lass,  
 And gies a hand o' thine,  
 An' we'll taste of bliss before we part,  
 For auld lang syne.  
 For vows sae saft an' kind, my love, &c.

An' surely you'll gie me your heart,  
 As surely I'll gie mine;  
 And we'll tak a kiss before we part,  
 For auld lang syne.  
 For vows sae saft an' kind, my love, &c.

ROUND GIOVANNI'S PISTOL RALLY.

A PARODY.

Air—"Merrily oh."—(Moncrieff.)

MERRILY every bosom boundeth,  
 Merrily oh, merrily oh;  
 Now Giovanni's freedom soundeth,  
 Merrily oh, merrily oh;  
 Here the pistol's balls fly more fleetly,  
 Here the syllabubs eat more sweetly,  
 Every joy this place surroundeth,  
 Merrily oh, merrily oh, merrily, merrily, oh.

Cheerily now from Hampstead's valley,  
 Cheerily oh, cheerily oh;  
 Over Prirarose-hill we'll sally,  
 Cheerily oh, cheerily oh;  
 If a charming girl, won by bravery,  
 Sweeter be than one kept by knavery,  
 Round Giovanni's pistol rally,  
 Cheerily oh, cheerily oh,  
 Cheerily oh, cheerily oh, cheerily, cheerily, oh.

LOVELY FAN AND MANLY BEN.

(Dibdin.)

AH! listen to a hapless story  
 Of lovely Fan and manly Ben:  
 In goodness she her sex's glory,  
 In honour he the first of men.  
 So kind, so good, so tender-hearted!  
 Their love from infancy they bore;  
 Yet, would she fear, if once they parted,  
 That she should never see him more.

His country all her youth requiring  
 To fight her battles to a man;  
 Ben's heart was patriot, hopes inspiring,  
 He loved his country, loved his Fan:  
 Oh! such a parting! such sad faces!  
 Fond terror her sad bosom tore;  
 She cried, while sunk in his embraces,  
 Alas! I ne'er shall see thee more.

Each glad express some news repeated,  
 That Ben was foremost in the fight  
 That glory in the field he courted,  
 The army's pride, his friend's delight;  
 Yet, dove-like, did sad fears surround her,  
 While fancied dangers she'd deplore,  
 Her sole reply, to those around her,  
 Alas! I ne'er shall see him more!

The foe at every point was routed;  
 Of hero Ben had earned the name;  
 England rejoiced! the people shouted!  
 As home the conquering army came.  
 But where was Ben? Fan sought him duly;  
 His friends did every rank explore;  
 Her fatal fears had told her truly;  
 Alas! she never saw him more!

COME, FILL A BUMPER OF THE BEST,  
 AND TOAST OUR FAVOURITE LASSES.

THE table cleared, the wine was brought,  
 Says Dick to Tom, now that's your sort;  
 Come, bring the gingling glasses,  
 Let love and fancy guess the rest;  
 Come, fill a bumper of the best,  
 And toast our favourite lasses.

Then here's to smiling black-eyed Sue,  
 The girl that's made for me and you,  
 The paragon of beauty;  
 In her the graces all combine,  
 A sparkling eye, a form divine,  
 The gods have done their duty.

Next, then, a glass to bonny Bess,  
 A girl of spunk, we can't do less,  
 Then prize her as a treasure;  
 So here's the wench, with three times three,  
 The lass well formed for love and me,  
 Ye, bipeds, what a pleasure.

Choice spirits own that this is life,  
 Yet bless the sacred name of wife,  
 If Joan, Kate, Nance, or Molly;  
 Good wine inspires, do what you can,  
 And teaches us to play the man,  
 So drink, and let's be jolly.

WE SAT DOWN AND WEPT BY THE  
WATERS.

A HEBREW MELODY.

(Lord Byron.)

WE sat down and wept by the waters  
Of Babel, and thought of the day  
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,  
Made Salem's high places his prey;  
And ye, oh! her desolate daughters,  
Were scattered, all weeping, away.

While sadly we gazed on the river,  
Which rolled on the freedom below,  
They demanded the song, but, oh! never  
That triumph the stranger shall know;  
May this right hand be withered for ever,  
Ere it strings our high harp for the foe.

On the willow that harp is suspended,  
Oh, Salem! its sounds should be free;  
And the hour when thy glories were ended,  
But left me that token of thee;  
And ne'er shall its soft notes be blended  
With the voice of the spoiler, by me.

////////

WHAT WOULD THIS WORLD BE WITHOUT  
WOMAN?

(Arnold.)

OH, woman, they say,  
Was created one day,  
As a comfort to man, sent to bless him;  
'Twas meant she should charm him,  
And never should harm him,  
But solace, and cure, and caress him.

But woman, they say,  
Never goes the right way;  
She's the same, as we hear, in all nations;  
For she quickly began  
To cause nothing to man  
But distraction, and care, and vexation.

They please us, they tease us,  
They vex us, perplex us,  
Oh, woman's of mischief inventor!  
They first break our hearts,  
Then they laugh at our smarts;  
Oh, woman's a cruel tormenter!

A woman is glad  
When she drives a man mad,  
Some think she's the spirit of evil;  
This of one wife is true,  
But the man who gets two,  
'To his cost, finds two wives are the devil.

But, when something ails us,  
And sickness assails us,  
Oh, then all their sins are forgiven;  
How softly they greet us,  
How tenderly treat us,  
Oh, then she's an angel from heaven.

Spite of all their caprices,  
My anger now ceases,  
The man is a fool who can doubt them;  
Woman's heart, after all,  
A strange thing you may call,  
Pray, what would this world be without them?

////////

## WHILE I TOUCH THE STRING.

A PARODY ON COMMON SENSE AND GENIUS.

Air—"The same."—(G. Barrett.)

WHILE I touch the string,  
Wreath my scone with laurel,

For the tale I sing  
Has, behind, a moral!  
Sense and Genius hight,  
In a mood so merry,  
Went out, by gas-light,  
A la Tom and Jerry.

While I touch, &amp;c.

Mr. Sense went on,  
Many flash-coves chaffing;  
Genius lagged along,  
Hodge's brilliant quaffing.  
One near *sluiced his gob*  
With the potent fluid,  
'Tother lushed the *mots*,  
And soon his *blunt* all flew did.

While I touch, &amp;c

On they went, until  
They reached the Garden-market,  
Mr. Sense stood still,  
But Genius he must lark it.  
One now mingled 'mong  
The rabble-throng before him,  
T'other rushed headlong,  
And would be *charleys flooring*.

While I touch, &amp;c.

How the *down cove* laughed,  
When safe from the squabble,  
Left the youth so daft  
In a precious hobble.  
Sense went home to bed,  
The charleys Genius fixt on,  
Lugged him 'fore the *beak*,  
Who sent him down to Brixton.

While I touch, &amp;c.

////////

MY THOUGHTS ON HER WHO FONDLY  
THINKS OF ME.

(T. W. Kelly.)

I LONG to dwell within some lone retreat,  
'Mongst foliage dark, in habitation rude,  
And hear the distant torrent's angry roar,  
Or gliding streamlet, murmuringly sweet!  
There, studious, on tomes of heaven-fraught lore,  
Muse on each gift divine of solitude:  
Nor would I court the cyprian's tempting lip,  
Nor would I loiter in her perfumed way,  
Nor would I wish the rosy wine to sip,  
For they'd but lead my wayward mind astray.  
The vine should through my humble lattice creep,  
Its purpled clusters should my sun-shade be,  
And, in the Elysium of my fancy, keep  
My thoughts on her who fondly thinks of me.

Shut from the world, and its tumultuous strife,  
I'd lead the life led by the chosen few;  
Lowly each wish, content should all supply,  
Rich in the love of her, my balm of life;  
No more on pride or fashion I'd rely,  
To buoy my hopes and blight each better view:  
'Tis but a dream, yet thus my thoughts will roam,  
And where its wild, sweet song the linnct  
weaves

Wish Love to dwell; and, in that fairy home,  
Amidst the summer's green umbrageous leaves,  
From morn till eve, my harp devoutly pour  
Its sweetest tones, and ever, wakefully,  
Its votive lays breathe in that lone, wild bower  
To that sweet maid who fondly thinks of me.

////////

MAY FOX-HUNTERS FLOURISH A THOU-  
SAND YEARS HENCE!

COME, rouse, brother sportsmen, the hunters all  
cry,  
We've got a good scent and a fav'ring sky;

The horn's sprightly notes and the lark's early  
 song  
 Will chide the dull sportsman for sleeping so long.  
 Bright Phœbus has shown us the glimpse of his  
 face,  
 Peeped in at our windows, and calls to the chase ;  
 He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,  
 And makes the fields blush with the beams of his  
 ray.

Sweet Molly may tease you, perhaps, to lie down,  
 And, if you refuse her, perhaps she may frown ;  
 But tell her that love must to hunting give place,  
 For, as well as her charms, there are charms in  
 the chase.

Look yonder, look yonder! old renard I spy ;  
 At his brush nimbly follow brisk Chanter and Fly ;  
 They seize on their prey,—see, his eye-balls they  
 roll!

We're in at the death—now let's home to the  
 bowl.

There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast to the  
 king,  
 From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring ;  
 To George, peace and glory may heaven dispense,  
 And fox-hunters flourish a thousand years hence.

//////  
 SWEET GIRL, KINDLY SMILE.

A DUET.

Air—"The Russian Dance."—(Moncrieff.)

SWEET girl, kindly smile,  
 I will faithful prove, dear ;  
 Woo you, kiss you, all the while,  
 And still fondly love, dear.

Oh! no, indeed, me can't believe,  
 Monsieur but deceive me ;  
 If I should no let Monsieur grieve,  
 Den Monsieur he leave me.

Nay, nay, I ne'er will roam,  
 Fixed by those glances killing ;  
 What would Monsieur's wife at home  
 Say, should I prove willing.

If, still cold you frown,  
 I will sue no longer ;  
 There's a thousand girls in town,  
 Handsomer and younger.

Nay, do not leave me, me did but feign,  
 To those so kind who greet her,  
 Suzette, did never yet give pain,  
 But to yield pleasure sweeter.

All then is joy once more,  
 Hence with fear and pouting ;  
 Sweet are calms when storms are o'er,  
 Sweet love, after doubting.

//////  
 FILL, FILL, FILL THE GLASS.

FILL, fill, fill the glass,  
 Briskly put it round ;  
 Joyful news, at last,  
 Let the trumpets sound.

Join with lofty strains,  
 Lovely nymphs and jolly swains,  
 Peace and plenty shall again,  
 With wealth be crowned.

Come, come, come, sweet Peace,  
 Thou most welcome guest ;  
 Let all discord cease,  
 Harmony abound!

THE IRISH BEAUTY.

I'VE been told I'm the son of my father and  
 mother,  
 And, faith! on my soul, I believe I'm no other ;  
 I'm as pretty a lad as your heart can desire,  
 And my name's Mr. Paddy Molwary, Esquire.

One day, says my mother, 'case I was her joy,  
 My darling, you now are a hobble-de-hoy ;  
 To get a large fortune, Pat, find out the way,  
 So sometimes I loved, and sometimes I made  
 hay.

But, the first of my pranks was at little Rath-  
 shane,  
 Where a spoonful of love had popped into my  
 brain,  
 For Jaggy Delarney, a neat little soul,  
 Who's as tall and as fat as a shaverman's pole.

To sing, then, the beauties of Jag's my inten-  
 tion,  
 The whole boiling of which I'm now going to  
 mention ;  
 First, if in her face any colour is seen,  
 It's either an olive, or else bottle-green.

Och! Jaggy, sweet Jaggy, the joy of my life,  
 Search all the world round, you can't find such a  
 wife ;

For she squints, and the reason of that, I sup-  
 pose,  
 Is because both her eyes are afraid of her nose.

Her eyes are so black, 'pon my soul, I'm no  
 joker,

As two holes in a blanket, that's burnt with a  
 poker ;  
 And, as for their brightness, I'll tell you what's  
 more,

They're like two scalded gooseberries stuck in a  
 door.

She's a neat row of teeth, nay, she's two, by my  
 soul!

And her tongue sticks between, like a toad in a  
 hole ;

Och! she's like a goose-pie, above all other things,  
 Because she's all giblets, and gizzards, and wings.

She's a neat taper waist, like a butt in the mid-  
 dle,

She plays on the Jew's harp, and I on the fiddle ;  
 Och! Jaggy's the lady, whenever she's ripe,  
 For chewing tobacco, or smoking her pipe.

Then, as for her singing, och! bless her sweet  
 pipes,

It's just like a short-winded sow in the gripes ;  
 When she laughs, or she titters, or strains her  
 sweet throat,

Her cheeks hang in puckers just like a great coat.

Then a neat pair of beautiful legs she has got,  
 With the calves at the bottom, instead of the top ;  
 Her cheeks, green as leeks, set me all on a bustle,  
 And she opens her mouth, as you'd open a muscle.

So Jaggy and I were made husband and wife,  
 And we two are one flesh for the rest of our  
 life ;

And, then, at our wedding, there was such a  
 collection

Of tag-rag and bobtail, and all in perfection.

Then St. Giles's seven bells rung so loud and so  
 cheering,

That you'd have given five pounds to 've been out  
 of hearing ;

So we went to bed, and, the very next morn,  
 We'd two daughters, and both of 'em Irishmen  
 born.



Oh, coachman!—Sir, to you,—Be so good as to keep me the seat aside of you—-I always like to ride with the coachman.—Very sorry, sir, but that place has been taken these three weeks; Miss Rosebud always engages the *front place* in the *stage-box*.

### BOB POINTER, THE DUNSTABLE COACHMAN;

OR, HOW TO DRIVE TWO STAGES AT ONE TIME.

Air—"Devil on Two Sticks."—(Moncrieff.)

BOB POINTER drove a stage, all day,  
From Dunstable to London, merrily;  
While, all night, on a stage, he'd play  
His part correct and readily:

He was stage-struck, in youth,  
By some players, one night,  
And, from that time, a stage  
Was his only delight.

Cantering,  
Bantering,  
Splashing on,  
Dashing on,  
Tooling 'em,  
Fooling 'em,  
Down the Strand,  
Four-in-hand,

Yes, still he drove a stage, all day,  
From Dunstable to London, merrily;  
While, all night, on a stage, he'd play  
His part correct and readily.

[SPOKEN.] Bob was so stage-struck that he very often mistook his patent safety truck for a patent playhouse stage, and treated every body theatrically. For instance; he'd say, "Now then, book-keeper, let's see how the *places* are taken for *tonight*, will you? Eh, what's this? four *insides*—why, the *boxes* will be quite full: halloa, only three *outsides*—hum! *gallery shy*—no matter, we shall pull up as we go along, second account always helps us, you know. Where's the *play-bill*?—pssha! I mean the *weigh-bill*. You Shadrack, trundle off with your *choice fruit* there, will you? my audience can get apples or oranges, ale or porter, wine or cider, in the house, if they want them; besides, you belong to the other house—the Opposition.

Now then, Bill Helper, take those ere *geese* out of the *pit*."—The pit, Master Bob.—Ah, the *boot*, you fool, don't you understand?—Oh, coachman!—Sir, to you.—Be so good as to keep me the seat aside of you—I always like to ride with the coachman.—Very sorry, sir, but that place has been taken these three weeks; Miss Rosebud always engages the *front place* in the *stage-box*.—Pray, coachman, are you sure this is the right coach?—Yes, ma'am, this is the original; our *present performance*, "*A Journey to London*," has been performed upwards of three hundred successive nights.—And have you always been the coachman?—Yes, ma'am, I've sustained the *principal character* all that time, and, I flatter myself, with *very great applause*.—When do you set off?—Doors open at half-past three, and commence driving *precisely* at four.—Here, George Guard, out with your bugle, and let's have the *first music*, d'ye hear? it's full time; we shall be starting soon; give us sunmat out o' the *Fryshoots*.—Aye, Master Bob, the Hunting Chorus. (*Imitation of Guard playing on key'd bugle*.)—Well done, George.—Hey, there's four striking! we must set off, that's our *prompter's bell*; take your places there! Now then, down, down, hats off, as we ride under the gateway: ya hip, ya hip! st! we go along beautifully; hold up there, Melpomene! go along, Thalia! no carrying on the *stage* without you. Now then, come, I think I'll try if I'm perfect in my soliloquy for to-night—must astonish the Gray's-Inn-laners with that. *All the world's a stage*—ya hip, ya hip! st! st!—and all the men and women—four ins and six outs; come, that a'n't so bad—they have their *exits*—let that gentleman out there, Bill—and their *entrances*—now, ma'am, tumble in—and one man, in his time, plays many parts—why don't you lock that ere hind wheel there, Bill? I'm obliged to do every thing myself—*first, the infant*—can't take the *child*, ma'am, she'll count for one, and we've above our number already—*mewling and puking*—dear me, what a mess the roads are in, surely;

come, I think I shall be able to get through; so, ya hip, ya hip! go along there.

Thus, still he drove a stage all day, &c.

Charles Mathews was not more "At Home"  
Than Pointer in "Mail Coach Adventures;"  
Nor through his "Trips" could Mathews roam  
More free from public censures;  
Nor Astley's could show,  
Though Ducrow you might see,  
More brilliant Equestrian  
Spectacles than he,

As, down the Strand,  
Four-in-hand,  
Cantering,  
Bantering,  
Dashing on,  
Splashing on,  
Tooling 'em,  
Fooling 'em,

For still he drove a stage all day, &c.

SPOKEN.] Pray, coachman, what's the fare from here to Barnet?—Two shillings, ma'am.—Can't you take me for one?—No, ma'am; *half-price* don't commence till we've passed the nine mile-stone.—Coachman, be so obliging as just to stop here while I steps into that there shop, and buys some German sassage to heat on the road.—Can't stop, sir, you'll have plenty of time to get refreshments *between the acts*.—Between the hacts, coachey?—Yes, sir, change three times on the road; stop here for one; get up a *new horse-piece* here, *by particular desire*.—Now then, Joe Groom, bring 'em out; a horse, a horse! *my kingdom for a horse!* Ulloa, what have we here? hum, I've been stage-manager here for three years and never saw such a set-out as this before; what, you've got the kicking mare there again?—Kicking mare, Master Bob! there's shy Jenny, if you mean her.—Shy Jenny, she's a nation sight more *likerer Timour the Tartar*, in my opinion.—Hum, Bob's a funny fellow—will have his joke on the road—will be *clown to the ride*. Come, come, look sharp, clap on the leathers, here's a rare storm coming, and you know what the poet says, '*Blow winds, come, rack, at least, let's die with harness on our back!*' there, there, that will do, now then, we shall go along like new ones. Bless my soul, how my leaders do dance about, I declare it's quite a diwertissement to see 'em; 'gad I'll show 'em I can cut as well as they; there's a touch under the flank for 'em! ya hip! st! st! wheugh! charming, charming! Let me see how I come on in my part of "*All's well,*" nothing like trying it over (*sings*) *Deserted by the waning moon—d—me, how dark it is—when skies proclaim night's cheerless noon—*we must put up the lamps, Bill—*by tower, fort, or tented ground—*there goes the long Liverpool—*the sentry walks his dreary round—*look sharp a-head there, Guard—*and should some footstep chance to stray—*ride, ma'am, ride; Whetstone, Barnet, Highgate, London—*where caution marks the guarded way—*get out of the road there, you young scoundrel, will you—*who goes there?*—that's the heavy Manchester, going to town, sir—*stranger, quickly tell—*who the devil's that?—*a friend—*he run agin us last week—*the word—*are you all right behind there? all right; oh, then—*good night, good night, all's well—*there, that will do. Now then, George Guard, out with your bugle, and give us a bit of a flourish as we go through St. Alban's; I'll touch up the nags a bit; always like to appear to come in fresh, at all events.

Thus, still Bob drove a stage all day, &c.

'His part on each stage Bob despatches with glee;  
Knows the "*Imkeeper's Daughter*" with great facility;

No one can get through a *length* quicker than he,  
He has such rare ability.

In the famed "*Road to Ruin*"

He ne'er rode, nor will,  
Though he's gone through the "*Turnpike-Gate*"

Oft, with great skill.

Ranting  
And daunting,  
And tooling,  
And fooling,  
Cantering,  
Bantering,  
Down the Strand,  
Four-in-hand,

For still Bob drove a stage all day, &c.

SPOKEN.] Ya hip, ya hip, go along there. Ulloa, what's this? that Tom Short not at the Whetstone-Trust, and the gate shut! who the devil would trust such a fellow as that! Ya hip, ya hip, gate! gate! gate! Here, Bill Helper, do be call-boy for once, and give him the word. Ya hip, ya hip! Gate! gate! gate! Oh, here you are at last; you're a pretty fellow, a'n't you; why, zounds, you ought to be forfeited.—Forfeited, what for?—Why, for *keeping the stage waiting*, to be sure.—I beg pardon, Master Bob, but I'd only just stepped in to bring out a new entertainment.—A new entertainment, what is it?—Why, a mellow dram.—Oh, a mellow dram! I don't care if I take a principal part in that, so hand it up; it's a performance that's sure to go down; ah, very spirited indeed; well now, after this here drop of something *short*, suppose you give us the letter, you know I always like to be *letter perfect*.—Q—Oh, Q, is it; now we have got our *cue*, we can go along; so, ya hip, ya hip there, st! st! so, here we are at London at last. Now, sir, please to remember the coachman.—Remember the coachman?—Yes, sir, my *benefit*, if you please.—Well, there's a shilling for you.—Thank ye, sir; shall hardly clear my *night's expenses* for all that; no matter; ya hip, ya hip.

Thus still Bob drove a stage all day, &c.

#### WHERE HONOUR CALLS THEE WEND THY WAY.

(Kenney.)

WHERE honour calls thee wend thy way,  
Since we must bid adieu;  
The prayer that could not win thy stay,  
Shall still thy course pursue.  
And, should the storm around thee wail,  
Or wild thoughts rend thy breast,  
May that fond prayer with heaven prevail,  
And hush them still to rest.—Farewell!

Warm hearts are few, the world is cold,  
In other lands than this,  
And heroes learn, ere they grow old,  
That love alone is bliss.  
Then all in vain, should glory shine,  
To give thee joy or rest;  
Find thou a heart that loves like mine,  
And thou wilt still be blest.—Farewell!

#### WE HAVE PLENTY OF GOOD-NATURED FOOLS.

To be always good-natured seems not over-wise,  
For things that are common few mortals will prize;  
And, though goodness and honesty rarely are found,  
Yet good-natured rogueries thickly abound.

There are good-natured lawyers set friends by the ears,

And good-natured doctors that kill ye with ease,  
And good-natured priests that torment ye with fears,

While all, most religiously, pocket your fees;  
We have good-natured duns, from our good-natured tailors,

Who make us acquainted with good-natured jailors;

And we all know abundance of good-natured fools!

Lack-a-day! we have plenty of good-natured fools!

There are good-natured friends take your cash,  
and fast lock it,

To keep it from burning large holes in your pocket;

There are good-natured foes, who would save you from quaking,

And knock out your brains, to prevent them from aching.

In Spain, there are good-natured dons ride on donkeys;

In Italy, good-natured beaux, all becurled;

In France, there are good-natured mounseers and monkeys;

And good-natured ladies all over the world.

There are good-natured teachers flog each little boy,

And good-natured critics the great ones annoy:

But, in spite of the pedagogue, critic, and schools,  
We still have abundance of good-natured fools!

Lack-a-day! we have plenty of good-natured fools!

#### MY NATIVE BELLS.

Air—"Ye Banks and Braes."

(Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.)

YE sweetly ring, my native bells,

Your soft notes float upon the gale,

Till my sad heart responsive swells,

And echoes back your mournful tale;

Ye tell me youth's bright dreams are gone,

And all that charmed my earlier years;

While I am left to journey on,

A pilgrim in this vale of tears.

Ye say, the joys of life's young day,

The hopes that gladdened every scene,

Like rainbow-tints, have passed away,

And left no trace where they have been.

Ye speak of hours too lightly prized,

(Regretted now, their hopes are fled,)

Of follies, thoughtless—unadvised—

Of friends long lost, the changed—the dead.

As waves, that kiss the pebbled shore,

Are lost within the trackless main;

Like them, life's summer-hours pass o'er,

And never can return again!

Still, still ring on, my native bells,

For, as your soft notes fill the gale,

My answering heart responsive swells,

And echoes back your mournful tale!

#### DRINK AWAY, AND KISS THE LASSES.

I AM a jolly, roving tar,

Fearing neither wound nor scar,

And many a tightish breeze have I seen;

When the grog is given out,

At a bottle or a boozing bout,

Tom never was the lubber to give in.

On shore, my hearts, on board a ship,

Good-humour with me keeps a trip—

'Tis yoe, yoe, drink and kiss the lasses;

Drink away, that's your play,

Fal de ral; yoe, yoe, yoe,

Drink away, and kiss the lasses.

Fitted out, a cruizer tight,

In a breeze I take delight,

And fighting's my fair weather, I allow;

Just like new ones at play,

We tars have such a taking way,

To always take the enemy in tow;

Fearing neither fin nor wing,

At our guns we gaily sing—

Yoe, yoe, drink, &c.

Though grog I love you—you know's my boast,

And was I every heart to toast

That leads Britannia's crew to victory—

Make the sea-grog, their health to qualif.

Before that I could drink them half,

I'm sartain that the ocean would be dry:

So here goes, that the world appals,

Old England and her wooden walls.

Yoe, yoe, drink, &c.

#### WHEN HASTE THEE TO AMANDA'S BOWER.

OH! haste thee, gallant Christian knight,

To sad Amanda's bower;

Where Love's own rose is blooming bright,

And Fate would mar the flower.

Thy smile alone can cheer the gloom

That threatens its decay;

Thy balmy sigh restore its bloom,

And wa't the blight away.

Then haste thee to Amanda's bower,

And bid the canker fly;

If Fluon scorns the gentle flower,

'Twill wither, droop, and die!

#### I BEG YOU WO'N'T DO THAT.

(Upton.)

I HAVE a simple tale to tell,

And yet of some import;

And, therefore, hope you'll mind it well,

Nor turn it into sport:

A young man woos me night and day,

And thinks I heed his chat;

O, no!—but then, don't tell him, pray;

I beg you wo'n't do that.

The fool is ever at my call,

And where I am, will be;

Nay, should my fan or thimble fall,

Must pick it up for me.

Was ever proud man brought so low.

Such trifling to be at?

Sure not!—but then, don't tell him so;

I beg you wo'n't do that.

The artful creature's bought a ring,

And says, I know what for;

But this I tell the silly thing,

"All bondage I abhor."

And, as for marriage, no, no, no,

He shall not catch me at;

But then,—O, pray, don't tell him so;

I beg you wo'n't do that.

#### THE POOR NEGRO SLAVE.

(C. Dibdin.)

YE children of pleasure, come hither and see

A sight that shall check your irreverent glee!

Ye children of wo, hear a tale, which awhile  
 A sense of your own various griefs shall beguile.  
 Thy tear, at that tale, divine Sympathy ! shed ;  
 Rejoice, sweet Compassion ! at viewing this  
 grave ;  
 Here wretchedness hides, unmolested, its head,  
 For under this turf lies a poor negro slave.

Deprived of whatever endears us to life ;  
 His country ! his freedom ! his children, and wife !  
 Grown mad with reflection, his spirit he freed ;  
 With pity, ye rigid, contemplate the deed !  
 His corpse, unregarded, disgraced the highway ;  
 Till, blushing, Humanity's credit to save,  
 With tenderness, Charity hastened to pay  
 Mortality's due to the poor negro slave.

Ye kind passers by, who this spot turn to view,  
 The tribute bequeath to his memory due ;  
 May peace watch his pillow whose breast can be-  
 stow

A generous sigh to the annals of wo !  
 The sigh that you heave, and the tear that you  
 shed,  
 Remembrance on heaven's blest records shall  
 grave ;  
 But vengeance shall heavily fall on each head  
 That spurned and oppressed him, a poor negro  
 slave.

RACHEL'S ANSWER TO WHO SHALL SIT  
 IN THE CORNER ?

(E. Mackey.)

VAT a quarrelsome tog, sure, ma husband has got,  
 His vims now are not to be porn, ah !  
 He says that he vill, but I say he shall not,  
 When he comes home, sit down in the corner.  
 Dere I, py myself, now must sit all the day,  
 Poor voman vas never forlorner ;  
 But I am determined I vill have my vay,  
 For I vill sit down in the corner.

My huspand comes home, and calls me such  
 names,  
 As to use e'en the tevil would scorn, ah !  
 He swears and he raves, and says 'twas a shames,  
 For me to sit down in the corner.  
 Vat, Rachel, says he, do you think dat to you  
 I ever vill be sich a fawner ?  
 I tell you I vo'n't, I pe t——d if I do,  
 But I vill have my place in the corner.

You had petter not do now, Moses, says I,  
 For ven dat my shild shall be porn, ah !  
 If you tare, I vill pinch the young prat till it cry,  
 To torment you out of de corner.  
 Vat, de tevil you vill, den, he cried ; put I say  
 I vill varrant I'll make you a mourner ;  
 I vill paste your hide vell ; ten, says I, so you  
 may,  
 But, plow me, I'll stick in the corner.

And, more den all dat, I vill sit vere I like,  
 For I of control am a scorner ;  
 And, if you dare jaw me, or offer to strike,  
 I'll smoke you afay from de corner.  
 And now, Mr. Moses, I've only to say,  
 I'll plant on your head two great horn, ah !  
 If 't don't, plow my vig, for I vill have my vay,  
 And te preeches vill veer in de corner.

HARK, HARK YE, HOW ECHOES THE  
 HORN IN THE VALE.

HARK, hark ye, how echoes the horn in the vale,  
 Whose notes do so sportingly dance in the gale,

To charm us to barter for ignoble rest  
 The joys which true pleasure can raise in the  
 breast.

The morning is fair, and in labour with day,  
 And the cry of the huntsman is hark, hark away ;  
 Then wherefore defer ye one moment our joys ?  
 Haste, haste, let's away ; so to horse, my brave  
 boys.

What pleasure can equal the joys of the chase,  
 Where meaner delights to more noble give place ?  
 While onward we press, and each sorrow defy,  
 From valley to valley re-echoes the cry :  
 Our joys are all sterling, no sorrows we fear,  
 We bound o'er the lawn, and look back on o'd  
 Care :

Forgetful of labour, we leap o'er the mounds,  
 Led on by the horn and the cry of the hounds.

MALVINA'S SMILE MY BALM SHALL BE.

[Music, Goulding & Co. Soho-square.]

(G. Macfarren.)

WHEN mountain storms have passed away,  
 And clouds no longer shower,  
 How sweetly shines the sunny ray  
 On dripping plant and flower ;  
 Thus, when the tyrant's toil we shun,  
 To chase our night of sorrow,  
 Malvina's smile shall be my sun  
 That wakes a happier morrow.

The foeman's brand,—the warrior's grave,—  
 The chains that perish never ;  
 A thousand ills I gladly brave,  
 To call her mine for ever.  
 Then, come, my lovely maid, to me,  
 Though doomed to pain and sorrow ;  
 Thy honied lip my balm shall be,  
 Thy smile my happy morrow.

MADAM BLAIZE.

(Goldsmith.)

GOOD people all, with one accord,  
 Lament for Madam Blaize,  
 Who never wanted a good word  
 From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,  
 And always found her kind ;  
 She freely lent to all the poor  
 Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please  
 With manners wondrous winning ;  
 And never followed wicked ways,  
 Unless when she was sinning.

At church, with silks and satins new  
 With hoop of wondrous size,  
 She never slumbered in her pew  
 But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,  
 By twenty beaux or more ;  
 The king himself has followed her  
 When she had walked before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,  
 Her hangers-on cut short all ;  
 The doctors found, when she was dead,  
 Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore,  
 For Kent-street well may say,  
 That, had she lived a twelvemonth more,  
 She had not died to-day.

## THIS IS AMATEUR HIGH MUSICAL.

(O'Keefe.)

BOYS, when I play, cry, oh crimini!  
Shelty's chaunter, squeakerimini!  
In love tunes I'm so emphatical,  
Fingers shaking, quiveratical.

With agility,  
Grace, gentility,  
Girls shake heel and toe;  
Pipes I tickle so:  
My jigs fill a pate,  
Tittilate

Pretty mate,

My hops love mirth, young blood circulate.  
Toodle, doodle, do.

Oh! my chanters sound so prettily,  
Sweeter far than pipes from Italy;  
'Cross the Tweed I'll bring my tweedledum,  
Striking foreign flute and fiddle dumb!

Modern Rizzi's so  
Pleases ma'am's, misses, though  
Peers can merry strum,  
Act plays very rum,  
I'll puff at square Hanover,  
Can over,  
Man over,

All the puny pipes from Italy.  
Toodle, doodle, do.

I'm in talk, a pedant, musical,  
In fine terms, I lug intrusical,  
Stap bravuras, alt, the rage about,  
Haydn, Weber, opera, stage about;

Oratorios,  
Cramers, Florios:  
Things at jubilee,  
*Neither he or she,*  
Die at syren's note,  
Tiny throat,  
Petticoat,

This is amateur high musical.  
Toodle, doodle, do.

## LET CARE BE A STRANGER TO EACH JOVIAL SOUL.

LET care be a stranger to each jovial soul,  
Who, Aristippus like, can his passions control;  
Of wisest philosophers wisest was he,  
Who, attentive to ease, let his mind still be free;

The prince, peer, or peasant, to him were the same,  
For, pleased, he was pleasing to all where he came,

But still turned his back on contention and strife,  
Resolving to live all the days of his life.

A friend to mankind, all mankind was his friend,  
And the peace of his mind was his ultimate end;  
He found fault with none, if none found fault with him,

If his friend had a humour, he humoured his whim;

If wine was the word, why he bumpered his glass,

If love was the topic, he toasted his lass—  
But still turned his back on contention and strife,  
Resolving to live all the days of his life.

If councils disputed, if councils agreed,  
He found fault with neither, for this was his creed,

That, let them be guided by folly or sense,  
'Twould be *semper eadem* a hundred years hence:  
He thought 'twas unsocial to be malcontent,  
If the tide went with him, with the tide, too, he went;

But still turned his back on contention and strife,  
Resolving to live all the days of his life.

Was the nation at war, he wished well to the sword;

If a peace was concluded, a peace was his word;  
Disquiet to him, of body or mind,  
Was the longitude only he never could find—  
The philosopher's stone was but gravel and pain,  
And all who had sought it had sought it in vain;  
He still turned his back on contention and strife,  
Resolving to live all the days of his life.

'Then let us all follow Aristippus's rules,  
And deem his opponents both asses and mules;  
Let those not contented to lead or to drive,  
By the bees of their sex be drove out of their

hive;  
Expelled from the mansions of quiet and ease,  
May they never find out the blest art how to please;

While our friend and ourselves, not forgetting our wives,  
By these maxims may live all the days of our lives.

## COME, FOLLOW, FOLLOW ME, YE JOVIAL MASONS FREE.

Air—"The Fairy Elves."

COME, follow, follow me,  
Ye jovial masons free,  
Come, follow all the rules,  
By Solomon, that Mason king,  
Who honour to the craft did bring.

He's justly called the Wise,  
His fame doth reach the skies;  
He stood upon the square,  
And did the temple rear,  
With true level, plumb, and gauge,  
He proved the wonder of the age.

The mighty mason lords  
Stood firmly to their words;  
Which highly they esteem,  
For which they're wise men deemed;  
Why should not their example prove  
Our present craft to live in love?

The royal art and word  
Are kept upon record,  
In upright hearts and pure,  
While sun and moon endure;  
Not written, but indented on  
The heart of ev'ry arch-mason.

And, as for Hiram's art,  
We need not e'er impart,  
The scripture plainly shows  
From whence his knowledge flows;  
His genius was so much refined,  
His peer he has not left behind.

'Then let not any one  
Forget the widow's son;  
But toast his memory  
In glasses charged full high;  
And when our proper time is come,  
Like brethren part, and so go home.  
To him that did the temple rear, &c.

## RUDDY LABOUR BRINGS US HEALTH.

A CHORUS.

(G. Colman.)

WE who labour rise betimes,  
And, while we work, we troll the song,  
Till the bell for breakfast chimes—  
Hark!—it strikes—ding dong, ding dong

Ruddy labour brings us health ;—  
Then envy not  
The rich man's lot ;—  
Lazy, listless, dozing wealth,  
Can it eat one half so well,  
To breakfast called, by ding dong bell ?

\*\*\*\*\*

### LIFE IS AN OCEAN WE MUST SCUD THROUGH.

Air—" *The World's Seven Wonders.*"

(Jesse Hammond.)

THIS life is an *ocean* we must *scud* through,  
Fol de rol, de rol, de rido.  
And, when the *weather's stormy*, I'll tell you what  
to do,  
Throw the *cable* of friendship, and *bring the vessel*  
*to.*

With a fol de rol, &c.

For each man's a *ship* on this *wide ocean* tost,  
Fol de rol, &c.  
His *compass* is honour, but, if it should be lost,  
The *steerage* is gone, and he'll never *reach the*  
*coast.*

With a fol de rol, &c.

And merit is the *metal* we all of us should bear,  
Fol de rol, &c.

Our *tonnage* is *registered above*, I declare,  
But, the question is, *below* what *colours* do we  
wear ?

With a fol de rol, &c

For if the *flag* of falsehood *fly* at the *mast*,  
Fol de rol, &c.

The bark will be a *wreck* 'ere the voyage is *past*,  
Or else, in disgrace, she'll be forced to *strike* at  
last.

With a fol de rol, &c.

When a *vessel's* in *distress*, the *signal* we know,  
Fol de rol, &c.

And he that wo'n't *shorten sail*, the *cable* to throw,  
To save a *sinking* friend, why, he ought to go *be-*  
*low.*

With a fol de rol, &c.

We look like a *squadron* *towed* into *tier*,  
Fol de rol, &c.

And, as we're all *bound* to a *foreign port* to *steer*,  
Let friendship *grapple* us altogether *here.*

With a fol de rol, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

### AH! THINK ON THIS, AND LOVE ME STILL.

(G. Colman.)

OUR grotto was the sweetest place,  
The bending bough, with fragrance blowing,  
Would check the brook's impetuous pace,  
Which murmured to be stopped from flowing.  
'Twas there we met, and gazed our fill,  
Ah! think on this, and love me still.

'Twas then my bosom first knew fear,  
Fear to an Indian maid a stranger ;  
The war-song, arrows, hatchet, spear,  
All warned me of my lover's danger :  
For him would cares my bosom fill,  
Ah! think on this, and love me still.

For him, by day, with care concealed,  
To gather fruit I climbed the mountain ;  
And, when the night no form revealed,  
Jocund, we sought the babbling fountain:  
Then, then would joy my bosom fill ;  
Oh! think on this, and love me still.

\*\*\*\*\*

### THE POOR LITTLE MAID'S IN A VERY SAD WAY.

(Kenney.)

WHEN a poor little maid feels her senses astray,  
Cannot sleep on her pillow, nor rest all the day ;  
Sees a form still pursue her, do all that she can,  
And this form should be that of a handsome young  
man ;

Sly neighbours will whisper then, good lack-a-day,  
The poor little maid's in a very sad way.

When of all her old friends she begins to grow  
shy ;

When she speaks very seldom, and speaks with a  
sigh ;

When, though witty or wise, she appears like a  
dunce,

And folks wonder what's come to the girl all at  
once.

Sly neighbours will whisper, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

### IN THE FAMOUS DAYS OF OLD.

IN the famous days of old,  
Our Harrys brave! our Edwards bold,  
Cased in armour bright as gold,  
Bade Old England's banners wave.  
Roused by the soul-inspiring flame  
Of Agincourt, of Cressy's fame,  
Many a knight of gallant name  
Resolved on victory or a grave.

In good Queen Bess's golden days,  
The invincible Armada blazed !  
Not to us, but Heaven the praise,  
Owned Great Britain's naval sway ;  
And, when'er our country calls,  
We'll bravely steer our wooden walls,  
Westcot bleeds, and Nelson falls!  
Yet victory crowns the bloody day.

Lo! while grateful pæans rise,  
Gory wounds and streaming eyes ;  
For Britons this, the sacrifice  
Claims a sympathetic sigh.  
Sons of the wave, your country's pride,  
The offspring of the brave! who died ;  
Soothed be your pangs, your sorrows dried,  
'Tis glorious thus to bleed or die.

None of our heroes bled in vain,  
Nursed by Victory on the main ;  
The cherub Peace does smile again,  
And war and groans are heard no more.  
Rule Britannia! great and free ;  
Thy Cochrane, Exmouth, Sydney be  
Theirs the empire o'er the sea,  
Until its waves shall cease to roar.

\*\*\*\*\*

### THE IRISHMAN IN LOVE.

Air—" *You know I'm your Prie t,*" &c.

WHEREVER I'm going, and all the day long,  
Abroad or at home, or alone in a throng,  
I find that my passions, so lively and strong,  
That your name, when I'm silent, runs still in my  
song.

Sing Balinamona ora, &c.

A kiss of your sweet lips for me.

Since the first time I saw you, I take no repose,  
I sleep all the day to forget all my woes ;  
So hot is the flame in my bosom which glows,  
By St. Patrick, I fear it will burn through my  
clothes.

Sing Balinamona ora, &c.

Your pretty black hair for me.

In conscience, I fear, I shall die in my grave,  
 Unless you comply, and poor Phelim you save;  
 And grant the petition your lover does crave,  
 Who never was free till you made him your slave.  
     Sing Balinamona ora, &c.  
     Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day when I make you my bride,  
 With a swinging long sword, how I'll strut and  
     I'll stride;  
 In a coach and six horses, with honey, I'll ride,  
 As before you I walk to the church by your side.  
     Sing Balinamona ora, &c.  
     Your little white fist for me.



THERE WAS A TIME I NEED NOT NAME.

(Lord Byron.)

THERE was a time I need not name,  
 Since it will ne'er forgotten be,  
 When all our feelings were the same,  
 As still my soul hath been to thee.

And from that hour, when first thy tongue  
 Confessed a love which equalled mine;  
 Though many a grief my heart hath wrung,  
 Unknown, and thus unfelt by thine.

None, none, hath sunk so deep as this,  
 To think how soon that love hath flown;  
 Transient as every faithful kiss,  
 But transient in thy breast alone.

And yet my heart some solace knew,  
 When late I heard thy lips declare,  
 In accents once imagined true,  
 Remembrance of the days that were.

Yes! my adored!—yet most unkind!  
 Though thou wilt never love again,  
 To me, 'tis doubly sweet to find  
 Remembrance of that love remain.

Yes; 'tis a glorious thought to me,  
 Nor longer shall my soul repine,  
 Whate'er thou art or e'er shall be,  
 Thou hast been dearly, solely mine.



TIPPY BOB.

MY name's Tippy Bob,  
 With a watch in each fob,  
 View me round, on each side, and the top;  
     I'm sure I'm the thing,  
     Nay, I wish I may swing,  
 If I a'n't now a nice natty crop.  
     I am up to each rig,  
     Of my hat smoke the gig,  
 Like candles my locks dangle down:  
     And, look, in my rear,  
     As an ostrich, I'm bare,  
 But the knowingest smart of the town.  
     As I walk through the lobby,  
     The girls cry out, "Bobby,  
 Here, Bobby!—my Bibbidy Bob!"  
     Now squeaking, now squalling,  
     Then pulling and hauling;  
     So smirking and pleasing,  
     So coaxing and teasing,  
     I can't get them out of my nob.

Observe well my shape,  
 And the fall of my cape,  
 It's the thing! it's the thing!—d——me a'n't it?  
     And this bow round my neck,  
     Would, at least, hold a peck,  
 It may catch some old duchess, too, mayn't it?  
     Then, under this collar,  
     I've got a huge roller,

'Tis just like a huge German sausage,  
 And squeezed up so tight,  
 That, by this good light,  
 It goes nearly to stop up the passage.

SPOKEN.] But it's the tippy,—the go,—the  
 diddle,—the wish,—I may get it,—because,—  
     As I walk through the lobby, &c.

My vest a foot long,  
     Nine capes in a throng;  
 My breeches,—my small-clothes, I mean,  
     From my chest to the calf,  
     D——n the mob, let them laugh,  
 I dress not by them to be seen:  
     The strings to my knees,  
     Like *chevaux-de-frise*;  
 My boots to the small of my leg;  
     My spurs the nonsuch,  
     No crop can me touch,  
 For I swear I'm at home to a peg.

SPOKEN.] I'm quite the dandy!—the tippy!—  
 the women's own man!—Oh! the dear smiling  
 rogues—the angels of bliss. Hark! I hear 'em,  
     As I walk through the lobby, &c



THE WOODPECKER.

(T. Moore.)

I KNEW by the smoke, that so gracefully curled  
 Above the green elms, that a cottage was near;  
 And I said, if there's peace to be found in the  
     world,

A heart that is humble might hope for it here.  
 Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound,  
 But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And here in this lone little wood, I exclaimed,  
 With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye;  
 Who would blush when I praised her, and weep  
     if I blamed;  
 How blest could I live, and how calm could I  
     die.

Every leaf was at rest, &c.

By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry  
     dips  
 In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to re-  
     cline;  
 And, to know that I sighed upon innocent lips,  
 Which ne'er had been sighed on by any but  
     mine.

Every leaf was at rest, &c.



IN BRITAIN DWELLS SWEET HUMANITY.

(Holman.)

THY glory in war let those loudly proclaim  
 Who mistake discord's blast for the trumpet of  
     fame,  
 And give slaughter the meed of renown;  
     'Tis, Britain, thy praise  
     The sword ne'er to raise  
 In ravage and plunder's fell cause;  
     But to guard sacred honour's pure laws,  
 And the pride of the base to bring down.  
     Still o'er the fall'n foe  
     Let Pity's tear flow,  
 Not sound forth the triumph of blood.  
 No, Britain, thou art great and good;  
     Let this thy glory be,  
     This let admiring nations see,  
     That with thee  
     Dwells sweet Humanity.

## HOW IMPERFECT IS EXPRESSION.

How imperfect is expression  
 Some emotion to impart!  
 When we mean a soft confession!  
 And yet seek to hide the heart!

What! though silent is my anguish,  
 Or breathe only to the air;  
 Mark, my eyes, and as they languish!  
 Read what yours have written there!

Deep confusion! rosy terror!  
 Quite expressive paints my cheek,  
 Ask no more, behold your error,  
 Blushes eloquently speak!

## NAN OF ST. CATHARINE'S.

(Upton.)

WHEN first I left Nan of St. Catharine's,  
 Says I, "my dear girl, dry your eyes;  
 For a something says peace is a-coming;"  
 And Nan has since found I was wise;  
 For now that the war is all over,  
 The drum and the fiddles shall play;  
 While we frisk it and prance it,  
 And jig it and dance it;  
 We frisk it and prance it,  
 And jig it and dance it,  
 And pass the dull hours away;  
 Singing fol de rol, de dol day.

When once, and on board the Audacious,  
 The toast it went round to the girls,  
 I gave my sweet Nan of St. Catharine's,  
 With peace and the ringing of bells.  
 And now that the war is all over,  
 The drum and the fiddles shall play.  
 While we frisk it, &c.

But I hav'n't yet told you we're married,  
 The moment I last came from sea;  
 'Twas a promise I made her at parting;  
 And who are so happy as we?  
 For now that the war is all over,  
 The drum and the fiddles shall play.  
 While we frisk it, &c.

SPOKEN.] Yes; and, if we go to war any more,  
 it shall be to down with all monopolizers, and up  
 with the flag of justice and plenty; and then, my  
 heart, we will sing

Fol de rol, &amp;c.

## THE GENEROUS TOPER.

YE wretches, whose minds are with avarice  
 fraught,  
 That never yet teemed with a generous thought,  
 Sneak peevishly home to your beds;  
 Away from my sight, while a brimmer I charge,  
 Give a loose to my humour, and revel at large,  
 Pursuing where jollity leads.

Doze, doze out your days, like the moles of the  
 earth,  
 Nor dare to extinguish the lamp of my mirth,  
 But bright let it sparkle away;  
 Whilst ye are all dull, or enwrap in a dream,  
 Let its flame hurry onward, and finish its gleam,  
 With a bold and eccentric ray.

Give me the choice guest, whose ideas refine,  
 Whose native good-humour is strengthened by  
 wine,  
 Who laughs at formality's plan;  
 Who, spite of a rigid, grave censoring world,  
 With rapture, beholds fancy's streamers un-  
 furled,  
 And snatches the breeze while he can.

## OUR BARK DID SWIFTLY GLIDE.

Air—"My Lodging is on the cold Ground, my  
 Love."—(James Bruton.)

OUR bark did swiftly glide  
 Through the refluxent tide,  
 When its waves had sunk sweetly to rest;  
 And yon pale orb on high,  
 As she swam through the sky,  
 Shone bright on its blue lucid breast.  
 No sound then was heard,  
 Save some lonely sea-bird,  
 That descended, to sip the blue wave;  
 Or night-wind's soft sigh,  
 As it swept sweetly by,  
 Or low shriek that the wild sea-mew gave.

These eyes oft did strain  
 Their sad sight o'er the main,  
 To the land fast receding from view;  
 When late to my breast,  
 My fond Mary I prest,  
 And bade her a long, last adieu!  
 For a storm soon arose,  
 On the night's soft repose,  
 Wrecked our bark near our loved native shore;  
 And rumour's rude breath,  
 Spread the news of my death,  
 She died, and we never met more.

## TO CURE HIM—LET HIM MARRY.

(Arnold.)

SOME poets sing of nought but wine,  
 And swear the liquor is divine—  
 A cure in every case;  
 It cures the heart-ache, as they say,  
 That's true—but then it leaves, next day,  
 A head-ache in its place.

Others maintain, when sick with love,  
 A man one only cure can prove,  
 A cure that can't miscarry—  
 Say they—when he would ease his pain  
 Let him but once the object gain,  
 To cure him—let him marry.

Whoever tries this plan soon sees  
 The cure is worse than the disease,  
 But I resolved to try;  
 I married—had a scolding wife,  
 She died—and I'm at ease for life,  
 She rests—and so do I!

## MY NATIVE CALEDONIA.

Air—"The dusky Glen."

SAIR, sair was my heart, when I parted frae my  
 Jean,  
 An' sair, sair I sighed, while the tears stood in  
 my een;  
 For my daddie is out poor, and my fortune is sae  
 sma',  
 It gars me leave my native Caledonia.

When I think on days now gane, an' sae happy I  
 hae been,  
 While wand'ring wi' my dear, whare the primrose  
 blaws unseen,  
 I'm wae to leave my lassie, and my daddie's cot  
 ava,  
 Or the hills an' healthful breeze o' Caledonia.

But wharever I wander, still happy be my Jean,  
 Nae care disturb her bosom, whare peace has ever  
 been;  
 Then though ill on ill's befa' me, for her I'll bea  
 them a',  
 Though aft I'll heave a sigh for Caledonia.

But should riches e'er be mine, and my Jeanie still  
be true,  
Then blaw, ye fav'ring breezes, till my native land  
I view;  
'Then I'll kneel on Scotia's shore, while the heartfelt  
tear shall fa',  
And never leave my Jean, nor Caledonia.

////////

### ALL THE FOLKS WOULD DRINK LIKE FISH.

(B. Thompson.)

COULD seas and rivers turn to wine,  
To gratify a toper's wish,  
A sailor's life would be divine,  
And all the folks would drink like fish.  
No whale would dive and skulk with fear,  
Lest sly harpoon should overtake him,  
For brisk and bold would ocean's cheer,  
And drunk as any porpoise make him.  
Tol de rol, de rol!

Many an eelskin full of drink  
Would twist among the joyous shoal,  
Tipsy maids no harm could think,  
To frisk it with a jovial soal.  
Here a Bacchanalian brood  
Of prawns and lobsters strangely tickled,  
Carp in claret nicely stewed,  
And all our herrings ready pickled.  
Tol de rol, de rol!

Oysters, scorning to be sad,  
Gaily call for t'other quart,  
Ev'ry muscle dancing mad,  
To cheer the cockles of his heart.  
Sharks, no more the seaman's grave,  
With muzzy mack'rel would get foggy;  
Sprats would flounder through the wave,  
And all the scaly race grow groggy.  
Tol de rol, de rol!

////////

### HIS GENIUS CALLS, WE MUST OBEY.

THRICE happy the nation that Shakspeare has  
charmed;  
More happy the bosom his genius has warmed;  
Ye children of Nature, of fashion, and whim,  
He painted ye all, and all join to praise him.

CHORUS.

Come away, come away,  
His genius calls, we must obey.

To praise him, ye fairies, and genii, repair,  
He knew where ye haunted, in earth, or in air;  
No phantom so subtle could glide from his view,  
The wings of his fancy were swifter than you.  
Come away, &c.

From highest to lowest, from old to the young,  
All states and conditions by him have been sung,  
All passions and humours were raised by his pen,  
He could soar with the eagle, and sing with the  
wren.

Come away, &c.

Ye mortals, may Folly ne'er lead you astray,  
Nor vain empty Fashion your reason betray;  
By your love to the bard may your genius be  
known,  
Nor injure his fame by the loss of your own.  
Come away, &c.

////////

### PRETTY KATTY FLANNIGAN.

At the dead of the night, when by whisky in-  
spired,  
And pretty Katty Flannigan my bosom had fired,

I tapped at her window, when thus she began,  
"Oh! what the devil are you at? begone, you  
naughty man."

I gave her a look, as sly as a thief,  
Or, when hungry, I'd view a fine sirloin of beef;  
"My heart is red hot," says I, "but cold is my  
skin,  
So pretty Mrs. Flannigan, wo'n't you let me in?"

She opened the door, I sat down by the fire,  
And soon was relieved from the wet, cold, and  
mire;  
And I pleased her so mightily, that, long e'er  
'twas day,  
I stole poor Katty's tender heart, and so tripped  
away.

////////

### VIEW YON MOUNTAIN'S HOARY HEAD.

(T. Dibdin.)

VIEW yon mountain's hoary head,  
See the clouds that bind his brow,  
View yon tombs of bardic dead,  
Men whose minds are living now.

Owen, once of vice the slave,  
Ne'er could raise his looks so high  
As yonder steep; each hallowed grave  
Alike would shun the guilty eve.

Nature, honest, undisguised,  
Gives to Cambria ev'ry grace;  
Justly be the lesson prized  
By each true son of Cambria's race.

////////

### VISIT TO THE ITALIAN OPERA.

Air—"Vinche d'amore!"

THOUGH, for its music,  
The Opera few seek,  
And their airs oft make you sick,  
Such rare games they run;  
For those who would dash on,  
And rank with the fashion,  
The Opera the place is, when  
All's said and done.  
The temple of Beauty,  
To go there's a duty—  
There's Pasta, Velluti,  
And half a score more,  
All warbling their notes,  
In their fine spangled coats,  
While we're straining our throats,  
Bawling "Bravo! encore!"

SPOKEN.] Jinks, did you ever see such a set of  
quizzes as they are letting in? really they should  
keep this place more select; there'll be no coming  
here soon. Look at the antediluvian tie of that  
fellow's cravat. Why, that's the knot of the year  
one, and not this year's.—My dear fellow, the less  
we say about ears here the better.—Who is that  
female in the opposite box there?—That's Lady  
Isabelle Hasbeen.—Lady Was-a-Belle you mean.  
—She might have been a belle fifty years ago, but  
you can't call her one now.—Now then, messmate,  
is this here the shilling gallery?—Shilling gallery!  
my good fellow, there's no shilling gallery here;  
this is the King's Theatre, and the gallery here's  
a crown.—Oh, this is the King's Theatre, is it,  
and they crown him in the gallery; well, God  
bless him—no harm done, messmate: I'll steer  
my hull for some other port—Common Garden will  
do for me.—Now, sir, pay here.—Oh, pay here;  
how much?—Half-a-guinea, sir.—Dear me! bless  
me! I declare if I haven't left my money in my

other breeches, when I put on my black silks. Can't you give me cash for a thirty-pound check?—We don't take them here, sir; you'd better take it to the check-taker.—Now then, sir, you're blocking up the way—must trouble you to go on.—Go on; 'gad, if you can't give me change, I must go off.—Now then, sir, pay here, pay here!—I have paid—gave Charles Wright eight shillings for a ticket.—Take it further on, sir.—Pa, pa, pull off your hat.—Pull off my hat in this draught—nonsense, girl!—But it's the ettiketty, I tell you.—Fiddlestick! that's no reason I should catch my death a-cold, I'm bad enough off as it is; haven't I got silk stockings on for the first time in my life, and 'en't my legs as cold as a couple of cucumbers? I tell you, I never was here before in all my life, and I'm determined to be comfortable. Bless my heart, what a splendid place! quite beats Common Garden out-and-out. What is this they're doing now? Shall I trouble you, sir, to tell me when the speaking begins, for I really don't know what they mean now by—

All warbling their notes, &c.

Divine Catalani,  
Sweet-toned Tramezzani,  
And old Di Giovanni,  
And dear Judith Pasta,  
Great Billingtonini,  
Pathetic Grassini,  
Il Maestro Rossini,  
That wonderful master;  
Witching Ronzi de Vestris,  
Whose dancing the best is,  
By all ranks confest is,  
That now we can view;  
Though far from us you fly,  
None your loss to supply,  
Can the Opera die,  
When we think upon you?

SPOKEN.] Now, sir, what's the number of your box?—Eight hundred and thirty-six.—Up higher, sir.—Next tier, I suppose—eight hundred and thirty-six.—Up higher, sir.—Eh, another flight, very well; now then, eight hundred and thirty-six.—Up higher, sir.—Higher still. Eh, well, well; there, here I am at last—eight hundred and thirty-six.—Up higher, sir.—I give it up, I shall never get to the top, and I've been running this half hour. Daughter, daughter, where can I get a bill of the play!—Oh, la, papa! nobody has bills of the play, they only sell books of the opera.—What's the good of them, who can understand a word of them! they're all English and Italian. I will have a bill of the play, I tell you; here have I been here two hours, and haven't understood a single word they've said.—You can't get a bill here, then, pa, it a'n't the fashion.—No matter, I've got it; I can do without it. Here's the great poster they left at my shop this morning; it was stuck with four skewers on the back of one of our sheep, but I made the boy take the skewers out; see, here's the holes where they were, this will do.—Hush, hush, papa; *he's* here.—Who's here?—*He*.—Who's *he*?—You'd better take my glass, sir, and there you'll see *Veluti in speculum*.—(Imitation.)

Arm. Popol d' Egitto, ecco ritorno a voi;  
Sono qui vincitrici  
Quelle schiere, o Signor, che a me fidasti;  
Tutto de' prodi tuoi cesse al valore;  
E distrutti, dispersi, g'inimici sparir  
Come la polve de' lor deserti,  
Omai chinâr la fronte audace,  
Pace implorarò; io lor dettai la pace.  
E fortunato il vincitor si tiene,  
Se di favor da te un sorriso otticne.

Ala. Vieni, o giovine eroc,  
Al sen dell' amistà. Tutti compisti  
I mfei cenni, i miefi voti. In sì bel giorno  
Tutto sperar ti lice.

Arm. Ah, Signor!

Ala. Felice

Io ti bramo; ora vien, coronî intanto  
La man d'amor la fedeltà, il valore.

ARIA.

Arm. Cara mano dell' amore!  
Io ti bacio, e son felice;  
Se merce sperar mi lice,  
Io la spero dall' amor.

SPOKEN.] Bravo! bravo!—very well indeed—  
I certainly do like to hear them.

All warbling their notes, &c.

Mozart's Don Giovanni  
A treat is to many,  
And can't displeas any,  
So charming its airs;  
A warning to folly,  
It soothes melancholy,  
With melodies holy,  
And softens our care.  
And, then, with the ballet,  
Our spirits we rally,  
And stroll through fops' alley,  
To gaze at the graces;  
To see beauty at will,  
And with ecstasy thrill,  
The Opera still  
Is the place of all places.

SPOKEN.] I beg your pardon, sir, but I see by the bill that Don Giovanni is the stage-manager; pray is he a young man or an old one?—Why, sir, he's about sixty.—Dear me, then what a very long run on the stage, for an old man, they made him take three years ago.—Pray, daughter, what is that thing that's stuck up in the middle of the stage?—That's the prompter's box, pa.—The prompter's box, is it? well now, do you know I should have taken it for a potato-basket.—Dear me, how every body is talking round about me; there's no telling a word what the performers mean, and I do so terribly want to know what that gentleman, with the little girl's voice, is saying; shall I trouble you to be silent.—Oh, dear, papa, nobody thinks of listening to any thing at the Opera, it 'en't the fashion. Nonsense, girl, I've paid my money, and I've as much right to hear as they have to talk;—I must request you'll hold your tongue, sir.—Hush, hush, pa, for heaven's sake, be quiet.—That's what I want them to be.—Here comes the Primo Buffo.—The prime old buffalo! oh, I must listen to him; he does look like a comical fellow, faith.

Imitation from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, of Mozart.

ARIA.

Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso,  
Notte e giorno d' intorno girando,  
Delle belle turbando il riposo,  
Narcisetto, Adoncino d' amor!  
Non più avrai questi bei pennacchini,  
Quel cappello leggero e galante,  
Quella chioma, quell' arta brillante,  
Quel vermiglio donnesco color  
Fra guerrieri, poffar bacco,  
Gran mustacchi, stretto sacco,  
Schioppo in spalla, spada al fianco  
Collo dritto, muso franco,  
Un gran casco, un gran turbante,  
Molto onor, poco contante;  
Ed invece del fandango,  
Una marcia in mezzo al fangò

I'er montagne, e per valloni,  
 Colle nevi, e i solleoni,  
 Al concerto di tromboni,  
 Di bombarde, e di cannoni,  
 Che le palle in tutti i tuoni  
 Alle orecchie fan fischiar.  
 Cherubino, alla vittoria,  
 Alla gloria militar!

SPOKEN.] Bravo! very well, indeed, old gentleman.—Well, I must own, though I don't understand a word of it, nor can't, for the life of me, think what they're about, it's very gratifying to hear them

All warbling their notes, &c.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND-HILL.

ON Richmond-hill there lives a lass,  
 More bright than May-day morn,  
 Whose charms all other maids surpass,  
 A rose without a thorn.  
 This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,  
 Has won my right good will,  
 I'd crowns resign to call her mine,  
 Sweet lass of Richmond-hill.

Ye zephyrs gay, that fan the air,  
 And wanton through the grove,  
 Oh! whisper to my charming fair,  
 I die for her and love.

This lass so neat, &c.

How happy will the shepherd be  
 Who calls this nymph his own;  
 Oh! may the choice be fixed on me,  
 Mine's fixed on her alone.

This lass so neat, &c.

MORALITY IN THE FORETOP.

(Dibdin.)

TWO real tars, whom duty called,  
 To watch in the foretop,  
 Thus, one another overhauled,  
 And took a cheering drop:  
 'I say, Will Hatchway,' cried Tom Tow,  
 'Of conduct, what's your sort,  
 As through the voyage of life we go,  
 To bring you safe to port?'  
 Cried Jack, 'You lubber, don't you know,  
 Our passions close to reef,  
 To steer where honour points the prow,  
 The hand a friend's relief;  
 These anchors get but in your power,  
 My life for't, that's your sort,  
 The bower, the sheet, and the best bower,  
 Must bring you safe to port.'  
 'Why, then, you're out, and there's an end,'  
 Tom cried out, blunt and rough;  
 'Be good, be honest, serve a friend,  
 The maxim's well enough;  
 Who swabs his brow at other's wo,  
 That tar's for me, your sort;  
 The vessel right a-head shall go,  
 To find a joyful port.'

'Let storms of life upon me press,  
 Misfortunes make me reel,  
 Why, d—e, what's my own distress?  
 For others let me feel;  
 Aye, aye, if bound with a fresh gale  
 To heaven, that is your sort;  
 A handkerchief's the best wet sail,  
 To bring you safe to port.'

GREAT NEWS, GREAT NEWS, IN HYMEN'S  
 EVENING POST.

GREAT news! great news! I'm hither sent,  
 'Mongst mortals to declare  
 What passed in Hymen's parliament,  
 Where Cupid took the chair;  
 They made the wisest, best decree  
 You've known in all your lives,  
 Old maids shall blest with husbands be,  
 And bachelors have wives.

To bachelors what rare news,  
 And all your tabby host,  
 Who may the tidings glad peruse,  
 In Hymen's Evening Post.  
 Great news! great news!  
 In Hymen's Evening Post,  
 Great news! Great news!

By every bachelor, for life,  
 A duty must be paid,  
 Refusing now to take a wife,  
 An antiquated maid;  
 Poor soul, how great must be her joy,  
 Who such a lot escapes,  
 No more with Pug or Puss to toy,  
 And free from leading apes.  
 What wonderful surprising news, &c.

A bachelor, moreover, is  
 A poor unhappy elf,  
 Who, void of all domestic bliss,  
 Lays snoring by himself;  
 He need not now to cheer his mind,  
 In search of gossip roam,  
 For, sure as fate, he'll always find,  
 Enough of that at home.  
 For bachelors what pleasing news, &c.

AH, SIGH NOT FOR LOVE!

(Henry Siddons.)

AH, sigh not for love, if you wish not to know  
 Every torment that waits on us mortals below;  
 If you fain would avoid all the dangers and  
 snares  
 That attend human life, and escape all its cares!  
 Sigh not for love, &c.

If cheerfulness smile on the glass as you sip,  
 And you wish not to dash the sweet cup from your  
 lip,  
 If life's rill you'd see sparkle with pleasure's gay  
 beam,  
 Nor destroy the bright bubbles that rise on the  
 stream,  
 Sigh not for love, &c.

If you dread the sharp pangs that assail the fond  
 heart,  
 If you wish to shun sorrow, and mirth would im-  
 part,  
 If you prize a calm life, with contentment and  
 ease,  
 If pleasure can charm you; and liberty please,  
 Sigh not for love, &c.

HERE'S RICHER JUICE FROM BARLEY  
 PRESSED.

(Thomas Nabbes, 1639.)

THOU, ever youthful God of Wine,  
 Whose burnished cheeks with rubies shine,  
 Thy brows with ivy chaplets crowned;  
 We dare thee here to pledge a round!  
 Thy wanton grapes we do detest,  
 Here's richer juice from barley pressed.

Let not the Muses vainly tell  
 What virtue's in the horse-hoof well,  
 That scarce one drop of good blood breeds,  
 But, with mere inspiration feeds;  
 Oh, let them come, and taste this beer,  
 And water henceforth they'll forswear.

If that, the Paracelsian crew,  
 The virtues of this liquor knew,  
 Their endless toils they would give o'er,  
 And never use extractions more;  
 'Tis medicine, meat, for young and old,  
 Elixir,—blood of tortured gold.

It is sublimed—it's calcinate;  
 'Tis rectified—precipitate;  
 It is Androgena—Sol's wife;  
 It is the mercury of life;  
 It is the quintessence of malt,  
 And they that drink it want no salt.

It heals, it hurts; it cures, it kills;  
 Men's heads with proclamations fills;  
 It makes some dumb, and others speak,  
 Strong vessels hold, and cracked ones leak.  
 It makes some rich, and others poor,  
 It makes, and yet mars many a score.

#### VALOUR AND ITS REWARD.

(Dibdin.)

THE gallant soldier joyly comes,  
 'Midst piercing fifes and rattling drums,  
 His helmet graced with nodding plumes,  
 Decked like another Mars;  
 His trembling love sunk in alarms,  
 And veiled in fear her pallid charms,  
 He presses in his willing arms,  
 And hurries to the wars.

A charm 'gainst death they take and give,  
 That they may every strife survive,  
 'Tis hope, in which they vow to live,  
 And every fear beguile.  
 Sweet hope! that soothes the constant heart,  
 When lovers from each other part,  
 That comfort brings with wondrous art,  
 And makes e'en misery smile.

Blest with a guardian power like this,  
 They fondly trace each future bliss,  
 Rememb'ring every parting kiss,  
 And conquering all alarms.  
 The battle o'er, he leaves the plain,  
 He comes to banish every pain,  
 They meet in smiles, and soon again  
 Rush to each other's arms.

#### THE OLD MAID AND THE TOM-CAT;

OR, THE CURE EXTRAORDINARY!

Air—“*A Frog he would a-wooing go.*”

(E. J. B. Box.)

AN old maid sat by the fire-side,  
 Heigho! poor Tommy!  
 To her nose her snuff-box she often applied,  
 The better to think what was best to decide  
 For a rumbling, grumbling, jalap-and-jaundice-  
 fit;  
 Heigho! in grief for poor Tommy!

Poor Tommy was sick, she could not tell how;  
 Heigho! poor Tommy!  
 So she gave him some milk, quite warm from the  
 cow,  
 But that made him worse, and he kicked up a row.  
 With his rumbling, grumbling, &c.

While she wept from her heart, and hung down  
 her head;

Heigho! poor Tommy!

On the hearth, with her pillow, she made him a  
 bed,  
 With a napkin then bound up the poultice she  
 made,

For his rumbling, grumbling, &c.

Tom, urged by his gripes to struggle and stretch,  
 Heigho! poor Tommy!

“Lord bless me!” cried she, “I'm an unhappy  
 wretch!”

Oh, what shall I do? I the doctor must fetch  
 To your rumbling, grumbling,” &c.

Off she went, in a fright, and soon Doctor Snob  
 came;

Heigho! poor Tommy!

Who, for feline disease, had acquired great fame,  
 Cried he, “soon this bowel-commotion we'll tame,  
 With my rumbling, grumbling, jalap-and-jaun-  
 dice-pills,” &c.

“Don't weep, miss!” said he, “I am up to such  
 sights;”

Heigho! poor Tommy!

“'Tis the jaundice he's got in the welt of his  
 lights,

The in-sole of his thorax we'll soon put to rights,  
 With my rumbling, grumbling, &c.

As Tommy refused to swallow the pill;

Heigho! poor Tommy!

The doctor used force, and, against Tommy's will,  
 He blew the pills down through the hole of a quill,  
 With a rumbling, grumbling, jalap-and-jaun-  
 dice-puff,” &c.

Lest the pills should too long in the thorax lurk;  
 Heigho! poor Tommy!

He took up by the ear, and gave Tommy a jerk,  
 That, downwards, the quicker the physic might  
 work,

With its rumbling, grumbling, jalap-and-jaun-  
 dice-cure, &c.

Then, to comfort his stomach, miss fed him with  
 pap;

Heigho! poor Tommy!

Till (a some-how-or-other of ill-managed hap)

Tom's comfort and cure fell into her lap,  
 By a rumbling, grumbling, jalap-and-jaundice  
 chance;

Heigho! relief for poor Tommy!

#### THE GIPSY'S PROMISE.

(Martha Bennett.)

BLEAK in the valley blew the wind,

The angry storm increased apace,

That pictured scenes in Mary's mind

Of dire and awful face.

“Ah me!” she said, then dropt a tear;

“The village-clock strikes one;

No truth in gipsy's words, I fear,

Who said, he'll come anon.”

Dashing, the surge the rock below

Beat with incessant roar,

Save, now and then, some voice of wo,

That faintly reached the shore;

“Pray, God, assist Misfortune's slaves,

Whose signal-cannon howls,

And if, shipwrecked, they find their graves,

Oh, heaven, receive their souls!”

Blue in the socket burnt the light,

The embers shed a shallow gleam,

Beside the clock, oh, dreadful sight!

A ghost, as it should seem.

The gipsy's words ran through her brain,  
While thunder struck the door;  
She flew, beheld her love again,  
From shipwreck safe on shore.

## I AM NOW A PRINTER'S DEVIL.

Air—"I'm jolly Dick, the Lamplighter."

I'M saucy Nick, and, would you know  
My birth and education,  
I'll tell ye—'cause I likes to show  
I'm not of vulgar nation:  
'Tis true, I never saw my dad,  
But folks are very civil;  
They say as how  
He lives below,  
Old Nick his name, like me, egad,  
And I'm a Printer's Devil.

One night, dad set a mount on fire,  
At last it 'gan to groan,  
Then up I flew, and, in the mire,  
I fell a pumice-stone:  
But die I should not, father swore,  
I'm sure 'twas monstrous civil,  
So, light and trim,  
He made me swim,  
Until, at last, I drove on shore,  
And now I'm a Printer's Devil.

My master, Inky, thought, d'ye see,  
To keep me in my station.  
But father's deeper far than he,  
He's had an education,  
He swore that I should rub no more,  
I'm sure 'twas monstrous civil,  
So, quick and straight,  
He changed my gait,  
And so, sir, as I said before,  
I'm now a Printer's Devil.

## THE COMPLAINT OF NEGLECTED LOVE.

(W. H. Ireland.)

DIMMED is the lustre of that radiant eye,  
Fled are the roses of that polished cheek,  
Mute are those lips that vent the struggling sigh,  
Convulsive throbs that iv'ry bosom sleek.  
Dishevelled hang those locks of auburn hue,  
Which oft that neck, in tresses, would adorn,—  
Ah! do not these portend that love's untrue,  
And has not William left his maid forlorn.  
Yes, faithless youth! thy practice was but art;  
Another's grief has sovereign charms for thee,  
Or never could thy soul first win my heart  
And then abandon it to misery.

## MUMBO JUMBO.

A DUET.

He.—WHITE man, when him wife love anoder,  
And, quarrelling, scratch him and claw;  
*Crim. con.* about make such a podder,  
And call a palaver wid law;  
But Mandingo man  
Choose a different plan,  
Him music a tune, and bang the big drum  
go;  
All terror and fear,  
Soon him chum chum appear  
Before the tribunal of Mumbo Jumbo!  
Mumbo Jumbo,  
Bang de big drum go,  
Him frighten bad moosa does Mumbo Jumbo.

She.—She no tremble wrong what you tell her,  
Let him come and me laugh at him rod.

He.—No, no, no.

She.— Yes, yes.  
Remember de kiss  
Me saw you give Joliba, sure as big Jumbo.  
He.—In Yams Cassa you hid;  
She.— Me didn't.  
He.— You did.  
But here comes, to settle it, Mumbo Jumbo.  
Mumbo Jumbo;  
Bang, de big drum go, &c.

## THE FOUNTAIN.

(T. W. Kelly.)

Oh, fountain, playing 'neath that shade,  
That rose and jasmine canopy,  
Oft, in thy sparkling, light cascade,  
Bathing, my love has honoured thee.  
When next thy waves shall, as a vest,  
Enfold her charms in soft embrace,  
Keep on thy breast her form imprest,  
Nor let a breath that form efface.  
Whether she, in thy restless tide,  
Should but bedew her lip's warm tint,  
Or, like thy Naiads, graceful glide,  
On every wave her image print.  
Then thou'lt not woo those flowers' rich glow,  
Which, blushing, deck thy borders fair;  
Nor I her absence mourn when, oh!  
Thy surface shows the sweet maid there.  
Yet, if thy waves her charms reflect,  
No more thy Naiads' care thou'lt be;  
For, envying her, they'll thee neglect.  
And on thy breast die, hopelessly!

## ALTERATION.

Air—"Alteration."—(Barrett.)

OF times present and past I'm going to sing, sir,  
A ditty befitting the ears of a king, sir;  
Time was, when a tradesman his money could get,  
sir,  
But now all the fashion is running in debt, sir.  
Alteration, alteration,  
O, what a wonderful alteration.  
Time was, when our beaux in a large buckled wig,  
sir,  
Trunk hose, square-toed shoes, looked most wondrous big, sir;  
But now dressed like coachmen, deny it who can,  
sir.  
There's no telling which is my lord or his man, sir.  
Alteration, alteration, &c.  
Then the ladies, oh, bless them! the dear pretty  
creatures!  
With ruffs, and such like, nearly hid all their fea-  
tures;  
But now, the dear souls of us take some compas-  
sion,  
Since to show all their shapes is become quite the  
fashion.  
Alteration, alteration, &c.

IF TRUTH CAN FIX THY WAVERING  
HEART.

(Garrick.)

IF truth can fix thy wavering heart,  
Let Damon urge his claim;  
He feels the passion, void of art,  
The pure, the constant flame.  
Though sighing swains thy torments tell,  
Their sensual love condemn;  
They only prize the beauteous shell,  
But slight the inward gem.

Possession cures the wounded heart,  
Destroys the transient fire;  
But, when the mind receives the dart,  
Enjoyment wets desire.  
By age your beauty will decay,  
Your mind improves with years;  
As when the blossoms fade away,  
The ripening fruit appears.

May Heaven and Silvia grant my suit,  
And bless the future hour,  
That Damon, who can taste the fruit,  
May gather every flower.

//////////  
**BLINKING BARNEY.**

(C. Dibdin.)

I LISTED with old Blinking Barney,  
A patriot, loyal and stout,  
Who, being the clerk of Killarney,  
One Sunday in church he bawled out:  
“ Good people, to-day, all togidder,  
Since all minds volunteering absorps,  
In the church-yard we’ll meet, to consider  
The best way of raising a corps!”  
Sing whack, and sing doraloo, &c.

From a wooden tomb-stone he harangued ’em;  
“ The French say they’ll come, but not when,  
When they do, as so often we’ve banged em,  
The best way’s to do it again.

For our Captain, there’s Doctor M’Larish,  
He’ll soon bad enough make their case;  
For since he first physicked this parish,  
He’s killed ev’ry soul in the place.

Sing whack, &c.

“ Come, enter, then, every son’s mother,  
For hanging back now were a crime,  
Your names I’ll take down without bother,  
Altogether, just one at a time.

If you conquer, success to your capers,  
And, if you are kilt, with what pride  
You’ll see your own name in the papers,  
And read how, like soldiers, you died.”

Sing whack, &c.

//////////  
**HAIL! PRETTY EMBLEM OF MY FATE.**

(Sir Robert Walpole.)

HAIL! pretty emblem of my fate!  
Sweet flower, you still on Phœbus wait;  
On him you look, and with him move,  
By nature led, and constant love.

Know, pretty flower, that I am he,  
Who am in all so like to thee;  
I, too, my fair one court, and where  
She moves, my eyes I thither steer.

But, yet this difference still I find  
The sun to you is always kind;  
Does always life and warmth bestow:—  
Ah! would my fair one use me so.

Ne’er would I wait till she arose  
From her soft bed and sweet repose;  
But, leaving thee, dull plant, by night  
I’d meet my Phillis with delight.

//////////  
**CROWN ME WITH THE BRANCHING VINE.**

CROWN me with the branching vine,  
Round my temples let it twine;  
See! the reeling god appears,  
With Silenus, green in years,  
Crowned with joy, let them come,  
Welcome! welcome! welcome! welcome!

Pour the fragrant oil, and shed  
Od’rous perfumes on my head.

Cupid shall the skinker be;  
Fill a glass, and give it me;  
Fill out more, you little sot,  
Till it overlook the pot.  
Mingle love and soft desires,  
Tender thoughts and amorous fires;  
Let not jealousy intrude,  
Trivial joys or noisy feud;  
But let’s drink, and be divine,  
Like our brother Phœbus shine;  
Drink like him, like him appear,  
Fresh and blooming all the year,  
Gay and smiling, full of life,  
Easy, quiet, free from strife;  
Fraught with friendship, fraught with love,  
Let the hours successive move,

Passing, unregarded, on,  
Nor repine at what is gone;  
But the present hour employ,  
With wine, oh, Love’s alternate joy!  
Thus content, if rigid Fate  
Calls us from our happy state,  
We’ll drink our glass, and throw it down,  
And die without a single frown.

//////////  
**POOR EMMA, THE MANIAC.**

A CANTATA.

(Cherry.)

OH! ’twas a fearful, awe-struck, dismal night  
The ’frighted moon withdrew her pallid light!  
The deep-mouthed thunder, dreadful, roared aloud,  
And the pronged lightning lacerates the cloud!  
Hark! the loud yell proclaims my William lost!  
And Emma’s wits are in the tempest tost!  
Hark! from the foaming surge  
The awful, solemn dirge  
By Nereids, seated on the curling wave!  
Now, tritons sound the shell,  
Their strains of sorrow swell,  
And chant sweet William to his watery grave.

See! see! sweet William, see.  
The wreath that for thy brow I twined,  
The rose, the olive, all combined,

Thy Emma wrought for thee!  
But now the cypress shall thee crown,  
While I the willow make my own,  
(For thou wert all to me!)

Now like the sun’s diminished light,  
My eyes in water set each night,  
And Emma raves for thee!

Behold! distracted love directs keen sorrow’s hand,  
Whose iron fingers press my wandering brain!  
And waits but for the tyrant’s fell command—  
To tear out reason from the seat of pain!

Now the lesser passions rise,  
Fairies dance before my eyes,  
And tiny revels keep:  
Here the drowsy bat shall fly,  
And here the drooping lily die,  
And here sweet William sleep:

Here!—I’ll decorate his bed!  
I’ll plant this willow at his head,  
Its branch shall kiss the hallowed ground  
See! the perfumed primrose sweet,  
In modest clusters deck his feet,  
And woodbine fills the margin round!  
Now let skipping elves advance,  
And water-fairies join the dance!  
High o’er the main, pale Sorrow sits,  
And in her hand she holds my wits—  
She drops them in the wave!

See, from the deep yon spectre rise,  
To seize upon the mental prize!  
(*Shrieks.*)—"Tis William from his grave!  
Now to the clay-cold heart the treasure clasp,  
Let not my fleeting wits elude thy grasp!  
Avaunt, ye Nereids! hide your finny charms,  
For Emma comes to fill her William's arms!

THE HOBBY.

(Maclarin.)

IN the Regency-park, half an hour before dark,  
With joy in my heart, and wine in my noddie,  
Each Sunday I'm seen, so spruce and so clean,  
Unbooted, unspurred, on my hobby.  
To enliven the place, I oftimes run a race  
With Tommy Bareribs and fat Toby;  
Where'er I appear, all the people stand clear,  
And bawl out, "Make room for the hobby."

To be sure, I must own, that I sometimes run  
down

Whole lanes of the curious and idle;  
For who can command, by the turn of his hand,  
The steed that's not curbed by a bridle?  
Now, gentles, they say, this night there's a play,  
At least I'm told so by Dobby,  
Where, by way of scoff, they mean to take off  
Your humble, myself and my hobby.

Be't good or be't ill, go see it we will,  
And give it a fair honest trial;  
So, ladies, prepare, for, by hobby, I swear,  
I'll take nor excuse nor denial.  
There's plenty of space to afford us a place  
In the gallery, boxes, or lobby;  
Where, by way of a jest, we'll join with the rest,  
To laugh at myself and my hobby.

THE BLACKBIRD.

(Upton.)

"T'WAS on a bank of daisies sweet,  
A lovely maiden sighed;  
The white-dropt lambs played at her feet,  
While she, in sorrow, cried—  
"Where is my love? where can he stray?"  
When thus a blackbird sung,—  
"Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, he will not stay."  
The air with music rung.

"Ah! mock me not, bold bird," she said,  
"And, pray, why tarry here?  
Dost thou bemoan some youngling fled,  
Or hast thou lost thy dear?  
Dost thou lament his absence—say!  
Again the blackbird sung—  
"Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, he will not stay."  
The air with music rung.

"Sing on," she cried, "thou charming bird,  
Those dulcet strains repeat,  
No music e'er like thine was heard,  
So truly sweet, sweet, sweet.  
Oh! that my love was here to-day!"  
Once more the blackbird sung—  
"Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, he comes this way."  
The air with music rung.

A PEEP AT THE TEMPEST AND MOTHER GOOSE.

To Covent-Garden theatre I must needs take a  
walk,  
The Tempest to see, of which they made such a  
talk;

They took care to stop me, when I got to the  
door,  
And made me pay high for a seat, though on the  
ground-floor.

Derry down, &c.

The first thing that happened, when I got in the  
place,  
Was a shower of orange-peel slap in my face;  
Then they squeezed me so tight, I'd scarce room  
to sit,  
And was stunned by the sawyers at work in the  
pit.

Derry down, &c.

Prospero, in the Tempest, such a preaching did  
keep,  
He set the people a yawning, and his daughter to  
sleep;  
Then he called to a monster, so comic and droll,  
Who lived in a rock like a toad in a hole.

Derry down, &c.

He abused the poor monster, as he trembling  
stood,  
And blowed him up well for not fetching some  
wood;  
To frighten him the more, a long rod then he  
fetches,  
Says he, "If you don't mind your Q's, I'll kill  
you with aitches.

Derry down, &c.

All such tempests as these are I wished at the  
deuce,  
But was highly delighted with famed Mother  
Goose;  
She got into a fry, and, if I'm not mistaken,  
Gave a man a gold egg for saving her bacon.

Derry down, &c.

To have a goose that laid gold eggs I thought a  
good chop,  
Had I such a goose I'd keep a silversmith's shop;  
Or, if geese, about London, golden eggs were to  
lay,  
We should have a queer dinner on Michaelmas-  
day.

Derry down, &c.

There was Grimaldi, the clown, with his comic  
grimaces,  
I thought he'd took physic, he made such queer  
faces;  
"Twas so charming and droll, I ne'er thought it  
too long,  
But an end to the piece puts an end to my song.

Derry down, &c.

JWOHNY AND MARY.

Air—"Come under my Plaidy."

A CUMBERLAND BALLAD.

YOUNG MARY was canny and bonny as onie lass,  
Jwohny was lusty and well to be seen,  
Young Mary was, ay, the best dancer at murry  
neets,  
Jwohny had won monie a belt on the green.  
Lang, lang they were sweethearts, and nwoished  
by neighbours,  
The auld fowk they talked and oft bragged of  
the twee,  
For Jwohny thought none in the warl like young  
Mary,  
And Mary thought Jwohny all she wished to  
see.

A wee swope guid yell is a peer body's comfort,  
But wo be to him that aft drinks till blind fou.

Young Jwohny ae day off wi bigg to the market,  
 And drank wi' some neybor, he little thought  
 hou.  
 His auld fadder watched till the black hour of  
 midnight,  
 Widout his dear Jwohny the nag galloped  
 heame;  
 They sought and they fan him that mwornin i'  
 Eden,  
 Among the green busses that nod owre the  
 stream.  
 Auld Gibby he gowls, and aft talks of his Jwohny,  
 And sits by his greave, and aft maks a sad  
 meane;  
 Poor Mary, the flower of aw flowers i' the parish,  
 Ne'er hods up her head now her Jwohny is  
 geane.  
 The dangerous yellhouse kills monie brave fellows,  
 To get heame quite swober can ne'er be thought  
 wrang;  
 Nae guid comes a drinkin—ye lads, aw around  
 me,  
 At fair, or at market, ay think of my sang.

//////////

### A BLESSING ON BRANDY AND BEER.

(Merry.)

WHEN one's drunk, not a girl but looks pretty,  
 The country's as gay as the city,  
 And all that one says is so witty;  
 A blessing on brandy and beer.  
 Bring the cup, fill it up, take a sup,  
 And let not a fincher come near.

Oh! give me but plenty of liquor,  
 I'd laugh at the 'squire or vicar,  
 And, if I'd a wife, why I'd kick her,  
 If e'er she pretended to sneer.  
 Bring the cup, &c

Though I know it's a heavy disaster,  
 Yet I mind not the rage of my master,  
 He bu...ies, and I drink the faster.  
 A blessing on brandy and beer.  
 Bring the cup, &c.

When a cherry-cheeked maid I've my eye on,  
 I kiss once or twice, she cries "Fie on!"  
 Ecod, I'm as bold as a lion.  
 A blessing on brandy and beer.  
 Bring the cup, &c.

//////////

### THE HONEST FISHER.

A GLEE.

SEE, the stormy cloud is past,  
 The waves no longer swell;  
 Bring the net, 'tis time to cast,  
 And bid to home farewell.  
 From day's first dawning till the twilight dies,  
 Along the shore our watery course we roam,  
 And laugh at dangers, if our toil supplies  
 A frugal store for kindred friends at home.  
 Let wordly knaves, with cunning baits, betray  
 Their fellow mortals to distress and cares,  
 The honest fisher scorns to make such prey,  
 And trusts in Allah to escape their snares.

//////////

### MRS. RUGGINS AND SERGEANT SCRUGGINS.

Air—"The Maid of Lodi."—(Astley, jun.)  
 I SING of Mrs. Ruggins,  
 The fairest of the fair;  
 And, but for Sergeant Scruggins,  
 Alone her love would share.

She liked him for his boldness,  
 Likewise for his—long sword;  
 And, though I feel her coldness,  
 I love her, on my word.

Between the 'Change and Savoy  
 I met my charming fair;  
 Just by there was an alley,  
 Says I, "Go up, my dear!"  
 When up came Sergeant Scruggins,  
 And gave me such a stare,  
 He marched off Mrs. Ruggins,  
 And left me, trembling, there.

Then to my shop I hurried,  
 To ease my woful pain,  
 When in came Katty Furhead,  
 And strove my love to gain;  
 She took me to her lodgings,  
 She offered me some beer,  
 But the thought of Sergeant Scruggins  
 Still made me quake with fear.

I took a dram to cheer me,  
 And went to Surrey-street;  
 But the devil there did steer me,  
 The soldier for to meet.  
 "Your servant, Sergeant Scruggins,"  
 My falt'ring tongue did say;  
 I gave up Mrs. Ruggins,  
 And then I—ran away.

//////////

### THE MOON LOOKS SO SWEET AND SO FAIR.

THE moon looks so sweet and so fair,  
 Her beam that is cast upon me  
 Betokens the love that is there,  
 For it speaks to my bosom of thee:  
 She smiles, and her smile is divine,  
 'Tis beautiful in the blue sky,  
 Because it is like unto thine,  
 The last that I saw in thine eye;  
 But, then, it is not the sweet look of my fair,  
 But only the shadow of what I saw there.

The wave is so clear and so bright,  
 Myself in the billow I see,  
 Alone, in the silence of night,  
 Alone,—for 'tis vacant of thee!  
 Yet I think how divine it would be,  
 Wert thou, also, but shining thereon,  
 For, then, thou wert sitting with me  
 On the plank I am resting upon;  
 In the midst of the ocean, beneath the night air,  
 With the moon and the stars looking tenderly there!

I send thee from o'er the wide deep,  
 I send thee the wish of my heart;  
 May the dreams that come o'er thee in sleep,  
 Be gentle and pure as thou art:  
 May the image of love in thy breast  
 Still point to the years that shall be;  
 When the storms of this world are at rest,  
 In the calm of a tranquil sea;  
 And the smile that so playfully lightened thine eye  
 May it sparkle as erst when thy lover was nigh.

The climes that may part us shall never  
 Divide me in spirit from thee;  
 The world, though it frown, cannot sever,  
 And, though it may bind, cannot free.  
 Thou'rt linked to the chain of my life,  
 A part of the breath that I breathe;  
 Thou art mine, or in peace, or in strife,  
 Or in joy, or in pain, or in death!  
 And a prayer and a blessing I waft unto thee,  
 As, at midnight, I sail o'er the fathomless sea.



The knight, so gallant, disappeared that day, and never was heard of more,  
And the sable knight made a proud display of the favour that gallant knight wore.

#### THE BEE PROFFERS HONEY, BUT BEARS A STING.

(C. Dibdin.)

A KNIGHT of a gay and a gallant mien,  
On a milk-white courser came,  
In his hat was a fair lady's favour seen,  
For innocence knows no shame;  
And he tapped at the fair lady's bower with  
glee,

She heard, but impatience to mar-  
Wier he cried, "Fair lady, come ride with  
me,"

She answered him with her guitar,  
Tink-a-tink, tink-a-tink, tink-a-tink, ting,  
The bee proffers honey, but bears a sting.

A knight, with a dark and a scowling brow,  
On a coal-black steed came by,  
He heard the two lovers exchange a vow,  
And fury gave fire to his eye;  
But he courteously said, "If ye are crossed in  
love,

And would bear the fair lady afar,  
My sword and my service are yours to prove;"  
But the lady she played her guitar.

Tink-a-tink, tink-a-tink, &c.

The knight, so gallant, disappeared that day,  
And never was heard of more;  
And the sable knight made a proud display  
Of the favour that gallant knight wore.  
The lady he wooed, but he gained no grace,  
And joy from his bosom went far;  
For the honey of hope to guilt's sting gave place,  
And conscience still played the guitar.  
Tink-a-tink, tink-a-tink, &c.

#### THE SONG OF VICTORY.

(I. R. Planche.)

[Music, Baron Weber.]

RECITATIVE.

YES! even Love to Fame must yield,  
No carpet-knight am I;  
My home it is the battle-field—  
My song the battle-cry!

AIR.

O, 'tis a glorious sight to see  
The charge of the Christian chivalry,  
When, thundering, o'er the ground they go,  
Their lances levelled in long, long row!

One shock, and those lances are shivered all,  
But they shiver not in vain—  
They have raised for the foe a rampart-wall  
With the bodies of the slain!

On they spur, over dying and dead—  
Swords are flashing round ev'ry head—  
They are raised again, but they glitter no more  
Ev'ry blade is dimmed with gore!  
The fight is done!—The field is won!  
Their trumpets startle the sinking sun!  
As the night-winds whirl the red leaves afar,  
They have scattered the might of the Moslemah  
Mourn, ye maidens of Palestine,  
Your lovers lie stark in the cold moonshine,  
The eyes ye kissed, ere ye bade them go,  
Are food for the kite and the hooded crow!

Joy to the high-born dame of France!  
Conquest waits on her warriors' lance!  
Joy to the girls of fair Guienne!  
Their lovers are hast'ning home again!  
Hark! they come! the brave ones see,  
Who have humbled the pride of Paynimrie.

Twine the wreath, the feast prepare,  
Fill to the brim the goblet fair;  
Strike the harp! and, loud and high,  
Swell the song of victory!

## ALL IN THE FAMILY WAY.

Air—"My Banks are all furnished with Bees."

My banks are all furnished with rags,  
So thick—even Fred cannot thin 'em;  
I've torn up my old money-bags,  
Having nothing worth while to put in 'em.  
My tradesmen are smashing by dozens,  
But this is all nothing, they say;  
For bankrupts, since Adam, are cousins,  
So, it's all in the family-way.

My debt not a penny takes from me,  
As sages the matter explain,—  
Bob owes it Tom, and then Tommy  
Just owes it to Bob back again.  
Since all have thus taken to owing,  
There's nobody left that can pay;  
And this is the way to keep going  
All quite in the family-way.

My senators vote away millions,  
To put in Prosperity's budget;  
And, though it were billions or trillions,  
The generous rogues wouldn't grudge it.  
'Tis all but a family hop,  
'Twas Pitt began dancing the hay;  
Hands round!—why the deuce should we stop?  
'Tis all in the family-way.

My labourers used to eat mutton,  
As any great man of the state does,  
And now the poor devils are put on  
Small rations of tea and potatoes.  
But cheer up, John, Sawney, and Paddy,  
The king is your father, they say,  
So, even if you starve for your daddy,  
'Tis all in the family way.

My rich manufacturers tumble,  
My poor ones have little to chew;  
And, even if themselves do not grumble,  
Their stomachs undoubtedly do.  
But coolly to fast *en famille*  
Is as good for the soul as to pray;  
And famine itself is genteel  
When one starves in a family-way.

I have found out a secret for Freddy,  
A secret for next budget-day;  
Though, perhaps, he may know it already,  
As he, too, 's a sage in his way.  
When next, for the Treasury scene, he  
Announces "The Devil to Pay,"  
Let him write on the bills, "*Nota bene*,  
'Tis all in the family-way."

## THE WELCOME OF THE HEART.

(G. Macfarren.)

[Music, Goulding and Co. Soho-square.]

SPORTIVE smiles and mirthful measures  
Wait your presence here—  
Wealth exhausts her cup of pleasures  
To enhance your cheer.  
But there's there a welcome that extends  
Beyond all pomp and art—  
Accept that greeting, dear to friends,  
The welcome of the heart.

## MEG, OF WAPPING.

(Dibdin.)

'Twas landlady Meg that made such rum flip,  
Pull away, pull away, hearties;  
At Wapping she lived, at the sign of the Ship,  
Where tars meet in such jolly parties:

She'd shine at the play, and she'd jig at the ball,  
All rigged out so gay and so topping,  
For she married six husbands, and buried them  
all,

Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,  
What d'ye think of my Meg, of Wapping?

The first was old Bluff, with a swinging purse,  
Pull away, pull away, jolly boys;  
He was cast away: said Meg, who cares a curse,  
As for grieving, why, Lord, that's a folly, boys.  
The second in command was blear-eyed Ned,  
While the surgeons his limbs were a lopping,  
A nine-pounder came, and smacked off his head,  
Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,  
Rare news for my Meg, of Wapping.

Then she married to Sam, and Sam loved a sup,  
Pull away, pull away, brother;  
So groggy Sam got, and the ship blew up,  
And Meg had to look for another:  
The fourth was old Ben, who at danger would  
smile,

'Till his courage a crocodile stopping,  
Made his breakfast of Ben, on the banks of the  
Nile,

Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,  
What a fortunate Meg, of Wapping.

Stay—who was the fifth? oh, 'twas Dick, so  
neat,

Pull away, pull away, so merry;  
And the savages Dick both killed and eat,  
And poor Meg she was forced to take Jerry:  
Death again stood her friend, for, killed in a fray,  
He, also, the grave chanced to pop in;  
So now with my song I shall soon belay,  
Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,  
The six husbands of Meg, of Wapping.

But I did not tell ye how that she married seven,  
Pull away, pull away, so neatly;  
'Twas honest Tom Trip, and he sent her to hea-  
ven,

And her strong box rummaged sweetly;  
For Meg, growing old, a fond dotard proved,  
And must after a boy needs be hopping;  
So she popped off; and Tom, with the girl that he  
loved,

Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,  
Spent the shiners of Meg, of Wapping.

## THE GODS TURNED HUNTSMEN;

OR, THE CHARMS OF HARK AWAY!

(R. O'Brien.)

HARK! hark! my boys, the new-born day  
Invites to horse, and come away!  
List what music's in the dell;  
The hounds, now compact, raise the swell;  
Jupiter, the gods' great sire,  
Apollo drops his tuneful lyre;  
No bolts disturb the morning gray,  
Whilst both sing out, come, hark away.  
Hark, hark, &c.

The god gave Vulcan leave to rest,  
To cheer his boorish, weary breast;  
Says he, "my lord, those bolts will cool."  
The god replied, "you are a fool,"  
And bids him hear the charming sounds;  
"I can't," cried Vulcan, "for the hounds."  
Then work, you dog, again I say,  
And soared to heaven with hark away!  
Hark, hark, &c

MY HUSBAND! MY LOVE! WE ARE  
SAVED!

(I. R. Planche.)

[Music, Baron Weber.]

RECITATIVE.

OCEAN! thou mighty monster, that liest curled.  
Like a green serpent, round about the world!  
To musing eye thou art an awful sight,  
When calmly sleeping in the morning light;  
But, when thou riseth in thy wrath, as now,  
And fling'st thy folds around some fated prow,  
Crushing the strong-ribbed bark as 'twere a reed,  
Then, Ocean, art thou terrible indeed!

AIR.

Still I see thy billows flashing,  
Through the gloom their white foam flinging,  
And the breakers, sullen, dashing  
In mine ear Hope's knell is ringing!  
But, lo! methinks a light is breaking  
Slowly o'er the distant deep,  
Like a second morn awaking,  
Pale and feeble from its sleep!  
Brighter now, behold 'tis beaming  
On the storm, whose misty train,  
Like some shattered flag, is streaming,  
Or a wild steed's flying mane!

RECITATIVE.

And now the sun bursts forth! the wind is lulling  
fast,  
And the broad wave but pants from fury past!

AIR.

Cloudless, o'er the blushing water,  
Now the setting sun is burning!  
Like a victor, red with slaughter,  
To his tent, in triumph, turning!  
Ah! perchance these eyes may never  
Look upon his light again!  
Fare thee well, bright orb, for ever!  
Thou, for me, wilt rise in vain!  
But, what gleams so white and fair,  
Heaving with the heaving billow?  
'Tis a sea-bird wheeling there,  
O'er some wretch's wat'ry pillow!  
No! it is no bird I mark.  
Joy! it is a boat! a sail!  
And yonder rides a gallant bark,  
Uninjured by the gale!

O, transport! my Huon! haste down to the shore!  
Quick, quick, for a signal this scarf shall be  
waved!

They see me! they answer! they ply the strong  
oar!

My husband! my love! we are saved! we are  
saved!

////////

DIM SAESONAEG;

OR, THE IRISHMAN IN WALES.

Air—"Derry Down."—(T. Dibdin.)

I'VE been told I'm the son of my father and mo-  
ther,

And, fait, by my conscience, myself thinks no  
other;

I'm as pretty a lad as your heart can desi e,  
And my name's Mr. Patrick Malvaney, Esquire.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

From Dublin, when sailing across the wide ocean,  
The waves blowing hard gave the wind such a mo-  
tion,

And, fait, I was glad to be safely set down,  
At a pretty Welsh tight little bit of a town.

Derry down, &c.

So I walk'd till I came to the top of a hill,  
Where a rosy lass stood by the side of a mill;  
To ask whose it was, curiosity stopt me,  
"Dim Saesonaeg," says she, while a curtsy she  
dropt me.

Derry down, &c.

Then again I set off, and inquired of a clown,  
If he'd tell me the name of the next market town;  
He made me a bow, which was wonderful civil,  
"Dim Saesonaeg," says he, and set off like a  
devil.

Derry down, &c.

"O, Paddy," says I, "'tis a comical thing,  
That Dim Saesonaeg should own all the land in a  
string;  
For the devil a cow, meadow, pasture, or grange,  
But Dim Saesonaeg was landlord, and is not that  
strange?"

Derry down, &c.

When I got into the town, then, I thought it no sin  
To inquire for the landlord that kept the best inn;  
What's his name?—"Why, Dim Saesonaeg" was  
still the reply  
Sure, never poor soul was so puzzled as I.

Derry down, &c.

When I came to the inn, a short story to tell,  
Says I, "Mr. Dim Saesonaeg, I hope you're  
quite well;"

But he made me no answer, adjusted his wig,  
And stared, by my conscience, just like a stuck pig.

Derry down, &c.

Then my story I told with a very grave face,  
And was laughed at by every soul in the place;  
So I found, from the fun of these comical folk,  
That Dim Saesonaeg was Welsh for a dev'lish  
good joke,

Derry down, &c.

////////

MAY IS THE MOTHER OF LOVE.

(John Cunningham.)

THE virgin, when softened by May,  
Attends to the villager's vows;  
The birds sweetly bill on the spray,  
And poplars embrace with their boughs.  
On Ida, bright Venus may reign,  
Adored for her beauty above;  
We shepherds, that dwell on the plain,  
Hail May as the mother of Love!

From the west, as it wantonly blows,  
Fond zephyr caresses the vine;  
The bee steals a kiss from the rose,  
And willows and woodbines entwine;  
The pinks, by the rivulet side,  
That border the vernal alcove,  
Bend downward to kiss the soft tide,  
For May is the mother of Love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing,  
He flutters in bridal array;  
And, if the winged foresters sing,  
Their music is taught them by May.  
The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,  
Conceals her fond bliss in the grove,  
And, murmuring, seems to repeat,  
That May is the mother of Love.

The goddess will visit you soon,  
Ye virgins, be sportive and gay,  
Get your pipes, oh, ye shepherds, in tune,  
For music must welcome the May.  
Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,  
And all his keen anguish remove,  
Let him tell her soft tales, and he'll find  
That May is the mother of Love,

## THE TWO-PENNY POST.

Air—"When I was a Younker I lived with my Dad."

OF things that are comforts, and sometimes are  
plagues,  
There are none to compare to the postman, i'fegs;  
Sometimes he brings good news—sometimes none  
at all,  
Whilst he asks for his two-pence, whate'er may  
befall.

With his two-pences, three-pences,  
nothing to pay,  
He bores us from morn till the close  
of the day.

One letter, to-day, with vexation is killing,  
Comes only to ask if the weather's not chilling?  
One more a like matter of moment may speak,  
To tell me it thundered and lightned last week.

With his two-pences, &c.

Another acquaintance, from Ratcliffe-highway,  
Will have me to dinner, and cannot take 'Nay.'  
Another proposes his daughters and he  
Will step down, next Sunday, to dinner and tea.

With his two-pences, &c.

Another requests that I'll send him the squib  
Which lately I let off 'gainst Queer and his rib;  
And another requests me, without much ado,  
To return him, by post, a box-order for two.

With his two-pences, &c.

Another invites me, the night I don't play,  
To sit down to cards, just to drive time away;  
To sup off a lobster, or, perhaps, pickled salmon,  
And then, for a change, make a hit at back-  
gammon.

With two-pences, &c.

Another, who swears he's my interest at heart,  
Now sends me a new joke to put in my part;  
But, to my surprise, is both teasing and grim,  
When I find 'tis a joke which I once told to him.

With my two-pences, &c.

Another invites me a picture to view,  
Which he says is the work of the late Thomas  
Drew;

Which picture I find, after long ride or walk,  
To be a mere daubing of ochre and chalk.

With my two-pences, &c.

Another a manuscript sends me, whilst hinting  
It ne'er has, as yet, been subjected to printing;  
That it is a rare jest-book—a real care-killer—  
But it turns out the MS. of poor Joseph Miller.

With my two-pences, &c.

There are many more evils, though not worth my  
stating,

Which, to men in red vestments, are always re-  
lating.

As for troubles, and trials, and plagues, there's a  
host,

And all of them spring from the Two-penny Post.

With my two-pences, &c.

DE WAY TO BE MERRY IS NE'ER TO  
DO WRONG.

At Congo, where we are ever gay,  
Ada once dwell, heart free from sorrow,  
Where all live t'enjoy the present day,  
And no one tink of de next to-morrow;  
Dere de loud laughing time he pass so quick-a,  
For dis be de burden of his song,  
He! he! he! he! as we dance de chicka;  
De way to be merry is ne'er to do wrong.

From Congo, where I was sold a slave,  
I gulph down sighs to drown the sorrow,

And, though hoarsely roar the wind and wave,  
A brighter sky me see next to-morrow;  
Dere de sailor say, "Make me happy so quick-a,"  
But dus I answer him loving song,  
He! he! he! he! as we dance the chicka,  
De way to be happy is ne'er to do wrong.  
Grief's sometimes dumb, and sometimes wild,  
But, like man's voice, it's powerful clamour,  
While joys so sweet, him's like a child,  
Him no speak plain, him only stammer;  
So Mirth's the merry little sprite me seek-a,  
For dis be de burden of his song,  
He! he! he! he! as we dance de chicka,  
De way to be merry is ne'er to do wrong.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN PREVOST.

A DUET.

Air—"Pretty Peggy, of Derby, O!"

(James Smith.)

He.—WHEN we first were man and wife,  
And you swore to love for life,  
We were quoted as a model—we were quite  
the show;  
Yes, we tete-a-tete were seen,  
Like King William and his Queen,  
Such a jewel of a wife was Mrs. John Pre-  
vost.

She.—Aye, then I clove to thee, man,  
Like Baucis to Philemon;  
Now, if I go to Brighton, you're at Bath,  
I know:  
Like the pair, who tell the weather,  
We are never out together,  
One at home, and t'other gadding, Mr. John  
Prevost.

He.—If a lion's to be seen,  
Old Blucher—Mr. Kean,  
You order out the carriage, and away you  
go,  
With that gossip, Mrs. Jones,  
How you rattle o'er the stones;  
You've no mercy on the horses, Mrs. John  
Prevost.

She.—With Madeira, Port, and Sherry,  
When you make what you call merry,  
And sit in sober sadness—*are* you sober?—  
No!  
With that horrid Major Rock,  
It is always twelve o'clock,  
Ere you tumble up to coffee, Mr. John Pre-  
vost.

Both.—Our vicar, Doctor Jervis,  
When he read the marriage service,  
United us for better and for worse, heigh ho!  
That the worse may turn to better,  
Since we cannot break the fetter,  
Let us say no more about it, { Mr. } John Pre-  
{ Mrs. } vost.

HE WILL RETURN!

Air—"When War's Alarms."

(Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.)

HE will return! oh! never doubt thy lover,  
With glowing bosom he'll return to thee;  
Soon as the cares of busy day are over,  
Beneath thy lattice-grate his form thou'lt see!  
The day was made for slavery and sorrow,  
And 'tis in hours of silence and repose,  
When weary wretches dream upon the morrow,  
That hearts like ours should meet, to breathe  
their secret woes!

See! now the beams of ruddy morning shining,  
Warn his reluctant feet from thee to part;  
But when in western skies yon orb's declining,  
Again he'll press thee to his bleeding heart!  
He will return! oh! never doubt thy lover,  
Soon as the golden stars of eve appear;  
When all the toils of busy day are over,  
Beneath thy lattice-grate his voice shall greet  
thy listening ear!

ALAS! THE BATTLE'S LOST AND WON.

(Dibdin.)

ALAS! the battle's lost and won,  
Dick Flint's borne off the field  
By Death, from whom the stoutest run,  
Who makes whole armies yield!  
Dick well in honour's footsteps trod,  
Braved war and its alarms;  
Now Death beneath the humble sod  
Has grounded his arms!

Dick's marched before us on a route,  
Where every soldier's sent,  
His fire is dead, his courage out,  
His ammunition spent;  
His form so active now's a clod,  
His grace no longer charms;  
For Death beneath the humble sod  
Has grounded his arms.

Come, fire a volley o'er his grave,  
Dead marches let us beat;  
War's honours well become the brave,  
Who sound their last retreat,  
All must obey Fate's awful nod,  
Whom life this moment warms;  
Death, soon or late, beneath the sod  
Will ground the soldier's arms.

OH! STRIKE THE HARP.

A CHORUS.

(G. Macfarren.)

[Music, Goulding & Co. Soho-Square.]

OH! strike the harp,—oh! strike the harp!  
The joyous strain prolong  
Through Toscar's halls;  
And Toscar's walls  
Shall echo still the song.

Fill, fill the votive goblet high  
And weave it round with flowers—  
The bridal wreath shall never die,  
That bathes in rosy showers.

All hail to Caledonia's king!  
Hail, Oscar, Scotland's pride!  
Join every tuneful lip and string  
To hail the hero's bride.

Sure ne'er to worth,  
Or charms on earth,  
Did higher praise belong.  
Then, strike the harp!—oh, strike the harp!  
And tune the bridal song.

THE MOONBEAMS RIPPLE IN THE WAVE.

Air—"The Topsails shiver in the Wind."

(James Bruton.)

THE moonbeams ripple in the wave,  
That gurgle round my bark,  
The sighing winds now softly rave,  
And all around is dark;

Farewell, loved land! my heart adores!  
Thy soil I quit for other shores.

My weeping love, pray, dry those tears,  
That trickle down each cheek;  
Be hushed those sighs, be calm those fears,  
A breaking heart, that speak  
Adieu, loved maid! peace with thee dwell,  
Thy arms I quit awhile, farewell!

'Thy love shall solace me afar,  
When on the raging main;  
And, like a beauteous beaming star,  
Shall guide me home again.  
Farewell, loved land! loved maid, adieu!  
Ere long again, I come to you.

Or if, perchance, it be my doom,  
When on the distant surge,  
Beneath its wave to find a tomb,  
Where wild winds tune my dirge;  
Yet, weep not then, my only love,  
For we shall meet again above.

Thus said the youth, with eager haste,  
From her mad grasp he sprung;  
And quickly o'er the water's waste,  
His bark was borne along.  
All there was still, save the rude breeze  
That swept along the swelling seas.

But soon, where distant billows rave,  
His bark was wrecked, 'tis said;  
And he, beneath the briny wave,  
Now slumbers with the dead;  
And she, the poor heart-broken maid,  
Soon 'neath the turf, in peace, was laid.

THE HERO WILL MARRY HIS DEAR.

(Upton.)

"COME, Bully, sweet Bully, and pipe me the  
song,"  
Said Ella, "you learnt t'other day;"  
The bullfinch looked willing, and ere it was long,  
Thus rrolled his love-ditty lay;  
"He's gone to the wars, but his heart is not  
here,  
The maiden he loves keeps it here;  
He's gone to the wars, for his sword to declare,  
The hero will marry his dear!"

"Come, Bully, sweet Bully, give over," she  
cried,  
"I'll list to your ditty no more;  
I cannot, no, dare not,"—then wistfully sighed,  
Which Bully mistook for "encore!"  
"He's gone to the wars, to the wars," said the  
bird,  
But the maiden he fights for is here!  
He's gone to the battle, to prove by his sword,  
The hero will marry his dear!"

THE MASON'S VIRTUES.

HAIL! to the order first endowed on earth,  
Blest in creation from its earliest birth:  
Yes, the great badge, in humble pride wear  
Type of our mystic arts and character.

We prize the social virtues of the mind,  
Shown in a brother's love to all mankind;  
With hospitality we cheer each guest,  
And pity,—comfort yield to the distressed.

Zeal for our king and for our country's cause  
To check the bad, and gain virtuous applause:  
If these are principles deserving fame,  
Let honour then bedeck the mason's name.

## GIVE ME LOVE, AND GIVE ME WINE.

(Dibdin.)

WINE the human soul inspires,  
And kindles all its generous fires;  
With ardour wings the lover's sighs,  
And shines resistless in his eyes:  
Give me, then, the stream divine,  
Give me love, and give me wine.

Sober mortals, cease to prate,  
Wine alone can friends create;  
Joining liberal soul to soul,  
Friendship hails the nectared bowl!  
Give me, then, &c.

Wine can truest pleasure boast,  
Happy he who drinks the most;  
He can Fortune's malice dare,  
He defies the frown of Care.  
Give me, then, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

## SONG OF SAUL BEFORE THE BATTLE.

A HEBREW MELODY.

(Lord Byron.)

WARRIORS and chiefs! should the shaft or the  
sword

Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord;  
Heed not the corse, though a king's in your path,  
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath.

'Thou, who art bearing my buckler and bow,  
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the  
foc,  
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet,  
Mine be the doom which they dare not to meet.

Farewell to others, but never we part,  
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart;  
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,  
Or kingly the death which awaits us to day!

\*\*\*\*\*

## MR. O'MUFF'S FAMILY MISFORTUNES.

Air—"Our Prince's Day."

MR. MICHAEL O'MUFF, by his trade and profes-  
sion,

Was brought up a labouring pavier's head man;  
And his wife was my mother,—so, by this confes-  
sion,

You'll guess who my father was, now, if you  
can.

But, och! ah, mavrone! when they died what a  
shock I got,

Every ha'porth was mine snug enough—  
A rammer—two wigs—a blind cat, and a mustard-  
pot,

Fell to the fortunes of Mr. O'Muff!  
Sing tol de rol lol, may St. Pat give us grace,  
To sing hubaboo whack! till you're black in the  
face.

Now as man by himself's apt to fancy he's lonely,  
I takes me a female young girl for my wife;  
And I swore, faith and troth, I'd be true to her  
only,

As long as I lived—that was, during my life.  
And, och! ah, mavrone! let the poor soul, though  
dead and gone,

Spake but her mind, and you'll see, clear enough,  
That I worshipped the ground, or the basket she'd  
squat upon,

Och, oh! what an angel was Mistress O'Muff.  
Sing tol de rol lol, &c.

The delicate tints of the beet-root could never  
Compare with her cheeks, when I'd say the  
word "Bride!"

Thus we lovingly lived, until, sick with a fever,  
She brought me two boys, mind, before that she  
died.

But, och! ah, mavrone!—Fate's jaws gave an un-  
kind gripe

To each of my childer; but grieving's all stuff,  
For one suddenly died with a creak in his wind-  
pipe,

And a voyage for life trots the youngest O'Muff!  
Tol de rol lol, &c.

Now, thinks I, it's all froth to give way to vexa-  
tion,

For death kills a man when brought on by de-  
spair;

And then, only think, what a mortification,  
To see at one's wake how the devils all fare.

Then, och! ah, mavrone! crack your jawbones  
with laughter,

We'll live all our lives, unless fortune goes  
rough;

And let him that dies first, like a man, come back  
after,

And tell how he likes it to Mr. O'Muff.  
Tol de rol lol, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

## THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR-BOY

Air—"The Beggar Girl."

OVER the ocean and over the land,  
I'm a sailor-boy, shipwrecked, now wand'ring  
for bread;

Faint with hunger and walking, I scarcely can  
stand,

Unless I've some food, I soon shall be dead.  
My fond and loved parents no more shall I see,  
Unless you, kind gentlefolks, something bestow;  
O let me lie down at the foot of this tree,  
Dear friends of humanity, pity my wo.

I've been in your battles, and fought for you all,  
And glad would have died, my country to save;  
Then let me not perish, as surely I shall,

Unless some relief I quickly can have.  
My fond and loved parents, &c.

That you, all the comforts of life might enjoy,  
My parents I left broken-hearted at home;  
Braved the dangers at sea, though a poor sailor-  
boy,

Who, in tatters and barefoot, a beggar's become.  
My fond and loved parents, &c.

O save me but now, that home I may go,  
My heart-broken parents once more to rejoice;  
Could I see them again, I'd forget all my wo,

And pray for you all with gratitude's voice.  
The sailor-boy's sorrow, fatigue, want, and pain.  
May you, my kind gentlefolks, never once know.

But happy and prosperous ever remain,  
Dear friends of humanity, pity my wo.

\*\*\*\*\*

## THE JOLLY JEW.

Air—"Chip Chow."

THEY call me Smouchey Abrahams, and say I am  
a Jew,

Vell, let 'em say the thing again, I know it's very  
true;

But, though I am an Israelite, there's von thing  
that I know,

Perhaps I'm better than some folks that drives  
through Rotten-row;

I cries my clothes about the street to gain an honest penny,  
And then on Sabbath I can dress much better,  
sirs, than many.

SPOKEN.] O, yes; for why? I always makes the best of a good bargain, and the most of a bad one. It was but t'other night a lawyer's clerk came and sold me a counsellor's gown for five shillings, about six o'clock; when, just as the clock struck eight by Aldgate-church, I sold it to his master for five-and-twenty. I didn't believe the thing was stolen, but I was so glad to do the lawyer, that I went into Howard's Coffee-house,—sat three hours,—spent ninepence, and went home as merry as a mountebank, singing

Clo, clo, old or new,  
In singing, I am merry, too:  
Clo, clo, old or new,  
I'm called the Jolly Jew.

I've been all rounds, from east to west,  
And carried on my trades;  
Through life I've always done my best,  
With widows, wives, and maids.  
When young, I sold Bath cakes and toys, and did  
my best to please ye,  
Then dressed myself, and spent the night at some  
gay free and easy.

SPOKEN.] I was called the pink of harmonists, and was always taken for Braham. How I used to come, "No more by sorrow chased my heart;" though I could never sing, "Scots wha ha vy Wallace bled." And, then, as for "Kalvin Grove," that didn't come out as new till I got into the old clothes line; so I learnt the piano-forte; and, when I knew they couldn't do without me, I never went near 'em: but one night, when I was very ill, I went to the Globes, in Fleet-street, and sang "All's well" with young Benjamins: but the people's had no taste; and when they hissed me, I sold my box of music, and, before they gave me the bag, I took up my own, and sang

Clo, clo, old or new, &c.

So now I sticks unto my bag, and never sings, d'ye know,  
Unless it is my song of profits, which I calls old clo.  
I'm making money very fast;—I'm trying more to gain,  
And I am called the marchantman all down each court and lane.  
I've got a wife and nine small babes, who all have got their shops,  
And deals in trinkets, lozenges, small books, and lollypops.

SPOKEN.] Dey all comes home of a night together; and, when my wife is among us, it would do your hearts good to see us cast up our accounts. Dere's Lipey, he is given a little to cheating. Nathan would be very clever, but he has fractured his skull. Rachael is too fat to walk far; and Betsy too thin to sell fried fish. Moses might sell a great many cucumbers, but he swears he will be a tailor; and Ebenezer wo'n't go out with a basket, because the girls all admires his pretty countenance, and the boys calls him an ass: and, as for the rest of my family, they are either lame or lazy, and so one party is obliged to be always doing business for the rest of the other party, while I sing

Clo, clo, old or new, &c.

AH! WHEN WILL THIS LONG WEARY  
DAY HAVE AN END.

(Edmund Spencer, 1595.)

AH! when will this long weary day have an end,  
And lend me leave to come unto my love?  
How slowly do the hours their numbers spend!  
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move.  
Haste thee, O fairest plane!, to thy home,  
Within the western foam;  
Thy tired steeds, long since, have need of rest.  
Long though it be, at last, I see it gloom,  
And the bright evening star, with golden crest,  
Appear out of the east.  
Fair child of beauty! glorious lamp of love!  
That all the host of heaven in ranks doth lead,  
And guidest lovers through the night's dread;  
How cheerfully thou lookest from above,  
And seemest to laugh atween thy twinkling light,  
As joying in the sight  
Of these glad many, which for joy do sing,  
That all the woods them answer, and their echoes  
ring.

AWAKE, YE DROWSY SWAINS, AWAKE.

AWAKE! ye drowsy swains, awake!  
Behold the beauteous morning break;  
Aurora's mantle gray appears,  
And harmony salutes the ears.

The lark has soared a wondrous height,  
And, warbling, wings her airy flight;  
The birds, soft-brooding o'er their nests,  
Instruct their young from tuneful breasts

A thousand beauties fill the plains;  
Each twig affords melodious strains;  
Through every eastern tree and bush,  
The virgin-day appears to blush.

Already Damon, with his crook,  
Attends his flock at yonder brook;  
The charming Phillis by his side,  
Of all the nymphs, the shepherd's pride.

Unhappy sluggards, in their beds,  
With parched throats and aching heads;  
Have shut out day, and all its bliss,  
'To revel in a strumpet's kiss.

While rural swains enjoy the morn,  
And laugh at ev'ry courtier's scorn,  
Nor envy their voluptuous way,  
But, while they sleep, enjoy the day.

BLESS OUR NOBLE MASTER.

(G. Colman.)

NEAR these rugged towers,  
Where the tempest lowers,  
Sixteen years in sorrow I wandered wild;  
Parents had left me;  
Death soon of them bereft me:  
Wo's me! I wailed them, an orphan child.

CHORUS.

Bless our noble master!  
Keep him from disaster!  
'Twango dillo dang,—twango dillo dee.

Lucky was that chasing,  
When, the wild boar facing,  
Our bold baron's life was saved by me.  
With gifts he graced me,  
Near to his person placed me;  
Me! a poor peasant of low degree.

Bless our noble master, &c.

All my sorrows over,  
 Here I live in clover;  
 Nothing here can hurt,—no foe assail;  
 This roof to enter,  
 No enemy can venture,  
 No rash intruder these walls can scale.  
 Bless our noble master, &c.

But beware to wander  
 O'er the mountain yonder;  
 Death is round the lake whence this morn I came,  
 One there did snatch me,  
 From fiends who would despatch me;  
 Edmund Fitzallan is his name.  
 Bless our noble master, &c.

BILL AND COO, AS EVE AND ADAM  
 DID BEFORE US.

A DUET.

(I. R. Planche.)

[Music, Baron Weber.]

*He.* ON the banks of sweet Garonne,  
 I was born one fine spring morning.  
 Soon as I could run alone,  
 Kicks, and cuffs, and tumbles scorning,  
 Shirking labour, loving fun,  
 Swigging wine, and hating water,  
 Fighting every neighbour's son,  
 And kissing ev'ry neighbour's daughter,  
 Oh! how fast the days have flown  
 On the banks of sweet Garonne!

*She.* ON the waves of Bund-emir  
 First I saw the day-beam quiver;  
 There I wandered, year by year,  
 On the banks of that fair river;  
 Roaming with my roaming race,  
 Wheresoe'er the date-tree lured them;  
 Or a greener resting-place,  
 Pasture for their flocks insured them.  
 Never knew I grief or fear  
 On the banks of Bund-emir!

*He.* Times have altered, mistress mine!

*She.* Fled is Fortune's summer weather.  
 We are slaves——

*He.* Yet why repine,  
 While, my dear, we're slaves together!  
 Let's be merry as we're true,  
 Love our song, and Joy the chorus,  
 Dig and delve, and bill and coo,  
 As Eve and Adam did before us.

*Both.* Let's be merry, &c.

THE SOLDIER'S KNELL.

(R. Morley.)

HARK! the drum now beats to arms,  
 The word is given to form the line;  
 The soldier's breast with ardour burns,  
 All fear of death he nobly spurns,  
 Resolved in gallant deeds to shine,  
 Though bombs and shells  
 Are soldiers' knells,  
 He boldly fights  
 For England's rights,  
 And swears for king and home he'll die,  
 Or nobly gain the victory!

Now, in the midst of fire and smoke,  
 He rushes on the mighty foe;

The brazen trumpet fires his soul,  
 When cannons their dread thunder roll  
 He deals out death at ev'ry blow—  
 Though bombs and shells  
 Are soldiers' knells,  
 He boldly fights  
 For England's rights;  
 But, hark! the battle's won! I'll fly,  
 And loud proclaim the victory!

SADLER'S WELLS;

OR, A CHAPTER OF MANAGERS.

Air—"Chapter of Kings."—(T. Dibdin.)

YOU ask for a song, and my muse it now dwells  
 On a short but true hist'ry of famed Sadler's  
 Wells;  
 What kings bore the sceptre, what monarchs held  
 sway,  
 Since the days when old Sadler himself led the  
 way.

And, barring all pother, both one and  
 the other  
 Shall now learn who governed in turn.

Certain Monks, we are told, for their shocking  
 misdeeds,  
 Went, from Clerkenwell, thither to count o'er  
 their beads;  
 Then, in process of time, sucking beaux, infant  
 belles,  
 Went to take their souchong and hot rolls at the  
 Wells.

Then, barring all pother, both one and  
 the other  
 Went to the tea-gardens in turn.

Then Rosomon arose, and extended its fame,  
 Rope-dancers from France and from Italy came;  
 Burlettas succeeded, and well, I opine,  
 Pleas'd the cits in the pit as they tossed off their  
 wine.

So, barring all pother, the one and  
 the other  
 Succeeded to govern in turn.

Tom King next appeared, and most mildly, all  
 own,  
 Swayed the sceptre, and graced with his wisdom  
 the throne;  
 By all parties beloved, by his foes e'en admired,  
 The vet'ran, 'midst plaudits and honours, retired.  
 And, barring all pother, not one or  
 the other  
 Has governed much better in turn.

Dick Wroughton came next, and, without saying  
 grace,  
 Of actors imported a four-footed race,  
 Who brought their own music, their wardrobe,  
 and togs,  
 An active young troop of the French dancing-  
 dogs.

And, barring all pother, yet, somehow  
 or other,  
 They certainly drew in their turn.

Stone-eaters and jugglers, of monstrous renown,  
 With *la belle Espagnol*, next attracted the town.  
 Next year, hell broke loose, war and mutiny  
 raged,  
 For the Great Little Devil himself was engaged.  
 And, barring all pother, my friend,  
 Paulo's mother,  
 And Lucifer, drew in their turn.

With young Satan, for seasons, none e'er dared  
 to rope,  
 Such wonders he nightly performed on the rope,

'Till Richer appeared, like a comet, so bright,  
When His Highness the Devil sought refuge in  
flight.

And, barring all pother, not one or  
the other

Has danced half so well in his turn.

But who was the next in the manager's shoes?  
Be tender, dear sir, it was careful old Hughes;  
But, peace to his soul, for it long since has fled,  
Good only, we know, should be spoke of the dead.

Yet, barring all pother, 'tween one and  
the other,

Dick long ruled the stage in his turn.

Attraction was wanted, the town to engage,  
So they emptied the river, it seems, on the stage;  
The house overflowed, and became quite the ton,  
And the Wells, for some seasons, went swim-  
mingly on.

So, barring all pother, they, somehow  
or other,

For seasons went swimmingly on.

That merry wag, Dibdin, then, next ruled the  
roast,

Who the family genius and talent might boast;  
Of frolic and fun Nature furnished a stock,  
And, truly, a chip he was of the old block.

For, barring all pother, not one or  
the other

Has managed much better in turn.

Charles, in council, adopted their ancestors' plan,  
Allowing a pint of old port to each man;  
But, not like their ancestors, (morals were  
shrunk,)

Modern dandies each night in the boxes got drunk.

And, barring all pother, each man-  
ager-brother,

Like the audience, got drunk in their  
turn.

Next Joey Grim, came, though a host in himself,  
He couldn't make head 'gainst the time's want of  
pelf;

And Howard Payne tried, but his reign was cut  
short,

For management wasn't at all Yankee's forte.

Yet, barring all pother, both one and  
the other

Theatrical kings were in turn.

Next Egerton rose, and dispelled the mist,  
Determined fresh troops with the 'old to enlist;  
Who approved, one and all, when he opened his  
plan,

And swore they would triumph or fall to a man.

So, barring all pother, success to our  
brother,

He'll wish us success in return.

Tom Dibdin now governs, success to his reign,  
And may he of his troops have no cause to com-  
plain;

May each season conclude thus serenely and calm,  
And the Wells from all Minors yet bear off the  
palm.

Then, barring all pother, each true  
and tried brother

Will hail every Easter's return.

ONE KISS, ERE I BID THEE GOOD  
NIGHT, LOVE!

(Jesse Hammond.)

ALL hushed is the voice of the village,  
And silence reigns over the plain;  
Deserted the toil and the tillage,  
And sunk in soft slumber each swain;

The sun has long taken his flight, love,  
The moon has just soared to her height, love,

Then grant a last kiss,  
So burdened with bliss,

Onc kiss, ere I bid thee good night, love!

The star of the morn, like thy beauty,

Will fade from my sight when 'tis day,  
And the mandate—stern mandate of duty,

May call me for ever away;

Then, now the chaste moon's at her height, love

Inspired by her beautiful light, love,

Oh! grant a last kiss,

So burdened with bliss,

One kiss, ere I bid thee good night, love!

A WIFE IN GLASS SHOES! HEAVEN  
SEND IT!

(C. Dibdin.)

PRETTY maids, who no husbands have had,  
But in hopes of good matches have tarried;

The prince has gone stark staring mad,

And, to tame himself, wants to get married;

A beauty, unknown, stole his wits,

To get her, at nothing he'll stop;

And for her, whom this glass slipper fits,

He'd give all the shoes in his shop.

Tol de rol, &c.

Each lass, who this slipper shall view,

And in good fortune's way would be put,

Before that she can buckle-to,

Must let him get the length of her foot;

She it fits to the prince will be tacked,

A wife in glass shoes! heaven send it!

For, if her understanding gets cracked,

The glazier will easily mend it.

Tol de rol, &c.

But, to find out this damsel is hard,

All trials of measurement fail;

Some feet are too long by a yard,

And others too short by a nail;

If she's lost who his heart off has carried,

Despair is His Highness's lot;

But, whether he hangs or get's married,

'Twill end in the true-lovers' knot.

Tol de rol, &c.

TOSS OFF THE MIGHTY WINE.

(Bryant.)

LET nought but joy be found,

While the sparkling drink goes round.

Let the song and toast,

Be our proudest boast,

While Bacchus, jolly god, is crowned.

Let the jovial god be seen,

With love's enchanting queen;

And their lips divine

Taste the crusted wine,

And enjoy the festive scene.

Then, at the goblet's shrinc,

We'll never sink or pine;

But pass the glass

To each favourite lass,

And toss off the mighty wine.

THE HUNTSMAN'S WIFE;  
OR, THE SWEETS OF TALLY-HO!

(Dibdin.)

WITH hound and horn, each rosy morn,

Let bucks a-hunting go;

While all my fancy dwells with Nancy,

And her sweet tally-ho!

Was she my wife, how sweet this life,  
In station high or low;  
'Midst war's alarms, her music charms,  
So sweet her tally-ho!

On heath or warren, though e'er so barren,  
With her 'twould fruitful grow,  
Make violets spring, fresh verdure bring,  
When she sings tally-ho!

The stag flies o'er the plain so fleet,  
The hunters after go;  
No more they'd run, their sport be done,  
If she sung tally-ho!

The music of her voice, I'm sure,  
Would charm poor renard's wo;  
The chase would cease, and all be peace,  
If she sung tally-ho!

Let's toast her health, so free, my boys,  
'Ere home that we do go;  
On May-day seen, my girl is queen,  
When she sings tally-ho!

\*\*\*\*\*

### ON THE BILLOWS AS WE ROLL; OR, CROSSING THE LINE.

A GLEE.  
(Bryant.)

ON the billows as we roll,  
Banish every sorrow;  
Mirth shall reign in ev'ry soul,  
And true joy we'll borrow.  
Laughing, quaffing, all the day,  
Cans of grog we're tossing;  
Blow, ye winds, blow hard, we say,  
Until the line we're crossing.

Now, prepare—let Neptune come,—  
We defy all weathers;  
Let's quickly sound the fife and drum,  
And sport the tar and feathers.

Laughing, quaffing, &c.

Let us give the lubbers due,  
Boys, we'll soon delight ye;  
'There's the Equinox in view,  
With the God and Amphitrite.  
Laughing, quaffing, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

### THE LIFE OF THE FANCY.

Air—"Pleasures of Brighton."—(Moncrieff.)

THEY may talk of the pleasure of concert and ball,

But in these I no sort of fun can see;  
For who can compare the loud Opera squall,  
Or a trip down a dance, to the real trip and fall  
You receive from a lad of the fancy:  
If you'd quit plodding dullness, and true life would dash on,

The Fives' Court—dear Fives' Court—is always the fashion;  
Like lawyers, their arguments come pat and glib in,

But, instead of cross-questions—cross-buttocks and fibbing,

Oh! this is the life of the fancy.

SPOKEN.] Directly the Commissary's on the ground, all is expectation and buzz—the ground's roped in, and the rabble flogged out—hats thrown up in the ring, hands shaken; seconds, bottle-holders, and umpire, all ready—Kneel down there, in the front row—hats off. D—me, there they are at it.—Two to one my man draws first blood, says the butcher. My eye, says the baker, there's a hit in the bread-basket.—Bravo, bravo—right and

left—d—me, but his head's in chancery, cries a lawyer.—Bless me, cries a surveyor, he appears to have drawn his front railing, and closed up his day-lights. So much the better for him, he'll have to pay no window-tax.—I say, Vil, vat a vit, did you hear that?—Shall I trouble you, sir, to take your horse's toe off my heel?—Take care of your pockets.—Ulloa, young man, pray take your hand out of my pocket.—I ax your pardon, governor, but the crowd was so great, I took your pocket for my own.—A rump and dozen the long one gives the first cross-buttock.—Done.—Done; there he goes, with a back summerset over the ropes.—Why don't you put the bottle to his mouth?—I can't get it there, for his bottle-nose.—Time, time.—Oh! he's got his belly-full—had enough—can't come.—D—me! how down in the mouth he looks.—Well he may look down, when it's all up with him.

Then finished the battle,  
Away they all rattle;  
The swell and the kiddy,  
For London make ready;  
With grinning for winning,  
And walking and talking:  
Oh! this is the life of the fancy.

In his tandem, high-mounted, and snug, side by side,

With his favourite Polly or Nancy,  
On the race-course at Newmarket taking a ride,  
While the knowing-ones envy him, this is the pride,

And the joy of a lad of the fancy:  
Oh! who from the sports of the turf could refrain,

Where the flats lose the money the knowing ones gain;

Where gaiety joined with equality cheers,  
Dukes jostle with dustmen—pickpockets with peers:  
Oh! this is the life of the fancy.

SPOKEN.] Clear the course, there, don't you hear the first bell?—clear the course.—Yes, but you needn't clear off my pigeon-pie.—Oh! never mind, there's plenty more pigeons here; birds of a feather, you know.—Bless me, they're rather late to-day: will you inform me what's o'clock, sir, if you please?—Sir, with the greatest pleasure—devil burn me, but it's gone. I've lost my elegant stop-watch.—Stop-watch, yes, but it didn't stop with you.—I suspect that gentleman in white stockings is a black-leg.—Two to one the favourite against the field.—Who is the favourite?—Miss O'Neil; she has topped Juliet and Belvidera, and proved herself equal to the best feats of Melpomene.—Hallo there, clear the course—all weighed and mounted—clear the course, ring the bell—off they go.

Then hustle and bustle—hurry and skurry,  
Beating and cheating—swearing and tearing,  
Horses a-running—winners a-dunning,  
Jockeys are betting—money is getting:  
Oh! these are the joys of a lad of the fancy.

\*\*\*\*\*

### RECIPROCAL AFFECTION.

Air—"The Castilian Maid."—(L. W. K.)

OH! I ne'er can forget the blush that o'erspread  
The roseate cheek of my Fanny,  
With the dimple, caused by the love-smile, as she said,

She'd be mine, in preference to many!  
A rapture-fraught kiss I did imprint on her lip,  
As the seal of my faith on her vow!  
Far short was my fancy, on the bliss I should sip,

To that which I find realised now!

What can equal the joy of my heart, as with  
pride,  
I dandle the dear pledge of our love!  
Though with riches has Providence blessed us  
beside,  
Yet, more and more still comes from above!  
Oh! the joy-sigh preceding my Fanny's sweet  
voice,  
As she owns how herself is so blest!  
And with transports makes known the loved heart  
of her choice,  
Is a gem from the Green Isle of the West!

JERRY, THE COUNTRY DANDY.

Air—" *Amo amas.*"—(Bryant.)

MY name is Jerry,  
I am merry,  
I come from London town, O!  
I was always fly,  
And never shy,  
And to every thing I'm down, O!  
Ranting, roaring,  
Girls adoring,  
Leering, jeering, randy;  
Sparring, jarring,  
Hoaxing, coaxing,  
Jerry, the country dandy.  
At Fives' Court, I  
Have blacked an eye;  
Have often beat a Charley;  
I have joined a mill,  
Have danced quadrille,  
And with Jarvies ne'er would parley.  
Ranting, roaring, &c.

At Almack's, know,  
I'd often go,  
In the West to have a feast, sirs;  
And then, by way  
Of a lark, I'd stray  
To All-max in the East, sirs.  
Ranting, roaring, &c.

But now I'm right,  
And bang up tight,  
So this I'll be remarking,—  
I'm reformed, I own,  
My wild oats are sown,  
And now there's an end of my larking.  
Ranting, roaring, &c.

THE SON OF OLD SATURN;

OR, THE POWERS OF SONG AND MUSIC.

THE son of old Saturn was throned in state,  
The light of omnipotence sat on his brow,  
The termagant Juno was loud in debate,  
(As most scolding wives are who quarrel be-  
low.)

Though argument failed,  
'Till now had she railed,  
Had not sounds of sweet concord her senses as-  
sailed;  
For Melody, foe to the petulant throng,  
On wings of swift Echo repeated her song.  
The king of Olympus, well pleased to behold  
The features of Juno, so placid and mild,  
Sent Hermes to earth, upon pinions of gold,  
When Apollo stepped forth, and, exultingly,  
smiled:  
Most mighty and high,  
Great god of the sky,  
Your winged-footed messenger need not to fly;  
'Twas the chorus of harmony, warbled above,  
From mortals, regaling the daughters of Love.

Though my altars, at Delos, have mouldered  
away,  
That Fame once erected on classical ground,  
Yet vot'ries below I can boast to this day,  
For in Albion's famed kingdom my temples  
are found:

Now these sons of earth,  
In festival mirth,  
Are attuning the lay to Wit, Beauty, and Worth;  
Let their cities be crowned, then, with honour  
and wealth,  
Whilst her rivers shall flow from the fountain of  
Health.

Fair Venus, of laughter and fashion the queen,  
Declared she would guard Britain's daughters  
below;  
That the Graces with Beauty should ever be  
seen,  
And that Dian should shield it from Chastity's  
foe:

Then Mars, the mean while,  
Looked down with a smile,  
And protested that laurels should shadow the isle;  
Whilst Neptune proclaimed to each soft-blowing  
breeze  
That Britain, triumphant, should rule the wide  
seas.

A COMIC MEDLEY.

(L. W. K.)

VERY near the west end, though I must not tell  
where,  
A shoemaker married a maiden so fair,  
Who, a month after wedlock, 'tis true, I declare  
Fell in love with—  
A flaxen-headed cow-boy,  
As simple as may be,  
And next a merry ploughboy,  
Who—  
Kissed and prattled with fifty fair maids,  
And changed them as oft, d'ye see,  
But—  
Near Southwark-Bridge, on the Surrey side,  
Lived a widow, who much did lack—  
The gentlemen of England,  
That live at home in ease,  
Ah! how little do you think  
That—  
Love's a plague by night and by day,  
When that post you run your skull—  
On this cold flinty rock—  
I sing, I sing, in jingling rhymes, sir,  
In praise of long-past, good old times, sir—  
When I was a boy, in my father's mud edifice,  
'Tender and bare as—  
Roy's wife, of Aldevaloch,  
Roy's wife, of Aldevaloch,  
Wot ye how she cheated me—  
On the Lake of Killarney—  
While gazing on the moon's light,  
A moment from her smile I turned,  
To look on—  
Four-and-twenty ladies, all of a row,  
Four-and-twenty ladies, all of a row—  
Oh, what a row, what a rumpus, and a riot!  
There was—  
When first in Lunnun I arrived,  
On a visit, on a visit,  
When first in Lunnun I arrived—  
There was an ancient fair, and she loved—  
The ghost of a grim scrag of mutton!

PART II.

Born at sea, and my cradle a frigate,  
The boatswain he nursed me, true blue;  
I soon learned to fight, drink, and jig it,  
And quizz—

When ladies and gentlemen, without baulking,  
 Could go into Hyde-Park out a-walking,  
 And there—  
 As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping—  
 An old jack-daw and a young jack-daw—  
 On Sunday got floored, in groggy plight,  
 Monday, quite stale, took—  
 The pleasures of bathing—  
 Oh—  
 Ye lovers, behold a poor maiden forlorn,  
 But as pretty a creature as—  
 E'er cracked a bottle or fathomed a bowl—  
 In Hungerford-market—  
 I peeped in the grand seraglio,  
 Where the Turks keep their ladies so snugly, O ;  
 The ladies there—  
 Will you walk into my parlour, said a spider to—  
 Old Mr. December, he lost his—  
 Oh dear, what can the matter be ?  
 Oh, gramachree, what can the matter be ?  
 Oh, blood and ouns—  
 My lodging is on the cold ground,  
 And very hard is my fare—  
 When roast beef was eaten off platters wooden,  
 And nobody never dined—  
 At the town of nate Clogheen—  
 I saw Norah, who soon understood—  
 I was the boy for bewitching her—  
 As down on Banna's banks I strayed,  
 One evening—  
 Judy, all the while, got stout,  
 And, after that, got—  
 A regiment of Irish dragoons—  
 While deeds of hell deface—  
 A fond husband, after a conjugal strife—  
 For, by way of a finish to this vile act,  
 The lady (depend on't) 'tis a fact,  
 Has brought him a boy, the image exact  
 Of Walker, the two-penny postman !

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

(Upton.)

ADIEU to Old England, and thou, my sweet  
 Mary,  
 Farewell, till kind peace bids thy sailor return ;  
 Believe me, my heart, my fond heart, cannot  
 vary,  
 But constant to Mary, sweet Mary, will burn.  
 Then, let not a sigh, not a sigh, love, escape  
 thee,  
 Nor a tear dim the crimson red-rose on thy  
 cheek ;  
 O, think on the cause, love, and fear will forsake  
 thee,  
 'Tis honour, 'tis glory, thy Edward does seek !  
 I go, it is true, love, where cannons may rattle,  
 And balls fly around me below and above ;  
 Yet, Mary, no danger can harm me in battle  
 When fighting for England, for beauty, and  
 love !  
 Now, Fate, to thy keeping my girl I surrender,  
 And haste to the fortune that waits me afar ;  
 And oh, may each angel protect and defend her,  
 Till again she's embraced in the arms of her tar.  
 But should it please heaven, as life is uncertain,  
 To smite me in battle, and such things may be,  
 Then, Mary, sweet Mary, on death draw the cur-  
 tain,  
 Wed a tar, some brave fellow, and love him for  
 me.

LOVE AND MIRTH CAN MAKE US WISE.

PLEASURE, goddess all divine !  
 Come, O come, my soul is thine ;  
 Come, O come, with graceful air,  
 Come, and drive away dull Care ;  
 Care, that suits with sordid minds,  
 Such as fear or av'rice binds,  
 Selfish, sullen, human brutes,  
 Those alone dull Care best suits,  
 Bring with thee sweet dimpled Love.  
 Cupid will with Pleasure rove ;  
 Bacchus, too, must join the train ;  
 Bacchus prompts the jocund strain.  
 Merry Momus, too, appear ;  
 Momus is a foe to Care ;  
 Let me, let me join the choir,  
 Pleasure is my soul's desire.

I'll with Bacchus toss the glass,  
 And, with Cupid, toast my lass,  
 Or with waggish Momus laugh ;  
 Thus I'll live and thus I'll quaff ;  
 Hence with all your sober rules,  
 Wretched pedants, prating fools ;  
 Musty morals I despise,  
 Love and mirth can make us wise.

WILLY AND JEAN ;

OR, THE LOVERS OF CALEDONIA.

Air—" *Captain O'Kaine.*"—(Willison Glass )

BY the green verdant banks of the clear winding  
 Leven,  
 Young Jeany did wander when twilight was  
 gone,  
 While the sigh of distress her white bosom was  
 heaving,  
 To pour out her sorrows unseen and alone.  
 Her robes loosely hung, and her bosom was bare,  
 Her dark raven locks careless waved in the  
 wind ;  
 Her face it was lovely, though clouded with care,  
 And her soul it was generous, loving, and kind.  
 From her eyes, once so cheerful, the tears were  
 descending,  
 And sweet was her voice, though it warbled deep  
 wo ;  
 While the throes of keen anguish her heart-strings  
 were rending,  
 She told her sad tale to the winds that did  
 blow.  
 Why ventured my love o'er the waves ? she did  
 cry,  
 In search of vain glory 'midst murderous war,  
 And left me behind him in sorrow to sigh ?  
 O ! why from his Jean did he wander so far ?  
 How oft have we strayed by the brook gently  
 gliding,  
 As blithe as the larks when they welcome the  
 morn ;  
 Alas ! now in Egypt, perhaps, he lies bleeding,  
 While friendless I wander, dejected, forlorn.  
 But if he survive, if he ever return,  
 And gladden with pleasure this sorrowful heart,  
 My tears, then, shall cease, and no longer I'll  
 mourn,  
 With rapture we'll meet, and we never shall  
 part.  
 Though the wild waves of ocean now part us  
 asunder,  
 One sweet beam of comfort shall soften my  
 pain ;  
 Still safe from the rage of fell war's roaring thun-  
 der,  
 My love may return to my fond arms again.

—But hark! a sad voice—'twas his father's, she  
knew,  
Who seemed, like herself, of her fate to com-  
plain;  
Attentive she listened, and near to him drew,  
And she tenderly asked the cause of his pain.  
Sad news, he exclaimed, is the cause of my  
mourning,  
My son sleeps in death on a far distant shore!  
With glory I thought to have seen him returning,  
But ah, well-a-day! I shall see him no more.  
Aghast stood the maid—Nature's torrent re-  
coiled,  
Fond hope from her bosom for ever retired;  
She shuddered—and staring, distracted and wild,  
Cried Willy!—oh, Willy!—then sunk and ex-  
pired.

JOHN BULL IN TOWN;

OR, BRITISH WOOL FOR EVER

Air—"Madam Fig's Gala."—(Emery.)

I'LL sing you a bit of a song,  
To a very old tune I confess, sirs,  
However, I'll not keep you long,  
So, mayhap, you'll not like it the less, sirs;  
I sing of the times which are odd,  
In our parts, as well as in London,  
And all the way up, as I rode,  
The cry we're all of us undone.  
Rum te oodiddy, oodiddy, rum te oodiddy, ri do.  
Rum te oodiddy, oodiddy, ri tol de rol, de ri do.

The dearness of all things, they said,  
Was the cause of their fretting and wailing,  
Why, yes, says I, travelling's too bad,  
But the coachman said, I *wanted feeling*;  
The landlords chimed in with the rest,  
And said meat, drink, and wine, were so dear,  
sirs;  
But I'm sure of that *joke* they'd the best,  
As *my pockets* can prove very clear, sirs.  
Rum te oodiddy, &c.

In town here, I find it's the case,  
For *brass* it wo'n't go very far, sirs,  
But I'se so much in love with the place,  
I'll not mar the ship for the tar, sirs;  
I'll see all the sights as I roam,  
The Tower, the wax-work, and wenchies,  
And, when the money's all gone, I'll go whoam,  
But, while it lasts, dang all expenses.  
Rum te oodiddy, &c.

My days grow as fast as my wheats,  
My nights be as slow as the plough, sirs,  
I could pass all my time in the streets,  
In gaping at pictures and shows, sirs;  
And lasses seem all of th' same mind,  
For, go where ye will, ye see plenty,  
And then they're so civil and kind,  
I've been *spoke to*, I dare say, by twenty.  
Rum te oodiddy, &c.

Then I thought, just before I went back,  
I were like to see summat of dress, sirs,  
For at fashion I'd always a knack,  
Though that you may pratty well guess, sirs;  
So I whips on my new Sunday coat,  
And in Bond-street I swaggered away, sirs,  
Where the bucks were *all furred* to the throat,  
Though a beautiful sun-shiny day, sirs.  
Rum te oodiddy, &c.

The ladies, too, they looked so comely,  
Lord love 'em, they'd no pride at all, sirs,  
For they wore their *red cloaks* just as homely,  
As mother to market rides Ball, sirs.

Disdaining to wear *muffs* and *tippetts*,  
Those furbelows certainly once neat,  
They've given up them flappity flippetts,  
To *warm the poor beaux* in Bond-street.  
Rum te oodiddy, &c.  
Some blades about town, I've heard say,  
All their fortunes oft wear on their back, sirs,  
And it's possible, too, that they may,  
While wool fetches so much a pack, sirs;  
A coat you can't get, if you're nice,  
Under five or six pounds, fit to wear, sirs,  
But afore I'd buy one at that price,  
I'll be shot if I wou'dn't go bare, sirs.  
Rum te oodiddy, &c.

THEN, FARE THEE WELL, MY OWN  
DEAR LOVE.

(T. Moore.)

THEN, fare thee well, my own dear love,  
This world has now for us  
No greater grief, no pain above,  
The pain of parting thus,  
Dear love!  
The pain of parting thus.

Had we but known, since first we met,  
Some few short hours of bliss,  
We might, in numb'ring them, forget  
The deep, deep pain of this,  
Dear love!  
The deep, deep pain of this!

But, no; alas! we have never seen  
One glimpse of pleasure's ray,  
But still there came some cloud between,  
And chased it all away,  
Dear love!  
And chased it all away.

Yet e'en could those sad moments last,  
Far dearer to my heart,  
Were hours of grief together past,  
Than years of mirth apart,  
Dear love.  
Than years of mirth apart.

Farewell, our hope was born in fears,  
And nursed 'mid vain regrets;  
Like winter suns, it rose in tears,  
Like them, in tears it sets,  
Dear love!  
Like them, in tears it sets.

PAPA, KID, DOG, AND CHICK, ADIEU

(O'Keefe.)

My father's house is clean and nice,  
My little garden paradise;  
My chamber decked with trinkums fine,  
The window spread with jessamine.  
I have a blackbird gay,  
Oh! he's a pretty fellow,  
He whistles sweet and mellow,  
The live-long day.

My playful kid, for handsome pets I've many,  
My wanton, bounding, frisking Nanny,  
Next my fav'rite cow;  
Yet I love none half so well  
As my Charley's gift, my dear Fidel,  
My little bow-wow!  
Haste, gentle lover, now for you,  
Papa, kid, dog, and chick, adieu!

In town I'll be, my glass can tell,  
A monstrous flaming married belle;  
The foremost in all gamesome bouts,  
At operas, plays, and balls, and routs,

All in my plumage fine :  
 Around me smarts shall flutter,  
 About me what a clutter !  
 " She's all divine ! "

They sing, they dance ; to please me how they  
 caper !

Whilst rivals challenge, huff and vapour,  
 As birds, all welcome here to woo ;  
 For Charley's sake begone, cuckoo,  
 I'll ne'er create my spousy's shame,  
 To singe my wings around the flame.

~~~~~  
RATTLING JACK.

Air "*Jack's the Lad.*"—(Lawler.)

AVAST, no flat you'll find in me,
 I'm Rattling Jack, just come from sea,
 The shiners now I flash,
 And down Wapping cut a dash,
 All ripe for fun and jollity.
 Now merrily I push about the grog,
 And treat the girls, like a jolly dog,
 Or Poll I take in tow,
 And to the Royalty we go,
 For Rattling Jack's on shore, d'ye see.
 With my tol de rol, de rol, &c.

My cash I'll freely spend on shore,
 For, d—me ! I can fight for more,
 Ram shot, or sponge the gun,
 Till the foe they strike or run,
 For a battle's glorious fun, d'ye see,
 On deck, or ordered up aloft,
 I takes my duty, hard or soft,
 Whatever wind may blow,
 I'll work and sing yo, ho !
 For Rattling Jack's at home at sea.
 With my tol de rol, de rol, &c.

With Poll, when I am under weigh,
 Down Wapping, or Ratcliffe-Highway,
 So stylish, I declare,
 We make the people stare,
 None does it like my Poll and me ;
 Then, while the reck'ning I can pay,
 The grog shall flow, and the fiddle play,
 Hornpipe, jig, or reel,
 I'll come it toe and heel,
 For Rattling Jack's on shore, d'ye see.
 With my tol de rol, de rol, &c.

~~~~~  
**FAREWELL TO THE DAMP BOG, WHERE  
 FIRST I EAT PAP.**

Air—" *Grana Wail.*"—(O'Brien.)

FAREWELL to the damp bog, where first I eat pap,  
 From an old wooden spoon, in my mammy's own  
 lap.

Farewell to the praty, salt herring, and point,  
 And farewell to Easter and Christmas's joint.

Since, Erin, I left you, my stomach feels pain,  
 And will till I live on the same fare again.  
 O ! yes, I'll return, and drink away care,  
 And sport my shellelagh at market and fair.

Then, Judy, sweet honey, as sour as a crab,  
 Will scold me, and coax me, and tip me her gab ;  
 Round my neck her big arms, she'll swear she is  
 true ;

She'll ax me to treat her, and that I will do.

I'll give her strong whisky, shubeen, and strong  
 ale,

The landlord will chalk it to Patrick O'Neil.  
 When drunk, she will sleep sound, I'm off while  
 it's day,

And Judy, for sartin, must double chalk pay.

My plan being settled, for Ireland I went ;  
 For there I'll get money, as todder is spent.  
 For Heartpool I scamped it, I mean Liverp ol,  
 Where, backward and forward, pass many a fool.

A thin board it parted me from the big deep,  
 Though frightened and sick, too, I had a nate  
 sleep.

I snored like a sow-bore, and so did the wind,  
 I little thought drowning would e'er be my end.

The mad waves they jumped, now, as high as the  
 moon,

And I jumped, my honey, to the bottom too soon.  
 His honour, big Neptune, cried, here you sha'n't  
 stay,

With his pitchfork he tipt me into Dublin bay.

A spalpeen there axed me, from whence did you  
 pop ?

Says I, my dear joy, will you fetch us a drop ?  
 If you wish to know, I come out of the sea,  
 A merman ! shouts todder, and then ran away.

I soon left the mud for my darling Rathkeal,  
 Where young and old welcomed lost Patrick  
 O'Neil.

And, sure, they would treat me, I loved a full pot,  
 I'd drink with the d—l, if he'd pay the shot.

Now I am married, no more shall I roam ;  
 My wife was in debt, so she got me a home.  
 I was saved from the bottom to rot in a jail,  
 Neither rent, tithe, nor taxes, pays Patrick O'Neil.

~~~~~  
**FOR TENDERNESS FRAMED IN LIFE'S
 EARLIEST DAY.**

(General Burgoyne.)

FOR tenderness framed in life's earliest day,
 A parent's soft sorrows to mine led the way ;
 The lesson of pity was caught from her eye,
 And ere words were my own I spoke with a sigh.

The nightingale plundered the mate-widowed dove,
 The warbled complaint of the suffering grove.
 To youth as it ripened, gave sentiment new,
 The object still changing, the sympathy true.

Soft embers of passion yet rest in the glow ;
 A warmth of more pain may this breast never
 know !

Or, if too indulgent, the blessing I claim,
 Let the spark drop from reason that wakens the
 flame.

~~~~~  
**HEART-BROKEN ! POOR EVELEEN !**

(T. W. Kelly.)

O'ER the wild heath and the mountains so bleak,  
 All lonely I wander a shelter to seek ;  
 But, where'er I wander, no sooner I'm seen,  
 Then harshly and rudely they spurn Eveleen.  
 Heart-broken ! poor Eveleen !

Well, well, let them spurn, there's one bright day  
 of rest,

That ne'er is by sorrow nor anguish opprest ;  
 When, 'neath the yew-shade and the hillock o'  
 green,

Will lie the poor outcast, the spurned Eveleen.  
 Heart-broken ! poor Eveleen !

~~~~~  
VIVE LA BAGATELLE.

(Upton.)

WHAT is love ?—why, oft a name,
 Meaning nothing ! no, no, no ;
 Mere pretence to boast a flame
 Never felt, nor wished to know.

When men-creatures tell us this,
How they burn with hope and fear :
Sure we might reply,—“ O yes !
Vive la bagatelle, my dear !
Vive la bagatelle !”

Dare we trust them, when they swear
Truth eternal?—No, no, no ;
Oaths are sometimes light as air,
Yes, and women find it so.
Though they promise this and that,
Do their actions so appear ?
No ; 'tis oft but idle chat,
Vive la bagatelle, my dear !
Vive la bagatelle !

Why should we, then, men believe,
Are they constant?—No, no, no ;
Oft, too oft, we're left to grieve,
While they triumph in our wo.
Love, that's true, should meet return,
But, to prove it, be severe ;
Treat their vows with light concern,
Vive la bagatelle, my dear !
Vive la bagatelle !

NO MUSIC EXCELS THE VIEW HOLLO.

Air—“ *Bright Chanticleer.*”—(Bryant.)

COME, huntsmen gay, begin the day,
Bright Sol is now in view,
The hounds are out, the jovial shout
Says renard we'll pursue.
O'er many a plain new hopes we gain ;
We follow the sounding horn,
While, all in glee, our sport we see,
To enliven the cheerful morn ;
With, hark ! follow, follow !
No music excels the view hollo.
With, hark ! follow, follow !
No music excels the view hollo.
Hark forward ! hark forward !
Hark forward ! hark forward !

For all the pleasure that nature can grace,
Must yield to the joys of the chase.

See, see ! the ploughmen leave their toil
To view the sport awhile ;
And e'en the fair can ne'er recoil,
But at our object smile.
The parson, laughing, spurs his mare,
The lawyer canters on ;
And dull philosophy runs there
To join the huntsman's song.
With, hark ! follow, follow ! &c.

But now, returned, we've gained the prize
That yields us sport divine ;
We'll sing of woman's shape and eyes,
And toast their charms in wine.
Then, come, my boys, here's game in view,
A toast, and then we'll sing ;
I'll give the health of a sportsman true,
So a bumper to the king.
With, hark ! follow, follow ! &c.

THE LAST PULSE OF AFFECTION.

(E. J. B. Box.)

OF all blooming roses, give me the sweet rose
That blooms on the cheek, at each side of the
nose ;
Of all the bright diamonds which Nature supplies,
Those bright diamonds give me—woman's sparkling
eyes—

Light and shade !

Of all that looks lovely, to me give those looks
Which express love in language ne'er written in
books !

Of all that's bewitching, what most witches me
Is the witchcraft of mind I in each glance can see—
Wife or maid !

Of all the soft blisses, most blissful I greet
That, when lips pressing lips, two united hearts
meet :

Of all the great pleasures, that greatest, I own,
Is the fair in my arms I can call all my own—
Night and day.

Of life's treasures, give me those that richly com-
bine

A pure heart that's all Nature, with soul all di-
vine !

Of the treasures most prized, to sum all up to-
gether,
Is a wife still the same through life's fair or foul
weather—

Brown or gray !

Of life's wealth—hopes and fears of life's losses or
gains,

There's no wealth like affection, that constant re-
mains

In the heart till life's pulse there, while ceasing to
beat,

Gives to love that last breath love no more shall
repeat—

Lifeless clay !

HE'S SUCH A DEVIL OF A FELLOW.

Air—“ *Geordie sits in Charley's Chair.*”

(H. M. Milner.)

WHEN I see what he's about,
I can guess how 'twill turn out ;
Or when sober, or when mellow,
He's such a devil of a fellow.

First he coaxes, then a kiss,
Pretty soon they all say yes ;
To court men's wives is very fine,
But I'll be d——d if he has mine.

He began—but 'twouldn't do—
She's up to snuff, and knows who's who ;
He made love to her, but she
Scouted him and stuck to me.

She's my darling—I am hers—
Close we'll stick as thistle-burs ;
But, to show him how it is,
I think I'll make love to his.

POOR KATE, THE LAVENDER-GIRL.

(R. Morley.)

BLOOMING as May, full oft was seen,
In tattered garb, the lovely Kate,
With basket, made of rushes green :
She never murmured at her fate,
But, plaintive, cried
Sweet, blooming lavender

Her coral lips and eyes of jet
Would oft attract the gazers' view ;
With bosom bare, though dripping wet,
Unmindful of the charms which drew,
She'd, plaintive, cry, &c.

Poor Kate an aged mother had,
In lowly cot, who pined for want ;
And, was the weather e'er so bad,
She, cheerful, sought a pittance scant,
And, plaintive, cried, &c.

At length, her tender parent died,
 Poor friendless Kate heaved many a sigh;
 To ease her sorrow no one tried,
 She sank with grief, no more to cry,
 In plaintive tone, &c.

WIT IN MADNESS.

THEY say I am mad;
 Why, zounds! 'tis too bad!
 When I'm calm as each breeze in July;
 But soon they shall know
 That I never was so,
 And I'll prove it, or else I will die.
 Why need they complain,
 And say I'm insane?
 I swear I am calm as my keepers;
 But, if they persist,
 The weight of this fist
 Shall punish them over the peepers.

To say I am mad,
 O, zounds! 'tis too bad!
 'Tis a libel as false as uncivil,
 For the man can't be mad
 Who thus sings and is glad,
 Unless he's as wild as the devil;
 For I'll rant and I'll roar,
 And each song I'll encore,
 While around I'll promote ev'ry gladness;
 And let wise asses say
 I turn night into day,
 Still I'll prove that there's wit in my madness.

THE POOR ORPHAN-GIPSY.

A POOR orphan-gipsy, I haunt grove and dale,
 And tell to the listening winds my sad tale;
 Meek pity bespeak as I wander along,
 And Charity's boon is the theme of my song.
 Bestow your charity! give a poor little orphan
 A cruizer, for charity.

Benevolence gives fortune-telling its spell,
 And thus, my hand crossed, your fortune I'll tell.
 You're a lover, I know,
 'Tis declared by your eyes,
 Your cheeks' burning glow,
 And those half-stifled sighs;
 And kind is the nymph you adore,
 Excelling the fairest who fair ones excel;
 Well, I say nothing more,
 But I know a little maid who could love you as
 well.

By cruelty goaded, but sorry 's my cheer,
 My hard crust is moistened full oft with a tear;
 The tale of my woes would your heart rend in
 twain;
 Then, let not your hands be extended in vain,
 Bestow your charity! give a poor little orphan
 A service, for charity.

Good humour to diffidence serves as a spell,
 And thus my accomplishments boldly I'll tell;
 I can cook, make a bed,
 As valet dare engage,
 Your nurse, should you need,
 Or complete little page,
 To carry a message to her you adore,
 Excelling in love those who others excel;
 Well, I say nothing more,
 But you view a little maid who can love you as
 well.

IF WINE BE A CORDIAL, WHY DOES IT
 TORMENT?

If wine be a cordial, why does it torment?
 If a poison, oh, tell me whence comes my content?
 Since I drink it with pleasure, why should I com-
 plain,
 Or repent every morn, when I know 'tis in vain?
 Yet so charming the glass is, so deep is the quart,
 That at once it both drowns and enlivens the
 heart;
 I take it off briskly, and, when it is down,
 By my jolly complexion I make my joy known.
 But oh! how I'm blessed, when so strong it does
 prove,
 By its sovereign heat to dispel that of love!
 When, in quenching the old, I create a new
 flame;
 And am wrapt in such pleasures as still want a
 name!

WHEN DAYLIGHT BREAKS.

A PARODY.

Air—"Deserted by the waning Moon."—(J. Mackey.)

WHEN daylight breaks with winter's gloom,
 And folks begin the streets to roam,
 The sweeper takes her patient stand
 To catch what comes from gen'rous hand;
 And, if some footstep chance to stray
 Where broom has cleared the slipp'ry way,
 This way now, ladies—prithce spare
 A ha'penny for the sweeper's care.

Or, walking through the streets, at night,
 When lamps emit their half-fed light,
 The link-boy shuffles 'mid the mire,
 To throw a glance from his smoke-fire;
 And, if some coppers haply greets
 Him for the trouble that he meets,
 "Thank—thank, your honour," doffs, in a crack,
 His brimless castor, and turns back.

WE CAN SING, AND DANCE, AND LEAP.

A SERENADE.

(Cumberland.)

WIVES, awake! unveil your eyes,
 Sluggards, no more yawning:
 See the Delphic god arise,
 Bright Apollo dawning.

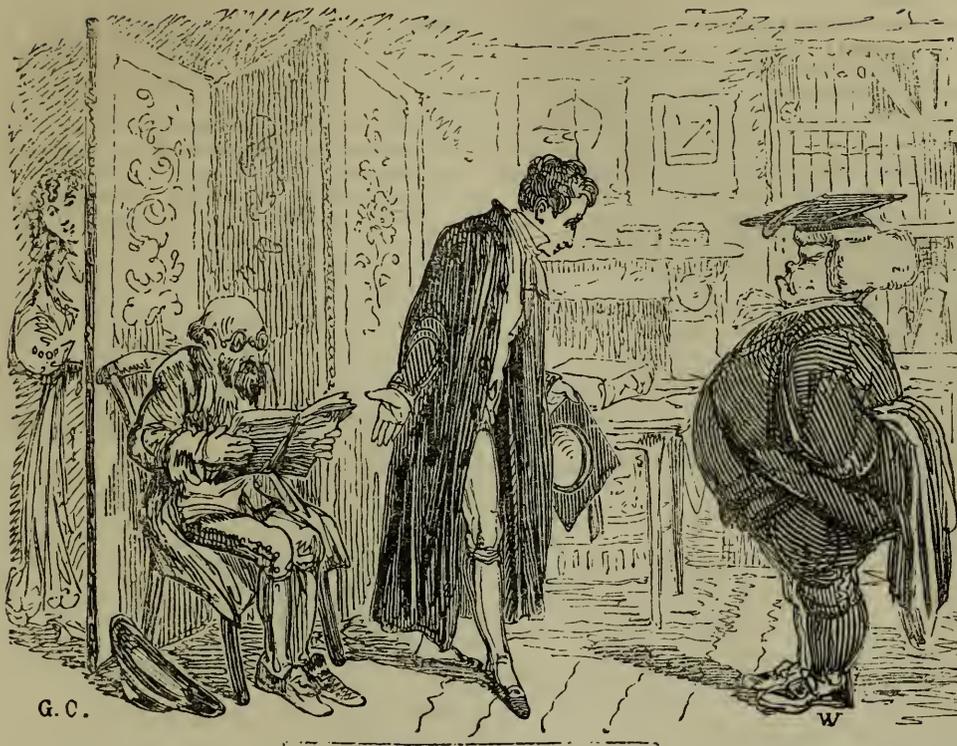
Husbands, rouse at love's alarms,
 Drowsy slumbers scorning;
 Rovers, quit your doxies' arms,
 Up, behold 'tis morning!

Maidens fair, have at your hearts,
 Hymen's torch is flaming;
 Cupid whets his pointed darts,
 And look! the rogue is aiming.

Fair the bud of beauty blows,
 Mellow sweets are palling;
 Crown us with the virgin rose,
 And so prevent its falling.

Bound with ivy, bound with vines,
 Youth serenely passes;
 Bacchus round our temples twines,
 And sparkles in our glasses.

What have we to do with sleep,
 We, who ne'er knew sorrow?
 We can sing, and dance, and leap,
 And give you still good-morrow.



G. C.

W

Eh! who is that strange looking character in the beard there?...Eh! that....that, sir,....that is a great Hebrew rabbi, the learned Ben Ham-eat....Ben Isaac....Ben Moses....Ben Solomon....Ben Nebuchadnezzar, come to discuss the extraction of some Hebrew roots with me.

LIFE OF A COLLEGIAN.

Air—" Turnpike Gate."—(Moncrieff.)

THOSE who may think a life at college
Fagging and tagging, poring, boring,
Hav'n't their nob's o'erstocken with knowledge;
Life in a college was full of glee;
'Tis learning, quaffing, joking, laughing,
Cheating the grave wigs, so merrily,
Revelling, cavilling, holidays, jolly days;
Logic and sophistry thought go free.

SPOKEN.] *Oxford coachman.* Now, sir, going to Oxford, starting for college, sir, Brazen-Nose, sir?—*Collegian.* No, it's that gentleman with the red face that's going to Brazen-Nose.—*Coachman.* Catharine-Hall, then, perhaps, sir?—*Old Lady.* Catharine Hall, indeed! I'd have you to know, fellow! my nephew has nothing to do with any such hussies.—*Collegian.* No, friend, I'm going to Magdalen.—*Coachman.* On the foundation, sir?—*Collegian.* No, on the box, coachee.—*Coachman.* Well, then, sir, you couldn't apply to a better man than I am to take you, sir; I'm the well-known Jemmy Jarvis, the classical coachman, as they calls me; lord bless you, sir, Hell-fire Dick was a fool to me! just look at those 'ere leaders of mine, sir, they trot along like a *Pindaric*,—only scan their feet, sir, see how prettily they amble. Those near horses I calls my Homers, because I always drives my last stage home with them; that one with the blinkers is the *eyelid* (ILIAD); and that t'other one with the one eye is the *odd eye see* (ODYSSEY.) That right leader I calls my WIRGIL, on account of his being *in-kneed* (ÆNEID); and that off-leader my HORACE, because of his *carmen*, he was a *cart-horse* once. You'll drive a long way before you find one more experienced in the *Greek accidence* than I am.—*Old Lady.* Mercy on me! experienced some great accidents, did you say, coachman? I hope not.—*Coachman.* Never fear, ma'am, I mean in parsing on the road.—*Old Lady.*

Ha! that causes all the mischief; I hope you wo'n't attempt to pass any thing on the road here; it's contrary to act of parliament, you know; I shall certainly let Mr. Martin hear of it, if I see any thing like racing going on.—*Coachman.* It's all right, ma'am, depend upon that.—*Collegian.* I say, coachee! coachee, my boy! just let me take the reins for a mile or so, now the shower's over, will you, eh?—*Coachman.* Shouldn't have any objection in life, squire, to let you handle the ribands for a stage or two, but four-in-hand, you know, requires—*Collegian.* I know four-in-hand from me—there's a couple of brace of half-crowns for you, so now hand over the leathers.—*Coachman.* Touching the bit alters the case, sir; there they are—let 'em feel their mouths—down hill with you, sir. I'm obliged to be a little *partickler*, sir;—I've got three fellows inside.—*Collegian.* Three fellows! that's odd.—*Coachman.* Yes, odd fellows, sir, all as grumpy and queer as can be—but you know what they are, sir.—*Collegian.* To be sure I do; I'll take care, coachee. Who's that fat gentleman that's just got in?—*Coachman.* That fat gentleman's a Sizar from Corpus.—*Old Fellow, inside.* Coachman, I decidedly object to that young gentleman's taking the reins; our lives a'n't safe.—*Coachman.* It's all right, sir; steady with my Homers as you turn the corner—you know they're blind, sir: mind *Wirgil* don't make a false quantity—take care of his *Hocks-ameters*, as I call 'em, he's apt to stumble: soho! gently, there!—*Collegian.* Pray, coachee, what's the name of this place?—*Coachman.* Shot-over-hill, sir; eh. zounds, squire! we shall be over if you don't mind.—*Old Fellow, inside.* Eh! bless me! what is that? really, coachman, I positively shall get out and walk.—*Coachman.* Only young Phæeton ge his horses in the sun, sir.—*Old Fellow, inside.* It you let that young gentleman continue to hold the reins.—*Coachman.* It's all right, I can assure your honour.—*Old Fellow, inside.* Your assurance wo'n't satisfy me; you've a little too much of it.—*Coach-*

man to Collegian. Never mind him, squire; now, sir, we change here—there's a pretty pair of wheelers; we calls that bay *Lucretius*, because he knows the *nature of things* so well, he's see'd such sarvice; and that 'ere white mare, the *Goddess of Morning*; and what do you think we calls her the Goddess of Morning for, sir?—*Collegian*. Really, coachee, I can't tell.—*Coachman*. Why, because she's a *roarer* (*Aurora*.) So, ya hip, then dash along.

Those who may think a life at college
Fagging and tagging, poring, boring,
Hav'n't their nobs o'erstocked with knowledge;
Life in a college is full of glee.

Fellows at college, rare odd fellows,
Very good fellows, getting mellow,
Carol old rose, and burn the bellows.

Jolly young students, tutors grave,
Proctors cheating, sliely meeting,
Slighting the sages, some pretty girl's slave,
Funning and punning, and dunning and running,
Caring for nought if their bacon they save.

SPOKEN.] *Collegian*. Now, then, *Gyp*,* that I'm comfortably settled at college, to keep my terms, and eat my commons, d——we let's be jolly. Hang my old musty prig of a tutor, and his mathematics, I say; give me a glass and a lass, and, as for making *extracts* from *Bacon*, let me cut away at this *ham* here. All I shall study from *Ovid* is his *Art of Love*, with, perhaps, an occasional touch at his *Metamorphoses*, when I want to escape from a dun, or give a tradesman the double. What's the use of translations, unless it is translating a pretty girl from the outside to the inside, as we did the glover's daughter last night, and as I did *Sal Spanker* under my gown, after hours, yesterday evening, under the very nose of our old buzzard of a porter, without his having any suspicion; though that wasn't a bad thing of *Ned Bumper*, who, on his receiving his last hamper of wine, translated *inveni portum* into *I've found some port*: that was proper *Port Royal Latin*, that was. Eh! who the devil's that at the door?—*Bed-maker*. Old *Smouchey Solomon*, sir, the Jew money-lender.—*Collegian*. Let him come in, I must make use of the old rascal,—hav'n't a rap left of the last five hundred dad sent. Well, *Smouchey*, come in, my old boy; we'll have a rasher together. Eh! zounds, you're not going to be one of the tribe of *Gad*, instead of one of the sons of *Ham*: what do you want?—*Jew*. Vant my moniesh, *Mr. Blushington*.—*Collegian*. So do I, *Smouchey*; and, what's more, I must have it. Give you a *post obit* for it on the family estates, that's the only bit of Latin you care a curse for,—the only part of the *dead languages* that sets you *alive*.—*Jew*. I tell you what it is, *Mr. Blushington*, you owes me a thousand pounds already, and I've never seen the colour of your moniesh, and, vat's more—*Collegian*. I must have more, *Smouchey*, so none of your nonsense. Eh! zounds, who's that?—*Bed-maker*. Sir, sir, here's your tutor, *Dr. Stiffwig*, coming up stairs.—*Collegian*. Eh! my tutor! what the devil's to be done, *Gyp*? He cuts off all retreat; put the glover's daughter behind the screen; give old *Smouchey* a book.—*Bed-maker*. What book, sir?—*Collegian*. Zounds! the *interest* book; if that don't *interest* him, the devil's in it. Not a word, for your life, *Smouchey*. Good morning, sir.—*Tutor*. Good morning, young man; how is it I find you occupied; strange rumours have—*Collegian*. I've been amusing myself with some *Fugitive Pieces*, sir; and making the *extracts*

from *Bacon* you spoke of.—*Tutor*. Hum! Verj light study. I hope you always commit your *loose* thoughts to paper, it may be advisable I should see them sometimes; but, eh! who is that strange looking character in the beard there?—*Collegian*. Eh! that—that, sir,—that is a great Hebrew rabbi, the learned *Ben Ham-eat*—*Ben Isaac*—*Ben Moses*—*Ben Solomon*—*Ben Nebuchadnezzar*, come to discuss the *extraction* of some *Hebrew roots* with me.—*Tutor*. Eh! a professor of languages—I will hold converse with him. Are you acquainted with *Anacreon* and *Theocritus*, friend?—*Jew*. Never had any dealings with 'em in all ma *life*, my tear; but I'll take their bills, if they're shopkeepers. What do they sell?—*Tutor*. Eh! bless me! What does he say?—*Collegian*. He says, sir, that—that *Anacreon* and *Theocritus* are *shopkeepers*, sir; that is, that their works don't *sell*, and that he's not over partial to them—likes something more solid.—*Tutor*. Hum! hah!—You will get ready for your examination to-day; when I hope that the pains I have taken to prepare you will not have been thrown away; but that you will speedily arrive at the highest of college honours—*Vale*.—*Collegian*. Good by, sir. Glad the old prig is gone; bring out the glover's daughter. Send old *Smouchey* home for the blunt—uncork another bottle, and let's be jolly.

Those who may think a life, &c.

Doctors, proctors,—Greek and Latin,
Cursed dry study, brain gets muddy—
Tutor pops a sentence pat in;
Gain a degree, make holiday,
Read old Homer, get diploma,
While others are plucked and sent away;
Spluttering, muttering, hammering, stammering,
We are the true *Greeks*, huzza, huzza.

SPOKEN.] “When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.” (*Row in street*.) Town! Gown!—Town! Gown!—*Collegian*. What the devil's the matter in the High-street, there?—*Bed-maker*. Only a row between the stupids and the students, the townsmen and the gownsmen, about a silly wench of a shop-girl; that's all, sir.—*Collegian*. Oh! d——me, *Gyp*, must make one among them, must support the gown; call them out there,—“Town! Gown!—Gown! Town!” There'll be more heads than *Priscian's* broken to-day.—*Bed-maker*. Sir, sir, we must be off, there's four heads of houses coming down the next street.—*Collegian*. Four houses coming down on our heads in the next street! you're right then; egad, it's high time to be off, faith.—*Bed-maker*. Chapel-bell has run long ago; and then there's the examination in the Hall to-day, you know, sir; and, after this row—*Collegian*. I shall be more fitted than ever to be *Senior Wrangler*. Ah, *Gyp*, hope I sha'n't get plucked, funk confoundedly; no matter, I must put a bold face on it. I say, Tom, what the devil's that bit of red under your gown there?—*Fellow Collegian*. Hold your tongue, you fool, only my hunting frock; hadn't time to pull it off. I've been rusticateing.—*Collegian*. Take care they don't *rusticate* you, that's all. You know it's against College-rules to hunt or race; and, as to coming to chapel in your *hunting* toggerly—*Fellow Collegian*. It was on the *spur* of the moment; just in time to show; however. (*Prayers are read*.)—*Crier*. Now, then, to the Hall, gentlemen.—*Collegian*. Eh! who the dence is that going up? the *Welshman* from *Caius*, poor *Shenkin ap Watkins*. Poor fellow, stews like toasted cheese; they're going to try him in Greek. Zounds! if he was going to be tried at the Old Bailey, he couldn't be more frightened: and old *Doctor M'Jargon*, the Scotch Proctor, one of the examiners; he'l

* The bed-maker; from *gyp*, a *venture*.

be plucked to a certainty, like a poor pigeon as he is. Never mind, we're the Greeks that never are plucked—only hear him.—*Doctor M'Jargon.* Now, Mr. *Shenkin ap Watkins*, we will proceed to Homer, d'ye ken, dinna be in sic a muckle puckle, there's no to be alarmed at; fair and softly. There's na need to be in sic a hurry and splutter.

(*Mr. Shenkin ap Watkins, reading with a strong Welsh accent, and evidently dreadfully nervous and frightened.*)

“TON D'APAMEIBOMENOS, PROSEPHE PODAS OKUS
ACHILLEUS;
ATREIDE, KUDISTE, PHILOKTEANOTATE PANTON,
POS GAR TOI DOSOUSI GERAS MEGATHUMOI
ACHAIOI?
OUDE TI PO IDMEN XUNEIA KEINENA POLLA?
ALLA TA MEN FOLION EXEPRATHOMEN TA DE-
DASTAI
LAOUS D'OUK EPEOIKE PALILLOGA TAUT'EPAGEI-
REIN.”*

Doctor M'Jargon. Hauld, hauld. Troth, Mr. *Shenkin ap Watkins*, ye have nae the true Doric accent, the pure pronunciation o' the Greek language. Ye should speak it after this fashion, d'ye ken? and nae let yer words hop about like sae many kids on ane of yer mickle Welsh mountains.—(*Reading, with a strong deliberative Scotch accent.*)

“TON D'APAMEIBOMENOS, PROSEPHE PODAS OKUS
ACHILLEUS;
ATREIDE, KUDISTE, PHILOKTEANOTATE PANTON,
POS GAR TOI DOSOUSI GERAS MEGATHUMOI
ACHAIOI?” &c.

That is the way the Greek language ought to be spoken, chiel. Ye may gang down, Mr. *Shenkin ap Watkins*; we must e'en send him back to his native goats again: he'll never be able to feed his flocks with Virgil or Theocritus, I trow. Call Mr. *Terence O'Terry*.—*Crier.* Mr. *Terence O'Terry*.—*Mr. Terence O'Terry.* Faith, here am I, sir.—*Doctor M'Jargon.* Now, Mr. *Terence O'Terry*, I hope ye're a' prepared?—*Mr. Terence O'Terry.* You may take your oath of that, sir, all the same as if it was my own mother tongue.—(*Reading, very rapidly, and with a strong Irish accent.*)

“TON D'APAMEIBOMENOS, PROSEPHE PODAS OKUS
ACHILLEUS,” &c.

Doctor M'Jargon. Stop, stop, Mr. *Terence O'Terry*; what in the deil's name d'ye call thæ? O' my conscience, ye bellow like a bull, and have got a burr like a knife-grinder's wheel on the tip of your tongue; troth, if that's Greek, it's St. Giles's Greek, and nae the Greek of that auld chield Homer. Break up the Hall; we've had enough for one day at all events; he mun gang back to the bogs again, he winna do here. As for you, Mr. *Blushington*, you are entitled to your degree.—*Collegian.* Huzza! huzza! now for fun and jollity.

Those who may think a life, &c.

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς
Ἀχιλλεύς
'Αἰρεῖδῃ κῦδιστε, φιλοκτεανότατε πάντων,
Πῶς γάρ τοι δώσουσι γέρας μεγάθυμοι Ἀχαιοί;
Οὐδέ τι πῶι ἴδμεν ξυνήια κείμενα πολλά
'Αλλὰ τὰ μὲν πολλῶν ἐξεπράθομεν τὰ δίδασθαι.
Λαοὺς δ' οὐκ ἐπέοικε παλλίλλογα ταῦτ' ἐπαγείρειν

VIRTUE AND ART.

(Archer.)

WHEN Virtue dwells within the heart,
It's like a gem hid in the mine;
The pearl requires the workman's art,
But Virtue shines through art divine.

Hid by a cloud, the sun's still bright,
And frowns awhile on sullen day,
Then darts its beams of solar light,—
Thus Virtue darts man's happy ray.

The new-born dews that grace the morn,
And trembling in the zephyr's sigh,
Or rippling from the ebon thorn,
Distills not sweets like woman's eye.

To see sweet in beauty's glittering tear,
Distilled by Virtue, free from smart,
Will cause a sympathizing fear
To dry the tear and bless the heart.

OH! WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

(Burns.)

OH! wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea;
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:

Or did Misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around the blaw;
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare;
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.

Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign;
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

ONE CROSS LOOK WILL MAR HIS JOY.

(Soanc.)

[Music, Goulding & Co. Soho-square.]

ARE you angry, mother? No!
Shall I dull and peevish grow,
When I see the sky so bright,
And the fields so warm with light?
Oh! I feel as I had wings,
And the heart within me sings!
Then, it may be, I'm too gay,
But, forgive me, mother, pray;
Be not angry with your boy,
One cross look will mar his joy.

Is it my fault that my heart
Sometimes plays too wild a part?
Often I have tried to be
Grave as Age could fancy me;
Stepping with a sober pace,
Looking with a sober face;
But my spirits will be gay,
Spite of all I do or say;
Yet, no anger with your boy,
One cross look will mar his joy.

OLD SNOB'S NEVER OUT OF HIS WAY

(T. Dibdin.)

WHAT a rare seat of work in the world so wide
For a gemman of my low calling,

Where many a clumsy, cobbling job
 Young cobblers job their awl in ;
 And so many soles are there to mend,
 That put things right together ;
 As sure as a gun, mankind and their shoes
 Are all one sort of leather.
 Then, gentle and simple, and ragged and fine,
 Come hither, kind customers all,
 I've a curious nob, for a cobbling job,
 As ever popt out of a stall ;
 With a whew-ew-ew ! and a whew-ew-ew !
 Or a tal de ral, larral lal la—y—
 I can make my ends meet, in the stall or the
 street,
 For old snob's never out of his way !

A lawyer, d'ye mind, is a seal-skin shoe,
 And fastens as tight as any ;
 A doctor's a clog, that mending spoils,
 And is seldom, at last, worth a penny.
 An alderman is an old gouty shoe,
 That you never can shape into fashion ;
 And a bishop's a shoe of a shining black
 That incessantly lacks translation.
 Then lawyer, or doctor, or parson, or cit,
 Come hither, &c.

The Russians are buskins, lined with bear-skin,
 And the Turks have a bear-skin binding ;
 The Poles' upper-leathers are damaged and thin,
 And they're worn to the welts by grinding ;
 The Dutch are old fishing-boots, greasy and thick,
 But they're useful at sea or ashore, sir ;
 And the French are new shoes—that is quite *autre*
chose
 Than ever they were before, sir.
 Then Hollander, Polander, Russian, or Turk,
 Come hither, &c.

Then, since there's plenty of work abroad,
 Ay, and cobblers more than are wanted,
 Let no foreign cobblers push their ends
 Where an Englishman's awl is planted ;
 Be the shoes that give pain to the stretchers
 brought,
 That's my thought—what think you, sir ?
 And, while ev'ry Briton's an easy old shoe,
 May the land be ne'er measured for new, sir.
 Then, gentle and simple, and ragged and fine,
 Come hither, &c.

O, ARABY! DEAR ARABY!

(I. R. Planche.)

[Music, Baron Weber.]

O, ARABY! dear Araby
 My own, my native land.
 Methought I crossed the dark blue sea,
 And trod again try strand.
 And there I saw my father's tent
 Beneath the tall date-trees,
 And the sound of music and merriment
 Came sweetly on the breeze.
 And thus, to the light-touched guitar,
 I heard a maiden tell
 Of one who fled from a proud serdar
 With the youth she loved so well.
 A., al, al, al! though the night-star be nigh,
 'Tis the morning of joy for my Yusuf and I ;
 Though the flowers of the garden have closed,
 ev'ry one,
 The rose of the heart blooms in love's rising sun.
 Al, al, al, al! soon will Zeenab be far
 From the drear anderun* of the cruel serdar.

* The harem, or women's apartment.

Al, al, al, al! 'tis the neigh of his steed,
 Oh! prove, my good Barb, thou art worthy thy
 breed.
 Now, o'er the salt desert, we fly like the wind,
 And our fears fade as fast as the turrets behind.
 Al, al, al, al! we the frontier have won,
 And may laugh at the lord of the drear anderun.

POTTEEN.

Air—"Oonagh."—(W. Carral.)

How briskly jogs our thinking,
 When whisky oils the hoof of it ;
 We've double sense when drinking,
 Our eyes can see the proof of it.
 Who've not seen
 Good potteen,
 Let thoughts of duty bother them ;
 And grumblers,
 In tumblers,
 Find sins for us to smother them.
 Then fill your glasses to your mind,
 Good spirits never deal in ill,
 And where's the foot that dreads to find
 The worm of conscience in a *still* ?

There's a fish in the ocean
 That drinks, as sailors all declare,
 Itself into the notion
 Of jumping up to take the air ;
 But, drying,
 While flying,
 Aloft it cannot long remain ;
 So slips down,
 And dips down,
 To take a dram, and fill again !
 And thus the man, who feels a wish
 To raise himself with rapture high,
 Must soak him, like the flying-fish,
 And never let his body dry !

YES, THOU WILT BE, MUST BE MINE'

(Soane.)

[Music, Goulding & Co. Soho-square.]

RECITATIVE.

TREMBLE, ye genii, in your caves,
 Low hid beneath the ocean waves !
 Tremble, ye genii of the air,
 For soon my power will reach you there.

AIR.

Yes, thou wilt be, must be mine !
 Far and wide thy light shall shine !
 I will live as none before
 E'er have lived on life's dull shore ;
 Yet my spirits never sink,
 Nor my weary eyelids wink.
 Pearls and diamonds, they shall be
 But as pebbles of the sea ;
 And the air that round me blows
 Breathe but of the morning rose ;
 And my spirits never sink,
 Nor my weary eyelids wink.
 I will ever youthful be,
 Sickness shall not come near me ;
 Night and day the wine shall flow,
 And the fairest round me glow ;
 Yet my spirits never sink,
 Nor my weary eyelids wink

THE SAILOR'S WILL AND HIS POWER.

EARLY one morning, a jolly brisk tar,
 Signal being made for sailing,

Nimble stepped down and told his dear,
 Who was of her loss bewailing :
 " Orders are come ship to unmoor,
 Boats alongside lay waiting ;
 Come, come, my dear Molly, for you must ashore,
 For this is no time for prating."

Moll, with her arms around his neck,
 Looked as if life had left her ;
 To hear such words come from her dear Jack
 Quite of all speech bereft her.
 He saw her face began to look wan,
 He smiled at the silly young creature,
 Till, from her heart, the blood began
 To brighten up every feature.

" Molly, my dear, now since I must go,
 Why such recoils at parting ?
 For you may be happy, you very well know,
 'Long with other men's wives concarting."

" No, no, no ; it's no such thing,
 I never shall cease from crying ;
 For I may, perhaps, rejoice and sing
 While you on the deck lay dying."

No sooner she spoke than old Trinculo's call
 All hands a-hoy ! did rattle,
 Says Jack, with a smile, " Come, come, my dear
 Moll,
 This is no time for prattle ;
 Boat's alongside, ship's under weigh ;"
 Poor Molly went snivelling over ;
 At every step she heaved a sigh ;
 Her sighs did her fears discover.

Now, afar off, with watery eye,
 She beheld the ship a-sailing ;
 Eager she looks, and thus she cries,
 For the loss of her true love bewailing,
 " There he goes ! that's a good job,
 He's been going this quarter of an hour ;
 Oh ! that the bullets may scuttle his nob,
 For I've got his will and his power."

Now, as along the beach she strayed,
 Quite forgot was poor Johnny ;
 Eagerly, instantly, off she sped
 Into the arms of her Tommy.
 Close in her arms she did him embrace,
 She called him her joy and her honey,
 " How could you think that I loved that there
 man ?
 'Twas only to finger his money."

MOURN, THOU POOR HEART, FOR THE
 JOYS THAT ARE DEAD.

(I. R. Planche.)

[Music, Baron Weber.]

MOURN, thou poor heart, for the joys that are
 dead ;

Flow, ye sad tears, for the hopes that are fled :
 Sorrow is now the sole treasure I prize ;
 As Peris on perfume, I feed on its sighs :
 And bitter to some as its fountain may be,
 'Tis sweet as the waters of Gelum to me.

Ye that are basking in Pleasure's gay beam,
 Ye that are sailing on Hope's golden stream,
 A cloud may come o'er ye—a wave sweep the deck,
 And picture a future of darkness and wreck ;
 But the scourge of the desert o'er my heart hath
 past,
 And the tree that is blighted fears no second blast.

THE BIRTH OF TOM JOLLY.

THE night when my hero, Tom Jolly, was born,
 Gay friends sat carousing till peeped in the morn ;

The cellar thrown open, the house rang with joy,
 And the toast oft went round—Long life to the
 boy !

Ere twelve years of age, Nature hung out Tom's
 sign ;

Each plaything he chose was a type of the vine ;
 But his favourite toy, for which he would quarrel,
 Was rosy-faced Bacchus bestriding a barrel.

With each musical sound his ear was struck soon,
 But with one which, through life, he thought most
 in tune,

'Twas that full note brought out by a screw or a
 fork,

The sweet sound of the pop in drawing a cork.

As Tom could sketch figures, he decked, while at
 school,

Every ceiling and wall with a ladle and bowl ;
 And no door, for miles round, was he able to pass,
 Without drawing on it a bottle and glass.

Tom rode a nice nag, which he taught to drink
 beer,

To enliven his pace and his spirits to cheer ;
 Conceiving his horse, like himself, ought to feel
 That a spur in the head is worth two on the heel.

In the chair always Tom paid the greatest devo-
 tion

To Bacchus, by keeping the bottle in motion ;
 And a sky-light or heel-tap, he proudly would
 boast,

He never once suffered when a bumper the toast.

But, alas ! when Tom found that all flesh is grass,
 And Death's sithe near at hand, spite of bottle
 and glass ;

He willed that his grave 'neath a church-spout
 should lay,

That the clouds, when uncorked, might moisten
 his clay.

Hosts of friends from all parts attended his bier,
 But with this consolation, their sorrows to cheer,—
 That, though jolly Tom was cut off in his prime,
 He left plenty of heirs to drink down old Time

FALSE LOVE.

(Moncrieff.)

THE song and dance have lost their zest,
 Music's sweet spell has left me,
 My towers have lodged a treacherous guest,
 Who has of joy bereft me !

Oh, page ! intruders here may roam,
 Then take thy mistress's orders,
 Of all to whom I'll be at home
 Who chance to cross the borders.

If Learning knocks, say I'm engaged,

But bid her call to-morrow ;
 If Revel, that I'm much enraged,
 For she but brings one sorrow ;
 To Friendship hint I'd be alone ;
 That I'm unwell tell Science ;
 If Folly calls, to town I'm flown ;
 If War, bid him defiance !

But, ah ! if Love (false boy) should come,

With no excuse deceive him,
 Though false, I cannot bid him roam,
 But must again receive him ;
 Though he has robbed my heart of rest,
 From Love I cannot sever,
 He still will be a welcome guest—
 Will still be dear as ever !

THE SHAMROCK, THE ROSE, AND THE
THISTLE, MY BOYS!

(Pocock.)

OH, the land of sweet Erin's a land of delight,
The women can love, and the men can all fight,
We have hearts for the girls, we have arms for our
foes,
And they both are triumphant, as all the world
knows.

If they talk of politeness, we beat them at that,
For, when Mounseer came courting, a rival to Pat,
He cried, "my dear jewel, you're quite at a
stand,

So pray take a *foot*, just to lend you a *hand*.

Then let us be frisky, and tippie the whisky,
Long life to the land of dear liberty's joys,
No country whatever has power to sever
The shamrock, the rose, and the thistle, my boys.

They talk how they live, why its blarney and
stuff,

For a man when he's hungry can eat fast enough;
Is not teaching a *live* man to *live* all my eye?
Let 'em come over here, and we'll teach 'em to
die;

Their frogs and soup-maigre are nothing but froth
To our beef and potatoes and Scotch barley-broth;
Then what country for living as Erin so fit,
Hospitality's home, and the birth-place of Wit.

Then let us be frisky, &c.

They may talk of their wonders as long as they
please,

By St. Patrick, their swans are all nothing but
geese;

They say they can fight, but 'tis all they can say,
For, as soon as we charge, they, as soon, run
away;

Then, oh, may the land that grows out of the
sea

Flourish long in prosperity, happy and free;
For England, and Ireland, and Scotland can prove
They outshine them in courage, in beauty, and
love.

Then let us be frisky, &c.

THE MARINERS' SONG.

(Allan Cunningham.)

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys!
While, like an eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

"O, for a soft and gentle wind!"
I heard a fair-one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys!
The good ship tight and free;
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud,
And, hark! the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys!
The lightning flashes free,
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

THEN, MORTAL, BE HAPPY, AND LAUGH
AT THE WISE.

A GRAND SCENA AND CHORUS.

(I. R. Planche.)

[Music, Baron Weber.]

CHORUS.

FOR thee hath Beauty decked her bower,
For thee the cup of joy is filled:
O, drain the draught and cull the flower
Ere the rose be dead and the wine be spilled

SOLO.

Hence! The flowers ye proffer fair,
Poison in their fragrance bear!
And the goblet's purple flood
Seems to me a draught of blood!

CHORUS.

When woman's eye with love is bright,
Canst thou shun its 'witching light?
Bearest thou the heart to flee
When her white arms circle thee?

SOLO.

There is no beauty in woman's eye
When it burns with unholy brilliancy!
'Tis like the glare of the sightless dead,
When the soul which should kindle their orbs hath
fled!

There is no charm that can yield delight
In the wanton's hand, be it never so white—
Sooner its fingers should o'er me stray,
When the worm hath eaten the flesh away.

CHORUS.

O, turn not away from the banquet of bliss!
O, lose not a moment so precious as this!
Remember the sage who sang o'er his repast,
"How pleasant were life, if a shadow could last."
Then, mortal, be happy, and laugh at the wise,
Who know life's a shadow, yet wait till it flies!

YES, I AND LADY MOON.

(Upton.)

TIM TIME, my masters, is my name,
A watchman, too, am I,
And Lady Moonshine is my flame,
Which no one can deny;
For, now and then, such goes we see,
To keep the game in tune,
That those there are may envy we,
Yes, I and Lady Moon.

Round Covent-Garden is my beat,
As many know full well,
For, if they do not stand the treat,
But, mum!—I must not tell.
Yet, oftentimes, such larks we sees,
'Twixt Michaelmas and June,
As would your honours mighty please,
Yes, I and Lady Moon.

Then, to be sure, both she and I
Play things as things may go,
For, if she shines too bright on high,
It spoils the game below;
But then I always hold a court,
Where you may step in soon;
And so we both keep up the sport,
Yes, I and Lady Moon.

Though, now and then, she's loth to rise,
What then? I like her whim;
For, light or dark, like people wise,
It matters not to Tim.

Yet, take me right, and right is best,
Like birds that sing in tune;
And secrets oft with us should rest,
Yes, I and Lady Moon.

THE MERRY MOUNTAIN-MAID.

Air—"Carnival de Venise."—(J. Bruton.)

WITH artless lay I tune my song,
In rustic garb arrayed;
I'm called, by all the woodland throng,
The merry mountain-maid.
I feed my flocks in yonder vale,
In smiling verdure clad,
Where violets grow, and daisies pale,
And drooping lilies sad.

With artless lay, &c.

Ere morning gilds, with russet dye,
The sky's broad ambient breast;
Or larks their matins tune on high,
I rise from rosy rest;
And get my crook and oaten reed,
And hat with ribbons blue;
And drive my flock o'er yonder mead,
Impearled with glitt'ring dew.

With artless lay, &c.

By silvery stream, that winds its way
Through yonder verdant mead,
While round me gay my lambkins play,
I tune my oaten reed;
Or bind my hair, of raven hue,
With flowers that deck the dale,
The buttercup, and violet blue,
And pensive primrose pale.

With artless lay, &c.

The lamb, with silken coat so soft,
The lamb that I love best,
I nurse it in my bosom oft,
And kiss it into rest;
I deck its neck with collar gay,
And tinkling silver-bell,
It seeks my care when others stray,
It loves with me to dwell.

With artless lay, &c.

At eve, when twilight's silvery wand
Steals o'er the silent vale,
Or blackbird, in the copse beyond,
Pours out its plaintive tale;
I call my flock from grove and glen,
Who wander uncontrolled,
And seek my father's hut again,
And lodge them in the fold.

With artless lay, &c.

And when pale Luna, bright above,
Shines o'er each dale and glen,
I steal away to meet my love,
Down in the vale again;
And there we breathe our tender vows,
While seated on the green,
While Philomel, from yonder boughs,
Enlivens all the scene.

With artless lay, &c.

RIDE ON, RIDE MERRILY ON.

A HUNTING CHORUS.

(Soane.)

[Music, Goulding and Co. Soho-square.]

WHO first will strike the deer?
'Tis I, where woods are greenest,
'Tis I, by fountain clear,
'Tis I will strike the deer.

Then follow the horn,
By hill and lonely fell;
Then follow the horn,
By fount and mossy dell.
Ride on, ride on, till evening
Drearly creeps
O'er skies, and the flow'ret,
Wearily sleeps.
Ride on, ride merrily on.
Who'll sing his dying knell?
'Tis I, where shades are deepest;
By brink of fountain-well,
I'll sing the poor deer's knell.
Then follow the horn,
By hill, and lonely fell;
Then, follow the horn,
By fount and mossy dell.
Ride on, till evening shadows
Drearly rest
O'er skies, and the day-star
Sleeps in the west.
Ride on, ride merrily on.

HOME IS SO SWEET, AND MY MOGGY'S SO KIND.

(Bloomfield.)

O, TWEED! gentle Tweed! as I pass your green
vales,
More than life, more than love, my tired spirit
inhales;
There Scotland, my darling, lies full in my view,
With her bare-footed lasses, and mountains so
blue;
Away my heart bounds, like the hind,
For home is so sweet, and my Moggy's so kind.
As, day after day, I still follow my course,
And, in fancy, trace back every stream to its
source;
Hope cheers me up-hill, where the road lies be-
fore,
O'er hills just as high, and o'er tracks of wild
moor;
The keen polar star, nightly rising to view,
But Moggy's my star, just as steady and true,
She'll watch to the south, and, perhaps, she will
sigh,
That the way is so long, and the mountains so
high,
Perhaps, some rude rock in the dusk she will see,
And say in her fondness,—'that surely is he!'
Good wife, you're deceived, still far from my
home,
Go, sleep, my dear Moggy, 'to-morrow I'll come.'

PASS THE CUP ROUND, MY HEARTS.

A GLEE.

PASS the cup round, my hearts,
For wine it is imparts
True joy to us, traders in war;
Of Greek wine we will quaff,
Troll the song, sport, and laugh,
And dance to the sprightly guitar.
Our fathers of old,
As we have been told,
Fired Troy for Helen, their beauty;
But we have no Menelaus,
For a girl, now to slay us,
Yet to Venus pay homage and duty.
Then pass the cup round,
Dull care is aground,
As the sparkling Falernia we quaff.

Famed Achilles, the victor,
Slew the intrepid, bold Hector,
With his long Grecian javelin, so stout;
And each warlike Trojan
At home could not sojourn,
For he charged them, and put 'em to rout.
The fight being won,
Right blithely they sung,
With ollahs, they tossed the cap up;
Drink around ere we part,
Nought enlivens the heart
Like a draught from the sparkling cup.
Then pass the cup round, &c.

YOUNG HOPE.

(Glanfield.)

IN early days, when Hope was young,
Bright visions floated round my head,
How gaily danced the hours along
My flowery paths, with roses spread.
Lead on to Love's illusions sweet,
Romance, the muse's bower; and e'en
Friends, or their semblance, came to greet
The wand'rer in his *sentier* green.
But soon a storm o'erspread the scene,
Brought wearied Thought and cankering Care;
And Hope, alas! no more was seen,
She left me nought but sad despair.

THE MASQUERADES;

OR, THE WORLD AS IT WAGS.

Air—"Gee, ho! Dcbbin."

YE flats, sharps, and rum ones, who make up this
pother,
Who gape and stare, just like stuck pigs, at each
other,
As mirrors, wherein, at full length, do appear,
Your follies reflected, so apish and *queer*.
Tol de rol, &c.

Attend, while I *sings* how, in ev'ry station,
Masquerading is practised throughout ev'ry na-
tion:
Some mask for more pleasure, but many we
know,
To lick in the *rhino*, false faces will *show*.
Tol de rol, &c.

Twig counsellors jabbering 'bout justice and law,
Cease greasing their fists, and they'll soon cease
their jaw;
And patriots 'bout freedom will kick up a riot,
Till their ends are all gained, and their jaws then
are quiet.
Tol de rol, &c.

Twig methodist phizzes, with mask sanctimo-
nious,
Their rigs prove to justice that their phiz is erro-
neous;
Twig lank jaws, the miser, that skin-flint old elf;
From his long phiz who'd think that he'd got the
pelf?
Tol de rol, &c.

Twig levees, they're made up of time-*sarving*
faces,
With fawning or flatt'ring for int'rest or places;
And ladies appear, too, at court and elsewhere,
In borrowed complexions, false shapes, and false
hair.
Tol de rol, &c.

'Twig *clargymen* — but as there needs no more
proof,
My chant I *concludes*, and shall now pad the
hoof;
So, nobles and gents, lug your counterfeits out,
I'll take brums or cut ones, and thank you to
boot.

Tol de rol, &c.

WHERE IS MY LOVE.

(Soane.)

[Music, Goulding and Co. Soho-square.]

THE sun is o'er the mountain—
Where is my love?
I've waited by the fountain—
Where is my love?
O, haste thee, dear,
For all that's fair seems fairest here.

The sun is brighter shining—
Where is my love?
The fawn by brooks reclining—
Where is my love?
O, haste thee, dear, &c.

The evening shades are falling—
Where is my love?
The nightingale is calling—
Where is my love?
O, haste thee, dear,
For all, once fair, is drooping here.

SERGEANT' DECOY.

Air—"Paddy O'Carrol."—(G. Jefferson.)

IN the city of Derry
I lived, snug and merry,
No sorrow I knew then, 'twas all love and joy;
But Fortune, to tease me,
She couldn't be easy,
To make me quite crazy,
Sent Sergeant Decoy;
He thought I was willing,
So tipped me a shilling,
And soon marched me off from my love and my
joy;
Fifes played Paddy Carey,
I left my dear Mary,
Both young, tight, and airy,
For Sergeant Decoy.

[SPOKEN.] Oh, faith, he'd a pretty twist with
his—

Whack away,
Back away,
Neat rattan,
For a man,
For fighting or drinking, och, he was the boy.

[SPOKEN.] With his—

Purple snout,
Right-about,
Gay parade,
Smart cockade!
What a blade
For the trade,
Sergeant Decoy!
This sergeant, who caught me,
My duty soon taught me,
My shoulders belab'ring, my peace did destroy;
With fifing and drumming,
Palav'ring and humming,
Recruits daily coming
— To Sergeant Decoy;

My heart was quite sinking,
On sweet Mary thinking,
For she was my love, my pride, and my joy ;
My sorrow suppressing,
For fear of a *blessing*,
In the shape of a dressing,
From Sergeant Decoy.

SPOKEN.] " Hold up ! " says he to me ; " none of your melancholy looks ; be pleasant and cheerful, or you know what you are to expect." I took the hint, and put on a grave gaiety, in spite of my feelings ; if I hadn't, faith, he'd have made me *feel*, with his—

Whack away, &c.

When we marched into battle,
And heard the guns rattle,
I quaked for fear, but to him 'twas a toy ;
Yet, very soon after,
A common disaster
Eased me of my master,
Old Sergeant Decoy ;
For the first that down tumbled,
By a bullet now humbled,
Was the man who had robbed me of love and my joy ;
Though the sight didn't please me,
Says I, now you're easy,
No longer you'll tease me,
Poor Sergeant Decoy !

SPOKEN.] Poor fellow ! says I, now you are gone, I *feel* for you ; though, when you were living, you *felt* for nobody ; but you took care to make *others* feel ; so, good by to you, with your

Whack away, &c.

THIS IS THE HOUR WHEN MEMORY WAKES.

(Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.)

THIS is the hour when Memory wakes
Visions of joy that could not last ;
This is the hour when Fancy takes
A survey of the past !
She brings before the pensive mind
The hallowed scenes of earlier years ;
And friends, who long have been consigned
To silence—and to tears !
The few we liked—the one we loved,
A sacred band ! come stealing on ;
And many a form far hence removed,
And many a pleasure gone !
Friendships that now in death are hushed,
And young Affection's broken chain,
And hopes that Fate too quickly crushed,
In memory live again.
I watch the fading gleams of day,
And muse on hopes as quickly flown ;
Tint after tint they died away,
Till all, at last, were gone !
This is the hour when Fancy wreaths
Her spells round joys that could not last ;
This is the hour when Memory breathes
A sigh to pleasures past !

THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

(H. Rhodes.)

THERE'S grinders enough, sirs, of ev'ry degree,
From jewel-decked great, to low poverty,—
Whatever the station, it sharpens the sense,
And the wheel goes round, to wind in the pence ;

Master-grinders enough at the helm you may find
Though I am but a journeyman—Knives to grind
Whatever the statesman may think of himself,
He turns Fortune's wheel in pursuit of the pelf ;
He grinds back and edge, sirs, his ends to obtain,
And his country may starve so he pockets the
gain.

Master-grinders, &c.

The rich grind the poor, is a saying of old,
The merchant the tradesman, we need not be told ;
Whether Pagan, Mahometan, Christian, you be,
There's grinders of all sorts, of ev'ry degree.

Master-grinders, &c.

The patriot, with zeal animated, declares
The curtain he'll draw, and display the state-
players ;

He is a stanch grinder, to some 'tis well known,
And they're mightily galled by the grit of his stone.

Master-grinders, &c.

I, too, am a grinder : what, what, sirs, of that !
I but copy the great when I grind a flat ;
To be, sirs, ingenuous, I'll tell you my mind—
'Tis for what I can get makes me willing to grind.

Master-grinders, &c.

THE LODGE IN THE TENT.

Air—" *Anacreon in Heaven.*"—(M. Garland.)

SHOULD the Muse of our master be silent to day
'Twould argue neglect, or, perhaps, discontent,
On the *square* of delight not to issue her lay
Hereafter were cause for the bard to lament ;
Let the Genius of Masonry descend to his aid
In numbers of social and mystic extent,
And Friendship, in all her sweet beauties arrayed,
Declare how she triumphs in this *rural tent*.

Like Druids of old, true to masonry's plan,
His secrets to honour, revere, and augment ;
How much we delight the fair science to scan
Best known is to all who now honour our *tent* ;
Free-masonry's glory we'll ever proclaim,
To this every brother will give his consent,
And join, in loud chorus, the trumpet of Fame,
As it swells from the voice of the *lodge* in the
tent.

Though we boast not the solemn, the sky-piercing
towers,

So proud in their order and wondrous ascent,
Yet harmony, honour, and union is ours,
Which turn into gold all the straw of our tent ;
In friendship like ours no ambition is felt,
Except the ambition of time that's well spent ;
When Truth is the buckle, and Concord the belt,
Then who but would envy the joys of the tent.

'Tis true that King Solomon's temple, for size,
For splendour, and beauty, unequalled was
meant ;

But though brother *Sol.* was so grand and so wise,
With smiles, I am sure, he'd have entered our
tent ;

With bumpers, then, brethren, let this be our
toast,

" Where'er be our lodge, or in temple or tent,
May the art that's so royal be ever our boast,
With long life and success to the masons of
Kent ! "

HEY, FRIEND, HEY ?

(C. Dibdin.)

FROM a Quaker, nor rigid nor vain,
Take a word of advice :—Be not prone

To measure thy neighbour's grain
 With the bushel thou keep'st for thine own ;
 If thy spectacle-glasses are dim,
 The linnet thou'lt take for the sparrow,
 And while, friend, thou flout'st the broad brim,
 It proveth thine own brim is narrow.
 Hey, friend, hey ?

Once, a baker, he had a frail wife,
 A gallant in the oven who hid ;
 One day, with her spouse at strife,
 She suspected a damsel—she did :
 He denied it, but she, cunning elf,
 In the oven peeped—nothing was proven,
 But had she not used it herself,
 She never had looked in the oven.
 Hey, friend, hey ?

NETS AND CAGES.

(T. Moore.)

COME, listen to my story, while
 Your needle's task you ply—
 At what I sing, some maids will smile,
 While some, perhaps, may sigh.
 Though Love's the theme, and Wisdom blames
 Such florid songs as ours,
 Yet Truth, sometimes, like Eastern dames,
 Can speak her thoughts by flowers !
 Then, listen, maids, come, listen, while
 Your needle's task you ply,
 At what I sing, there's some may smile,
 While some, perhaps, will sigh !

Young Chloe, bent on catching loves,
 Such nets had learned to frame,
 That none in all our vales and groves
 E'er caught so much small game !
 While gentle Sue, less giv'n to roam,
 When Chloe's nets were taking
 These flights of birds, sat still at home,
 One small neat love-cage making !
 Come listen, maids, &c.

Much Chloe laughed at Susan's task,
 But mark how things went on,
 These light-caught loves—ere you could ask
 Their name and age—were gone.
 So weak poor Chloe's nets were wove,
 That, though she charmed into them
 New game each hour, the youngest love
 Was able to break through them.
 Come listen, maids, &c.

Meanwhile, young Sue, whose cage was wrought
 Of bars too strong to sever—
 One love, with golden pinions caught,
 And caged him there for ever ;
 Instructing thereby all coquettes,
 Whate'er their looks or ages,
 That, though 'tis pleasant weaving nets,
 'Tis wiser to make cages.
 Thus, maidens, thus do I beguile
 The task your fingers ply ;
 May all who hear, like Susan, smile ;
 Ah ! not, like Chloe, sigh !

THE UNFORTUNATE SAILOR.

SAM SAILYARD loved Sally, the girl of his heart,
 And Sall dearly loved him again ;
 How hard that a couple so faithful should part,
 Or either experience a pain !
 But Sam to misfortune was truly allied,
 A pressgang beset him on shore,
 As coming from church, where he'd made her his
 bride,
 And Sam saw his Sally no more.

In vain he entreated a few days' delay,
 In vain he for mercy implored ;
 For, callous to pity, they dragged him away,
 And cruelly forced him on board :
 The sails spread their bosoms, alas ! to the wind,
 And hastened the ship from the shore,
 When a breeze springing up, to the lovers un-
 kind,
 Poor Sam saw his Sally no more.

For seven long winters, a sad widowed wife,
 Fond hope his long absence supplied ;
 At length came the tidings that robbed her of
 life,
 That Sam, broken-hearted, had died !
 'Farewell !' she exclaimed, 'to this world of
 wo,'
 As, distracted, she sprung from the shore,
 'To seek my true love, to another I go,'
 And Sally was heard of no more.

THE BOTTLE OF RUM.

Air—"Diogenes, surly and proud."—(K. O'Brien.)

OLD Simon he married for life,
 But Fanny was rather too young ;
 He found her too soon a bad wife,
 For she had a very foul tongue.
 Says he, you're a deuce of a scold,
 Remember, you're under my thumb ;
 You frequently tippie, I'm told,
 And that from a bottle of rum.

One night, as he lay fast asleep,
 His deary shouts, 'There comes a ghost ;'
 Old Simon he would have a peep,
 And saw a thing like a black post.
 Says he, 'My dear spirit, I pray,
 Do tell me from whence did you come ;'
 'From h—ll, sir, a very long way,
 To give you this bottle of rum.'

Says spousey, 'My dear loving Sim,
 That ghost seems to me very kind ;'
 Cried Simon, 'I judge you like him,
 As he left the bottle behind.
 Perchance, he may call here to-night,
 Yet I like not, I own, such a chum,
 No odds, if we gain something by't,
 He may bring two bottles of rum.'

Thus, Simon, he would be content,
 And drank away care, like his Fan ;
 His nose it assumed a red tint,
 And soon got the gout like a man.
 Each night would he ask from his sleep,
 'Ho ! Fan, is the spirit yet come ?'
 'Hush !' would she cry, 'do not weep,
 He left us six bottles of rum.'

Thus night after night passed away,
 The spirit still true to his call ;
 Old Simon was tipsy each day,
 Fan swore that he guzzled it all.
 To give but the devil his due,
 Perhaps, you may think it a hum,
 The ghost had a very cheap cue,
 He called with twelve bottles of rum.

Poor Simon soon took to his bed,
 Ah ! never again to arise ;
 The ghost calls, and asks, 'Is he dead ?'
 Old Simon he opens his eyes.
 Cries 'Soot-o, I have now called for you,
 You sold yourself, and you must come ;
 I only require but my due,
 And I must be paid for my rum.'
 Cried Sim, 'Take that vixen, my wife,
 She'll suit any devil, I swear ;

Says the spirit, 'I'll end all your strife,
She'll answer me just to a hair.'
Old Simon he breathed his last,
And Soot-O to Fan is a chum;
The sweep now makes all the doors fast,
To keep out the bottle of rum.

But now, as the story is told,
Each night a ghost visits the two;
The subject I mean to unfold,
The room seems in blazes all blue.
Poor Fanny is pining away,
And Soot-O looks frightened and glum;
For through the blue blazes, they say,
He wheels Sim, like a bottle of rum.

LOVE AND BATTLE.

Air—"Yankee Doodle."—(Jesse Hammond.)

A SOLDIER wooed a peerless maid,
Soft love his bosom swelling,
And as they on the mountain strayed,
His tender tale was telling;
When, across the distant vale,
They heard the war-drums rattle,
The trump, far-sounding in the gale,
Called him from love to battle.

The soldier looked a long adieu,
His breast with ardour glowing,
And she with sobs, sad, soft, and true,
Beheld her lover going:
'Fare thee well,' the soldier cried,
'Again the war-drums rattle;'
A fervent pray'r to heaven she sighed,
To bring him back from battle.

The soldier fell among the slain,
Upon the bed of glory;
And, from another favoured swain,
She heard the fatal story.
'I thought,' said she, 't'would be his lot,
When I heard the war-drums rattle;
Had he staid here he'd not been shot;
So never go to battle!'

I'M NO LINKUM LONG HODDY-DODDY.

(O'Keefe.)

THOUGH born to be little's my fate,
Why so was the great Alexander;
And, when I march under a gate,
I've no need to stoop like a gander:
I'm no linkum long hoddy-doddy,
Whose paper-kite sails in the sky;
If two feet I want in my body,
In soul I am thirty feet high!
With my merry fa la, &c.

Sweet lass, of sweet love can you toil
With such a compact little lovy?
Though no one can taste the big whale,
All relish the little anchovy.
The eagle, though for a high-flyer,
Of fine feathered fowl is the crack;
Yet, when he could fly up no higher,
The little wren jumped on his back.
With my merry fa la, &c.

WHEN MAY IS IN HIS PRIME.

(Richard Edwards, 1576.)

WHEN May is in his prime,
Then may each heart rejoice;
When May bedecks each branch with green,
Each bird strains forth his voice.

The lively sap creep up
Into the blooming thorn;
The flowers, which cold in prison kept,
Now laughs the frost to scorn.

All Nature's sons triumph,
While joyful May doth last;
When May is gone, of all the year,
The pleasant time is past.

May makes the cheerful hue,
May breeds, and brings new blood;
May marcheth throughout every limb,
May makes the merry mood.

May pricketh tender hearts,
Their warbling notes to tune;
Full strange it is, yet some, we see,
Do make their May in June.

Thus things are strangely wrought,
Whiles joyful May doth last;
Take May in time: when May is gone,
The pleasant time is past.

All ye that live on earth,
And have your May at will,
Rejoice in May, as I do now,
And use your May with skill.

Use May while that you may,
For May hath but his time:
When all the fruit is gone, it is
Too late the tree to climb.

Your liking, and your love,
Is fresh while May doth last;
When May is gone, of all the year,
The pleasant time is past.

A FRIEND AND GOOD WINE ARE THE CHARMS WE ADORE.

SUM up all the delights this world doth produce,
The darling allurements now chiefly in use,
You'll find, if compared, there's none can con-
tend

With the solid enjoyments of bottle and friend.

For honour, and wealth, and beauty may waste,
These joys often fade, and rarely do last,
They're so hard to attain, and so easily lost,
That the pleasure ne'er answers the trouble and
cost.

None but wine and true friendship are lasting and
sure,

From jealousy free, and from envy secure;
Then fill all the glasses until they run o'er,
A friend and good wine are the charms we adore.

THE BULL-FIGHT.

(Boaden.)

THRICE aloud the trumpet's sound
Provoked the champions to the ground;
When rushed the bull, a monstrous sight,
Taranta bred him to the fight;
Stung with hunger, mad with pain,
He ploughed with moony horns the plain;
He stooped to eye the dazzling throng,
Then, foaming, groaning, plunged along.

Unhappy Curpio first appeared,
And vigorously his lance upreared;
With agile arm the weapon lunged,
That idly on his forehead rung:
The monster, with impetuous bound,
Drove his courser to the ground;
Then madly gored the prostrate prey,
And instant whirled his life away.

Alonzo, anxious for his fate,
 Wheeled his startled steed too late ;
 The bull had reached his panting side,
 And the young lord in crimson died ;
 When the bold peasant drew his sword,
 Unequalled succour to afford,
 And, at one stroke, impressed the wound
 That brought him lifeless to the ground.

FOUR MAIDENS IN A COACH OVERTURNED WERE.

FOUR maidens in a coach overturned were,
 Four maidens, &c.
 Four heads upon the ground were, and eight legs
 in the air.

Hey! topsy turvy
 Tumble down,
 Hey!
 Topsy turvy, hoh!

Together jumbled close thus the maidens lay,
 Together jumbled, &c.
 Though all were fain to rise, yet not one could
 find the way.

Hey! higgledy piggedly,
 Jumbledum,
 Hey!
 Topsy turvy, hoh!

Whose legs are these, said I, with the shoes so
 fine,

Whose legs, &c.
 O lord, cried one below, if they're crooked, they
 are mine.

Hey! hoity, toity,
 Up with 'em,
 Hey!
 Hoity, toity, hoh!

IF SO HAPPY A MILLER, THEN WHO'D BE A KING.

(Dodsley.)

How happy a state does a miller possess,
 Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less ;
 On his mill and himself he depends for support,
 Which is better than servilely cringing at court.
 What, though he all dusty and whitened does go,
 The more he's bepowdered the more like a beau.
 A clown, in his dress, may be honest far
 Than a courtier, who struts in his garter and star.

Though his hands are so daubed they're not fit to
 be seen,

The hands of his betters are not very clean ;
 A palm more polite may as dirtily deal,
 Gold, in handling, will stick to the fingers like
 meal.

What if, when, for dinner, a pudding he lacks,
 He cribs, without scruple, from other men's sacks ;
 In this a right noble example he brags,
 Who borrows as freely from other men's bags.

Or, should he endeavour to heap an estate,
 In this, too, he'd mimic the tools of the great,
 Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
 And all his concern 's to bring grist to the mill ;
 He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's
 dry,

And down, when he's weary, contented does lie ;
 He rises up cheerfully to work and to sing,
 If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king.

JAMIE FRA' DUNDEE.

(Mrs. Brooks.)

I CANNO' like ye, gentle sir,
 Although a laird ye be ;
 I like a bonny Scottish lad
 Wha brought me fra' Dundee.

Haud away! haud away!
 Wi' Jamie o'er the lea,
 I gang'd along wi' free gude will,
 He's a' the world to me!

I'se gangd wi' Jamie fra' Dundee,
 To cheer the lanesome way :
 His cheeks are ruddy o'er wi' halth,
 He's frolic as the May.

Haud away, &c.

The lavrock mounts to hañ the morn,
 The lintwite swells her throat ;
 But neither are sa sweet, sa clear,
 As Jamie's tunefu' note.

Haud away, &c.

TO FORGET AND TO FORGIVE.

(Dibdin.)

I WENT to sea with heavy heart,
 Of her I loved the scorn,
 Yet, from my thought, did ne'er depart
 Her image night or morn.
 Storms low' red, waves rolled, and lightnings fiew,
 Yet did I wish to live,
 Still willing, for my poor heart was true,
 To forget and to forgive.

The first word, when on English ground,
 I spoke, was her false name,
 And soon, upon inquiry, found
 (For Scandal flies her shame)
 She loved a youth before the wind,
 Who cut and let her drive.
 "Avast," cried I, 'twere now too kind
 To forget and to forgive."

While of these thoughts my mind was full,
 While adverse hopes and fears,
 Like winds, did this and that way pull,
 She came to me in tears.
 Down went my colours, and I swore
 For her alone I'd live!
 Kissed her, and promised, o'er and o'er,
 To forget and to forgive.

MR. PRY.

YOU call me Mr. Pry,
 And still you will be prying,
 To know what brought me here,—
 So news I will be crying.
 What news is this? you say ;
 I see it in each eye :
 Then a'n't you Mr. Pry,
 I say, as much as I.

[SPOKEN.] To pry into other people's affairs, I
 say, I don't like. I wonder now—I should like to
 know what our neighbour Weighlight thinks of
 this new system of regulation ;—but I don't want
 to know. Why, I say, he'll have to buy all new
 small-beer pots and vinegar measures ;—I should
 like to pop in when they come home, to hear what
 old Nanny will say, (she's a proper old screw ;)
 but I don't want to know ; therefore I'll—

La ral la, &c.

I hope I don't intrude,—
 Your healths I do inquire :
 I just stopt in to see.
 And will, if you desire

A thing or two relate;
But then you'll say I'm prying,
And that is what I hate;
So news I won't be crying.

SPOKEN.] I don't want; but I should like to know what our neighbour Squinny and his house-keeper was about to-day; they were so close in chit-chat; I'm pretty sure it was about me; but I don't mind; but they were so close together; I wonder what they were about; but I don't want to know; but I'm sure they were—

La ra la, &c.

Then call me what you please,
And I will be contented;
But rumours, now a-days,
Are much to be lamented.
They say I want to know
The business all around me;
Was I to tell you all,
I'm sure it would confound ye.

SPOKEN.] I should like to tell you what I heard the other day; but there, you'd say, I've been prying into other people's affairs; but, I do assure you, I have not. I didn't want to know; I only asked the foot-boy what his master and the cook were doing in the kitchen the other night; and, he said—

La ra la, &c.

Then there's neighbour Wise,
As plain as any Quaker;
His servant's so precise,
For an angel you would take her.
I just stepped in to see,
Or rather to inquire;
And there, what's that to me?
Oh! how her eyes did fire

SPOKEN.] When she saw me; but I said nothing; I didn't want to know; so, as I was saying, I just stepped in to ask the news of the morning. Oh! Mr. Pry, says neighbour Wise, neighbours are very scandalous; they say that Betty and I joined in a duet, and it was—

La ra la, &c.

It's time now to withdraw,
I've other fish a frying;
I hope you'll not backbite,
And say I have been prying.
I've one thing more to say,
Before I this conclude,
I wish you all long life,
I hope I don't intrude.

SPOKEN.] Now, I'll just step in to neighbour Prattle's, and hear the news of the day; but I don't want to know. But I should like to know, too, how her neighbour, of sixty-five, gets on with his new bride of seventeen. I would not name it for the world; no,—but I am sure I saw her and her handsome footman very close together; but they sha'n't say that I raise any scandal; but I know that such things will happen to the tune of—

La ra la, &c.

I PRITHEE. NOW, HEAR ME, MY DEAREST.

Air—“*I prithee, now, hear me, dear Molly.*”
(Cobb.)

By that eloquent language which speaks in the eyes;
By the ardour which breathes in the lover's sad sighs,
As in absence the nameless soft wishes arise,
I prithee, now, hear me, my dearest.

By those fond anxious doubts, which all lovers must feel,
Which, although some few moments of bliss they may steal,
Yet fan love's pure flame, and still wound but to heal,
I prithee, now, hear me, my dearest.
By our hopes when the moment of meeting is nigh,
When affection no longer can pardon deny,
Hopes which live in a look, in a word, in a sigh,
I prithee, now, hear me, my dearest.
By my passion, for which words, alas! are too weak;
By that love-dawning blush, which now glows on your cheek,
And so kindly avows what your tongue will not speak,
I prithee, now, hear me, my dearest.

THE LAND OF POTATOES.

Air—“*Darby O'Gallicon.*”—(Counselor Lysaght.)

If I had, in the clear,
But five hundred a year,
'Tis myself would not fear,
Though not adding one farthing to 't;
Faith, if such was my lot,
Little Ireland's the spot
Where I'd build a snug cot,
With a bit of a garden to 't;
As for Italy's dales,
With their Alps and high vales,
Where, with fine squalling gales,
Their signoras do treat us, O!
I'd ne'er unto them come,
Nor abroad ever roam,
But enjoy my sweet home,
In the land of potatoes, O!
Hospitality!—No formality!—All reality
There you'll ever see;
The free and the easy,
Would all so amaze ye,
You'd think us all crazy,
For dull we never be!
Hospitality! &c.

If my friend, honest Jack,
Would but take a small hack,
So just get on his back,
And of joy ride o'er full to us;
He, throughout the whole year,
Then, should have the best cheer,
For, faith, none is so dear
As our brother, John Bull, to us;
Och! we'd teach him, when there,
Both to blunder and stare,
And our brogue with him share,
Which both genteel and neat is, O!
And we'd make him so drink,
By St. Patrick, I think,
That he'd ne'er wish to shrink
From the land of potatoes, O!
Hospitality! &c.

Though I freely agree,
I should more happy be,
If some lovely young she
From Old England would favour me;
For no spot upon earth
Can more merit bring forth,
If, with beauty and worth,
You emellished would have her be;
Good breeding, good nature,
You find in each feature,
That nought you've to teach he.,

So sweet and complete she 's, O!
 Then, if Fate would but send
 Unto me such a friend,
 What a life I should spend
 In the land of potatoes, O!
 Hospitality! &c.

THE SILENT LOVER.

(Glanfield.)

THY equal Nature never formed,
 Dear maid, with every charm adorned;
 With Hebe's youth and Venus' grace,
 And Cupid's smile in thy sweet fece.

Thy beauties ev'ry heart subdue,
 And conquering heroes sigh for you;
 And, knowing this, ah! what can I
 But love in silence, pine and die?

THE NEW MOLL IN THE WAD.

Air—" *Moll in the Wad.*"

YE knowing boys, come, list to me,
 To life in London who aspire;
 You think that up to all you be,
 But you never *vont* set the Thames *afire*;
 When the fancy you hunt,
 The blush and the blunt
 If you a'n't quickly eased of, the things must be
 odd;

You spank it and sport,
 And *Wenus* court;

But find out each *Wenus* a *Moll in the Vod*.

Then there away to Fancy shows,
 To sport your odds and your evens you go—
 The *Fives*' Court, and such glorious *goes*,
 May leave you at *sixes* and *sevens* you know;

For a lounge and a lark,
 Still up to the mark,

If you don't get in *Chancery*, somehow, it's odd;
 Then hazard's your bane,
 And seven's the *main*,

Ven the *main* chance turns out a mere *Moll in the Vod*.

Now take *varning* from my rhyme,
 'Tis reason, I'm sure, for I *writ* it myself;

If you're *detarmined* to be prime,
 You'll be sent up the spout, or be laid on the
 shelf.

Bang up! the prime past,
 Comes the finish at last;

And, if favoured by *fortin*, you 'scape the law's
 rod,

Vy, cleaned out complete,
 You *goes* to the Fleet,

And sarves for a moral, like *Moll in the Vod*.

OPEN THE DOOR, THOU DEAR UNKIND.

(J. Rannie.)

OH! open the door, thou dear unkind!
 Ere night's deep shadows lower,
 For cold and sullen blows the wind,
 And heavy beats the shower;
 Let me thy love and pity move,
 For, ah! my tender form,
 With sorrow burdened, and with love,
 Can ill endure the storm.

Beneath thy shades, love-lorn and lost,
 I tremble at the gloom;
 While, fleeting near, the restless ghost,
 Forsakes the op'ning tomb,

Some perjured lover to upbraid,
 To all his vows untrue;
 Here, Gregory, every leafy shade,
 Upbraids thy falsehood, too

Estranged from joy and kindred love,
 An exile from my home,
 Thy proffered friendship now to prove,
 Toward thy towers I come;
 But thee I seek in vain to find,
 My tender griefs to share,
 The deep voice of the mournful wind
 Sounds only back—despair.

Yet, perjured, add not to the smart
 Thy former falsehood gave;
 Nor rend with cruelty the heart
 Which pity still might save.
 Oh! shun me not, for pity's sake!
 My hopes may fruitless be;
 Yet, Gregory, if my heart should break,
 I'll ne'er complain of thee.

BEAUTY AND THE BOWL.

Air—" *The Glasses sparkle on the Board.*"

(E. Mackey.)

WHO talks of care where wine appears,
 Or woman holds her sway,
 Deserves not pity for his fears;
 From such keep me away.

He that gives birth to pleasing mirth,
 And would no joys control,
 With such I'll sit,—enjoy his wit,
 And pledge him in the bowl.

But if that Beauty should appear,
 To her I will resign;
 And, whisp'ring love-tales in her ear,
 Forsake the sparkling wine.
 For Beauty will hold empire still,
 And cannot fail control;
 With pleasing power and gentle lure,
 She'll charm us from the bowl.

Let senseless mortals talk in vain,
 'Gainst wine and Beauty's power,
 That each brings mis'ry in its train;
 'Tis false,—they blessings shower.
 The gen'rous wine brings joys divine,
 And Beauty charms our soul;
 I, while on earth, will still, with mirth,
 Drink Beauty and the bowl.

WHAT IS LOVE?

(W. W. Waldron.)

LOVE is the first, the greatest bliss
 That any heart can know,
 No joy more true, more sweet than this,
 Nor happiness below.

Love is a pure, a lambent flame,
 That heaven itself supplies,
 And friendship's but an empty name,
 Where love its power denies.

Love is the most harmonious sound
 Can reach the human ear;
 And, ah! how grateful is it found
 When kindred hearts are near.

Love is the downcast of an eye,
 The tear that steals the cheek;
 The breathing of a gentle sigh,
 Yes, these true love can speak.

Love is the lightest burden met
 Within the human breast:
 Love is the purest passion yet
 By human tongue confest.

Love has no equal here on earth,
Nor yet excelled in heaven;
To this each pleasure owes its birth;
By this each joy is given.

Love in that heart's a welcome guest,
Where Virtue holds domain:
And, ah! that heart is truly blest,
Where Love and Virtue reign.

Love, chastened Love, in heaven's great plan,
What honour's due to thee;
'Tis only thou'lt bind man to man,
Through all eternity.

Love, Faith, and Hope, the Christian hails,
Love never leaves his eyes;
Faith, lost in sight, no more avails;
Hope, in fruition, dies.

Love, love eternal holds its reign,
When earthly bliss is o'er;
And, unimpaired, will still remain,
When time shall be no more.

Love, still unchangeable, unchanged
By Time's relentless hands;
And e'en to any distance ranged,
With constancy it stands.

Oh! Love, then ever hold thy sway,
Still let us yield to thee,
For, while thy dictates we obey,
We'll find tranquillity.

THIS IS LIFE, AND TON, AND TASTE.

(Dibdin.)

In former times, I've heard it said,
'Twould cost some pains to be well bred;
But now we all are gay and smart,
And scorn the tedious rules of art.

Without endeavour,
All are clever;

The only lesson now that's taught,
Is banish care and banish thought.

To think—is low and unpolite;
Without ideas poets write;
Without ideas wits decide;
Caprice is judge, and Whim is guide:
All to science,
Bid defiance;

Its jargon now is heard no more,
For thinking is a horrid bore.
We wake by night, and sleep by day;
As cash falls short, intrigue or play;
We dance, we sing, we laugh, we drink,
For ever talk—but never think:

Joys caressing,
Gaily dressing;

Not a moment runs to waste;
This, this is life, and ton, and taste.

THE MERRY LARK PIPING TO OUR ROUNDELAY.

(G. Colman.)

DRIFTED snow no more is seen,
Blust'ring winter passes by;
Merry spring comes clad in green,
While woodlarks pour their melody;
I hear him! hark!

The merry lark
Calls us to the new-mown hay,
Piping to our roundelay.

When the golden sun appears
On the mountain's surly brow,
When his jolly beams he rears,
Darting joy; behold them now.—

Then, then,—oh! hark!
The merry lark
Calls us to the new-mown hay,
Piping to our roundelay.

When the village-boy to field
Tramps it with the buxom lass,
Feign she would not seem to yield,
Yet gets her tumble on the grass;
Then, then,—oh! hark!
The merry lark,
While they tumble in the hay,
Pipes alone his roundelay.

What are honours? what's a court?
Calm content is worth them all;
Our honour lies in cudgel sport,
Our brightest court a greensward ball.
But then,—oh! hark!
The merry lark
Calls us to the new-mown hay,
Piping to our roundelay.

WITH A HIGH UP! NOT WITH YOUR LOW DOWN DERRY.

(Sir H. B. Dudley.)

JOY and grief are too many for poor little Dan,
In his mind they kick up such a pother;
So the one I serve truly, as well as I can,
And, by some friendly proxy, do suit to the
other!

For, light is my heart, and merry,
With a high up! not with your low
down derry.

See, these eyelids were formed for no snivelling
elf,

But, light-feathered, to twinkle with glee;
When I'm merry, I manage to laugh for myself,
And, when sad, why this flask kindly weeps for
poor me;

For, light is my heart, &c.

TENDER BIRDS!

OR, LIGHT-WINGED LOVE AND STEADY
FRIENDSHIP.

Air—"Oh! think when a Hero's sighing."

Air to the Chorus—Latter part of "*Hark, the
Convent Bells.*"

(E. J. B. Box.)

ONCE light-winged Love and Friendship flying
(Both which are birds of tender breed)
Together, wing and feather trying
Which longest could maintain its speed:
Said Love, "I think I can out-speed you
In swiftness, when heart-cheer I bring;"
Cried Friendship, "But, where heart-ache need
you,
Than you I'm longer on the wing;

CHORUS.

Softly soothing
Sorrow, smoothing
Roughness of Mis'fortune's brow;
Patient striving,
Hope reviving,
Where the pulse of joy is low!"

A feather plucked, then, from his wing, Love,
Exulting, cried, as on they flew,
"With Constancy, chaste as the ringdove.
All hearts with this I can endue!"

“Thy power,” said Friendship, “undisputed
Is; but, so fragile is thy will,
Thy healing cup breaks, ere recruited,
While mine supplies its cordial still;
Softly soothing
Sorrow, smoothing,” &c.

As Love and Friendship winged their way thus,
Through a full warm and fervid sphere,
They met two hearts to Care a prey, thus
Both claiming equal help to share.
Love 'twas that first made his election,
He chose the lightest of the two;
Whilst Friendship took to his protection
That which was weighted most with rue!
Softly soothing
Sorrow, smoothing, &c.

The heart Love chose soon in a flame was,
And seemed to rankle with disease;
That Friendship took, though warm, still tame,
was,
In healthful pulse, restored to ease.
Now light-winged Love his charge soon quitted,
And left it in deep-goading pain;
Till Friendship the poor sufferer pitied,
And cordialed it to rest again;
Softly soothing
Sorrow, smoothing, &c.

MY BOTTLE IS MY FRIEND AND WIFE.

Air—“*Jack o' Lantern.*”—(Stuart.)

MY bottle is my friend and wife;
If dull, her spirits rear me;
Whenever Rory would unbend,
Oh! how her kisses cheer me!
Lovely bottle warms my throttle,
Makes me niddle-noddle queerly;
Stammer, stumble, stare, and tumble,
Wimble, wamble dearly.

She is my doctor and my nurse,
My champion in a hobble;
Although she empties oft my purse,
She makes my blood right noble.
Lovely bottle, &c.

When, by the middle, I seize my wife,
She fires me with love-stories;
As I'm wedded to her firm for life,
I'll dance, and sing her glories.
Lovely bottle, &c.

SWEET SANG THE LARK, HIGH POISED IN AIR.

(Dibdin.)

SWEET sang the lark, high poised in air,
When, on as sweet a morn,
In Hymen's fane, one fate to share,
Anna and I were sworn.
Sweetly the thrush, in varied song,
The vacant joy increased,
When, kindly, came the village-throng
To join the marriage-feast.
But sweeter sang the nightingale,
Love's herald of the grove,
When Cynthia, through the silver vale,
Led to the bower of love.

The lark's sweet morning song of joy
Is known by that content,
A lovely girl and blooming boy
Are given us to cement.

The thrush, still merrily, at noon,
In varied cadence sings,
When smiling Fortune oft some doon.
'To cheer our labour, brings.
Nor time far distant shall we grieve,
Though blessing now, and blest,
When Philomel, at Nature's eve,
Shall lull us into rest.

AN IRISHMAN'S NEVER IN WANT OF A LASS.

(Miss Bryant.)

As neat a young lad as e'er danced on the sod,
I left poor old Erin to carry the hod,
'Caze the girl that I loved she took Barney O'Shea,
And, one night, in the morning, they both ran
away;
But, bad luck to the elf,
'Twas a joy to myself
That she smiled upon Barney, and safe let me
pass;
For, though slighted by one,
'Tis as sure as a gun,
That an Irishman's never in want of a lass.

I came down to London one fine summer's morn,
And lodged in that *genteelish* spot near the Pound,
And soon found a lady, with a voice like the horn,
While calling “live eels,” or her “sweet round
and sound!”

But this darling, so clever,
Soon *chused* a coal-heaver,
And left my own self, for the sake of a glass;
But, though slighted by two,
By my soul, yet 'tis true,
That an Irishman's never in want of a lass.

There's luck in odd numbers they say, my dear
honey,
And I soon found a girl who myself wouldn't
flout;
She said that she'd have me for *matter o' money*,
But I was quite willing to take her without;
We had a fine wedding,
Friends came at our bidding,
The song and the joke it did merrily pass,
And so constant she loves,
Faith, it only just proves
That an Irishman's never in want of a lass.

THE HAPPY, MERRY, MINSTREL-BOY.

(Parry.)

THROUGH Cambria's sweet valleys I stray,
Regardless where Chance bids me roam;
A cottage my shelter to-day,
'To-morrow a castle my home:
No cares disturb my peaceful breast,
I rise, at early dawn, with joy,
And calmly sink, at eve, to rest,
A happy, merry, minstrel-boy.

Soft ditties I sing to the fair,
And strains of renown to the bold;
My roundelays banish despair,
And cheer both the young and the old,
No cares disturb, &c.



I meet you?—No, sir, that I wo'n't; don't hold me, or I'll bellow
Hands off, I beg---indeed you don't; begone, you saucy fellow!

BE GONE, YOU SAUCY FELLOW!

(Upton.)

WHEN first, and in a milliner's shop,
The men extolled my features,
I bade them, when too daring, "stop,"
And called them wicked creatures;
And if too far they did intrude,
When soberised or mellow,
'Twas, "Sir, come, pray, now don't be rude;
Begone, you saucy fellow."

The noble Captain oft would cry,
"My love, my soul, and jewel!
Now, mind you meet me by and by,
Beware, and don't be cruel."
"I meet you?—No, sir, that I wo'n't;
Don't hold me, or I'll bellow;
Hands off, I beg—indeed you don't;
Begone, you saucy fellow!"

Thus, one by one, I put them by,
And, when they talked of blisses,
There's one, I'm sure they can't deny,
I made them pay for kisses;
That is, when talking this and that,
I took their gold so yellow,
With—"Sir, come, mind, now, what you're at;
Begone, you saucy fellow!"

MY ARABY, MY NOBLE STEED!

[Music, Goulding and Co. Soho-square.]

(Soane.)

MY Araby, my noble steed!
Now bear me with your wonted speed;
And this good service done, no rein
Shall fret my gallant steed again.

A hundred slaves, at night and morn,
Shall bring thee Yeman's golden corn,
The silver waters from the mead,
My Araby, my gallant steed!

The trumpet sounds! to horse! to horse!
Nor hills nor waves must check our course;
But bear me, with your wonted speed,
My Araby, my gallant steed!

THE CROSSING SWEEPER;

OR, MONEY, MATCHES, AND MUD.

Air—"Here's to the Maiden of blushing Fifteen."

(J. Bruton.)

AT my crossing each morning I take my abode,
To sweep the path clean for each creeper;
While my pockets with rhino most richly I load,
And they call me the gay crossing sweeper.

SPOKEN.] May it please your ladyship to bestow a copper on a poor crossing sweeper, who has not tasted any thing for breakfast this morning (except bacon and eggs at the coffee-shop). There, poor man, there's a penny for you; your road of life hath been rough enough, I dare say. Yes, madam, my *path hath been crossed* a great deal, I can assure you: thus I sack the brads, and serve 'em out with gammon, while with my

Beesom I brush,
And don't care a rush

For care, for, at night, sirs, I drown it in lush.

When your fine dashing gemman, most emptily gay,

Come's some trick that is dirty and meanly,
Never trust me, but I always find out a way
To come over his dirtiness cleanly.

SPOKEN.] T'other day I saw a *goose* in white *ducks* a-coming, that had served me a scurvy trick; so, thinks I, my *buck*, you shall pay *dear* for your stinginess; so with a turn of my brush I made him as spotted as a leopard with mud; when he, seeing his disaster, bellowed out, "dem me' good heavens! curse the fellow, he has entirely discomfited me for Lady Bandyleg's bal. to-night."

I beg your pardon, sir, says I, but you see it was an entire accident; so he, after being laughed at by the bystanders at his plum-pudding appearance, sneaked off, singing—

Great are my woes,
Demme! my clothes

Are covered with mud, sirs, from head to the toes.

Sure never a life was so happy as Jack's,

For, while sweeping, much rhino I catches;
And my doxy, d'ye see, too much ready she sacks,
By bawling, "rare bunches of matches."

[SPOKEN.] My wife and me, d'ye see, lives happier than any lord and lady of the land; for, at night, (having made our *leg* in the day,) we *goes, arm in arm, to Wauxhall*, or the play, or some other place of amusement, to spend the evening; and, after its over, we *take a coach*, and the *coach takes us*, d'ye see, home; and, though our circumstances are but *narrow*, we manage to keep it up *abroad*. Thus on through life

Most gaily we brush,
And don't care a rush

For care, for, at night, sirs, we drown it in lush.

COME, DANCE ON THE SANDS TO THE
MERMAIDS' SONG.

[Music, Baron Weber.]

(I. R. Planche.)

O, 'TIS pleasant to float on the sea,
When the wearied waves in a deep sleep be,
And the last faint light of the sun hath fled,
And the stars are mustering over head,
And the night-breeze comes with its breath so bland,

Laden with sweets from the distant land!
O! 'tis pleasant to float and sing,
While ever our dripping locks we wring!

O! 'tis pleasant to float on the sea,
When nothing stirs on its breast but we!
The warder leans, at the twilight hour,
Over the wall of his time-worn tower,
And signs himself, and mutters a prayer,
Then listens again to the 'witching air!
O! 'tis pleasant to float and sing,
While ever our dripping locks we wring!

RECITATIVE.

Master! say—our toil is o'er,
May we dance upon this shore?
And a merry burden bear
To the mermaids' ditty rare?
Better boon thy zeal hath won;
I will stay and see it done.

DUET.

Hither! hither! ye elfin throng,
Come, dance on the sands to the mermaids' song;
Hasten and prove to the nymphs of the sea,
That the spirits of earth can as jocund be,
Come as lightly, and look as fair,
As blossoms that sail on the summer air.
Hither! hither! ye elfin throng,
Come, dance on the sands to the mermaids' song.

CHORUS.

Who would stay in her coral cave,
When the moon shines over the quiet wave,
And the stars are studding the dark blue arch,
Through which she speeds on her nightly march.
Merrily, merrily, let us sail
Over the sea by her light so pale!
Who would sleep in the lily's bell,
When the moon shines over each wood and dell,

And the stars are studding the dark blue arch,
Through which she speeds on her nightly march.
Merrily, merrily, dance we here
Over the sands by her light so clear.

PADDY O'BRIAN.

Air—"Corporal Casey."—(Upton.)

WHEN I was first kittened, it was in Kilkenny,
And a brat such as me, och! there never was any,

For the truth is, my father suspected my mother,
As the devil a bit I was like one or t'other.
Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Paddy O'Brian,
To be sure I'm in nature as tame as a lion!
Och! the world never saw such a Paddy O'Brian.

That my father was kind, and my mother was tender,

By my soul, I've more reasons than one to remember,

Since to sharpen my stomach and brighten my wit,
sir,

Sure they left me to live upon—what I could get, sir.

Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Paddy O'Brian,
My *mam* is a *goat*, and *daddy* a *lion*!
And I am the devil's own Paddy O'Brian!

That my parents were given to living genteelly,

Och! there can't be a doubt, so I'll tell it you freely:

For, *if one* daddy dies—I have still got *another*,
And so I'm the *bastard* of *one* or the *other*!

Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Paddy O'Brian,
By my soul, but my mother was rather a sly one,
When she got, och! be still, such a Paddy O'Brian!

TAKE COURAGE, AND FORTUNE WILL
LIST TO YOUR PRAYER.

(Lunn.)

WHEN two lovers' affections
Have made their elections,
And parents or guardians their will would control;
Let them flatter and feign,
Each other to gain,
And firmly resist if they cannot cajole.
Suitors and fair, banish despair,
Take courage, and Fortune will list to your prayer.

Or, should force still restrain them,
And, severed, detain them,
The subtle god Cupid, a remedy brings:
And, to all his true minions,
In turn lends pinions,
To gain from bland Hymen a balm for his stings.
Suitors and fair, &c

THE JOLLY MILLER.

THERE was a jolly miller once
Lived on the river Dee;
He worked and sung from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
And ever used to be,
I care for nobody, no, not I,
If nobody cares for me.

A noble lord, that lived hard by,
Sent for this miller one day,
And asked him various questions;
And, amongst the rest did say

How comes it, miller, that, every day,
 You sing, so full of glee?
 Quoth Ralph, I care for nobody,
 If nobody cares for me.
 Are you always thus contented?
 To him the lord did say:
 Ay, that I am more happy, quoth Ralph,
 Than folks that live more gay;
 No worldly cares disturb my breast,
 My wife and I agree;
 I care for nobody, &c.

The reason of your happiness
 I would be glad to know:
 Quoth Ralph, I'll tell your lordship
 Part of it before you go;
 I pay my rent at quarter-day,
 My mind is ever free;
 I care for nobody, &c.

Thrice happy thou, who, thus content,
 Can ever merry be;
 My whole estate I'd freely give
 To be as content as thee.
 Ralph, smiling, shook his head, and said,
 My lord, that cannot be,
 Your lordship cares for somebody,
 And somebody cares for thee.

How can you say so, good miller,
 I pray thee tell to me,
 And, if you rightly me instruct,
 Ten thousand shall be your fee:
 This sum I'll give, as sure 's I live,
 Immediately unto thee,
 When I can say, oh! happy day,
 I care for nobody.

Quoth Ralph, your lordship must refrain,
 Where flattering knaves resort,
 (God bless our gracious king and queen,)
 I mean that place, the court.
 Leave pomp and pageantry aside,
 Be from ambition free;
 And then your lordship soon may sing,
 I care for nobody.

~~~~~  
 A LONELY ARAB MAID.

[Music, Baron Weber.]

(I. R. Planche.)

A LONELY Arab maid,  
 The desert's simple child,  
 Unskilled in arts, by which, 'tis said,  
 Man's love may be beguiled.  
 Like some uprooted flower am I,  
 Upon a river flung,  
 To float a little hour, then die,  
 Unheeded, as I sprung.

But, if thy friendly hand  
 Should lift me from the tide,  
 And bear me to some distant land,  
 To bloom, thy bosom's pride.  
 O! sooner from his darling rose  
 The nightingale shall roam,  
 Than I disturb that heart's repose,  
 Which love hath made my home.

~~~~~  
 OTHELLO;

OR, FINE FLEECY HOSIERY.

Air—"Madam Fig's Gala."

It is of a man of some note,
 A comical outlandish fellow;
 In Venice lived, as it's wrote,
 And his name was Mister Othello.
 Rumpti udity, udity, rumpti, udity, ido.
 Rumpti, udity, udity, ri fal la de ia lido.

A gentleman there had a daughter,
 With Othy she'd grown very mellow;
 He wondered what passion had caught her,
 She sighed for her blacky, Othello!
 Now, Brabantio had offered his daughter
 A husband a long time before;
 She sneezed at the one he had brought her,
 She vowed and declared she'd have Moor.
 Rumpti udity, &c.

Then General Othello he came,
 And to Gretna the lady he carried;
 Gretna mayn't be, indeed, the right name,
 But no matter—I'm sure they were married.
 No sooner they tightly were tied,
 Than jealousy seizes love's place;
 And Othello was so mad with his bride,
 That, egad! he looked black in the face.
 Rumpti udity, &c.

A young Captain Cassio, by luck,
 She saw—a fine, dashing, gay fellow;
 His sabre and gorget they stuck
 In the gizzard of Mr. Othello.
 After drill, now, this volunteer gay
 Oft with Mrs. Othello drank coffee, sir,
 Till Othy thought proper to say,
 'Sweet Desdy, don't ask that young officer.'
 Rumpti udity, &c.

One evening, this captain so smart,
 Called in winter, as truly 'tis said;
 And though he was hot in his heart,
 Yet he'd got a bad cold in his head.
 Now, as Mr. Othello was out,
 And for favours his wife cou'dn't thank her
 chief,
 To wipe Cassio's aquiline snout,
 Desdemona lent her pocket- andkerchief.
 Rumpti udity, &c.

A young ancient, Iago, love felt,
 And sweet Desdy he wished to be kissing;
 But, finding the fair wou'dn't melt,
 Turned to mischief her handkerchief missing;
 And, bent upon making a row,
 Treated Othy with beer, at an oyster-house;
 Invented the when, and the how,—
 Then Othello turned wonderful boisterous.
 Rumpti udity, &c.

So, when he comes home, straight he goes
 To Mrs. Othello, in bed—
 And says he, 'Dear, I must blow my nose,
 For I've got a sad cold in my head.
 A handkerchief, wife, I expect one,'
 So out from the pillow she tost it;
 'Not this,' he exclaimed, 'but the checked one,
 'Oh! curse it,' cries Desdy, 'I've lost it.'
 Rumpti udity, &c.

'You lie,' says Othello, 'that's true,
 So nothing remains to be said.'
 'I lie!—yes, my dear, that I do;
 For, by jingo, I lie in the bed.'
 Cries Othello, 'I vow there's too much light—
 I'll never be called a blood-spiller';
 So the general he put out the rushlight,
 And killed his wife dead with the pillow.
 Rumpti udity, &c.

Then the blood of Iago he shed,
 Then he fell on his dear Desdy's body;
 Then Mrs. Othello's dead head
 On her shoulders went nidity noddy.

O HAVE you not heard of a story,
 A conical story, and true?
 If you ha'r'n't, and will but attend,
 It's a hundred to one, but you do.

All this comes from a cold in the head,
 So blind Fortune, in this matter, shows her
 eye;
 Not one of these folks would be dead,
 If they had but worn fine fleecy hosiery.
 Rumpti uidity, &c.

TRIUMPH!—THE MAGIC LAMP IS MINE!

(Soane.)

[Music, Goulding & Co. Soho-square.]

RECITATIVE.

—AYE, go into thy tomb!
 —Sealed a thy doom!
 Ocean may give up the dead
 From its soft bed,—
 The firm earth, never;
 What once it holds, it holds for ever.

AIR.

The hour is come, the prize is mine!
 And shows nor heaven nor earth a sign?
 Why, stars ere this have fled their sphere,
 To warn a king that death was near;
 But though nor heaven, nor earth incline,
 Triumph!—the lamp—the lamp is mine!

The stars o'er sea and land may light
 The sailor's bark, the pilgrim's flight;
 But, O! the lamp, more bright than they,
 Through rocks, through ocean, shows a way;
 And, though nor heaven, nor earth incline,
 Triumph!—the magic lamp is mine.

THE TURNKEY.

(C. F. Barrett.)

WHAT a mighty fine thing to be vested with
 powers,
 Like me, de grand keeper of de seven towers!
 De sultan, my massa, one great man make me,
 Me lock up the gates, so am *knight* of the *key*;
 With my strut about,
 Captives flout,
 Irons clang,
 Bowstrings twang,
 While me rattle my keys, and look big as a king,
 But my frown's soon dispelled when the *goldfinches*
 sing.
 With my chick a ching, chick a ching, chick a
 ching cherry.
 Many great folk come here in one curse a bad
 hour,
 Whom me force to lock up, sir, in one of dem
 tower;
 Perhaps, dey never come out, but dat nothing
 to me,
 'Tis de sultan's command, so from sin I am free,
 With his chick a ching, &c.
 You may call mine von school where all nations
 do jumble,
 Yet few, very few, of their treatment do grumble;
 Here Jews, Turks, and Christians, to manners are
 bred,
 Since de *sabre* soon teach dem to *lower* their head.
 With its chick a ching, &c.

A bashaw with three tails, sirs, one very great
 man,
 Once ask me to free him—says I, if I can;
 So he slip me one purse, de next morn he was
 fled,
 And one other captive was killed in his stead.
 With my chick a ching, &c.

Thus me serva my massa, and helpa myself;
 And where is de harm, sir, to pocket de pelf?
 No *great man*, I'm sure, should you show him a
 fee,
 Would think it was wrong to have acted like me.
 With de chick a ching, &c.

THE DEATH OF THE HARE.

(Dibdin.)

SINCE Zephyrus first tasted the charms of coy
 Flora,
 Sure, Nature ne'er beamed on so lovely a
 morn;
 Ten thousand sweet birds court the smiles of Au-
 rora,
 And the woods loudly echo the sound of the
 horn.
 Yet the morn's not so lovely, so brilliant, so gay,
 As our splendid appearance, in gallant array,
 When, all ready mounted, we number our forces,
 Enough the wild boar, or the tiger to scare;
 Pity! fifty stout beings, count dogs, men, and
 horses,
 Should encounter such peril to kill one *poor hare*.
 Little wretch, thy fate's hard! thou wert gentle
 and blameless,
 Yet, a type of the world in thy fortune we see;
 And virtue, by monsters, as cruel, as shameless,
 Poor, defenceless, and timid, is hunted like thee.
 See, vainly each path how she doubles and tries;
 If she scape the hound *treachery*, by slander she
 dies!
 To o'ercome that meek fear, for which men should
 respect her,
 Ev'ry art is employed, ev'ry sly subtle snare,—
 Pity! those that were born to defend and protect
 her,
 Should hunt to her ruin, so timid a *hare*.
 Thus it fares with poor merit, which mortals should
 cherish
 As the heaven-gifted spark that illumines the
 mind,
 As reason's best honour lest with it should pe-
 rish,
 Every grace that perfection can lend to man-
 kind.
 Hark! Envy's pack opens, the grim lurcher, *Fear*,
 And the mongrel, *Vexation*, skulk lie in the rear;
 The rest all rush on, at their head, the whelp *Slan-
 der*,
 The fell mastiff, *Malice*, the greyhound *Despair*;
 Pity! beings best known by bright *Truth* and fair
Candour,
 Should hunt down—shame to manhood!—so
 harmless a *hare*!
 Their sport's at an end, harsh reflection beguiler,
 To some thoughtless oblivion their souls they
 resign,
 The seducer takes pleasure, revenge the reviler,
 The *hunter's oblivion*, more harmless, is wine.
 Thus having destroyed every rational joy
 That can dignify reason, they reason destroy;
 And yet, not in vain, if this lesson inspirit
 Ought of rev'rence for genius, respect for the
 fair;
 So the tear of lost virtue, and poor ruined merit,
 The sad manes shall appease of the *innocent
 hare*!

LET THE MUSIC SPRIGHTLY PLAY.

(M'Nally.)

LET the music sprightly play,
 This is Hymen's holiday:

Smiling virtues him await,
Guardian of the married state.

Roseate god of soft desire,
Mirth, and wit, and song inspire;
Each fond heart, elate with joy,
Honest love can never cloy.

Let the music, &c.

Dimpled Innocence appear,
Free from sorrow, void of fear;
Thy fair sister bring with thee,
Captivating Modesty.

Let the music, &c.

Fill the foaming horn up high,
Nor let tuneful lips be dry;
Let the brimming goblet smile,
Blood-red wine our cares beguile.

Let the music, &c.

Strains of liberty we'll sing,
To our country, friend, and king;
And those friends, who often here,
With their smiles, our bosoms cheer.

Let the music, &c.

THAT SECRET WHICH NONE BUT A
FREEMASON KNOWS.

YOU cowers together, both ancient and young,
Draw near awhile to my merry song,
You all will be Masons before it is long.

Up and down, derry, derry, up and down.

You are made for a trife, the price is but small,
Great kings, lords, and dukes, you brothers will
call,

Get aprons, get gloves, get secrets, that's all.

Up and down, &c.

You say, to your knowledge, you'll never dis-
close,
To the best of your friends, or the worst of your
foes,

That secret which no blind cowan e'er knows.

Up and down, &c.

Likewise, to your knowledge, you never will tell,
Lest you are tormented by the flames of hell,
That fate to a Freemason never befell.

Up and down, &c.

NEPTUNE AND AMPHITRITE.

(T. Dibdin.)

WHEN the world first began, and some folks say
before,

As old Neptune was quaffing his grog at the
Nore,

He cried out, in his cups, as my land is the sea,
It's high time to consult what its colour shall be.

Amphitrite had been to drink tea at Sheerness,
And had scen, at the barracks, a captain's spruce
dress;

To her husband she said, as she flirted her fan,
Let its colour be red, do now, that's a dear man.

Neptune shook his rough locks, at his wife gave a
frown,

When his tailor called on us, with some patterns
from town;

He still was in doubt, till he cast up his eye,
And resolved that the ocean should match the
bright sky.

Thus the sea, as philosophers know to be true,
As it washed our white cliffs, bore a fine azure
hue,

'Till the laurel of Britain, victorious was seen,
To reflect on its surface, and change it to green.

You may guess our opposers were sad at the
sight!

As the sea grew more green, why Monsieur grew
more white:

And they never behold it, but, vexed at the view,
They scold at poor Neptune, and cry out mor-
bleu.

May its colour remain, and good luck to the boys,
Who o'er its salt surface, through danger and
noise,

With Howe, Duncan, St. Vincent, and Nelson
maintain,

That the tight little island still governs the main.

O, THERE! I WOULD BE THERE!

(Soane.)

[Music, Goulding and Co. Soho-square.]

IN my bower a lady weeps,

In my cot an infant sleeps!

'Tis there! O, there!

I would be there!

Or let me die in my despair!

On the hills, where I should be,

Brothers, sisters, call for me:

'Tis there! O, there, &c.

By the stream I loved so well,

Pines for me the young Gazelle:

'Tis there! O, there, &c.

ODD FELLOWS' PEDIGREE.

Air—"Chapter of Kings."—(R. C. Fair.)

OUR order's most ancient, your freemasons say,

For to Solomon's days we have traced it;

But we can trace ours back much farther than
they,

And the greatest of heroes have graced it;

For, if we may credit old Moses's story,

How the world was created so well, O,

Father Adam, in Eden, creation's best glory,

Stood alone—so he was an odd fellow.

Fol de rol, &c.

Aloud, whether sober or mellow,

Fol de rol, &c.

Sing—who would not be an odd fellow?

My tale would be endless were I to name all

The great who've our order supported,

There's Noah and Abraham, David and Saul,

Their different oddities sported,

The first built a lodge, and then set it a swim-
ming,

The next trampled over hedges and ditches;

King Davy, we know, played odd tricks with the
women,

And Saul, like King James, hunted witches.

Fol de rol, &c.

Alexander the Great we a brother may call,

For, to prove he belonged to our order,

He wept when he'd conquered the world, "'tis
too small,

Oh, I wish it was longer and broader!"

Diogenes cooped himself up in a barrel,

And Socrates, stinking and sodden,

With the chamber-pot thrown by his wife, wouldn't
quarrel;

Nay, Jupiter's self was an odd one.

Fol de rol, &c.

All over the world, and in every age,

Odd fellows have been in all nations;

Kings, emperors, popes, and philosophers sage,

Clergy, laymen, and all other stations.

But here let me cease, though my theme is so
pleasant,
Nor of past times or future be thinking,
Reflections dismiss, and enjoy the time present
With singing, and laughing, and drinking.
Fol de rol, &c.

LOVELY BOY, THOU SHALT NOT GO!

(M. G. Lewis.)

PLEAD no more, I must refuse thee!
Lovely boy, thou shalt not go;
Grief would kill me, should I lose thee!
Wouldst thou grieve me?
Couldst thou leave me?
Lovely boy, no! surely, no!
Still resist me! See before thee
Her who loves thee, bending low!
Hear a mother's prayer implore thee!
Canst thou grieve her?
Wilt thou leave her?
Lovely boy, no! surely, no!

OLD CORPORAL FIRELOCK.

(Upton.)

OH! have you ne'er heard of old Corporal Fire-
lock,
With his rowdy-dow, rowdy-dow, dow?
By my soul, but you must, and Sir Ralph Aber-
crombie,
Or else you will hear of them now.
But Sir Ralph he has been pretty often in battle,
With his rowdy-dow, dowdy-day;
And the corporal he, though his tongue mustn't
prattle,
The corporal ne'er ran away.
Rub-a-dub, &c.

Oh, if you've heard of old Corporal Firelock,
With his rub-a-dub, rowdy-dow dale,
Then you've heard of a fellow as tough as the
devil,
But, d—n him, he never turned tail;
For, let but the word be the order for action,
With a rub-a-dub, rowdy-dow-dow,
And away goes a shot from old Corporal Firelock,
While his bayonet joins in the row.
Rub-a-dub, &c.

So, a gallant old fellow is Corporal Firelock,
With his rub-a-dub rowdy-dow-dale,
That, show him a musket, a sword, or a woman,
And he's burning from head to the tail;
Right-and-left, up-and-down, round-about, like a
soldier,
With his rub-a-dub rowdy-dow-dow,
Oh, he'll stick to the charms of Bellona or Venus,
Nor the devil himself can him cow.
Rub-a-dub, &c.

A DUTCHMAN'S DRAUGHT SHOULD BE DEEP AS THE ROLLING ZUYDER-ZEE.

A GLEE.

(G. Colman.)

MYNHEER VANDUNCK, though he never was
drunk,
Sipped brandy-and-water gaily;
And he quenched his thirst
With two quarts of the first
To a pint of the latter daily;
Singing, oh, that a Dutchman's draught could be
As deep as the rolling Zuyder-Zee!

Water, well mingled with spirit good store,
No Hollander dreams of scorning,
But of water alone he drinks no more
Than a rose supplies
When a dew lies
On its bloom in a summer-morning;
For a Dutchman's draught should potent be,
Though deep as the rolling Zuyder-Zee.

YOU MEANER BEAUTIES OF THE NIGHT!

(Sir Henry Wotton, 1651.)

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the sun shall rise?
You curious characters of the wood
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your voices understood
By your weak accents, what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?
You violets, that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the Spring were all your own,
What are you when the rose is blown?
So, when my mistress shall be seen,
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a queen!
Tell me if she were not designed
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

STRIKE WHILE THE IRON IS HOT.

(Cumberland.)

HARK, hark, how the hammers keep time!
One, two, three; one, two, three; how they
chime!
While the sparks fly about here and there,
And the anvil rings
As the merry dame sings—
Shoe the mare, shoe the mare, shoe the mare!
Strike, strike, while the iron is hot,
A good rule that should ne'er be forgot;
Blow the force, wield the sledge, strong and stout;
When the sun hides his head,
And the village goes to bed,
Drink about, drink about, drink about!
Click, click, goes the can as it flies,
Wheel it round, father Dominic cries,
By the mass, 'tis a sin to be drunk;
If you want a jolly guest,
Recommend me to the priest,
Merry monk, merry monk, merry monk!

THE PIPE OF TOBACCO;

OR, AN EMBLEM OF LIFE.

Air—"The last Shilling."

IN some emblem of life ev'ry wit has his jest,
Touched with spleen, as they touch the last
guinea,
But, above all their symbols, the one I like best
Is a full smoking pipe of Virginia.
As the pipe shows the weakness and frailty of life,
(For 'tis brittle, and easily broke,)
So the foibles of man, with his follies so rife,
Are well represented by smoke.
Lo, the wealthy old cit, heaping sum upon sum,
Driving trade to all parts of the earth,

With his *let us push on*, till it mounts to a plumb,
 Making gold the criterion of worth;
 And the miser, who daily is cheating himself
 For th' enjoyment of other guess folk,
 When the fell sergeant, Death, lays his hand on
 their pelf,
 Don't they find 'tis all nothing but smoke.

Of the poor hungry poet, with labour and care,
 Racks his brain for some promising meed;
 When the boon he receives is dispersed in the air,
 Like the fume of the Indian weed;
 And the hero, as oft seeking glory and fame,
 Meets a fate which he never bespoke,
 And finds out that proud phantom, called *Honour*
 by name,
 E'en at best is but vapour and smoke.

Then the keen fortune-hunter, so knowing and
 deep,
 With his heart-piercing sigh, *most sincere*,
 For the well-jointured widow has ceased to weep,
 He's for *puffing* his *smoke* in her ear.
 And, ye maids, of each flattering coxcomb be-
 ware,
 When, with rapture, your smiles they invoke,
 For too often 'tis found, to the grief of the fair,
 That their vows are but vapour and smoke.

But tobacco's possessed of a quality rare,
 From its dust-rising fragrance we find,
 And, when its warm fumes are absorbed in the air,
 They leave a sweet odour behind:
 Thus, a true honest soul proves his virtue and
 worth,
 When grim Death bows him under his yoke,
 By the gen'rous esteem his name holds upon earth,
 For the rest—is but vapour and smoke!

WHAT A CHARMING THING'S A BATTLE.

(Bickerstaffe.)

WHAT a charming thing's a battle;
 Trumpets sounding, drums a beating;
 Crack, crick, crack, the cannons rattle;
 Every heart with joy elating!
 With what pleasure are we spying,
 From the front and from the rear,
 Round us, in the smoky air,
 Heads, and limbs, and bullets flying;
 Then, the groans of soldiers dying,
 Just like sparrows, as it were,

At each pop
 Hundreds drop,
 While the muskets prittle-prattle;
 Killed and wounded
 Lie confounded;
 What a charming thing's a battle!
 But the pleasant joke of all,
 Is when to close attack we fall,
 Like mad bulls each other butting,
 Shooting, stabbing, maiming, cutting;
 Horse and foot,
 All go to't;
 Kill's the word, both men and cattle;
 Then to plunder,
 Blood and thunder,
 What a charming thing's a battle!

SAY, WILT THOU SAIL WITH ME.

A QUARTETTO.

(I. R. Planche.)

[Music, Baron Weber.]

OVER the dark blue waters,
 Over the wide, wide, sea;

Fairest of Araby's daughters,
 Say, wilt thou sail with me?

Were there no bounds to the water,
 No shore to the wide, wide, sea;
 Still, fearless, would Araby's daughter
 Sail on, through life, with thee.

On board, then, on board, while the skies are light,
 And friendly blows the gale;
 Our hearts are as true as our bark, and bright
 Our hopes as its sun-lit sail!

////////

A SON OF A GUN.

(T. Moore.)

I REMEMBER,
 'Twas last December,
 When the tips, ma'am,
 Of old women's noses
 Blush like roses,
 Or your lips, ma'am,
 'Twas then, I remember,
 'Twas last November;
 No, just December,
 When an old mumbling witch,
 Whose gums could scarcely nibble,
 Muttered from a ditch,
 And told me my fate, like a sybil:
 Rincon, my boy, thou'lt make a row!
 She said to me as I'm saying now;
 And, said I,
 In reply,
 Now, says she,
 To me,—
 Thou'lt be the babe of wonder,
 Be thunder,
 Be lightning,
 The universe fright'ning;
 My cradle, she said, had been a large cannon!
 By the by,
 Thought I,
 A very fine thing to nurse a great man in!
 'Twas this, they repute,
 Taught my fancy to shoot,
 And made me more *flashy* than others;
 I'm the son of a gun,
 And bullets are my sisters and brothers.

////////

THE FREE AND EASY TRAVELLER.

Air—"Go putter to Lubbers."

A TRAVELLER full forty years I have been,
 But never tript over to France,
 All cities and most market-towns have been in,
 'Twixt Berwick-on-Tweed and Penzance;
 My own native country with pleasure I range,
 All seasons and times of the year;
 In fashion still find a continual change,
 Something novel will always appear;
 The world, though 'tis round, as about it we go,
 Strange ways, turns, and crosses we see;
 But the favourite road which I wish to pursue
 Is through life to go easy and free.
 The traveller, braving a bleak wint'ry day,
 To what place he soe'er may resort,
 When searching his inn is as cheerful and gay
 As the sailor that gets into port;
 Well seated and served, his refreshment how
 sweet,
 What comfort it gives to the heart,
 And when a few friends unexpectedly meet,
 How fond each his tale to impart;
 For know this idea, which none can detest,
 Has long been implanted in me,
 That, whatever maxims are followed, the best
 Is through life to go easy and free.

If fraught with good humour, I care not how much
In sentiment people divide;
In opinion if differing, my temper is such,
I scorn any soul to deride;
Though the dictates of reason flow pointed and
strong,

Such prejudice hangs on the mind;
From debates, howe'er pertinent, nervous, or long,
You seldom a convert will find:

Then give me the man, wheresoever I call,
That always will sociable be;
If we can't think alike—still the beauty of all,
Is through life to go easy and free.

As sons of the whip must to business attend,
I always make much of the day;
At night with my bottle, my pipe, and my friend,
The moments glide smoothly away;
All travellers, truly it must be confessed,
Good orders are glad to receive;
Disappointments in trade never rob me of rest,
For madness I deem it to grieve;
Then, my worthies, the toast which to give I'm
inclined,
I trust with all minds will agree;
“Wishing every free-hearted friend to mankind,
Through life may go easy and free.”

I THEN EXCHANGED HEARTS WITH MY SANDY.

(O'Keefe.)

WHAT rapture to think on the times we have seen,
On the May-day I first saw my love on the green!
So charming his face, yet commanding his mien,
The king was my lover, and Jenny his queen.
The garland presented by Sandy,
More sweet from the maker, 'twas Sandy.

Beneath a gay woodbine, with myrtles entwined,
On cowslips and violets one ev'ning reclined,
So charming a place and a season so kind,
He artfully chose to discover his mind.
So sweet were the vows of my Sandy,
I then exchanged hearts with my Sandy.

WINE, LOVE, AND MUSIC UNITED.

SINCE Love such ecstasy can give,
And men from wine such joys receive,
Since Music can impart such vast delight,
They cannot sure be meant for different ends;
No longer then as rivals, but as friends,
Let Love, and Wine, and Music all unite.

Yourselves you deceive,
We are taught to believe
By the song, that the Gods once of Music and
Wine,
In heaven were raving,
Disputing, and braving,
Whose theme was the noblest, and trade most
divine.

Your music, said Bacchus,
Would stun us, and rack us,
Did claret not soften the discord you make;
Songs are not inviting,
Nor verses delighting,
Till poets of my great influence partake.

Says Phœbus, this fellow
Is drunk, sure, or mellow,
To praise music less than his wine or October;
But those who love drinking
Are void of all thinking,
Nay, have not the wisdom to keep themselves
sober.

Thus, as they were wrangling,
Disputing, and jangling,
Says Venus, this strife shall be ended by me;
Wine most can invite us,
And Music delight us,
When with mighty Love they united agree.

LOVELY LILY OF THE VALE.

Air—“*Water parted from the Sea.*”

(Jesse Hammond.)

LOVELY lily of the vale,
Pillowed in thy leafy bower;
Softest whispers of the gale,
Woo thee at the evening hour.

Charming lily, chaste, and fair,
Breezes o'er thy bosom rove;
And the dew-drop lingers there,
Like the pearly tear of love.

Lovely lily, thou shalt be,
In a softer place of rest;
Leave thy couch, and fly with me,
'To my charmer's panting breast.

Balmy breezes of her breath,
On her bosom thou shalt share,
Sip sweetness whilst she slumbereth,
And mingle with the whiteness there.

ALAS! MY HEART MUST FEAR FOR THEE.

A DUET.

(Garrick.)

She.—LOOK round the earth, nor think it strange
To doubt of you, when all things change;
The branching tree, the blooming flower,
Their form and hue change every hour;
While all around such change I see,
Alas! my heart must fear for thee!

He.—Blighted and chilled by cruel frost,
Their vigour, droops, their beauty's lost;
My cheek may fade, by your disdain,
To change my heart, all pow'r is vain.
Look round the earth, the flow'r and
tree,
To Nature's true as I to thee.

She.—Look up to heav'n—nor think it strange,
To doubt of you, when all things change,
Sun, moon, and stars, those forms so
bright,
Are changing ever to the sight!
While, in the heav'ns, such change I
see,
Alas! my heart must fear for thee.

He.—Clouded or bright, the moon and sun,
Are constant to the course they run;
So, gay or sad, my heart, as true,
Rises and sets, to love and you:
Look in the heav'ns, each star you see,
True to its orb, as I to thee.

THE BOAST OF A TAR.

Air—“*Meg of Wapping.*”

WOULD you know what is called the boast of a
tar?

'Tis a heart that can feel for another;
To sail through life's voyage, right, honest, and
fair,
And look on each man as his brother.

As for crosses, and losses, and such kind of things.

Let them come, and he'll ne'er prove a railer ;
Right and tight in the heart, why he carelessly
sings,

Pull away, pull away, like a sailor.

SPOKEN.] And as for whining about this, or
pining about that, pshaw, d—me ! what should
we grieve for ? Fortune, at the best, is but a
slippery mermaid, and though it may be one man's
luck to ride in a coach, why it's another's to ride
in a cart, and so, d'yc see,

Pull away, pull away, like a sailor.

Though rough, blunt, and homely, the sea-wedded
tar,

Pshaw ! what matters person, or feature ?
'Tis his pride, or his glory, at home, or afar,
He can feel for a poor fellow-creature.

And can your monopolists now say as much ?
Or misery's child, will they hail her ?

No d—n them, like vipers, they sting where they
touch,

Pu'll away, pull away, like a sailor.

SPOKEN.] O ! that I could bring every rascal
out of the gangway of justice, to be sure, at every lash,
we wouldn't

Pull away, &c.

In peace, or in war, rough or smooth, or what
not,

A tar is the same to his duty,
E'er ready to face what may fall to his lot,
Or die, as the champion of beauty ;

Yet, battle once ended, his mistress, or wife,
Fills his mind, while it's thus he will hail her,
' Pass the can, here's the girl that I love as my
life,'

Pull away, pull away, like a sailor.

SPOKEN.] Pull away,—ay, and drink away to
all the dear girls of old England. To be sure,
they we'n't recruit the British navy with a few
little chip-chews, cherry-chows, when we

Pull away, &c.

THE HUNT OF THE GODS.

(O'Brien.)

DIANA bids Mercury scud off in haste,
To invite all the Gods to an ambrosial feast ;
Great Jove and Juno were the first that walked
in,

And many of the Gods were composed of her
kin.

Derry down, &c.

No roasting or boiling was there to be seen,
No sofas or chairs, they all sat on the green ;
The fruit was dished up by the hands of Pomona,
And the essence of honey served round by Mel-
lona.

Derry down, &c.

Nectar is called for, and nectar goes round ;
Bacchus cried, ' Dad, this is unhallowed ground ;'
The word was scarce spoken, when in came the
Nine,
And Bacchus soon pledged them in a bumper of
wine.

Derry down, &c.

' Mercury,' cries Jove, ' go and cork up the nec-
tar,

I've tasted the wine, and I like it far better ;
We'll act, Gods, like mortals, like mortals we'll
quaff,

Bacchus cried bravo, and round went the laugh.

Derry down, &c.

Neptune sips honey, but soon threw it out.

At the fruit of Pomona he turned up his snout ;
The next thing he tasted was a horn full of wine,
He tasted, and tasted, and vowed it was fine.

Derry-down, &c.

' For music,' cries Jove, ' my spirit's on fire,'
Apollo was tipsy, broke the strings of his lyre ;
Loud was the clamour throughout the whole
throng,

' Apollo, Apollo, come, give us a song.'

Derry down, &c.

Neptune he quaffed off his wine in a jiff,
Mercury not present, he got into a tiff ;
Says he, that cursed horn of mine is too small,
And swore, with his trident, he'd lather them
all.

Derry down, &c.

Wine it is called for, which Mercury brings,
Mercury, though active, now wanted more wings ;
At length, he cried out, in the devil's own funk,
' By the stars, I am sorry to see ye all drunk.'

Derry down, &c.

Diana starts up with a hark ! hark away !
And all the celestials, in spirits quite gay ;
The doe is let loose, close pursued by her foe,
The gods and the goddesses shout tally-ho !

Derry down, &c.

Round the hill of Parnassus the doe takes its
flight ;
Says Juno, ' My lord, are you pleased with the
sight ?

I am,' cried his godship, ' to rest I incline,'
And pulled from his mantle a flasket of wine.

Derry down, &c.

At the death, all the deities soon flocked around,
The victim is bleeding, and stretched on the
ground ;

' Arise, brute,' cries Jove, ' and live, free from
pain,

Until I get drunk with my daughter again.'

Derry down, &c.

Jove soared up to heaven ; when there, he re-
lented,

That he should get drunk—he got sick, and re-
pentent ;

He swore, by his Iris, he'd yet chase the doe—
Then fell on his bed, with a hic-tally-ho !

Derry down, &c.

A LADY'S CHOICE.

(T. W. Kelly.)

WHENE'ER to change my present state
Kind Heav'n shall decree,
Be this the model of my mate :—
In mind and body free,

Let honour all his actions guide,
Be upright and sincere ;
Let Virtue in his breast reside,
And lodge sweet Pity there.

Let him have never been the cause
Of injured virgin's tears ;
Or sorrows which, by Nature's laws,
The feeling parent bears.

In learning and in sense complete,
And wholly free from pride ;
No foppish dress, but, plain and neat,
Have reason on his side.

Let him be gen'rous, brave, and kind,
And then, oh ! may I prove
The woman suiting to his mind,
' That he can only love'

Blest with a partner to my heart,
While life's so shortly spanned,
Naught shall divide, till death shall part,
The matrimonial band.

A CURIOUS MAN HAD A CURIOUS WIFE.

Air—"Mr. and Mrs. Pringle."—(J. Lambe.)

A CURIOUS man had a curious wife,
And curiously oftimes would jangle,
Of a curious thing, and incurious strife,
The result of their curious wrangle :
They acknowledged possessing faults great and
small,

And retaliation considered a merit :
Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, and this each would
call

A true matrimonial spirit.

If he chose a walk, a ride she preferred ;
The reverse to its utmost was carried :
A damsel he kept, and she, as absurd,
With her cousin forgot she was married.
Conducted by him to her husband's retreat,
No mouse was more teased by a ferret,
But, by promise enjoined, she performed the same
feat

With a true matrimonial spirit.

Recrimination now followed, of course,
In order succeeds separation ;
So they that were wedded for better or worse,
Grew wearied, though brief their probation :
Their cherubs were soon to a workhouse consigned,
And they a worse fortune inherit :
She took to the streets, he a porter, we find,
Finished the blessed effects of a spirit.

Ye married—ye single, attend this behest,
True comfort we only derive
From gentle demeanour ; by resentment suppress,
Against the stream ought you to strive ?
No, surely not ; happiness seldom we find
In families, more frequent demerit :
'Tis only preserved by a generous mind ;
Then cherish a generous spirit.

DEEP WITHIN THE DUNGEON'S GLOOM.

A DUET.

(G. Macfarren.)

[Music, Goulding & Co. Soho-square]

She.—DEEP within the dungeon's gloom,
Unpitied, let him languish.

He.—Cheerfully I meet the doom
That shortens life and anguish.

She.—Slave ! thy abject soul shall feel
A thousand tortures rend it.

He.—Force may break the tempered steel,
But strives in vain to bend it—
Tyrant !
Strives in vain to bend it.

He.—Monster ! ere 'tis yet too late,
Repent thy crimes, and tremble !

She.—Brave men boldly spurn at fate,
'Tis slaves like thee dissemble.

He.—May Heaven one spark of virtue grant,
'Ere life from earth shall sever.

She.—May every demon-spell still haunt
Thy perjured ghost for ever—
Coward !

Haunt thy ghost for ever.

He.—Tyrant, lead me to my gloom :
Coward, thou shalt languish !

Cheerfully I meet the doom
That shortens life and anguish.
Deep within the dungeon's gloom,
The prey of pain and anguish.

GOLDFINCH IN HIS GLORY ;

OR, A RIDE THROUGH ROTTEN-ROW.

YA, hip ! for Goldfinch there, make way,
I'm up to all the rigs of town ;
With four-in-hand I dash away,
And laugh at every hawbuck clown.
For I'm the prime, the knowing lad,
Not by your deep ones to be had ;
I take the road, my whip I crack,
On creditors I turn my back,
And, as I push along I cry,
Who's bang up prime ? Eh ! damme I.

[SPOKEN.] Lord bless your heart ! where's the
use of talking to one about creditors ? it's all
fudge ; they'll get nicks from me. I know what's
life, and I know what's what. I'm flash,—I'm
down on the darkey ; my prads are all high-met-
tled, and I'm a mettlesome blade myself ; only
show me the kiddy that would attempt to start
against me, and see if I don't give him a bit of a
taste, in true style ; if I don't, may I never make
my tits touch collar again, with my

Dash away, splash away, spank along like mad ;
Of all the knowing blades on town, sure Goldfinch
is the lad.

With Widow Warren, t'other day,
I drove in style through Rotten-row ;
A blade, who passed us on our way,
Thought he could give us there the go.

Ya hip . says . . . whi not fit ;
If you're for gig, I'm null of it ;
Pooh ! fan your leaders as you please,
'Tis I can beat you out with ease.
What ! you pretend to drive with me ?
Why you're not half the thing, I see.

[SPOKEN.] You bang up ? no, not in a hundred
years.—More bang up than you, says he.—Only
try it on, then, says I.—Done ! for a hundred,
done !—So, says I to my tit, only twig now, how
I'll serve that gill out in rum style : so I gives my
off grey a frisk under the flank, and off we start :
when his sorrels, knowing they'd got a muns for a
driver, turned head, and my hind wheel coming
in contact with his, over he spansks, like a green-
horn as he was. Halloo ! Mr. Muggins, says I,
what, you are there in all your glory, are you—
eh ! a pretty muns you've made of yourself now,
hav'n't you ? You attempt to drive four-in-hand !
why, I wouldn't trust you with a blind cart-horse.
Don't you know, stupid, that I'm the thing, the
regular, the real bang-up, the best whip on the
town ;—that I can cut a fly's eye out from the tip
of a prad's ear ? Now, that there roley poley serves
you just right, old blue-bottle ; don't you think it
does, my nice one ?—Yes, to be sure it does, my
prince—you gave him the neat caper in good style,
with your

Dash away, splash away, spank along, &c.

With upper benjamin, so neat,
And togged out all in proper twig ;
If chance an awkward whip I meet
I bother him and run my rig.

Yep ! spoony Buffer, pull up do,
Pray, who a driver made of you ?
Now keep your side and hold your jaw,
You'll nap a fibbing, Johnny Raw
Take one small taste, you'll soon take wing.
For, d—me, Goldfinch is the thing.

SPOKEN.] The thing! I believe you, my son,—none of your stuff and nonsense with me—it wo'n't do; for I can accommodate your body any how you like. Suppose I have not tipped the coach-maker, as you say, what's that to you, old dead wig? you wo'n't come down with the brads, will you? Hold your slang, then, and sherry, morris, broom—cut the stick with your set of raw-bones and heavy drag. I mean to go my lengths, and when I can go no further, why I shall go over the water; and then I shall have an opportunity of singing with some of my old pals, who have been nibbled before me—

Dash away, splash away, spank along, &c.

TO-MORROW.

(G. M. Lewis.)

A BANKRUPT in trade, fortune frowning on shore,
All lost, save my spirit and honour;
No choice being left but to take to the oar,
I've engaged in the Mars, Captain Connor:
But though the wind calls me, some few words to say

To Polly, these moments I borrow;
For sorely she'll grieve that I leave her to-day,
And must sail on the salt seas to-morrow.

Nay, weep not! though Fortune her smile now denies,

Time may soften the gipsy's displeasure;
Perhaps she may throw in my way some rich prize,

And send me home loaded with treasure:
If so lucky, oh! doubt not, without more delay,
Will I hasten to banish your sorrow;
And bring back a heart which adores you to-day,
And will love you as dearly to-morrow.

But, ah! the fond hopes may prove faithless and vain

Which my bosom now ventures to cherish;
In some perilous fight I may haply be slain,
Or whelmed in the ocean may perish.
Should such be the fate of poor Tom, deign to pay
To his loss a fit tribute of sorrow;
And sometimes remember our parting to-day,
Should a wave be my coffin to-morrow.

THE IRISH FOOTMAN.

(Lawler.)

I'M an Irishman born, and they christened me Pat,

Sing farinana, sing farinane.
To be sure and I hav'n't *nine lives* like a cat,
Sing farinana, sing farinane.

Arrah, Pat, you'll be saying, your tongue takes a swing,
Nine lives! fait, of that now some proof you must bring;

Why I've *nine ways of living*, sure that's the same thing.

With my didderoo, bodderoo,
Fillalu, smallilu, farinana and farinane.

When I first came to England, the *hay for to make*,
Sing farinana, &c.

The girls used to say, "arrah, Pat, you're a *rake*,"

Sing farinana, &c.
I'd a touch at the *hod*; but 'twas not to my wish;
So to find something better to tell to my dish,
I cried *oysters* and *salmon* and other *shell-fish*.
With my didderoo, &c.

Then I *strawberries* cried in the summer so rare,
Sing farinana, &c.
And next at the parliament-house I bawled *chair*!
Sing farinana, &c.
I *rabbits* cried next; but the trade was so dead,
I turned *pavier*; but little of that can be said;
For the *stones* to poor Paddy were very *hard bread*.
With my didderoo, &c.

Then I carried the *knot*; but in troth 'twouldn't do,

Sing farinana, &c.
Now a *tight lady's footman*, my last trade you view,
Sing farinana, &c.

So there's my nine lives; ay, and while he can tack

To the end of his song, a good nate Irish whack,
Fait Paddy need ne'er want a trade to his back.
With his didderoo, &c.

FAR AWAY FROM THE NOISE AND DECEPTIONS OF TRADE.

FAR away from the noise and deceptions of trade,
Through the rude winding paths by simplicity made,

I take me, at morn, as the day-star appears,
And the lark from above, with his song sweetly cheers:

By the swift winding Lea, full of rapture I tread,
On the gay painted carpets kind Nature has spread.

As my *float* down the current goes dancing along,
I muse with my pastime, and this is my song;
That bright coloured object, I follow so free,
Reminds me of things once familiar to me;
So dances the frail one, fond youth to invite,
Who, forgetting the *hook*, is the *gudgeon* to bite.

Like my *float* is false friendship, it flatters the eye,

Till the *hook* of deceit gives pretension the lie;
Like my *float* is the *law-tribe* they tempt to pursue,

And *promise success* with the *game* still in view;
Trout-like, you're tickled to swallow the bait,
To be *pricked* by the *hook*, and repent when too late.

Like my *float*, for a moment, 's the gay shooting heir,

On pleasure's smooth stream gliding down without care,

The *sharp pike verocity*, drawn by the *bait*,
Too eagerly swallows the blockhead's estate;
No art can relieve for the crime of his jaw,
And veracity's *hooked* by the skill of the *law*.

With a thousand deceptions my *float* may compare,

The trader so smiling, but smiles to ensnare;
But hence with the trifle, in time he may fall
By the *hook* of the *frail one*, who *angles* for all;
False friends and cursed law, most earnest I crave
To escape, till time shows me the way to the grave.

Full smooth as the current my life let it flow,
And my breast ever yield to humanity's glow;
May my way in society ever be fair,
And not, like my *bait*, invite to *ensnare*;
Then every piscator this tale shall report,
An *angler* is gone to *Elysium* for sport.

ALL YE BRAVE SPORTSMEN WHO
DELIGHT IN THE FIELD.

(O'Brien.)

COME, all ye brave sportsmen, who delight in the
field,
Let me see you well mounted, well whipped, and
well steeled;
For all the gay trappings, that please the vain
great,
Would I, when once mounted, resign up my seat.
The bay of a hound, or a full flowing bowl,
Are twins, true, of pleasure, that delighteth my
soul:
There is a third pleasure, and that is my wife,
That pleasure, I hope, is a pleasure for life.
The sluggard is snoring, regardless of wealth,
The sportsman, well mounted, recruiting his
health;
Somnus is angry to see the sloth dying,
Whilst we jolly blades o'er hedges are flying.
Here's may each jolly sportsman, and each honest
man,
Enjoy every pleasure through life's little span;
Grim Death is a sportsman, and we are his game,
To hunt down a hunter, the rascal is lame.

ALL HAIL TO THE PATRIOT!

ALL hail to the patriot! the wise and the bold,
Who clings to his country, like tree to its hold;
Who clings to his country, like child to the breast
That hushes its wailings, and pillows its rest;
Who joys in her glory, like wild birds that sing
When sunshine and beauty return with the spring;
Who droops in her shame, like the wild flowers
that die,
When the clouds of the autumn are dark in the
sky!
All hail to the patriot! like thunderous peal,
Who lifts up his voice for his countrymen's weal,
When a statesman or prelate, the base or the
blind,
Would shackle the body, or fetter the mind;
Who dares to be free as the winter-winged gales,
That sweep through the forests, and speed o'er the
vales;
Who toils to escape each illegal control,
Like the streams from the mountains their torrents
that roll!
All hail to the patriot! to whom shall be dear,
The freedom of peasant as well as of peer;
Who stands for the birthright of liberty given
To man by the legible charter of heaven;
Who rouses his spirit, and raises his hand,
When the tide of invasion is rolled on his land;
Who plants his firm foot like a rock by the wave,
And will gain her the triumph, or go to his
grave!

FAIR LIBERTY, WHOM HEAVEN GAVE.

(Bentley.)

FAIR Liberty, whom Heaven gave
But where peculiarly it loves;
And put off all it meant for slave,
With orange-bowers, and citron-groves.
The children of the frozen North,
Where Nature half her gifts retains,
Are doomed to tame the churlish earth,
For tasteless fruits and tardy gains.
Yet, while their weary task they ply,
By thee their fainting souls are cheered;
No stern, unfeeling lord is nigh,
No rods are seen, no chains are heard.

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

OBERON;

OR, THE FAIRY KING AND HIS WIFE, TITANIA.

Air—" *One Morn when I was brewing.*"

(T. Roach.)

KING Oberon, the fairy, who dwelt in castles
airy,

A wretched life led with his wife,
Who he for love did marry;
To be sure he did—O yes, he did!
Rum ti tooral, looral, looral, &c.

Titania was her name, sir, a fairy of great fame,
sir;

But she, alas! would take a glass,
For which she was to blame, sir;
O yes, she was! to be sure she was!
Rum ti tooral, looral, looral, &c.

The king's *spirits* did throng, sir, round his throne
so long, sir,

He *Tiffin* loved—but *Hodges* proved
Unto the queen most strong, sir;
To be sure it did!—O yes, it did!
Rum ti tooral, looral, looral, &c.

One night, in bed, awaking—just from a dream
then breaking,

His Majesty did loudly cry,
My wife I'll be forsaking;
To be sure, I will—O yes, I will!
Rum ti tooral, looral, looral, &c.

The fashion, now day, ma'am, forbids me for to
lay, ma'am,

Side-by-side, with my new bride,
It's quite absurd, they say, ma'am;
To be sure it is—O yes, it is!
Rum ti tooral, looral, looral, &c.

If you're fond of sporting, there's courtiers now my
court in;

And I can spy, with half an eye,
There's ladies to be bought in;
To be sure there is—O yes, there is!
Rum ti tooral, looral, looral, &c.

Somehow, I don't know why, ma'am, but I wish
to try, ma'am,

If there is two young lovers true
In famed Bagdad city, ma'am!
To be sure I do—O yes, I do!
Rum ti tooral, looral, looral, &c.

And until they are found, O! by a strong oath I'm
bound, O!

To part from you, it is most true,
Or forfeit twenty pound, O!
To be sure I am—O yes, I am.
Rum ti tooral, looral, looral, &c.

The queen she did agree, sir, it filled her heart
with glee, sir;

She wished to roam away from home,
With other men to be, sir;
To be sure she did—O yes, she did!
Rum ti tooral, looral, looral, &c.

A Frenchman, now, so witty, came into Bagdad
city;

Oberon said, 'This is the blade
Will suit the maid so pretty;'
To be sure he will—O yes, he will!
Rum ti tooral, looral, looral, &c.

The caliph had a daughter, the Frenchman long
had sought her ;

And *O-be-ron*, unto this Don,
By magic spells now brought her ;
To be sure he did—O yes, he did !

Rum ti tooral, looral, looral, &c.

At first, she slow advances, gives him bewitching
glances,

Which so enslaves Monsieur's heart,
That he both sings and dances ;

To be sure he does—O yes, he does !

Rum ti tooral, looral, looral, &c.

The king gives him a horn, sir, to blow when he's
forlorn, sir,

Bids him prepare for dangers rare,
Before the coming morn, sir ;

To be sure he does—O yes, he does !

Rum ti tooral, looral, looral, &c.

Now through the air he rides them, with twenty
more besides them ;

All ways their love he tries to prove,
A thousand miles divides them ;

To be sure he does—O yes, he does !

Rum ti tooral, looral, looral, &c.

These lovers were so true, sir, not all that he could
do, sir,

Would ever change, though it seems strange,
The minds of these here two, sir ;

To be sure, it wou'dn't—O no, it wou'dn't.

Rum ti tooral, looral, looral, &c.

Such love as this quite rare is, I know not where
a pair is

Who would not itch to claim a fitch
Of bacon from these fairies !

To be sure they would—O yes, they would !

Rum ti tooral, looral, looral, &c.

BONNY BRAVE SCOTLAND.

WHERE is the land that Scotland surpasses, or
Where are such souls as her children inherit ?
Bright in the smile of whose lovers and lasses
are—

Beaming the lights of their beauty and spirit.
Sigh for thee, die for thee, who would not die for
thee ?

Tell me what eastern, western, or what land,
Fame in, name in, ever was nigh to thee,
Pride of each highland heart, bonny brave Scot-
land.

Deep in the heart of each vassal and stranger is—
Buried a love for the hero it sighed on,
Breathing the story which tells you where danger
is,

That is the spot where its idol had died on.

Sigh for thee, &c.

HOLIDAY TIME.

Air—" *The Pieman.*"

Oh ! health and long life to you all,

My masters and mistresses, too ;

Once again, I am here at your call,

To say from my heart—How d'ye do ?

'Tis holiday time, as you know,

And the coach pretty crowded I drive,

But the best fare of all—gee-ho !

Is to see my good friends all alive.

Ri-um-ti-idity-um, &c.

Oh ! could you but see what odd fols

I drive in my carriage and four ;

Why, truly, in spite of all jokes,

You'd laugh if you ne'er laughed before ;

For here is a poor little tailor,
Squeaking out for more room, pretty oft.

And with his girl sits a sailor,
Who bundles poor Stitch up aloft.

Ri-um-ti-idity-um, &c.

Now here is old Shortweight, the baker,

And there is a virgin from Wapping,

Next to her sits a prim-looking quaker,

With Bobby, the bean, famed for hopping.

Then here is a city-apprentice,

And there is a gentleman's lacquey ;

With Pull-out, the great puffing dentist,

And the milliner's man, Master Jackey.

Ri-um-ti-idity-um, &c.

Then there is—Oh, dear ! how you squeeze !

With shambling Joey, the sawyer—

Little Snob, rather lame in his knees,

With a half of the devil, the lawyer ;

But what are their callings to me ?

Or how they are crammed, so I drive, oh !

Yet I carry some queer ones, you see,

And in holiday time all alive, oh !

Ri-um-ti-idity-um, &c.

THE SAILOR'S DREAM.

(Dibdin.)

JACK vowed, Old England left behind,

To hold his Nancy dear in mind,

And this kind vow so did he keep,

He nightly saw her in his sleep :

'Midst roaring thunder, raging seas,

His cheerful mind was still at ease,

But, sudden as the lightning's gleam,

He woke, and found 'twas but a dream.

Waked from his dream and Nancy's charms

By the loud drum, that beat to arms,

Jack roused from so much sweet delight,

And took his station in the fight ;

The foe was thrashed ; night closed the main ;

Jack dreamt the battle o'er again :

Then Fancy played her usual part,

He held his Nancy to his heart :

Alas, things are not what they seem !

He woke, and found it but a dream.

One night, a foul malicious fiend,

Like a night-mare, across him leaned,

Stole Nancy's picture, and the charm

That she had braced upon his arm ;

Then, as she seemed to breathe her last,

A frightful monster held her fast,

Threat'ning he should from Nancy part,

No more to press her to his heart :

Jack gave, in agony, a scream,

Then smiled to find 'twas but a dream.

Next morn, a vessel hove in sight,—

An enemy ! hot grew the fight ;

She struck ; a brig of largest size,

And Jack made England with the prize ;

Reached home, where Nancy long had wept,

And, sore fatigued, turned in and slept ;

But Truth, assuming Fancy's part,

He held his Nancy to his heart,

Nor as at sea did these things seem,

He woke, and found 'twas not a dream.

MY RISING SPIRITS THRONGING.

(Cobb.)

My rising spirits thronging

In sportive brisk array,

Inspire a plaguy longing

Some harmless prank to play,

Shall I assume a shepherd's part,
 And languish 'midst the whining train,
 Till many a pretty maiden's heart,
 In sympathy, shall sigh again,
 With heigho! with heigho!
 Alas! I love! heigho!
 My rising spirits, &c.

Or, with a pretty fellow's air,
 Shall I bedeck my little form,
 Sing, dance, and ogle, whisper, swear,
 And take their yielding hearts by storm,
 With—view me, ma'am, here I am.
 Behold this charming form.
 My rising spirits, &c.

THE PAVIER.

(C. F. Barrett.)

A PAVIER I am, and as hearty a blade
 As ever took pickaxe or spade in his hand;
 No debts I contract, and thus never am sad,
 But still have a trifle, d'ye mind, at command:
 And, as many may flout at my calling, and say
 As how it's a low occupation,
 I'll just give a sketch, where I'll clearly display,
 There's more *paviers* than one in the nation.
 With my fal, lal, &c.

The courtier with flattery oft *paves* his way
 To Fortune's best gifts, and obtains a great
 name;
Gold's the *stone* which the miser, in secret, doth
 lay,
 And scars *pave* the road of the soldier to fame;
 Then a lover with oaths *paves* his way to the fair,
 Each one, d'ye mind, in his station;
 While the patriot's long speeches doth plainly de-
 clare
 That he *paves* for the good of the nation.
 With his fal, lal, &c.

Then, our sailors of freedom, sirs, lay the first
stone,
 Which our foes would dig up, and vile slavery
 plant;
 But our guns, d'ye mind, make them let it alone,
 And, *rammer*-like, fix it so deep that they can't.
 As for me, my sole aim is your favour to win,
 What argues longer oration,
 For, d'ye see, if my song *paves* the way to a grin,
 I'm the happiest dog in the nation.
 With my fal, lal, &c.

THE MANIAC;

OR, THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

(Upton.)

THE sunbeams had sunk in the bed of the ocean,
 And dreary and darksome the night-clouds came
 on;
 The storm-winds arose, and the waves' rough
 emotion,
 Like the cold hand of Death, chilled the mari-
 ner's song,
 When a maiden, more wild than the tempest
 around her,
 Rushed forth from the cottage where Edward first
 found her;
 Her head wore a garland, fantastic and gay,
 And the song of the maniac was "Ah! well-a-
 day!"

'Twas Mary! young Mary! the fisherman's daugh-
 ter;
 More lovely and fairer than painter e'er drew;

O, yes! and, though great ones and rich ones had
 sought her,
 Sweet Mary to Edward, poor Edward, was
 true!
 But Edward, who won the affections of Mary,
 Found a grave in the billows, which turned her
 wits crazy;
 And now o'er the sea-beach the maid bends her
 way,
 While the song of the maniac is "Ah, well-a-
 day!"

All night the forlorn-one looks out for her lover,
 Nor heeds the blue lightnings that flash round
 her head!

With her hand hails each vessel her eye may dis-
 cover,
 And calls, in fond fancy, on Edward, long
 dead.

At day-break the wanderer hies to her dwelling,
 Her brain all bewildered, her white bosom swell-
 ing!

Twines a true-lover's knot for the youth far away,
 While the song of the maniac is "Ah! well-a-
 day!"

HOW I'D POSE ASTRONOMICAL
 SCHOLARS.

(Prince Hoare.)

I CARE not for doves,
 Or shepherds, or loves,
 Or bees, with their hybla of honey;
 No, give me some sound,
 So clear and so round,
 That sweetly reminds me of money!
 Of hills tipped with gold
 I love to be told,
 Of pearls that bespangle the morning!
 Or a rich golden stream,
 That flows soft as cream,
 The meads and the valleys adorning!

Then tell me, at night,
 Of the moon's silver light,
 On my heart you its beauties imprint;
 Would I there were alone,
 Like the man in the moon,
 And master, good lord, of the mint!
 What coining and milling,
 Paul, florin, and shilling;
 How I'd pose astronomical scholars!
 For, should Jove, as of old,
 Fly away with the gold,
 I'd come down in a shower of dollars.

HARK! HARK! I THINK I HEAR THE
 HORN.

(Dr. Sheridan.)

[Written at the Age of Twelve.]

HARK! hark! I think I hear the horn,
 That chides my long repose;
 The dew-drops twinkle on the thorn,
 The stream in music flows.

Hark! hark! I hear black Belzy snort,
 Impatient of the rein,—
 When Nature thus proclaims the sport
 Shall man cry out, 'tis vain?

For this she lent the gentle hart
 The vivid lightning's speed;
 She taught the hare her mazy art,
 And winged the generous steed

Let sages, then, of human race,
The slaves of musty saws,
Decry the pleasures of the chase,
The fruit of Nature's laws.

The chase supplied our ancient sires
With food and raiment too,
Till curst Ambition lent her fires,
And bent the sounding yew.

Then Law stretched forth her artful toils,
And Cunning lent her snares,
And Plunder gloried in her spoils,
And filled the world with cares.

But Care does not, as yet, pursue
The hunter's bounding hoof;
And, if she even takes a view,
That view must be aloof.

COME, IF YOU DARE! OUR TRUMPETS SOUND.

(Dryden.)

COME, if you dare! our trumpets sound;
Come, if you dare! the foes rebound.
We come, we come, we come, we come,
Says the double, double, double beat of the thundering drum.

Now they charge amain!

Now they rally again!

The gods, from above, the mad labour behold,
And pity mankind that will perish for gold.

The fainting Saxons quit their ground,
Their trumpets languish in the sound;
They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly!
Victoria! victoria! the bold Britons cry.

Now the victory's won,

To the plunder we run;

We return to our lasses like fortunate traders,
Triumphphant, with spoils of the vanquished invaders.

THE BYSTANDER.

(Dibdin.)

LOOK fairly all the world around,
And, as you truth deliver,
Tell me what character is found
A real *savoir vivre*?
Who truly merits sober fame,
To find, you need not wander;
None can detect life's fraudulent game
So well as the bystander.

The lover cogs, and palms, and slips,
The easy fair to baffle.

And still to win that stake her lips,
Will deal, and cut, and shuffle;
Still will he ply each subtle art,
Till he has quite trepanned her,
And then is sure to trump her heart,
If absent the bystander.

Preferment is a bowling-green,
Where, placed in each position,
Bowls jostling in and out are seen,
To reach the Jack—ambition;
The bias, interest, still they try,
Twist, turn, and well meander;
Yet their manœuvres, rub, or fly,
Are known to the bystander.

The law's a game at whist, wherein
The parties nine are both in,
Where tricks alone the game can win,
And honours go for nothing.

And, while they a sure game can win,
Their clients' money squander,
Full many more than one odd trick
Discovers the bystander.

The coxcomb plays at shuttlecock,
The wit commands and questions;
The carping cits to commerce flock,
Each follows his suggestions;
Yet he alone who merits fame,
Who blunts the shafts of slander,
And on the square life's motley game
Best plays is the bystander.

THE OCEAN IS THE SEAMAN'S HOME

(Pearce.)

O, YOU, whose lives on land are passed,
And keep from dang'rous seas aloof,
Who, careless, listen to the blast,
Or beating rains upon the roof,—
You little heed how seamen fare,
Condemned the angry storm to bear.

Sometimes, while breakers vex the tide,
He takes his station on the deck;
And now, lashed o'er the vessel's side,
He clears away the cumb'ring wreck.
Yet, while the billows o'er him foam,
The ocean is his only home.

Still fresher blows the midnight gale;
"All hands reef top-sails," are the cries;
And, while the clouds the heavens veil,
Aloft, to reef the sail, he flies!
In storms so rending doomed to roam,
The ocean is the seaman's home.

THE ORIGIN OF VULCAN.

Air—" 'Twas Post Meridian."—(O'Brien.)

THE sun's meridian fervid beam
To Vulcan hinted time for lunching,
When Hermes for some thunder came,
Cried, "Dad will give you a sound punching."
Vulcan frowned, and cried, "In troth,
Then, dad is still inclined for milling?
You'll please to let me sup my broth;
To make more bolts I am not willing."

Says Hermes, "Cease such profane talk
Against great Jove, our liege and father."
Vulcan replied, "O! take a chalk;
A peasant's son I would be rather;
My youthful form in heaven was fair,
In years, methinks, I was gone seven,
Jove seized me by my auburn hair,
And kicked me, headlong, out of heaven."

"I fell upon a heap of stones,
Where stands my forge, upon this island,
Which broke my tender little bones;
But Bacchus swears I sha'n't have dry land.
Dad got ashamed, he forged a lie,
To make me forge his cruel thunders,
His lawful son, oh, may I die,
But dad was always fond of blunders."

"Ah, what a god to his own kin,
To smear one thus all o'er with smut, man,
Methinks I see a Comus grin—
A bastard god turned running footman."
Hermes squared, knocked Vulcan down,
Who soon jumped up, and seized his hammer,
When bang it went upon his crown,
My stars, poor Hermes got a rammer.

He kicked and died, and Venus cried,
For gods on earth, like kings, are mortal;

No god but Jove the deed espied,
 Who leaned and looked from heaven's portal.
 Jove soon arrived, but not in ire,
 And Vulcan's paw he squeezed with fervour.
 To mortals left forge, tools, and fire,
 For Jove made him as fair as ever.
 Quick for heaven away they scud,
 And over Sol they make their transit,
 Then next through glory's orient flood,
 My stars, how Vulcan ran and pranced it.
 "Vulcan!" shouts Jove, "don't run so fast!"
 Still he flies, like a snow-drop driven,
 He gains his natal home at last,
 And shuts on Jove the gates of heaven.

THE LITTLE ORPHAN.

Air—"A poor little Gipsy."—(Miss Bryant.)

AN orphan, unfriended, I roam the large town,
 Without parents or kindred, despised and unknown:
 Then, pity me, lady, I'm chilly and poor;
 Oh! spurn not the orphan away from your door;
 But spare a halfpenny,
 Spare a halfpenny,
 To a poor little orphan, quite ragged and poor.
 My father was honest, but trade was so bad
 That we lived upon credit, while credit we had:
 Then pity my tears, his hard fate I bewail,
 For, to pay it,—they forced him to die in a jail.
 Spare a halfpenny, &c.
 My poor mother with me in sickness would roam,
 With grief in her heart, only me, and no home,
 Till one night on her door-step she laid down her head,
 I kissed her,—'twas useless,—alas! she was dead.
 Spare a halfpenny, &c.
 The lady was kind, and the orphan no more
 Gains frowns, 'stead of food, at each half-opened door;
 Now happy she looks, though often she sighs,
 When the voice of the mendicant piteously cries
 Spare a halfpenny, &c.

TWO GODS, TO PASS AN HOUR OR SO.

(Cumberland.)

TWO gods, to pass an hour or so,
 From heaven to earth descended;
 To see how matters went below,
 And if the world was mended.
 They found religion was a mask,
 Unwary fools to cozen;
 And reformation a worse task
 Than Hercules' dozen.
 They looked for honesty,—'twas scarce;
 Each man berogued his neighbour;
 They searched for friendship,—'twas a farce,
 They did but lose their labour.
 The fairer sex was next their care;
 They found them free and witty;
 They asked for chastity,—'twas rare,
 And seldom such were pretty.
 The god of thieves had left the skies
 At call of many a suitor;
 But found his pupils grown so wise,
 That they out-tricked their tutor.
 So back they bore these tidings sad,
 To Jove's high hall ascending;
 Convinced, when things are grown so bad,
 They are not worth the mending.

THE CHERRY-TREE BOUGH.

(Upton.)

HE came a long journey, and all to see me,
 The lad of my heart,—but he did not know that;
 For I told him I never to wed would agree,
 Which set the poor creature a twirling his hat.
 "And, why not," he cried,
 "My dear, be a bride?"
 Not marry! I cannot believe it, I vow."
 Says I, sir, you may,
 So I wish you good day,
 While the little bird sang from the cherry-tree bough.
 "Stop, stop, silly maiden," he ardently cried,
 "Why jest with a passion that burns but for you?"
 Don't talk about jesting, I, peevisk, replied;
 I tell you again, sir, that what I say 's true.
 "Pshaw! nonsense!" he said,
 "You must and shall wed;
 Besides, let me tell you, you wish it e'en now."
 No, never! cried I,
 And so, sir, good by,
 While the little bird sang from the cherry-tree bough.
 "Well, then," says he, "miss, since you don't chuse to wed,
 "Pray go, by all means,—I shall not press your stay;
 There's a sweet little girl in love's calendar read,
 And one that will have me,—so, pray go away."
 O, dear! says I, sir,
 Then pray marry her:
 But, no,—just to vex you,—you shal. not, I vow.
 "Then," says he, "be a bride!"
 If you please, sir, I cried,
 While the little bird sang from the cherry-tree bough.

BIM! BOM! BELL!

(Reynolds.)

FROM native Afric borne,
 To swell proud Europe's store;
 The negro sits forlorn,
 And views the dreaded shore.
 So maidens forced to wed
 Against their hearts desire,
 Behold, with pain and dread,
 The fatal church's spire!
 Their sighs reveal
 That every peal
 Assails them as a knell;
 For still it sounds,
 In solemn rounds,
 Bim! bom! bell!
 The bird, on rapid wing,
 Flies to the wished-for grove,
 There with his mate to sing
 The joyful tune of love.
 So maidens doomed to wed
 The lover they desire,
 With hasty paces tread,
 To view the church's spire.
 And smiles reveal
 That every peal
 Does endless bliss foretel;
 For now they sound,
 In merry round,
 Ding! dong! bell!



Barbare! non troppo presto! Lasciar me sol fa;
 Why blight our joy thus, *questo?* Hence, *infelicità.*

L'AMORE INFELICITA!

A MOCK ITALIAN CANTATA.

(Moncrieff.)

RECITATIVE.

FELICITA! my tender heart's first love!
Primo amor (CUPIDO!) del cor mio,
 Chanced on a gentle river's banks to rove,
Sento oh Dio! Sul margine d'un rio!
 Entranced we met, ah me! in sweet duetto,
 His heart *fidele*, with love was *amoroso*;
 While mine, *oh, dolce!* lulled by *Zephyretto*,
Andante time was all *affettuoso*.

Canzonette.

Then *canzonetta*,
 In *piazzetta*
 And *gondoletta*,
 Flowed from his tongue.

While *Contadini*,
 And *Signiorini*,
 And great *Rossini*,
 Enraptured hung,
 As thus he sung,

ARIA.

Oh! Pescator del' onda,
 How sweet with you to wander,
Allegretto through the grove.
Biandina in gondoletta,
 Sure nothing can be better;
Cara sposa! Oh, my love!

RECITATIVE.

In pantomime my hand his heart then blesses,
 While melodramatically he his flame expresses.

(Pantomime.)

Bolero.

Then, fastly as we can go,
 We dance the blithe *fandango*;

While sounds the gay guitar,
Con spirito—comme ça.

(Castanet Dance.)

Adagio.

Till, ah! a sad *terzetto*,
 A rival comes *pomposa*,
 To breathe the *sospiretto*,
 And move me *penserosa*;
 My love no more in *petto*,
 I then grow *furioso*,
Kickini—mal—upsetto,
 I make him *solo* go so.

Bravura.

Barbare! non troppo presto!
Lasciar me sol fa;
 Why blight our joy thus, *questo?*
 Hence *infelicità.*

WHEN THE HEART WITH GRIEF IS
 BROKEN.

(Soane.)

[Music, Goulding & Co. Soho-square.]

THOU art gone! thou art gone!
 Fairest, rarest, dearest one!
 Once my pleasure, now my pain:
 Thou art gone, art gone for ever;
 I shall never—
 See those dove-like eyes again.

Farewell, now, the pomp of power;
 Farewell, now, love's mystic bower:
 Pomp and love are vainly spoken,
 When the heart with grief is broken.

But he shall die, though in his veins
 Persia's noblest blood should spring,—
 But he shall die, were he the son
 Of thousand kings,—himself a king.

Farewell, spear and falchion glancing ;
 Farewell, steed, thy gallant prancing :
 Pomp and power are vainly spoken
 When the heart with grief is broken.

THE LOVES OF PATRICK PELLING AND POLLY MUFFINS.

Air—" *My Eye and Betty Martin, O!* "

POLLY MUFFINS was a maid who had charms
 not a few,
 And many thought her charms were quite kill-
 ing, O ;
 Many thought her heart to gain, but her heart
 was ever true
 To her gallant dashing spark, Patrick Pel-
 ling, O !
 When Patrick went to woo, he dressed out in his
 best,
 With hopes and fears his bosom was swell-
 ing, O ;
 But kind Polly Muffins set her lover's heart at
 rest,
 And got married to her sweet Patrick Pel-
 ling, O !
 Patrick Pelling was cook's mate in a ship, you
 must know,
 In a boat, with his bride, he came swelling, O ;
 The sailors ran on deck to see the pretty show,
 The lovely, blushing bride of Patrick Pel-
 ling, O !
 Then Patrick took her hand to help her up the
 side,
 My darling, says he, I'll see you well in, O ;
 But Patrick, being rocky, lost the hand of his
 bride,
 And she plunged overboard, Mrs. Pelling, O !
 Then Patrick stamped and swore, and d—d his
 ill-luck ;
 What he felt, sirs, I'm sure there's no tell-
 ing, O ;
 But his hopes were soon revived, for she swam
 like a duck,
 Till they hauled her on board, Mrs. Pelling, O !
 All drooping and wet, Mrs. Pelling went below,
 Like a bell then her tongue it went knelling, O,
 You dirty greasy sot, had I thought you'd served
 me so,
 I had never been your bride, Mrs. Pelling, O !
 At such opprobrious terms Patrick screwed up his
 phiz,
 And said, to use her ill he was not willing, O,
 But if you keep this din, ma'am, I'll tell you what
 it is,
 There's a little bit of rope for Mrs. Pel-
 ling, O !
 Mrs. Pelling was ne'er known to be used to con-
 trol
 When round the town her cakes she was sel-
 ling, O ;
 So her voice she higher raised, and her language
 got more pure,
 Till she quite distracted poor Patrick Pel-
 ling, O !
 To the hump on her back he the rope then ap-
 plied,
 As if he thought her hump had no feel-
 ing, O ;
 But she up with her fist, dowsed her husband by
 her side,
 Then her nails tore the face of Patrick Pel-
 ling, O !

Soon he jumped up again, for he's a nimble
 youth,
 And swore she a twig should be smelling,
 O ;
 Enraged, he struck a blow that knocked out the
 only tooth
 That adorned the mouth of sweet Mrs. Pel-
 ling, O !
 At length, the battle o'er, these lovers both
 agreed,
 That human blood no more they'd be spill-
 ing, O ;
 He knew she could not bite without teeth in her
 head,
 And he cut the nails of poor Mrs. Pelling, O.

I REVEL IN HOPE AND JOY AGAIN.

(I. R. Planche.)

[Music, Baron Weber.]

I REVEL in hope and joy again ;
 A ray shines over my breaking chain,
 Beams like a beacon the gloom above,
 And lights my path to my lady love !

I feel like a mountain-stream set free
 From the stern frost-spirit's mastery,
 Rushing down from its rocky height,
 Leaping and sparkling in wild delight.

I revel in hope and joy again !
 I seek my love as that stream the main :
 They shall turn the tide with a silken glove,
 Ere they bar my way to my lady-love !

JOHNNY MALT.

Air—" *John Hobbs.* "—(T. W. Kelly)

JOHNNY MALT, Johnny Malt,
 Makes a stout fellow halt,
 But shields him from sorrow and trouble ;
 He possesses such skill,
 He can cure every ill,
 And make e'en a blind man see double,
 See double,
 And make e'en a blind man see double.
 And, besides, by this light,
 A man's reason's more bright
 When he fills himself brim to his throttle ;
 For when he's in liquor
 He finds his home quicker,
 Such a glorious guide is the bottle,
 The bottle,
 Such a glorious guide is the bottle.
 If for fun you're inclined,
 Sure, good liquor's designed,
 Wisely used, to dispel all your pains :
 But if too fast it slips
 From your hand to your lips,
 Why, then, 'tis good by to your brains,
 To your brains,
 Why, then, 'tis good by to your brains.

WHEN ANGRY NATIONS RUSH TO ARMS

WHEN angry nations rush to arms,
 And dare Britannia's peace molest,
 Whilst Discord sounds his dire alarms,
 And fills with rage each hostile breast,
 The gallant tar, at Honour's call,
 Springs forth to meet his country's foes,
 And fixed to conquer, or to fall,
 His breast with martial ardour glows.

Behold him in the dreadful scene,
Where heroes fall to rise no more,
He braves his fate with dauntless mien,
And bids the thundering cannons roar;
No fears appal his manly mind,
Or if, perchance, he heaves a sigh,
'Tis for the girl he left behind,—
A sailor never dreads to die.

In Honour's deathless page enrolled,
Conspicuous shines each hero's name,
Each guardian of his native land,
Whose bosom nobly pants for fame;
On them the British fair bestow
Their choicest smiles, their favours sweet,
When, crowned with laurels from the foe,
They lay their wreaths at Beauty's feet.

LET US HASTE AND JOIN THE CHASE,
JOLLY HUNTSMEN, O!

Air—"Kelvin-Grove."

LET us haste and join the chase,
Jolly huntsmen, O!
See the morning's peeping face,
Jolly huntsmen, O!
We'll sound the lightsome horn,
Brush the dew-drop from the thorn,
And danger treat with scorn,
Jolly huntsmen, O!

Hark, hark, the barking pack,
Jolly huntsmen, O!
Bids us seek the courser's back,
Jolly huntsmen, O!
So, mount! away we'll go;
Give our victim a death-blow,
With laughter, mirth, soho!
Jolly huntsmen, O!

And then, when drowsy n_ont,
Jolly huntsmen, O!
Brings the brown ale to our sight,
Jolly huntsmen, O!
Then we'll quaff the flowing can,
And ugly Care trepan,
With a health to every man,
Jolly huntsmen, O!

HARK! 'TIS DONE! FAREWELL!

(I. R. Planche.)

[Music, Baron Weber.]

RECITATIVE.

HERE, by Oberon's command,
Have I flown from fairy land,
Ere to earth a dewy gem
Could drop from a rose's diadem;
Gifted with his power to call
Those whose art may raise a squall,
Which shall make old Ocean roll,
Foaming in his rocky bowl,
Till in wrath he piecemeal tear
The bark which beareth yonder pair,
And fling them on the island nigh,
First trial of their constancy.

AIR.

Spirits of air, and earth, and sea,
Spirits of fire, which holy be,
All that have power o'er wind and wave,
Come hither, come hither, my spirits so brave;
Whether ye be in the cavern dark,
Lighted alone by the diamond spark,
Or beneath the waters deep,
Where the prisoned pearl doth sleep,

Or in skies beyond the one
Mortal eyes do look upon,
Or in the womb of some groaning hill,
Where the lava stream is boiling still,—
Spirits, wherever ye chance to be,
Come hither, come hither, come hither to me;
I charge ye by the magic ring
Of your faithful friend, the fairy king.

CHORUS.

We are here! we are here!
Say, what must be done!
Must we cleave the moon's sphere?
Must we darken the sun?
Must we empty the ocean upon its own shore?
Speak! speak! we have power to do this, and
more!

RECITATIVE.

Nay, nay, your task will be, at most,
To wreck a bark upon this coast,
Which simple fairy may not do,
And, therefore, have I summoned you.

CHORUS.

Naught but that? Ho, ho, ho, ho!
Lighter labour none we know.
Winds and waves, obey the spell!
Hark, 'tis done. Farewell! farewell!

THE CRAZY OLD SLIPPERS OF ABOU
CASAM, OF BAGDAD.

(Cross.)

OLD Abou Casam, of Bagdad city,
As great a miser as ever saved pelf,
For years a pair he wore of dirty old slippers,
A hundred years older than he was himself.
One morn he tramped to a bath, where young
Muley,
The cadi, was bathing, so snug and so neat;
So Casam slipped *his morocco's* on coolly,
And left his *old slippers* for Muley's *young feet!*
Oh, the slippers, the crazy old slippers,
The slippers of Casam, of Bagdad!

Muley, enraged at the swindling deceiver,
Made the old miser pay dear for his pet,
Who, vexed, the old slippers threw plump in the
river,

Where soon they were caught in a fisherman's
net;
Curse them, says he, they belong to old Casam;
Smack through his cock-loft he made them re-
bound;
Abou beheld them, again sent to teaze him,
And soon the old slippers he slipped under
ground.

Oh, the slippers, &c.

His motions were watched by an ill-natured neigh-
bour,
Who of *wealth he had hid* told the angry Cadi;
So Casam for treasure compelled was to labour,
Though nought but the cobbled old slippers
found he;
For them he again was a tax made to pay, sir,
Away, harum-scarum, again they were thrown;
A pretty sultana was tripping that way, sir,
And, curse the old slippers, they knocked her
down.

Oh, the slippers, &c.

Again Casam's purse for his slippers' fault paying,
Their wicked old soles he blasphemed o'er and
o'er,
Then in the grand aqueduct threw them, thus
saying,
"Oh, Mahomet, grant I may ne'er see them
more!"

Its pipes they plugged up, all for water were gasping,
 The cause once found out, Casam shook at the news;
 The Cadi condemned him to choke, fresh and fasting,
 Aud, for *his old slippers, to die in his shoes!*
 Oh, the slippers, &c.

WHEN THE TWILIGHT IS DYING.

(G. Macfarren.)

[Music, Goulding & Co. Soho-square.]

WHEN the twilight is dying
 Over mountain and glade,
 And the night-winds are sighing,
 Like young mourners in the shade,—
 Oh, the sweetest of all pleasures
 Is to hear wild music roam,
 And listen to the measures
 That whisper gentle sounds of home.

PARIS IS THE ONLY PLACE;

OR, WHERE SHALL WE GO FOR THE SEASON,
 LADY ELINOR?

WHERE shall we go for the season, lady Elinor?
 Pray now do decide, for really I don't know:
 Bab's all for Brighton, but that, as I've been telling her,
 Brighton, though so high, is now exceeding low;
 Margate and Ramsgate are full of the city folks;
 Hastings and Rye are getting quite as bad;
 Weymouth and Scarborough are quizzed by the witty folks;
 Go where you will, the vulgar *drives* us mad.
 Hey, then, away, for Paris is the only place,
 This very day, with spirits light and gay.

SPOKEN.] O, shocking! I wish, my lord, you would bring in a bill.—Bring in a bill, my lady, for what?—To prevent the vulgar following us every where; it really is quite intolerable; it's very hard they will intrude, it almost drives one mad; we shall not have a place shortly to hide our heads in; yet I always contrive not to leave town for the summer season until the winter sets in.—Lady Bab, I've an uncommon good idea.—What is it?—To spend the summer months at Birmingham.—What do you think of Harrowgate?—O, shocking! last season I was almost elbowed out of the room by Sir Jeremy Treacle and his fat wife.—Cheltenham?—Worse: it's always full, and nobody there.—Brighton?—O, horrid! I decidedly object to Brighton: you might almost as well be at Bagnigge-Wells on a Sunday.—Ay, I recollect, when I was a young man, Brighton used to be about seventy miles from town; but now, what with the plaguy short cuts and modern improvements, it is now not above fifty-four.—Well, then, suppose we all go to Paris.—Pray, Sir Larry, can you tell me how far it is from the coast to the capital?—No, upon my conscience, that I cannot; you might as well ask me how far it is from the capital to the coast.—O, you creature, you know you can, you have been there, you know.—Yes, madam, that was before the revolution, and I am told things are praguely altered since.—But you can't speak the language. O, leave me alone for that! I have two bows to my string: I'll try 'em with Irish.—You had better try them with Spanish, that all ranks comprehend.

Hey, then, away, &c.

Where shall we go for the season, Sir Jeremy?
 Alderman Crump, I see, is setting off for Rye;
 So, if you think across the Thames to ferry me,
 Then, once for all, at Cripplegate I'll die;
 Surely the villa at Putney does well, I *wow*;
 Yes, once on a time, but now you are a knight:
 If that's the case, the villa I'll sell, I *wow*;
 Margate, indeed! you'll kill me with affright.
 Hey, then, away, &c.

SPOKEN.] Margate, indeed! I wonder you have not more regard for one's quality than mixing and associating with the Sparrowgrasses and such low people.—Why, my lady, you used to be very fond of Margate.—Yes, Sir Jeremy, that was before you was made a knight of.—Good morning, Lady Shortdip. I *takes* this here *wisit* very kind of you, very kind indeed; and how is Sir Christopher now he is one of us nobility?—He's very well, thankee, but he don't go out to-day; this is melting-day, and the knight's up to his elbows in tallow.—Indeed! then all the lights he makes now will be *night-lights*, I suppose.—What do you think of Margate, Lady Shortdip?—Now, what's the use of teasing about our family affairs.—Why, I was going to Hastings, but I understand your friend Mrs. Maggots, the cheesemonger, is there.—My friend! she's no friend of mine; we do condescend to *serve* them with grocery, but we don't *wisit*, I can assure you. No, we don't *wisit*, nor never means to *wisit*.—No! no! her husband's a rank *demagog*, and, now I am a man of title, of course I am an *aristogog*.—The Duchess of Trumps is at the *Isle of White*.—Indeed, then she is the only one of us that is there, for we are all gone to Paris.—What's the use of going to Paris, spending a mint of money? besides, we don't understand their lingo.—But we can have Dick home from school to interpret for us.—Ay, but what's to be seen there but what we can see in London, ay?—Why, there's the *King*, and *Mounseer*, and the *Duchess of Angoulemme*, and the goblins and gullotine, and grapes for a penny a pound, and champagne instead of small beer.—Indeed, is there? by jingo, why—

Hey, then, away, &c.

Where shall we go for the season, Mr. Sparrowgrass?

This is the season for getting out of town:
 Hampstead, my dear, to see your uncle Narrowgrass,

Inside the stage, you're there for half-a-crown.
 Hampstead, indeed! why, Mrs. Crisp, the baker's wife,

Goes every year a dipping in the sea;
 Even Mrs. Maxe, the vulgar undertaker's wife,
 All goes a pleasuring but me.

Hey, then, away, &c.

SPOKEN.] I wish you'd mind your business, and go on shelling the peas, we have no time for pleasure.—We might go out sometimes, I think, as well as one's betters.—Go on shelling the peas, I tell you, and let your betters alone.—O, what you throw that in my dish, do you; but you want me to be as vulgar as Mrs. Grits, that low-life woman, that keeps the chandler's shop, next door.—Them *tatoes*, ma'am, are a penny a pound, if you don't like 'em, leave 'em; nice French beans, ma'am; talking of French beans, ma'am, are you going to France?—Mind the shop, I tell you, and perhaps at the end of the season we may have a sail *up* the river to Gravesend.—I think I see myself sailing to Gravesend, when every body's going to Paris.—Mind the shop, I say.—Very well; them peas are eighteen-pence a peck, ma'am.—You might get there for a little more, and, as we are yearning a good livelihood—no

salary to-day, ma'am—and, as we are getting up in the world—fine season for mushrooms, ma'am—but you have no *pluck*—try those kidneys, ma'am—or you'd get knighted, like your friend Sir Jeremy Treacle, and make a lady *on* me.—That's no such easy matter, I can tell you.—How do you do, Mrs. Button; pray, are you going to France?—No, I am going to Paris!—Ay, I wish you'd go.—I should forget all my English in a week.—Should you? I'm sure that's a very desirable object.—Here, Bill, go and book two places, your mother says she shall forget her English.

Hey, then, away, &c.

IN INFANCY OUR HOPES AND FEARS.

(Dr. Arne.)

IN infancy our hopes and fears
Were to each other known;
And friendship, in our riper years,
Had twined our hearts in one.

O, clear him, then, from this offence;
Thy love, thy duty prove!
Restore him with that innocence
That first inspired my love.

I'LL RETURN TO THEE.

A DUET.

(Soane.)

[Music, Goulding & Co. Soho-square.]

ERE the stars of night arise,
O, return, return to me.
Yes, ere stars of night arise,
I'll return, return to thee.

No, the day's so long till night,
With the eve return to me.
Yes, with evening's purple light
I'll return, return to thee.

No, the day's so long till eve,
With the noon return to me.
Yes, ere noon shall fade, believe,
I'll return, return to thee.

THE VINE.

WHILE others delight of those heroes to boast
Whose blood-dripping laurels were purchased
by steel,
Be it ours, my gay comrades, that hero to toast
Who gave us the transports this moment we
feel.
To him let our voices in unison rise,
To him let our hearts in one sentiment join;
Let us drink till his blessing has sealed up our
eyes,
To the man, the dear man, who first planted
the vine.

When Bacchus first drank of the care-killing bowl,
Fair Venus, with smiles, bade him carefully
sip;
When delirium, unspeakable, thrilling his soul,
He pressed her soft bosom, and fed on her lip;
Mars, fresh courage gained, as the nectar he tried,
Apollo, half drunk, sang his lyrics divine,
While the Graces and Muses, in ecstasy, cried
All hail to the god who has found out the vine.

What mortal from heaven the grape-stone con-
veyed,

No tongue that is mortal is destined to tell;
Enough for us drinkers the essay was made,
And happy are we it succeeded so well:
For, with it, its primitive qualities came,
And mortality learned with new lustre to shine;
Youth melted in love, warriors panted for fame,
And bards hymned the man who first planted
the vine.

Round this jovial board, while thus happy we sit,
What heart but expands with the love of man-
kind;

How readily flows the exertions of wit,
What motives to energy rush on the mind;
Then, why should we ever from drinking refrain,
Let dotards and fools at our revels repine;
But deeper, still deeper, our goblets we'll drain,
Three cheers to the man who planted the vine.

WE SHALL LIVE TOGETHER, LADDIE.

(Upton.)

KILKARDY is a bonny place,
And Jemmy lives beside it;
'Twas there we saw each other's face,
Whatever may betide it:
But, be it ill, or be it not,
I dinna care a feather;
For soon at kirk we'll tie the knot,
Then we shall live together.
O, we shall live together, laddie,
We shall live together.

My mither raves from morn to night,
And says, I must grow older;
Yet she is seldom in the right,
As father oft has told her:
So let her scold, and let her frown,
I dinna care a feather;
The parson will be soon in town,
Then we shall live together.
O, we shall live together, &c.

My mither vows it shanna be,
When father is not near her;
But, since we've made a friend of he,
I dinna muckle fear her:
For, be she right, or be she wrong,
I dinna care a feather,
Since we're to marry, ere it's long,
When we shall live together.
O, we shall live together, &c.

THE WOODMAN.

(Dibdin.)

FAR removed from noise and smoke,
Hark! I hear the woodman's stroke,
Who dreams not, as he fells the oak,
What mischief dire he brews.
How art shall shape his falling trees,
In aid of luxury and ease,
He weighs not matters such as these,
But sings, and hacks, and hews.

Perhaps, now felled by this bold man,
That tree shall form the spruce sedan,
Or wheel-barrow, where oyster Nan
So runs her vulgar rig;
The stage, where boxers crowd in flocks;
Or else a quaok's, perhaps the stocks,
Or posts for signs, or barber's block,
Where smiles the parson's wig.

Thou mak'st, bold peasant, oh! what grief
The gibbet, on which hangs the thief;
The seat, where sits the great lord chief,

The throne,—the cobbler's stall;
Thou pamp'rest life in every stage,
Mak'st Folly's whims, Pride's equipage,
For children toys, crutches for age,
And coffins for us all.

Yet, justice let us still afford,
Those chairs, and this convivial board,
The bin, that holds great Bacchus's hoard,
Confess the woodman's stroke;
He made the press, that bleeds the vine;
The butt, that holds the gen'rous wine;
The hall itself, where tipplers join
To crack the mirthful joke.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO KING CHARLES.

(Sir Walter Scott.)

BRING the bowl which you boast,
Fill it up to the brim;
'Tis to him we love most,
And to all who love him.
Brave gallants, stand up,
And avaunt, ye base carles!
Were there death in the cup,
Here's a health to King Charles!

Though he wanders through dangers,
Unaided, unknown,
Dependant on strangers,
Estranged from his own;
Though 'tis under our breath,
Amidst forfeits and perils,
Here's to honour and faith,
And a health to King Charles!

Let such honours abound
As the time can afford,
The knee on the ground,
And the hand on the sword;
But the time shall come round
When, 'mid lords, dukes, and earls,
The loud trumpet shall sound
Here's a health to King Charles!

WHEN OVER THE BILLOWS WE GO.

(T. Dibdin.)

THE lass for a sailor is lively and free,
Meaning yes, she would scorn to say no;
Such a girl, who would danger encounter with me,
When over the billows we go.

One, on deck, when bright moon-beams bespangle
the deep,
Who would sing while the plummet we throw;
Or, when loud blows the storm, who would fear-
lessly sleep,
When over the billows we go.

Oh! had I for life such a kind-hearted lass,
I'd envy no mortal below:
My time still on ship-board with her would I pass,
While over the billows we'd go.

THE COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE OF
TEDDY BRADY AND JUDY GRADY.

Air—"Paddy Carey."—(Miss Bryant.)

OH! when a boy, so tight and neat,
My daddy swore I was unsteady,
I kissed the girls—the boys I beat,
From tall oig Tim to little Neddy;
My face was like a pudding round,
My heart was soft with sweet good-nature,
Though both my head and heart, I found,
Were made for tipping up the creature.

Sweet and gay,
I danced away,
All the day,
A jig, huzza!

Jumping, thumping, roving, loving,
Drinking till heady,

While to call me a beauty,
They thought it a duty.

From Dublin, that city, the girls, good lack!
They loved, adored me so, oh, whack!

And cried, och hone!
We sigh and groan,
Och, gramachree!
Who wou'dn't be
That pretty lad,
That sets us mad,
Though still 'tis sad,
You darling lad!

Och, sweet Teddy! nice little Ted, right little,
tight little Teddy Brady!

Now Judy sweet I only loved,
To wed her, too, och! I was ready,
But, faith! my flame she soon reproved,
For I was poor to Judy Grady;
So soon I swore her nose might turn,
Her looks be sour, or sweet, like honey,
And though with love her heart might burn,
Why mine burnt, too, to have her money.

Judy rich,
With cabin big,
Near a ditch,
Cows and pig,

A 'tatoe-garden cares rewarding.
Flowers not weedy;

But she made it her duty,
Though I was a beauty,

To cock up her nose, and to treat me with scorn!
Though still she'd sigh, why was he born,

Without cash galore,
The boy I adore?—
Och, gramachree!

He's no fortune to me,—
It sets me mad—
The pretty lad,—
Not to be had—

Och! the neat pretty lad.

Och! sweet Teddy, &c.

My uncle Dan, he died one day,
Who, when alive, was fat and greedy,
My old felt hat I threw away,
And every dud so old and seedy;
Then Judy, dear, I pressed to wed,
Of courting grown so devilish weary,
Who swore she'd love me till stone dead,
Then off we went, with joy, to marry.
To Father Shea
The way we led,
So spruce and gay,
Just to be wed.

Dancing, prancing, quaffing, laughing,
Each lad and his lady,

Who thought it his duty,
To call her a beauty;

The devil a matter how ugly, or fat,
A lad to his girl says, 'No matter for that.'

Then they toasted, oh, my!
May you never die;

But live, my boy,
With Judy, joy,
Who, such a lad,
Sure never had,
So neat and glad—

A pretty lad,

Och! sweet Teddy, &c.

BUT THE DAYS OF THE VALLEY ARE
FLED.

(Soane.)

[Music, Goulding and Co. Soho-square.]

THE days of the valley are o'er,
When roses were twined round my door;
I dwell in a palace instead,
And a diadem circles my head:
Now a diadem circles the head,
Whose locks, unshaded,
Played round it, unbraided;
But the days of the valley are fled.

The days of the valley had hours
Of pleasure and hope in its bowers;
But life now flows on in delight,
Like a summer, all joyous and bright.
Now a diadem, &c.

THE COWARD'S WISH.

(C. Dibdin.)

YE zephyrs gay, that fan the air,
O, bear me, on your muslin wings,
Far, far away from this corsair,
Who frets me into fiddle-strings;
Into his service forced, poor wight,
The thought on't makes me crusty,
My reputation, ne'er too bright,
Is now completely rusty.
O, tooral, looral, &c.

Ye dolphins gay, that sport at sea,
O, to this island swiftly glide,
And kindly lend your backs to me,
And there a cockhorse let me ride;
Then with me from this island sweep,
Propitious to my wishes;
Or in the ocean I must leap,
And then I'm food for fishes.
O, tooral, looral, &c.

But zephyrs are not boys with wings,
That fly about, as poets say;
Nor dolphins such queer humpback things
As painters on our signs display.
And jumping in the sea's a card
To play I've no great ardour;
For though the land-sharks *here* bite hard,
The water-sharks bite harder.
O, tooral, looral, &c.

WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.

(Honourable Robert William Spencer.)

ONE day, when to Jove the black list was pre-
sented,
The list of what Fate for each mortal intends,
At the long string of ills a kind goddess re-
lentled,
And slipt in three blessings—wife, children, and
friends;
In vain, surly Pluto declared he was cheated,
And justice divine could not compass its ends;
The scheme of man's penance he swore was de-
feated,
For earth becomes heaven with wife, children,
and friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands
vested,
The fund, ill-secured, oft in bankruptcy ends;
But the heart issues bills that are never pro-
tested,
When drawn on the firm of wife, children, and
friends.

Though valour still glows on his life's waning
embers,
The death-wounded tar, who his colours de-
fends,
Drops a tear of regret, as he, dying, remembers,
How blest was his home with wife, children,
and friends.

The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,
Whose duty to far distant latitude sends,
With transport, would barter whole ages of glory,
For one happy day with wife, children, and
friends.

Though spice-breathing gales o'er his caravan
hover,
Though round him Arabia's whole fragrance
ascends,

The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that
cover
The bower, where he sat with wife, children,
and friends.

The day-spring of youth, still unclouded with sor-
row,

Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;
But drear is the twilight of age, if it borrow
No warmth from the smiles of wife, children,
and friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish
The laurel, which o'er her dead favourite bends;
O'er me weave the willow, and long may it flourish,
Bedewed with the tears of wife, children, and
friends.

Let us drink, for my song, growing graver and
graver,
To subjects too solemn insensibly tends;
Let us drink, pledge me high, love and virtue
shall flavour

The glass that I fill to wife, children, and
friends.

And if, in the hope this fair island to plunder,
Should an enemy ever to invade us pretend,
How his legions will shrink, when our armed free-
men thunder

The war-cry of Britons,—wife, children, and
friend.

NOW AURORA IS UP.

NCW Aurora is up, the sweet goddess of day,
Let's hail the gay nymph of the morn;
Bid the shepherds and maids tune their tabors
and play,
Bid the huntsman attend with his horn.
To slavish dull cares let the cit be confined,
Let him toil day and night, too, for wealth;
For hunting and fowling our lives are designed,
And our riches, my lads, is good health.

By yon rural copse, just opening to sight,
View the young tender brood, and prepare;
Let them first for the sky, my good boys, wing
their flight,
True sportsmen delight to shoot fair.
When returned from the chase, let the bumpers
go round,
Let us merrily revel and sing;
In women and wine true harmony's found,
Fill your glasses, and toast to the king!

THE SONG OF JOY—DILKUS'YA.

(Cobb.)

HAPPY were the days, from infancy advancing,
When, by a parent's fostering power,
My youthful mind its energies enhancing,
Waked to new bliss, expanding ev'ry hour.

To the east, when the sun light and life was bringing,

Or when the western world his rising glories saw,
To the lute's dulcet sound still was Zelma singing
The song, the song of joy—Dilkusha.

Thus the opening rose-bud the nightingale was wooing,

The cruel storm arose, the bolt his bosom tore,
Ah, hapless flower, the same fate are we rueing!
Thy guardian's lost, my father is no more!

To the east, though the sun light and life be bringing,

Alas, the day that 'ere his light I saw!
To the lute's dulcet sound when shall Zelma, singing

Again the song of joy, sing Dilkusha.

MUSHA GRAH, WHAT WILL BECOME OF ME?

Air—" *Nobody coming to marry me.*"

(C. F. Barret.)

'Twas yesterday noon, at dark,
I went to see Katty Maloy,
Whose beauty had, just like a spark,
Set fire to my heart, my dear joy.

And it's masha grah, what will become of me?
Arrah, now, what will I do?

Sure Katty is making big fun of me,
Which makes me look wondrous blue.

With my head in my hand I advanced,
And stood on one knee to greet her,
My heart, like a pony, joy, pranced,
Because that it happened to meet her.
And it's masha grah, &c.

She tipt me a Kilmainham leer,
Nor pitied my love-sick disaster,
But bade me be seeking elsewhere,
Because she was *mate* for my master.
And it's masha grah, &c.

Since, Katty, you *mane* to be cruel,
Bad luck to myself, then, says I,
On a tree, to extinguish love's fuel,
I'll hang myself, honey, to dry.
And it's masha grah, &c.

But, fait, all my blarney wo'n't do,
She longs, perhaps, to see me a kicking;
But, stop, I'll be d—d if I do,
I'm not such a soft-pated chicken.
No more I'll sing what will become of me?
Musha grah, what will I do?
But get Judy at church to make one of me,
And Katty, in turn, may look blue.

SMILES AND TEARS.

(Dibdin.)

THE weather, the land, and all those that dwell
in it,

Like our minds, that are chequered by hopes
and by fears,

In rapid succession, change every minute;
A constant rotation of smiles and of tears;

But the smiles and the tears, the same motive re-
vealing,

Though opposite, similar passions excite.—
One the offspring of Bounty, the other of Feeling,

Take different tracks to the road of delight.

When pants the parched earth, as its wounds re-
quire healing,

For the shower to put forward fresh blossoms and
leaves,

Nature, parent to all, with affectionate feeling,
Benignly sheds tears as its wants she relieves:
And, when kindly refreshed, as new beauties are
springing,

And the sun, in rich smiles, glads the gratified
sight,

Thankful birds on the glistening verdure are
singing,

And the smiles and the tears expand equal de-
light.

And so, 'twixt friend and friend, when a heart-
wounding sorrow

Resolution o'ercomes, and sinks deep in the
mind,

From the tears of a friend flattering comfort we
borrow,

For the motive's sincere, and the action is kind:
Nor, when Friendship's warm efforts o'ercome the
vexation,

Do our smiles, how'er grateful, more pleasure
excite;

For they both have their source in the same sweet
sensation,

And convey to the mind the same gen'rous de-
light.

DRINK, AND DRIVE CARE AWAY.

(G. Colman, Sen.)

WINE is the liquor of life,
The heart is consumed by care,
Good fellows, then, end the strife
'Twixt the bottle and despair.
Derry down, derry,
Hey down, derry.

Drink, and drive Care away,
Drink all the night and day;
Drink, and be merry,
Hey down derry.

Brisk wine and impertinent Care
Dispute the control of me;
Let me be thy master, Care,
Wine, thou shalt my mistress be.
Derry down, derry.

OH, SAY NOT THAT MY HEART IS CAUGHT.

Air—" *O, say not Woman's Love is bought.*"

(Montague.)

OH, say not that my heart is caught
By Mary's face bewitching;
For other charms my love has bought,
Those charms her mind enriching;
Unfriendly Fate may soon us part,
And fickle Fortune sever,
But she who holds this throbbing heart
I'll love and love for ever.

And must I then those charms resign,
All I esteem a treasure,
And give up what I hoped was mine
To fix a rival's pleasure?
The stars may fall, the sun decay,
The earth's whole fabric waver,
But firm as heaven my love shall stay,
Unquenched, unceasing never.

HOW SWEET WERE THOSE MOMENTS OF PLEASURE.

How sweet were those moments of pleasure,
While placed, my adored, at thy side,

While I swore that nor beauty nor treasure
Should thee from my love e'er divide;
But now, unregarded, unpitied, alone,
In sorrow and sadness I mourn
That those blissful moments of rapture are gone,
Perhaps, never more to return.

But, though we are severed, my heart is still
thine,

For thee its last throbbings will heave,
And, until I return and embrace thee as mine,
It ever, unceasing, will grieve.
But should that be denied me in this vale of wo,
And to thee I should never return,
We shall meet on that shore where no pain we can
know,
And where we no longer shall mourn.

IF BY MAGIC OR SKILL YOU TICKLE
THE HEART OF A WOMAN.

(Sir H. B. Dudley.)

DULL reflector of odd faces,
I'll no more converse with you;
Give me back my smiles and graces,
Or pray give me something new.

If by magic or skill, brittle showman,
You would tickle the heart of a woman,
The secret to you I'll discover;
When she looks for a grace,
You must show her the face
Of a man—to convert to a lover.

Would you win her to good-nature,
And her frowns lay on the shelf,
Only give her back a creature
More bewitching than herself.
If by magic or skill, &c.

HEIGHO! NONINO!

(G. Colman, Jun.)

FIRST beneath a willow's shade,
Heigho! nonino!
Martin his addresses paid,
Heigho! nonino!
When he whispered, "say, sincerely,
If you e'er could love me dearly?"
All the answer that I made
Was "Heigho! nonino!"

"Sweet," said he, "were Martin dead,
Heigho! nonino!
One sad tear would Rachael shed?
Heigho! nonino!"
When my Martin talked of dying,
How could I refrain from sighing?
From my heart a murmur fled
Of heigho! nonino!

Martin told me, when I sighed,
Heigho! nonino!
Yes must always be implied
By heigho! nonino!
"Then," says he, "your thoughts discover;
Will you take me for your lover?"
Looking down, I blushed, and cried
"Heigho! nonino!"

MY MOTHER GOT MARRIED.

MY mother got married, my father got me,
I grew up, and got loving of Moggy;
My daddy got angry, and sent me to sea,
And poor I, for vexation, got groggy.

The voyage got finished, and I, like a flat,
All the money I got daily carried
To Moggy—What then? I got nothing by that,
For she, like a slut, had got married.

I had once got her promise to wed, so the law
For my money soon got an employer:
I got plenty of promises, Latin, and jaw,
And whoever got more from a lawyer?
Of the sport I got sick, and so threw up the game,
For my cash by the sharks had got eaten,
Got into the Nile, and with Nelson got fame,
While the French got most d——nably beaten.

So now I've got honour, and glory, and gold,
To some true-hearted girl I'll be steering;
I've got one in my eye, and you needn't be told
This here stuff (*shows a purse*) will soon get me
a hearing.

Then, with shot in my locker, a wife, and a cot,
Tobacco, grog, flip, and no purser,
I'll sit down contented with what I have got,
And may each honest tar do no worser.

THE MERRY ROUNDELAY.

(Tickell.)

IN my pleasant native plains,
Winged with bliss, each moment flew;
Nature there inspired the strains,
Simple, as the joys I knew,
Jocund morn and evening gay
Claimed the merry roundelay.

Fields, and flocks, and fragrant flow'rs,
All that health and joy impart,
Called for artless music's pow'rs,
Faithful echoes to the heart!
Happy hours, for ever gay,
Claimed the merry roundelay.

But the breath of genial Spring
Waked the warblers of the grove;
Who, sweet birds, that heard you sing,
Would not join the song of love?
Your sweet notes and chantings gay
Claimed the merry roundelay.

THE COURT OF APOLLO;

OR, STAGE-STRUCK BARBER.

(Jessé Hammond.)

TO the muses, dramatic I'm akin,
For my shop is their own panorama,
And with song I inspire every customer's chin,
As I drop him the scraps of the drama.
All my soap I perfume from Parnassus's mount,
With such sweets as my customers swallow,
And my brush, too, I dip in Castalia's fount,
While I shave in the *Court of Apollo*.

[SPOKEN, in different voices.] "Up, cousin, up,
your heart's up, I know."—*Shakspeare*. O! by
the powers, now, 'twas up to my mouth all the
time: but what have I got to pay? "Three thou-
sand ducats." Shiver my timbers! you are mad,
or *three* sheets in the wind. "I am mad N.N.W.
but when the wind is southerly, I know a *hawk*
from a *handsaw*." Yea, friend, but I cannot tell
thy razor from a handsaw, for it sorely moveth the
flesh. "Avant! thy blood is cold." Ah! vell
it may be; I wish I may vonce get out of this here
slaughter-house. Slaughter-house! "Off with
his head." Why this is the

Temple of the Muses, walk in who chooses,
And all take your turns as they follow;
There are no excuses for him who refuses
To shave in the *Court of Apollo*.

Both the buskin and sock 'tis my int'rest to please,
And to dress in the last of the fashions;
Should a cut from the razor or old Shakspeare
tease,

Why I tip them an *Ode on the Passions*;
Thus is *teasing made easy*, and smoothly goes down
With the oil of dramatic quotation,
And, an actor of *all work*, cut out for the town,
I thus live by the town's approbation.

SPOKEN, *in different voices.*] There, "your chin
new reaped shows like stubble-land at harvest
home." *Shakspeare.* O, d—n Shakspeare.
"Had I three ears I'd hear thee." I am sure
you must have de tree ears, for you have got one
of mine. "Give every man thine ear, but few
thy voice." "Shake not thy gory locks at me,"
for here's some pomatum will "make each particu-
lar hair to stand on end, like quills upon the
fretful porcupine." Bless my shoul! I must
surely have got into Bedlam. Bedlam! "O,
Jephtha, judge of Israel!!! Why this is the—
Temple of the Muses, &c.

Thus I try how to rival the Roscius at home,
And each actor I claim as a crony;
Just as characters come within swing of my comb,
I fill up my *dramatis personæ*;
When I have a thin house, from the *Tragical*
Maid

A visage I draw full of sorrow;
When the whole is a farce for my benefit played,
A soft smile from *Thalia* I borrow.

SPOKEN, *in different voices.*] Yes, "I can smile,
and murder while I smile." The devil you can;
then pray let me go. Nay, "sit, good cousin Hot-
spur." "Art thou not ashamed to look upon this
beard?" 'Pon honour, I've sat here so long that
I shall soon go to sleep. "To sleep! perchance
to dream—ay, there's the rub." I'd thank you
not to rub so much of your d—d soap down my
throat. Then "ope thy pondrous jaws and cast
it up again." Pondrous jaws! where's the glass?
"Shine forth, bright sun, till I can buy a glass."
Well, dang me if I didn't think for sarten I wur in
a barber's shop. Shop! "Oh, hateful error, Mel-
ancholy's child!"—"There is no speculation in
those eyes that thou dost glare with," for this is
the—

Temple of the Muses, &c.

I PRAY YOU NOW.

(Dibdin.)

I PRAY you, when your sweetheart pouts,
And fleers and flouts,
And glours and glouts,
Ne'er mind the pursing of her prow,
But pout again, I pray you now.

Is it not true that females fex,
Plague, and perplex,
The other sex,
With whimsies in their heads that grow,
And fantasies, I pray you now?

Rack poor men's powels, prains, and hearts,
Do not their arts,
And whims, and starts,
Plue tiffles in their heads that grow,
And jealousies, I pray you now.

Then mind not nonsense of the fair,
But change your air,
And shake off care,
Nor to their tricks or fancies pow,
But let them ko, I pray you now.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

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

Amphion, with his tuneful lyre,
Could rocks remove and stones inspire;
Command a city to arise,
And lofty buildings touch the skies;
While stones, obedient to his call,
Harmonious, moved and formed a wall.

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

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

Inflamed by music, soldiers fight;
Inspired by music, poets write;
Music can heal the lover's wounds,
And calm fierce rage by gentle sounds;
Philosophy attempts in vain,
What music can with ease attain,
So great is music's power.

IS ANY MAN POOR WHO HAS WINE?

LET the daring adventurers be tossed on the main,
And, for riches no danger decline;
Though with hazard the spoils of both Indies they
gain,

They can bring us no treasure like wine.

Enough of such wealth would a beggar enrich,
And make up for great wants in a king;
'Twould smooth off a glass in a comfortless wretch,
And inspire weeping captives to sing.

There's none that groans under a burdensome life,
If this sovereign balsam he gains;
This will make a man bear all the plagues of a
wife,

And of rags and diseases in chains.

It swells all his veins with a kind purple flood,
And puts even great thoughts in his mind;
There's no peasant so rank, but it gives him good
blood,
And to happiness makes him inclined.

There's nothing our hearts with such joy can be-
witch,

For on earth 'tis a power that's divine;
Without it we're wretched, though never so rich,
Nor is any man poor who has wine.

EMMA AND HENRY.

(Admiral Lord Nelson.)

THOUGH Emma's polished verse superior shine;
Though sensibility grace every line;
Though her soft muse be far above all praise,
And female tenderness inspire her lays;
Deign to receive, though unadorned by art,
By the poetic art,
The rude expressions which bespeak
A sailor's untaught heart.

A heart, susceptible, sincere, and true ;
 A heart, by fate and nature torn in two ;
 One half to duty and his country due ;
 The other, better half, to love and you !
 Sooner shall Britain's sons resign
 The empire of the sea,
 Than Henry shall renounce his faith
 And plighted vows to thee ;
 And waves on waves shall cease to roll,
 And tides forget to flow,
 Ere thy true Henry's constant soul
 Or ebb or change shall know.

HOBBY OR NOB! LET THE BOTTLE PASS.

(Margravine of Anspach.)

WHEN I gaily fill the cheerful glass,
 I care not if the world goes down ;
 Hobby or nob ! let the bottle pass,
 Social mirth our bumpers crown.
 Oh ! the wisest of men is but an ass
 Who on convivial joys can frown ;
 Hobby or nob ! &c.
 The bewitching smile of a roguish lass
 In this small bowl we can quickly drown.
 Hobby or nob ! &c.

I'LL BE A MATCH FOR ALL THEIR
 DEVILDUMS.

THE charge prepared, the lawyers met,
 The judges on the benches wriggling ;
 Orators fine, with speeches set,
 Put all the smart signoras giggling.
 Culprit here, with heart of coal,
 From *Mister Gudgeon* stole his soul.
 Hymen's couch, where, cheek-by-jowl,
 A *fry of cherubs* blest their nursery,
 To this Tarquin she did hearken,
 Serpent, Eden, poison, flattery,
 Jury, fury, bother, pother,
 Pillory, fine, assault, and battery.
 The charge prepared, the lawyers met,
 Then pillory, fine, assault, and battery.
 I'll take care of a wife of my own,
 Fair as pearls and pure as topazes,
 Flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone,
 I'll lock up with my own dear mopusses.
 Strumming serenaders come,
 Maskers sly, with pipe and drum ;
 Did they think the old boy to hum,
 With congees, smiles, and great civility ?
 Castenating, capering, setting,
 Galas, bull-fights, and such reviddums ;
 Winking, blinking, sighing, lying,
 I'll be a match for all their devildums.

THE RAT.

(Hudson.)

ONCE on a time when trade was bad,
 A rat, half-starved and weak, sirs,
 Set out from home, in spirits sad,
 His fortune for to seek, sirs.
 His belly was of lining bare,
 And he so very thin, sirs,
 His eyes looked with a hollow stare,
 His cheeks a hollow grin, sirs.
 He wandered up and down 'till night,
 And found a large corn-bin, sirs,
 And there reflection told him right,
 'Twas lucky to be thin, sirs.

A hole there was, but that so small,
 It all his bones did squeeze, sirs,
 But when in he made up for all,
 By feasting at his ease, sirs.
 He stayed a week, ate all the corn,
 And got so very stout, sirs,
 So took it in his head next morn,
 To think of getting out, sirs ;
 But when he went towards the hole,
 He found, as you'll suppose, sir,
 He'd got so fat, and that so small,
 'Twould scarce admit his nose, sirs.

Then he began to squeak and cry,
 And make sad lamentation,
 Since never was a rat like I,
 In such a situation ;
 In this place I must stay so sad,
 As food for the Tom cat, oh !
 Or else, what is almost as bad,
 Must fret down all my fat, oh !
 Now listen to my moral true,
 The placeman in his station,
 Grows rich and fat, and saucy, too,
 By plundering the nation ;
 And when his pockets well are fraught,
 He's willing to resign, sirs,
 But, like the rat, don't like the thought
 Of giving back the coin, sirs.

NO ROSES THAT WREATH ROUND YON
 COT.

(J. Bruton.)

No roses that wreath round yon cot,
 With the blush of her cheek can compete,
 Nor zephyrs that break through yon grot,
 As her breath half so mild or so sweet ;
 Yet her heart oft harbours deceit,
 And falsity lurks on her lips,
 Her vows are as fragile as sweet,
 And false as the air that she sips.
 No lilies that grow in the grove,
 With her fineness of form can compare ;
 Nor angel in heaven above,
 Can march with the grace of her air.
 Yet her heart oft harbours, &c.
 The cygnet's fair plumage, so soft,
 Can't vie with the down of her breast ;
 Nor lark that sings sweetly aloft,
 Seems half in spirits so blest.
 Yet her heart oft harbours, &c.
 The cowslip that spangles the vale,
 Can't vie with the sweets of her lip ;
 Nor fawn that bounds over the dale,
 Can't move with her lightness of trip.
 Yet her heart oft harbours, &c.

ACH HONE! MAVRONE! PILLALUH!

(Prince Hoare.)

OH ! wonders that grow in Kilkenny so clever !
 I mend the brain's weakness, how strong 'tis
 soever ;
 My dumb, blind, and deaf, when they hear the
 lame walking,
 Run speechless with joy to behold themselves talk-
 ing.
 For bother o'pother,
 From 'one to the other,
 I cure all complaints, whether little or great, O,
 With a tunç of my brogue, and a touch of po-
 tato.
 Ach hone ! Mavrone.
 Pillaluh !

The fame of my credit in Ireland has such been,
 No senses were sound till by me they had touched
 been ;
 'Twas owned by all ranks, whether peer, cit, or
 peasant,
 None went farther before who came after at
 present.

For bother o'pothor, &c.

But vainly I hold out the light of all learning,
 Unless the small wick of the brain I'm discern-
 ing ;
 If blind then to reason, I force them to view it ;
 If I beat them not with it, I beat them into it.
 For bother o'pothor, &c.

YOUTH AND LOVE.

(Thomas Watson, 1581.)

YOUTH made a fault, through lightness of be-
 lief,

Which fond belief Love placed in my breast ;
 But now I find that reason gives relief,
 And time shows truth, and wit that's bought is
 best.

Muse not, therefore, although I change my vein,
 He runs too far which never turns again.

Henceforth my mind shall have a watchful eye,
 I'll scorn fond love, and practice of the same ;
 The wisdom of my heart shall soon descry
 Each thing that's good from what deserveth
 blame.

My song shall be,—' Fortune hath spit her spite,
 And Love can hurt no more, with all his might.'

Therefore, all you to whom my course is known,
 Think better comes, and pardon what is past ;
 I find that all my wildest oats are sown,
 And joy to see what now I see at last ;
 And since that Love was cause I trod awry,
 I here take off his bells, and let him fly.

A LONDRE I WAS A TAILOR NICE.

(O'Keefe.)

A LONDRE I was a tailor nice,
 And work for lor so gay,
 He never beat me down my price,
 But den he never pay ;
 From lor I could no money get,
 My draper would not stay,
 So, like my lor, I run in debt,
 And den I run away.

Vrd trick on card I please my lor,
 He vonder how I do't ;
 And ladies all my skill adore,
 Ven cock in glass I shoot.
 De British guinea I command,
 My pocket to recruit ;
 I shirt it off by slight of hand,
 Shift off by slight of foot.

THE MASON'S WISH.

COME, all ye smiling throng,
 Swell sacred friendship's song
 With joyful strains ;
 Loud let the trumpet sound,
 Till the glad domes rebound,
 With ev'ry virtue crowned,
 Our grand master reigns.

Proud of our noble head,
 Brethren! let's hail our guide,
 On virtue's throne ;

We peace and cordial love,
 And noblest joys shall prove,
 Glad, like the blest above,
 With friendship's crown.

Let Pharisaic pride
 With party rage preside
 O'er their vile train ;
 Bound in each sacred tie,
 Concord and unity,
 Brethren, their arts defy,
 With just disdain.

May friendship's lasting fire
 Our kindred breasts inspire
 With heavenly fame ;
 May all the nations round,
 In stable virtue bound,
 Revere, in concord's sound,
 The starry frame.

I NE'ER LOVED MY JOE FOR THE LUCRE OF GAIN.

(Dibdin.)

FOR I am the girl that was made for my Joe,
 And Joe is the lad that was modelled for me ;
 Our tempers agree ;
 And all the world over with him I would go,
 And work late or early, nor think it a pain ;
 For I ne'er loved my Joe for the lucre of gain.

If so be, by good chance, such a fortunate thing
 Was to happen for me to be crowned a queen ;
 'Twould quickly be seen,
 If they did not consent to make Joey a king,
 That for Bet they might get who they would for
 to reign,
 For I ne'er loved my Joe for the lucre of gain.

O'Connor, he in the *peu aches* that plies ;
 Ap Shenkin, the Welshman, M'Pherson, the
 Sect,
 For his sake went to pot :
 Nay, though many a girl would have thought him
 a prize,
 I refused a Jew broker from Petticoat-lane,
 For I ne'er loved my Joe for the lucre of gain.

ON, ON, TO THE CHASE.

ON, on, to the chase! for the bugle is sounding,
 The wild deer is started, and flies like the wind,
 Over brushwood and brake, with fleet foot he is
 bounding,
 Mocking huntsmen and hound, who toil, panting,
 behind.

He has cleared the dark forest, the branches still
 quiver,
 Where his wide-spreading antlers have tossed
 them aside ;
 And the foam is yet white on the brink of the
 river,
 Where, desp'rate and madd'ned, he ploughed
 in the tide.

But, alas! noble victim! thy spirit is failing,
 Thy struggle for life and for freedom is vain ;
 Thy courage, thy swiftness, thy strength unavail-
 ing,
 Thou never shall bound through these forests
 again.

OH! LIGHT AND JOYOUS WAS THE DAY.

A DUET.

(Birch.)

She.—OH! light and joyous was the day
When first I put to sea;
I packed up all, and trudged away,
As trim as trim could be;
'To pipe all hands, when, shrill and clear,
The boatswain's whistle blew;
Sweet was the music to my ear,
It brought me nigh to you.

He.—The hoarse command,—the look severe,

She.—With transport I obeyed,

He.—Nor word, nor look, nor woman's fear,

She.—Thy Fanny once betrayed.

He.—And was it joy, when shrill and clear,
'The boatswain's whistle blew?

She.—Sweet was the music to my ear,
It brought me nigh to you;
And many a wearied night I crept,
Where none my birth could know,
And peaceful in the maintop slept,
While you kept watch below.

He.—And then at morn, so shrill and clear, &c.

Both.—How danced the jocund heart to hear,
The merry can go round;
To wives on shore, and sweethearts dear,
When yours so soon was found.
And, oh! what joy, when shrill and clear,
The boatswain's whistle blew;
Sweet was the music to my ear,
It brought me nigh to you.

WHAT THOUGH 'TIS TRUE I'VE TALKED
OF LOVE.

(Theodore Hook.)

WHAT though 'tis true I've talked of love,
And other beauties idly strove,
My heart to free from Rosa's chain,
Unbroke the golden links remain,
Entwined round ev'ry part.

For if another's charms I praised,
Those charms some fond remembrance raised,
Perhaps 'twas not her tresses flowing,
Dimpled cheek, or blushes glowing;
Oh! no; 'twas Rosa's lip, or Rosa's eye,
'Twas Rosa's self that caused the sigh,
Still Rosa ruled my heart.

I own, betrayed by youth or wine,
I've sworn a face or form divine,
Or when some witching syren sung,
My yielding soul bewildered hung,
Enraptured with her art.

But soon the feeble spell was gone,
Some faint resemblance raised alone,
Could tones less sweet, and looks less smiling,
Long delude my sense beguiling:
Oh! no; 'twas Rosa's voice, or Rosa's glance,
'Twas Rosa's self that caused the trance,
And touched my conscious heart.

JOHN BULL IS HIS NAME.

WHILST some of the ancients are lavish in praise,
And boast what great characters brightened their
days,
I'll sing you a man not unnoticed by fame,
That shall rival them all, and John Bull is his
name.

His pasture, brave fellow, is liberty's field,
Fenced round by religion, impregnable shield!
Of conscience and rights, he's so fully aware,
That his motto must strike you, 'tis 'touch them
who dare.'

Constitution his collar, *just laws* his gold chain,
Which, by magic elastic, extends o'er the main:
Where, in grand amphitheatres of wood, his dread
roar,
Spreads terror or stillness on every shore.

His patience and power have often been tried,
The first does him honour, the last is his pride;
Yet so gen'rous his nature, all inj'ry he scorns,
But wo to the man that dares play with his horns.

Should a foe again venture to come within reach
Of John, as he rambles along the green beach,
I'd lay a round wager, one hundred to ten,
That he'll never say, '*parlez vous Francois*' again.

So now, brother Britons, let's cheerfully sing
Long life to *John Bull*, and his keeper, the *King*,
Nor forget the good lady, *Old England*, their mo-
ther,
For sure the whole world can't produce such an-
other.

WATERLOO;
OR, LOVELY FANNY.
(Upton.)

"AH, me!" the lovely Fanny cried,
"This wond'rous fight spreads far and wide!
And yet, I fain would ask of you,
What does it mean by *Waterloo*?"

"Dear girl," the list'ning lover said,
"It means bright honour's deathless bed!
That bed where English valour show
Its matchless deeds at *Waterloo*."

"Indeed!" cried Fanny, "is it so?
Well, that is all I wished to know;
And yet, I'll tell you, frank and free,
A *softer bed* more pleases me."

The smile that played in Fanny's eye!
The wish that breathed in Fanny's sigh!
Yes, dear one! told like the fond dove,
All, all must yield to conquering love!

I'VE SAUNTERED AT A MASQUERADE.

(Pearce.)

To lessen my dismay,
And chase away thoughts melancholic,
I'll strive to fancy this array;
'Twas put on merely in a frolic;
Just as, when youthful spirits swayed,
I've sauntered at a masquerade:—
"How do ye?" "How d'ye do?"
"Ah, I know you."

While here was whisp'ring, there was vapouring,
Toying, ogling, fiddling, capering.

I've viewed, amidst the scene,
Mamma and miss their conquests shaping;
Miss striving to appear eighteen,
Mamma a girlish manner aping;
Here charmed the dame—there miss would win,
And both appeared each other's twin.

"How do ye?" &c.

'TIS JUST THE TIME FOR LOVERS.

Air " *Oh, come to me when Daylight sets.*"

(S. Holland.)

THE moon, with rising glory bright,
A beauteous scene discovers;
Oh! 'tis a sweet, a charming sight,
'Tis just the time for lovers.
Then, beauteous Ellen! why delay
To range the flowery grove?
I have a thousand things to say
As arm-in-arm we rove.

The moon, &c.

Say, shall we rather climb the hill
And trace the source of Dee,
Or bend our footsteps to the mill
Where first I met with thee?
Or shall we seek the winding vale,
And join the village youth,
Where oft we've heard the nightingale,
And vowed eternal truth?

The moon, &c.

Or will yourself direct the way,
As chance or choice decrees;
For, blest with you, where'er I stray,
Each scene is sure to please!
I'll stay with you both day and night,
And, when the sun goes down,
My Ellen's eyes, that shine so bright,
Will cheer of night the gloom.

The moon, &c.

THE JOYS OF THE TOWN;

OR, ADIEU TO ALL VILLAGE DELIGHTS.

(C. Jones.)

THOUGH village delights may charm for a time,
With hunting, with cricket, with trap-ball, and
such,
The joys of a ramble in London are prime,
And never can tire or trouble us much.
'Tis a life of variety, frolic, and fun;
Rove which way you will, right or left, up or
down;
All night by the gas, and all day by the sun,
Sure no joys can compare with the joys of the
town.

For gaiety, splendour, for fashion, and game,
For fighting, for writing, dress, gammon, and
glee,
No place upon earth has for these such a name,
And the gay London lads are alive to a spree.
Then, the lasses are pretty and kind in each
street,
Whose features but seldom are tempted to
frown;

Since pleasures abundant each moment you meet,
Sure no joys can compare with the joys of the
town.

The bloods of the east, and the blades of the
west,
Are *up, down,* and *awake,* wheresoever they
roam;

And then frolicsome *rows* they will seldom forsake,
Till, *long wanted,* at last they find out they *must*
come.

Even then, in the Bench, with a bottle and friend,
All sorrow and care (though in prison) they
drown;

And although of a London life this be the end,
Sure no joys can compare with the joys of the
town.

ABOARD OF MY TRUE LOVE'S SHIP
I'LL GO.

(E. Ball.)

ABOARD of my true love's ship I'll go,
And brave each blowing gale;
I'll splice, I'll tack, I'll reef, I'll tow,
And hawl, with him, the sail:
In jacket blue,
And trousers, too,
With him I'll cruise afar,
There shall not be a smarter chap
Aboard of a man of war.

SPOKEN.] Yo, ho, heave away that lead! pass
the gasket there! up top-gallants, I cry; yo, ho,
heave O! &c.

Whate'er his perils, each I'll share,
Ashore or on the wave;
Oh, yes, for one who is my dear,
The stormy seas I'll brave.
In jacket blue, &c.

DELIVER, SIR, DELIVER

A PARODY.

Air—" *Remember, Love, remember!*"

(L. W. K.)

'Twas ten o'clock, one pitch-dark night,
As the rain in torrents fell,
I rode along, in dripping plight,
I've cause to remember well!
When soon the trampling of a horse
Told me 'twas time to hide my purse;
When these dread words assailed my ear,
"I'll blow your brains out far and near!"
Deliver, sir, deliver!"

I'd won fifty pounds 'pon the fight
Betwixt *Wallace* and the *dogs!*
My wager gave me great delight,
As from Warwick along I jogs.
This thief he dodged me, till he knew
He could, undisturbed, his plan pursue;
So then, with pistol at my head,
"That fifty pounds!" terrific, said;
"Deliver, sir, deliver!"

And did I heed a hint so plain:
Oh, yes, I did it, to my cost,
For to argue I saw 'twas vain,
Or my life would soon be lost.
I quickly gave him all I had;
To London hastened, sore and sad,
And to my spouse my mishap told:
"A robber said, your purse of gold
Deliver, sir, deliver!"

O, WERT THOU, LOVE, BUT NEAR ME

Air—" *O, let me in this ae Night.*"—(Burns.)

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here,
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
At which I must repine, love!
O, wert thou, love, but near me,
But near, near, near me,
How kindly thou would'st cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love.

Around me scowls a wintry sky
That blasts each bud of hope and joy,
And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in those arms of thine, love.
O, wert thou, love, &c

Cold, altered, friendship's cruel part,
To poison Fortune's ruthless dart,
Let me not break thy faithful heart
And say that fate was mine, love.
O, wert thou, love, &c.

But, dreary though the moments fleet
O, let me think we yet shall meet,
That only ray of solace sweet,
Can on thy Chloris shine, love.
O, wert thou, love, &c.

ALL I WANT IS MY QUANTUM OF GROG.

WHEN, on-board of the Hector, I first went to sea,
How the boatswain did grumble and flog;
I swore then no longer a sailor I'd be
Till they served my allowance of grog,
It was then rough or fair, safe moored or at sea,
Going large from the land, or close under the lee,
For to reef or to steer,
Or to tack or to wear,
Up the hatchway I'd merrily jog,
While, to moisten my eye,
Mister Purser, says I,
Pray, where's my allowance of grog?

Once, sick of a fever, a whole week I lay,
From my hammock I hardly could jog,
Just like some old junk, they had stowed me
away,
And stopped my allowance of grog.
Keep her full, says I, boy, or you're taken a-back,
And the sharks will be making a meal of poor
Jack.

For the doctor's mate said
He was sure I was dead,
Till I called him an impudent dog;
Hard-a-starboard, says I,
You lubber, you lie,
All I want is my quantum of grog.

THE RIGHTS OF ELECTION FOR EVER!

WHEN I was at home, in my father's snug dwell-
ing,
Three lovers had I all my favour to sue;
The world of the joys of election were telling,
Thinks I, I'll e'en make an election here, too.
The first of my swains was proposed by my father,
Because he was rich, and had plenty of pelf;
My dame proposed one, but the one I liked rather
Was him, independent, who offered himself.
For, high and low, no influence we know;
The rights of election for ever!

I fixed on a day when, their claims all advancing,
My choice might be known, as my conscience
spoke true;
A great show of hands Henry's favour enhancing,
A poll was demanded for t'other sad two.
The first talked of gold, and his bags of fine gui-
neas,
The second descended from some lordly tribes,
But I cried them both down, and called out with
the ninnies
Who suffer themselves to be bartered for bribes.
For high and low, &c.

At the close of the poll, when the votes were all
reckoned,
The numbers stood thus on each candidate's
part;
The first had my right hand, my left had the se-
cond,
But Henry alone had a vote for my heart.

'Twas a spot that returned him, because it approved
him,
Let scrutiny come, it will place him more high;
The man of my choice, I have tried him and
proved him,
His favours I'll wear, ne'er to change till I
die.
For high and low, &c.

THE SLAVE AUCTIONEER.

COME, ladies and gentlemen, here you shall see
A cargo of slaves, that's just landed from sea;
They'll please you full well, if I do not mistake,
Or I of my voyage no profit shall make,
My hammer shall set them a-going, a-going.
I've a noble collection as ever was seen,
And some, that in all parts of Europe have been,
I've French, and I've English, Italian, and Dutch,
To collect them together has troubled me much;
My hammer shall set them a-going, a-going.
I've beaux for the ladies, and belles for the men,
Such beauties you'll never fix eyes on again,
They're youthful and charming, to please every
mind,
And then to their owners, I hope, they'll prove
kind;
My hammer shall set them a-going, a-going.
The catalogue tells you their name and their sta-
tion,
By whom they were ta'en, likewise from what na-
tion,
Bid with spirit, ye buyers, nought venture, nought
win,
For this moment, my friends, I the sale will begin;
My hammer shall set them a-going, a-going.

THE MOONLIGHT SERENADE.

(T. W. Kelly.)

OH! come, my love, oh! come to me,
And share the sweet tranquillity
That evening's sober hues inspire
In hearts that feel ecstatic fire.
Oh! what is there in halls of pride,
Worth one delicious moment here;
Where Nature slumbers sanctified,
And passion pauses to revere?
Come, then, my dearest, come to me,
And hear the vows I'll breathe to thee,
Until yon lamp of night shall fade,
And nature wear a deeper shade;
No envious scowl, no cynic eye,
Shall on our secret haunt intrude;
But birds shall sweetly linger nigh,
To learn of us the loving mood.

MARIAN'S MY LILY, AND FLORA'S MY
ROSE.

(C. Dibdin.)

WHEN first I saw Flora, so sprightly and bloom-
ing,
She enamoured my fancy, devoid of all art;
Then Marian, the gentle, soft, sweet, unassuming
Appeared, and with Flora divided my heart.
My posy of love two sweet flow'rets compose,
For Marian's my lily, and Flora my rose.
How happy with Marian could I be united!
Yet, to part with sweet Flora! ah! could I con-
sent?

And, if with her hand my love Flora requited,
The thoughts of dear Marian might banish content.

My posy of love only wounds my repose,
I pine for the lily, and droop for the rose.

So my mind to declare still embarrassed I tarry,
How can I ask one while enamoured of both?
Then weave me a cypress, for ne'er can I marry,
For the tongue that would falter must ne'er
take the oath.

My posy of love can but anguish disclose,
Adieu to the lily! farewell to the rose!

PLEASURE'S LIKE THE FLOWER.

(Reynolds.)

WHEN in the world my days I past,
All shone so bright and pleasant;
I felt so sure that joy would last,
I wasted moments present.
Pleasure's like the flower,
Frail and fleeting ever;
Now it decks the bower,
Now 'tis gone for ever!

Yet, now immersed in gloomy shrine
Should ought shine bright and pleasant,
At folly past I'll not repine,
But bless the moments present.
Pleasure's like the flower, &c

THERE WAS A KING IN THULE.

[Translated from Goëthe's Faustus.]

(Lord F. L. Gower.)

THERE was a king in Thule,
Was constant to the grave;
And she who loved him truly
A goblet to him gave.

Alike the old man cherished
Her memory and the cup;
And oft, to her who perished,
He filled and drank it up.

Ere death had closed his pleasures,
The states he summoned all,
And portioned out his treasures,
The goblet not withal.

With all his knights before him,
He feasted royally,
In the hall of those who bore him,
In his castle by the sea.

With closing life's emotion,
He bade the goblet flow,
Then plunged it in the ocean,
A hundred fathom low.

He saw it filling, drinking,
And the calm sea closing o'er;
His eyes the while were sinking,
No drop he e'er drank more.

ROSES ARE SWEET. BUT SWEET ROSES
WILL FADE!

(Arnold.)

OH! ROSES are sweet on the beds where they
grow,

Fresh spangled with dews of the morn;
On Nature's kind bosom in safety they glow,
Protected by many a thorn.

There awhile in full richness exists the sweet
flower,

'Till its fast falling leaves drop around;

There soon of the charms of the pride of the
bower,

There's nought but the thorns can be found.
Ah! roses are sweet, but sweet roses will
fade!

So fares it with beauty in life's early prime,
When armed with stern rigour the breast;
It blooms in cold pride, fresh and sweet for a
time,

Then sinks into age still unblest!
Beware, then, ye maids, with too cautious an
art,

How you guard your soft breast from love's
woes,
Lest apathy spreading like thorns round your
heart,

You at last drop alone, like the rose;
For roses are sweet, but sweet roses will
fade!

TO THE DRUM-HEAD REPAIR;

OR, BEATING UP FOR RECRUITS.

(Dibdin.)

COME all ye gemmen volunteers,
In glory who would share;
And leaving with your wives your fears,
To the drum-head repair.

Or to the noble Sergeant Pike,
Come, come without delay,
You'll enter into present pay,
Come, come the bargain strike;
A golden guinea and a crown,
Besides, the Lord knows what renown,
His Majesty's the donor;

And, if you die,
Why, then, you lie
Stretched on the bed of honour.

Does any 'prentice work too hard,
Fine clothes would any wear?
Would any one his wife discard?
To the drum-head repair.

Or to the noble, &c.

Is your estate put out to nurse?
Are you a cast-off peer?
Have you no money in your purse?
To the drum-head repair.

Or to the noble, &c.

FILL THE BOWL,—TO WOMAN FILI.

OH! tell me not there's joy on earth,
Where woman is not found!

Oh! tell me not the soul of mirth
In rapture beams around,
Except where lovely woman gives
Her soft bewitching wile,

When all around the board there lives
The sunshine of her smile.

Then fill the bowl,—to woman fill!

The sparkling goblet up;
With raptured soul we'll quaff the wine,
And bless the hallowed cup.

There's not a charm,—a social bliss,—

But what with her we share;
And trouble, fair one! even this,
From thee we learn to bear.

For 'tis upon thy gentle breast,
We pillow all our fears;
And, as the beams on ocean rest,
Thy smile comes o'er our tears.

Then, fill the bowl, &c.



There is flocking and knocking at this and that door, with *beauty vote-begging*, that ne'er begged before;
There is *howling and scraping*, the flats to cajole, and some without heads at the head of the poll!

ELECTIONS FOR EVER.

Air—"Roast Beef of Old England."—(Upton.)

COME, come, look about, there is no time to lose,
The elections are now on to pick and to choose;
Dear women, make ready for favours and blisses,
There are lips waiting for ye, and pregnant with kisses!

Huzza! huzza! elections,—
Elections for ever, huzza!

There are men looking upwards, and men looking down,
And some on the tremble in country and town:
There are candidates pliant, and turning about,
And some (heaven help them!) most sure to turn out!

Huzza! huzza! &c.

There is clapping and shouting, both in doors and out,
Some mouths à-la-Liston, and some on the pout;
There is whooping and stooping at bribery's call,
With, "humbugs for ever," chalked up on each wall.

Huzza! huzza! &c.

There are petticoat-sergeants and petticoat-laws,
With greedy committees in this and that cause;
There is breaking of windows and making amends,
With friends turned enemies,—enemies friends!

Huzza! huzza! &c.

There is speaking and preaching from little and great,
With butchers and bakers to botch up the state!
There is hoaxing and coaxing to bring up the votes,
With pairing, and swearing, and turning of coats.

Huzza! huzza! &c.

There is posting and prancing from morning to night,
Some alert on the canvass, and some in a fight!

There are some for the mole-boys, and some for the crown,
Some rascals knocked up, and some bullies knocked down!

Huzza! huzza! &c.

There is flocking and knocking at this and that door,

With *beauty vote-begging*, that ne'er begged before:
There is *howling and scraping*, the flats to cajole,
And some without heads at the head of the poll!

Huzza! huzza! &c.

There are lispers and whispers of seats bought and sold,

Yet selling their maker and freedom for gold!
There is howling and growling 'bout taxes and ills,
With psalm-singing saints taking perjury's pills.

Huzza! huzza! &c.

There are worthy electors and creatures of note,
Getting out of the way till convenient to vote:
There is rolling in kennels, confusion, and noise,
With noses of blood from the liberty-boys.

Huzza! huzza! &c.

There are houses kept open for voters of spunk,
Such eating and drinking, and times to get drunk:
There is tag-rag and bob-tail, with ribbons arrayed.
With bills running up, that will never be paid.

Huzza! huzza! &c.

In short, having run through the hubbub breeze,
And settled who shall and shall not be M.P.'s,
The charring will follow, with smiling and bowing,
A little more gab and a little more rowing.

Huzza! huzza! &c.

At length, in the house they'll be taking their seats,
And then for their promises, virtues, and feats:
But Time's telling mirror will hold up to view,
What good deeds or bad ones their honours will do.

Huzza! huzza! &c.

MEMORY—THOU BANE OR BLESSING.

(Beazley.)

MEMORY—thou bane or blessing,
As our path of life is crossed,—
A bliss—while blisses still possessing,
A bane—when happiness is lost.

Deep in her tablets, misery
Is writ with steady hand ;
But, ah! our pleasures—Memory
But traces in the sand.

The sweets of love, the joys of youth,
The bloom of health, and Beauty's power,
And manly faith, and maiden truth,
Live in memory but an hour.

But Hatred, with her frowning brow,
And falsehoods, that the truest sever,
The heart-ache, or a moment's wo,
In memory live for ever.

KING HARRY, AND HIS SIX WIVES!

Air—"Madam Fig's Gala."—(W. I. P.)

'Tis a comical ditty I sing,
The blue devils hoping to parry,
My subject, I swear, is a king,
And he is the eighth English Harry :
His temper was terrible hot,
As honest historians tell ye,
And he tempered his clay with a pot,
Which accounts for his royal pot-belly!
Rum ti idity, &c.

Soon he married (to dry up her tears)
The widow of Arthur, his brother ;
They cuddled and kicked eighteen years,
When he had his eye on another :
Nanny Boleyn, beyond all dispute,
Her lips were like cherries pretty,
And he, longing long for such fruit,
Begg'd the *Pope* to divorce his queen *Kitty*.
Rum ti idity, &c.

Mister Pope would not do that, that's flat,
And a great flat he was, too, I fancy,
For Hal married, and turned out queen Kate,
And turned into her place lady Nancy ;
Then the *Pope* he shook off, who, numskull,
Sent a *bull*, to make bold Harry bow, sir,
But what for his *bull* cared *John Bull*,
Whom no *bull* nor *bully* could cow, sir.
Rum ti idity, &c.

Well, his majesty loved his new dear
As any old miser his guinea,
But jealous he was, and severe,
And Nancy would oft play the ninny ;
He, at last, caught her playing, 'tis said,
At kiss-in-the-ring with some soldiers,
So he first took the crown from her head,
And then took her head from her shoulders.
Rum ti idity, &c.

Then, a third and fourth wife had their day,
And a fifth tied the knot with this madman,
But she wanted to have her own way,
And, when bridled, she called him a bad man ;
Her bad words gave the king a bad shock,
And he mourned that good wives were uncom-
mon,

When he once again thought of the block,
Where they chopped her—into a good woman.
Rum ti idity, &c.

Yes, a sixth did this *gray Bluebeard* get,
With a tongue in length full three miles German,
And she preached him a long sermonet,
That had near been her funeral sermon ;

For he ordered her off to a jail,
Next to grace Tower-hill was her dread, sir ;
But, however, to save a long tale,
The king died, and this queen saved her head,
sir.

Rum ti idity, &c.

HAIL, FAITHFUL PAIR! YOUR WOES ARE ENDED.

(I. R. Planche.)

[Music, Baron Von Weber.]

RECITATIVE.

HAIL, faithful pair! your woes are ended :
Your friend, in turn, you have befriended :
His pledge redeemed by you hath been :
Again, in love, he clasps his fairy queen!

AIR.

Swift as the lightning's glance,
Brave knight, behold, I bring
Thee and thine to thy native France
And the palace of thy king.
Kneel at his feet with the bride thou hast won ;
Europe shall ring with the deed thou hast done :
Now for ever I break the spell
With the grateful fairy's last farewell!

RECITATIVE.

Behold! obedient to the oath he swore,
Huon is kneeling at thy feet once more ;
For, by the help of heaven, his hand hath done
The daring deed, and from the caliph won
This lovely maid,—by ev'ry peril tried,
The heiress of his throne, and now thy vassal's
bride.

CHORUS.

Hail to the knight with his own good brand
Who hath won a fair bride from the Saracen's
hand!
Hail to the maiden who, over the sea,
Hath followed her champion so faithfully!
By bards yet unborn oft the tale shall be told
Of Reiza the lovely and Huon the bold

MY BIRD OF TRUE GAME AND MY BOTTLE OF PORT.

(Captain Morris.)

A PLAGUE on those mortals whom demons bewitch,

To starve themselves living in hopes to die rich,
Here goes the last guinea, I change it with glee,
For my bottle and bird have more raptures for me :
This takes away hunger, the other conspires
To warm me for Phillis with matchless desires ;
Then give me, ye gods, while existence I court,
My bird of true game and my bottle of port.

When the time calls to lead up the dog and the
gun,
To the stubble, at day-break, with Dido I run ;
There springs the brown covey, and round as they
fly,

With an aim ever fatal bring down a supply.
Returning, if chance throws a friend in my way,
We talk of the pleasures and toils of the day ;
Then I press him, sincere, to partake of my sport,
My delicate bird and my bottle of port.

'Tis wine, rosy wine, gives new comforts to men ;
Anacreon looked plump at a hundred and ten ;
With the muse he could sport as the landscape he
trod,
And compose his sweet lays with the soul of the
god.

This theme, still delightful and pleasing to me
As the sweets of the spring to the taste of the bee;
Like the rosy-browed bard, let me constantly sport
O'er the bird of true game and my bottle of port.

//////
AH, WHAT DOES IT AVAIL NOW.

(Soane.)

[Music, Goulding and Co. Soho-square.]

AH! what does it avail me now
That Persia's crown has gemmed my brow?
Or that my conquering banner waves
O'er nations proud to be my slaves?
My sceptre gives me not again
The sister I lament in vain.

I deemed no shadow e'er could fling
Its numbing influence o'er a king;
I deemed my iron breast-plate good
It had a thousand shafts withstood;
But sorrow strikes, and steel is vain,—
My sister, we meet not again!

But he shall die the death of shame—
I swear it by the prophet's name!
Though in his veins the noblest blood
Of Persia rolled its generous flood.
But he shall die: or may I be
A thing more base, more loathed than he.

//////
PYE-HOUSE ORGIES;

A MOCK ITALIAN SONG.

(Upton.)

Now will I charm ye with the rory-tory,
In strains sublime, from Yarman Handclory.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain, O,
First laughed, then cried, then laughed and
cried again, O!

At last Cecilia came, with notes divino,
And sang a song—encore her, very fine, O!
Pye-house orgies, pye-house airs,
Moore, of Moore-Hall, 's gone to prayers!

O, had I Jubal's lyre, or Miriam's tuneful voice,
I'd dance the rope or wive, and love should be my
choice:

Then I can chant the soft Italiano!
In double bass, or lullaby piano!
Che faro in questo dio,
Quel che in giusto mio!

Soft and pleasing, then I futuro
In cadenza sestenuto!
Then the tickling staccato,
With the pretty pizzicato;
My notes shall quickly passo,
From baratona to basso!

Pino pianissimo diminuendo,
Mezzo, forte, and crescendo!
Roaring carissimo!
Forte, fortissimo!
Bravo, bravissimo!
O, bravi, bravi, bravo!

//////
THE PLEASURES OF ARCHERY, FREE-
DOM, AND LOVE.

THRICE welcome, ye fair, who attend at our
call,

Ye cricketers, welcome, stout archers, and all;
Diana herself, were she here, might improve
In the pleasures of archery, freedom, and love.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Our bowmen, so true, make their target re-
sound,
Well pleased that no anguish results from the
wound;

Strong in power to destroy, yet mild as the dove,
They contend but in archery, freedom, and love.
Derry down, &c.

Our union society wish to be free,
Yet, chaste in our freedom, no rebels are we;
All contempt of our rules, we are free to reprove,
For our motto is archery, freedom, and love.
Derry down, &c.

As for love, whilst we see so much beauty and
grace,
The cunning rogue Cupid must here find a place;
Should he challenge our bowmen his arrows to
prove,
They'll not shrink from archery, freedom, and
love.

Derry down, &c.

Then may mirth and good fellowship ever attend
Our union society, world without end;
That, when we are called to the regions above,
Our sons may toast archery, freedom, and love.
Derry down, &c.

//////
SAILORS WERE BORN FOR ALL
WEATHERS.

(Dibdin.)

I SAILED from the Downs in the Nancy,
My jib how she smacked through the breeze,
She's a vessel as tight to my fancy
As ever sailed on the salt seas.

So adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,
Our girls, and our dear native shore,
For if some hard rock we should split on,
We ne'er should see them any more.
But sailors were born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow high, blow low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

When we entered the gut of Gibraltar,
I verily thought she'd have sunk,
For the wind so began for to alter,
She yawed just as thof she was drunk.
The squall tore the mainsail to shivers,
Helm-a-weather, the hoarse boatswain cries,
Brace the foresail athwart, see she quivers,
As before the rough tempest the flies.
But sailors were born, &c.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
As black just as pitch was the sky,
When truly a doleful disaster,
Befel three poor sailors and I;
Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handsail,
By a blast that came furious and hard,
Just while we were furling the mainsail,
Were every soul swept from the yard.
But sailors were born, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick cried peccavi,
As for I, at the risk of my neck,
While they sunk down in peace to old Davy,
Caught a rope, and so landed on deck.
Well, what would you have, we were stranded,
And out of a fine jolly crew
Of three hundred that sailed, never landed,
But I, and I think twenty-two.
But sailors were born, &c.

After thus we at sea had miscarried,
Another guess way sat the wind,
For to England I came, and got married
To a lass that was comely and kind;

But, whether from joy or vexation,
 We know not for what we were born,
 Perhaps I may find a kind station,
 Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.
 But sailors were born, &c.

YES! I WILL LEAVE THE FESTIVE
 SCENE.

[Music, Mayhew and Co. 17, Old Bond-street.]

YES! I will leave the festive scene,
 The gay and courtly throng,
 To wander through the forest green,
 And listen to thy song.

The waters like a mirror seem,
 For every beaming star;
 Then haste to yonder silent stream,
 And strike the light guitar.

And when thou tellest of one whose tears
 Were shed for her true knight,
 Bethink thee of thy maiden fears,
 When thou wert in the fight.

Nor longer brave the battle-plain,
 Nor roam from me afar,
 But sing hope, long-forgotten strain,
 And strike the light guitar.

ASCOT RACES.

WITH spirits, then, Dickey mounts, since all are
 in their places,

So gaily drest in Sunday's best, dash off for Ascot
 races;

Yet, ere I go, I think I'll show we're but the
 fashion gracing,

For high and low, and belle and beau, and all the
 world are racing.

Some run the right road, some the wrong,
 Some crooked, and some level;

The parson races to the sky,
 The lawyer to the devil!

Young ladies race after dress, their lovers, and
 the fashion,

Young men they race after them, and often madly
 dash on;

The buck runs after curricles, low waist, and high
 shirt-collars,

The tailor races after him, and soon the bailiff
 follows.

Some men race after health,
 Some after pleasures funny;

While other men race after fame,
 But all race after money.

The doctor races after fees, in very many cases,
 And death, and Mr. Sexton, always after doctor
 races.

The British soldiers race the foe, who always run
 before them,

And singers often run away for the audience to
 encore 'em.

Then, to the races now I'll race,
 Zounds! I've no brains about me;

For, while that I've been singing here,
 They have raced without me.

HASTE, GALLANT KNIGHT! OH, HASTE
 AND SAVE!

(I. R. Planche.)

[Music, Baron Von Weber.]

RECITATIVE.

HASTE, gallant knight! Oh, haste and save
 Thy Reiza from the yawning grave!

For round this hand the worm shall twine,
 Ere linked in other grasp than thine!

AIR.

Yes,—my lord!—my joy!—my blessing!

Reiza lives for thee alone!

On this heart his signet pressing,

Love hath claimed it for thine own!

Yes, its core thine image beareth,

There it must for ever burn,

Like the spot the tulip weareth

Deep within its dewy urn!

THE SOLDIER'S GLEE.

(Beazley.)

WE soldiers think

That the deeper we drink,

Our duty we do more gaily,—

So, for duty's sake,

Full three measures we take

Of the cyprus vintage daily.

Oh! that a bowl for us may smile,
 As deep as the overflowing Nile!

Mahomet never its virtues saw,

When wine he could dream of scoring;

But it is likely he made the law,

When he rose from bed

With an aching head,

Which he laid to his wine in the morning.

THE ELECTION FOR A WIFE;

OR, THE BOROUGH OF HYMEN.

DEAR ladies, I'm come, and a candidate, too,

To ask for your votes and applause;

And, should my election be carried through you,

Believe me, I'll die in your cause.

Then this I must mention, quite single am I,

A bachelor, wanting a wife;

Oh, yes! but would change my condition, rely—

And make an election for life.

For of all the elections gone by, or to be,

O the borough of Hymen, dear ladies, for me.

Though others may rail against conjugal chains,

For such I've no pity or care;

Poor devils, at best, they but addle their brains,

And know not the charms of the fair.

My thesis is love, and sweet women my pride,

And one as a wife would possess;

Come, then, lovely creature, and vote on my
 side,

And my life shall be yours, I profess.

For of all the elections, &c.

Though single to-day, come and poll, one an
 all,

And double my state ere it's long;

And down at your feet I will gratefully fall,

And make you the theme of my song.

Poor bachelors! how I detest e'en the name,

What are they but lumber through life?

Live lumber, at which all the women cry 'shame!

Then give me, oh, give me a wife!

For of all the elections, &c.

NANNY AND COLIN.

Air—"Roslin Castle."—(R. Hewit)

'Twas in the season of the year

When all things gay and sweet appear

That Colin, with the morning ray,

Arose, and sung his rural rav:

Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
And echoed back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring
With rapture warms, awake and sing;
Awake, and join the vocal throng,
And hail the morning with a song;
To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
O! bid her haste, and come away;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O! hark, my love, on every spray,
Each feathered warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravished throng,
And love inspires the melting song;
Then let my ravished notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O, come away;
Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine;
O, hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty, blooming like the spring;
Those graces, that divinely shine,
And charm this ravished heart of mine.

THE ODYSSEY.

(Dibdin.)

I SING Ulysses and those chiefs, who, out of near
a million,
So luckily their bacon saved before the walls of
Ilion;

Where having taken, burnt, and sacked, that very
first of cities,
Returned in triumph, while the bards all struck
up am'rous ditties.

The Cyclops first we visited; Ulysses made him
cry out,
For he ate his mutton, drank his wine, and then
he poked his eye out.

'To fell Charybdis next; and then where yawning
Scylla grapples
Six men at once, and eats them all—just like so
many apples.

From thence we went to Circe's land, who, faith,
a girl of spunk is,
For she made us drunk, and turned us all to asses,
goats, and monkeys:

And then we went unto the land where the bulls
all play and skip so,
From whence Ulysses went alone to the island of
Calypso.

And there he kissed, and toyed, and played,—'tis
true, upon my life, sir;
But, having turned his mistress off, he's going
back to his wife, sir.

COME, ANNA, COME, THE MORNING
DAWNS.

(H. K. White.)

COME, Anna, come, the morning dawns,
Faint streaks of radiance tinge the sky;
Come, let us seek the dewy lawns,
And watch the early lark arise;
While Nature, clad in vesture gay,
Hails the loud return of day.

Our flocks, that nip the scanty blade
Upon the moor, shall seek the vale,
And then, secure, beneath the shade,
We'll listen to the throstle's tale,
And watch the silver clouds above,
As o'er the azure vault they rove.

Come, Anna, come, and bring thy lute,
That, with its tones, so softly sweet,
In cadence with my mellow flute,
We may beguile the noon-tide heat;
While near the mellow bee shall join,
To raise a harmony divine.

And then at eve, when silence reigns,
Except when heard the beetle's hum,
We'll leave the sober-tinted plains,
To these sweet heights again we'll come,
And thou to thy soft lute shall play,
A solemn vesper to departing day.

PUNCH.

(Skidmore.)

OF all the choice liquors thought most to excel,
Champagne, Claret, Burgundy, Tokay;
Good punch, in my mind, over all bears the bell,
When a man is inclined to be soaking.

But punch has more virtues than I can relate,
Its compound's an emblem of life,
Where sour, sweet, and bitter (I rail not at fate)
All blend, and yet blend without strife.

Then let us drink deep of the true British bowl,
Since punch is the liquor of man;
With punch let us wash ev'ry care from the soul,
And all make of life what we can.

MASONS, FREEMASONS FOR EVER.

Air—"The Prince and Old England for ever."
(Upton.)

BROTHER masons assembled, as masons should
be,

In worth, truth, and harmony's cause;
My song is a theme truly noble and free,
And founded on masonry's laws.
Like the sun-star of day is its lustre supreme,
A lustre no foe can destroy;
And this we'll insist on, whatever folks dream,
Our laws are the fountain of joy.
O, yes, and this fountain, so crystalline bright,
To preserve is each mason's endeavour;
And now for a toast, and a toast of delight,
Here's masons, freemasons for ever—huzza!
The lodge of freemasons for ever—huzza!
And now for a toast, and a toast of delight,
Here's masons, freemasons for ever.

From the north to the south, from the east to the
west,

Our order is known to appear;
And the plume that so gracefully blazons its crest,
To justice and mercy is dear!
Like the air that we breathe in, it bears no con-
trol,

So potent it waves for our good:
While *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity's* proud to enrol
A cause that we'll seal with our blood;
O, yes, and this order, so brilliant and bright,
No malice nor demon can sever;
And now for a toast, and a toast of delight,
Here's masons, freemasons for ever—huzza!
The lodge of freemasons, &c.

Like man bound to man in true brotherly love,
 Our lodge rears its eagle-winged head;
 And, under an *all-seeing eye* from above,
 By white-robed Benevolence led!
 Blest Charity! where doth thy stream purer flow,
 Than that which our *schools* has endowed?
 Like the hymn-charm of angels, it vanquishes wo,
 And freemasons sing it aloud:
 O, yes! and this stream, too, so noble and bright,
 No envy nor hatred can sever;
 And now for a toast, and a toast of delight,
 Here's masons, freemasons for ever—huzza!
 The lodge of freemasons, &c.

THE SAILOR'S TIME-PIPE.

(T. Dibdin.)

TIME was when first I sought employ,
 So pert, so gay, and spunky,
 Aboard a ship, a cabin-boy,
 And then a powder-monkey;
 Time was, when I, a British tar,
 Before the mast stood sightly;
 Sometimes at home, sometimes afar,
 Still time went gay and lightly:
 Sometimes I'd laugh, and drink, and sing,
 At all times loved to serve my king,
 And, fearless, 'gainst his foes advance;
 Which duty done, 'twas time to dance,
 With a fol, lol, lol, lol, lol, lol, tol, lol, lol, de rol.
 When time with down had decked my chin,
 'Twas time in love to tumble;
 But Nan, she loved "a drap of gin,"
 And then 'twas time to grumble.
 Sometimes I loved, and so did she;
 My absence then would grieve her:
 In time she turned out false to me,
 And then 'twas time to leave her:
 Yet still I'd laugh, and drink, &c.

O, WHAT JOY WHEN SLAVE REACH HOME.

(G. Colman.)

SUTTA home she fly now;
 To her hut she hie now;
 Parents' tear she dry now,
 No more to roam.
 Father, mother,
 Sister, brother,
 They will cherish slave come home.
 Captive when they make us,
 Joy and hope forsake us;
 From all dear they take us,
 Far, far to roam!
 Then we languish,
 Toil in anguish,
 Till slave perish far from home.
 Massa kind and tender;
 Sutta he befriend her;
 To her hut he send her,
 No more to roam.
 Though me grieve, now,
 Him to leave now,
 Oh, what joy when slave reach home

GET YOU GONE, YOU SILLY SOT.

(Cumberland.)

YOU'RE a fine one, are you not,
 Thus to run a-gadding?

Get you gone, you silly sot;
 Who set you a madding?

If a man to prison goes,
 How can you defend him?
 Why should you thrust in your nose;
 Can such botchers mend him?

He that fights for fighting's sake
 Is an arrant fury:
 As he brews so let him bake,
 Leave him to his jury.

Fighting is the soldier's forte;
 Drunkards will be brawling:
 Hush, you baby:—that's your sort:
 Hark! your kitten's squalling!

HE WHO MATCHES A LAWYER HAS ONLY ONE MORE.

(C. Dibdin.)

A LAWYER, quite famous for making a bill,
 And who in good living delighted,
 To dinner one day, with a hearty good will,
 Was by a rich client invited;
 But he charged six-and-eightpence for going to dine,
 Which the client he paid, though no ninny;
 And, in turn, charged the lawyer for dinner and wine,
 One a crown and the other a guinea!
 But gossips, you know, have a saying in store,
 He who matches a lawyer has only one more.
 The lawyer he paid it, and took a receipt,
 While the client stared at him with wonder;
 But gave to his friends, with the produce, a treat,
 Though the lawyer soon made him knock under.
 That his client sold wine, information he laid,
 Without license; and, in spite of his storming,
 The client a good thumping penalty paid,
 And the lawyer got half for informing.
 But gossips, you know, &c.

TOM MOODY'S GRAVE.

HERE, beneath the cypress, pour the silent tear
 On poor Tom Moody, in the tomb below;
 Accept, dear Tom, this offering to thy bier—
 'Tis the last tribute Friendship can bestow.
 Stop, passing stranger, heave one pitying sigh
 As ye scud swiftly o'er life's boisterous wave,
 Bid kind remembrance call forth sympathy,
 And drop a tear on poor Tom Moody's grave!
 For hare or fox poor Tom would challenge any;
 His horse and hounds, well train'd, would spank
 along
 O'er the steep mountains, or marshes fenny,
 And animate the hounds' melodious song.
 If from the shades poor Tom could raise his ear,
 And once more catch the hounds' enraptured
 strain,
 He'd wish that he could join the rear,
 And long to pass his life on earth again.
 But now laid low, within this dreary gloom,
 The lot of all—the high, the low, the brave;
 Let kindred Sympathy her throne assume,
 And drop one tear on poor Tom Moody's grave.
 Alas, thy chase is o'er, relentless Death,
 Spite of the rattling hollow, thou didst crave,
 Levelled his dart—thy spirit fled aloft,
 And Tom's poor corpse lies mould'ring in this
 grave.

THE PANG OF FAREWELL!

Air—" *La ci Darem la Mano.*"—(J. W. Lake.)

[Music, T. Williams, 2, Strand.]

FORGET not the faith thou hast vowed,
 Though Fortune forget to be true;
 Remember the bosom that bowed,
 In sunshine or sorrow, to you.
 O, there is a glance of the eye,
 A look which no language can tell,
 A speech in the soul-breathing sigh,
 Which softens the pang of farewell!

The roses, in summer, are sweet,
 The lilies are lovely and fair,
 But flowers are clothed in deceit,
 For the thorn and the mildew are there.
 Then, trust not the spoiler, whose smile
 Would lure thee with magical spell,
 Nor give me that glance, to beguile,
 Which softens the pang of farewell!

THE PRESENT TIMES.

Air—" *The good old Days of Adam and Eve.*"

IN verses new, and all in rhyme, sirs,
 I wish to sing of the present times, sirs,
 When steam-boats are going, 'mid smoke and flame,
 sirs,
 And money's gone, what a burning shame, sirs,
 This is the time, for those who like it,
 'To see the soldiers and elephants fight it,
 While half the town they're pulling down, sirs,
 And the new king of France is wearing his crown,
 sirs.

Bless me, bless me, what shall I do, sirs,
 When nothing goes down but what is new, sirs.

Of all new things it's now more properer
 To talk of that singer at the Opera;
 Orpheus of old, who charmed with the flute, he
 Would be charmed if he heard Velluti;
 There's Hyde-Park-corner gone away, sirs,
 I do suppose 'twas ashamed to stay, sirs;
 I wonder the Park itself now don't stir,
 And not be blushing at that *green monster*.

Bless me, bless me, &c.

The steam is now in such good repute, sirs,
 That they're going to use it to play the flute, sirs;
 Half a century ago, or more, alas, sirs,
 There was no such thing in the world as gas, sirs;
 And then there's building all the rage, sirs,
 In this most wonderful uncommon age, sirs;
 And so, my friends, don't be surprised, now,
 If you hear of St. Paul's being raised to the skies,
 now.

Bless me, bless me, &c.

In olden times, it was the fashion
 For the ladies in hoops and satins to dash on;
 And, as they wore ruffs round their throats, sirs,
 'They looked like butts in large petticoats, sirs,
 But now, forsooth, they are more particular
 About their bodies being perpendicular,
 They wear large backs, and with big sleeves strut
 on,

And genteelly call them legs of mutton.

Bless me, bless me, &c.

New companies are so much afloat, sirs,
 That there shortly will be one for suckling goats,
 sirs;
 Besides, there's one made, by Mr. Dickens,
 Of using steam for hatching chickens:
 There's the new London-bridge and the new Vaux-
 hall, sirs,
 And then (that's not new) there's no trade at all,
 sirs;

And the dirty new roads, by Mr. M'Adam,
 That's made to splash each mister and madam.
 Bless me, bless me, &c.

But the paviers, when they make the clatter,
 Should join to the tune of stoney-batter;
 And, though the Seven Wonders have left their
 abodes, sirs,

Yet Mr. Mac's the *Colossus of Rhodes*, sirs,
 But, now I'm done, I'll away be straying,
 So not a word more I'm singing or saying;
 And, though to you I bid adieu, sirs,
 I'll go and look for something new, sirs.

Bless me, bless me, &c.

GIVE ME DEATH OR LIBERTY.

(Andrews.)

WHILST happy in my native land,
 I boast my country's charter,
 I'll never basely lend my hand
 Her liberties to barter.
 The noble mind is not 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!"

Though small the power which Fortune grants,
 And few the gifts she sends us,
 The lordly hireling often wants
 That freedom which defends us.
 By law secured from lawless strife,
 Our house is our *castellum*;
 Thus, blessed with all that's dear in life,
 For lucre shall we sell 'em?
 No: every Briton's song should be,
 "Or give me death or liberty!"

GOLD, MAGICAL GOLD.

Air—" *Home, sweet Home.*"—(L. W. K.)

IN our voyage through life how oft are we harassed
 A fam'ly to keep while deeply embarrassed,
 But when a kind patron assists us, in need,
 With gold, him we look to as our friend indeed.
 Gold, gold,
 Magical gold!

There's nothing like gold!

E'en were you not troubled with children or wife,
 Vicissitudes are ever attached to this life;
 Abroad or at home a situation you fill,
 Your salary may lose, should you take ill.

Gold, gold, &c.

Though with Fortune's reverses you've to contend,
 Ne'er curse the decrees of your heavenly friend,
 But seek Fortitude—and, when hungry and cold,
 He'll send you a friend who'll relieve you with
 gold.

Gold, gold, &c.

THE LASS HE LEFT BEHIND.

(E. Ball.)

WHEN the sails are furled and the watch set,
 And the moon shines on the silent deep,
 When landsmen o'er their cups are met,
 Or wrapt in the lazy arms of sleep,
 The faithful tar, disdaining rest,
 Consigns to every wind
 A gallant sigh from his manly breast
 For the lass he left behind.

While the level deck his feet pace,
 'Mid the silvery clouds on high
 He views his Lucy's sweet face,
 Like an angel's, beaming from the sky ;
 The fancied voice, too, greets his ear,
 Soft floating on the wind,
 And again he breathes a sailor's prayer
 For the lass he left behind.

FILL, MY FRIENDS, AND DRAIN THE RED BOWL.

(G. Soane.)

OH! wine is the child of the star of the day,
 And, like the pale moon that feeds on his light,
 It sparkles most bright when its sire is away,
 And burns like a god on the shades of night.

Oh! wine is the night's most brilliant star,
 The star that awakes love's heart-thrilling bliss,
 That stirs the fair maid to the myrtle war,
 And lights in her heart the fire of bliss.

Then fill, fill, my friends, and drain the red bowl,
 Till every eye beams like the mantling wine!
 Till the madness of love in each vein shall roll,
 And melts the soft maid, and she sighs "ever
 thine."

SOLDIER, REST! THY WARFARE O'ER.

(Sir Walter Scott.)

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
 Dream of battled fields no more,
 Days of danger, nights of waking;
 In our isle's enchanted hall,
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
 Fairy strains of music fall,
 Every sense in slumber dewing.
 Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Dream of fighting fields no more;
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
 Armour's clang, or war-steeds champing,
 Trump nor pibroch summon here,
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping;
 Yet, the lark's shrill fife may come,
 At the day-break from the fallow,
 And the bitter sound the drum,
 Booming from the bitter shallow
 Ruder sounds shall none be near;
 Guards nor warders challenge here:
 Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
 Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

HER LONELY BOWER.

(Beazley.)

FAIR Rosalind laughed in her lonely bower,
 As she read of Love—that little elf—
 And, as she read, defied his power,
 Because she never had felt it herself.
 One evening she sat by the pale moon's light,
 Enjoying the calm of that peaceful hour,
 When her pity was claimed by a wounded knight,
 And welcomed he was to her lonely bower.

She tended the knight in her lonely bower,
 With care that could not be bought by pelf;
 His wounds were cured by her healing power—
 But, ah! poor Rosalind wounded herself.

She closed the wound in his manly breast,
 But opened her own in an evil hour;
 Too soon the knight, with his lance in rest,
 Bade a long adieu to her lonely bower.

Fair Rosalind wept in her lonely bower,—
 More lonely still since he had been there;
 Each day seemed a year—each moment an hour,
 And what had been joy was turned to despair.
 On a rose her tears dropped for her slighted vows,
 When love breathed forth from the leaves of the
 flower,—

"You laughed at me once—I laugh at you now,"
 And he left the fair maid in her lonely bower.

THE SWEET AND MERRY MERRY HORN

I COURT not wealth, I court not power,
 I scorn the giddy town,
 I'd rather pass each fleeting hour
 In solitude unknown.
 Except when the merry merry horn
 Breathes forth its roundelay,
 And the smile on the blooming face of morn,
 Cheers all with a hark away.
 There's many a chase within the world,
 But we soon receive a fall,
 Down from the courser, Fame, we're hurled,
 And Sorrow's powers inhale.
 But, then, still the merry, &c.

So let me seek but health and peace,
 A fig for care and strife,
 For pleasures beauties must increase,
 In the joys of a country life.
 For there the sweet and merry, &c.

THE AUCTIONEER.

(Dibdin.)

THE auctioneer mounts, and, first hawing and hem-
 ming,
 Addresses his audience with, "Ladies and gem-
 men,
 Permit me to take on this sale a few scriptures,
 'Tis comprised of some choice allegorical pictures.
 Lot one is a portrait of Truth;—bid away;
 For Truth, la'es and gentlemen, what shall we
 say?"

SPOKEN.] Suppose we say twenty thousand
 pounds for Truth: ten thousand,—five,—one,—
 five hundred,—one hundred,—twenty guineas,—
 one guinea. Nobody put in for Truth? No lover or
 lawyer in company stand in need of a little truth?
 Any thing to begin with? Sixpence! And a half-
 penny. Thank you, sir.
 A-going, a-going, a-going; come, spirit, bid on;
 Will nobody bid more? a-going,—gone.

SPOKEN.] Set down Truth to the gentleman in
 the ragged cassoc.

Lot two—is Frugality, modest and meek;
 Mild content in her eye, the fresh rose on her
 cheek;
 The offspring of Prudence,—the parent of Health,
 Who, in Nature's scant wishes, finds Cræsus's
 wealth.

What d'ye say for Frugality, ladies? oh! fie!
 What! nobody bid! nobody? John, put Frugality
 by.

SPOKEN.] Lot three,—Dissipation. That's en-
 gaged; I could have sold them, if I had a thou-
 sand. Lot four: Crim. Con. Oh! lord, that is
 disposed of by private contract. Lot five: Fashion.
 Come, ladies, what shall we say for Fashion

Twenty thousand pounds. Thank you, ma'am.
 Twenty-five. Thirty.
 A-going, a-going; a-going; come, spirit, bid on;
 What! nobody bid more?
 Mr. Smiler, to save trouble, you may send Fashion
 to my house upon your own terms. Much obliged
 to your ladyship.—

Going,—gone.

Set down Fashion to Lady Kitty Cockahoop.

Next lot is the Cardinal Virtues. Why, John,
 Some strange metamorphose they're all undergone.
 Why Fortitude trembles, and looks like a sheep!
 While Temp'rance is tipsy! and Justice asleep!
 And as for Ma'am Prudence, she's quite in her
 airs:

Here, John, kick the Cardinal Virtues down stairs.

SPOKEN.] Let me see; what have we else?
 Conscience. Oh, lord! Honour. Worse and
 worse! a parcel of antiquated stuff. What's this?
 Anarchy! Why, John, what business has Anarchy
 here? why, I thought you knew it was sold long
 enough ago for exportation. Popularity is to be
 sent to the best bidder. Loyalty,—a hundred
 thousand pounds,—two hundred thousand,—three,
 —four,—five,—six,—seven,—eight,—a million,—
 two million,—three million—

A-going, a-going, a-going; come, courage, bid on;
 A-going, a-going,—

Ten million in five hundred places! oh! I knew
 it was utterly impossible ever to find a *single* pur-
 chaser for Loyalty,—

Going,—gone.

Set down Loyalty to the whole nation.

What remains there is little occasion to heed;
 Of honour and worth you have none of you need;
 Good humour, and frolic, and laughter so plump,
 I've sold you again and again in a lump.
 The last lot's Content, of sweet Pleasure the twin,
 Come, purchase Content, and I'll throw Pleasure
 in.

SPOKEN.] Come, ladies and gentlemen, what
 shall we say for Content? It is your interest to
 buy Content. What beauty can smile, what
 alderman guttle, without Content? I had once an
 idea of buying it in, but my content receives all
 its value from the reflection of yours: come,
 I'll take nods and smiles for money. Much obli-
 ged to you, sir: particularly favoured, ma'am:
 highly honoured, sir: you flatter me exceedingly,
 miss!

A-going, a-going, a-going; come, courage, bid on;
 A-going, a-going,—

Infinitely above the full value! I am overwhelmed
 with gratitude!

A-going,—gone.

Set down Content to the present company.

WHEN LOVE'S LIGHT WINGS BY HOPE
 ARE FANNED.

(T. W. Kelly.)

WHEN Love's light wings by hope are fanned,
 They waft the soul to fairy land;
 And there, as fancy's spirits buoy,
 We dream of endless light and joy,
 Nor feeling pain nor fearing dread,
 But lightly bound
 To music's sound,
 And perfumes all around us shed.

Ah! would such moments last for aye,
 Or never, never shed their ray
 On passion's wild and artless flower,
 For one delicious lovely hour

But mocks the lover's after doom,
 As some sweet light
 That glimmers bright
 O'er the dark entrance of a tomb.

NORRY M'CAN AND LARRY M'GEE.

(O'Brien.)

I COURTED the lasses, and toasted in glasses,
 All the dear creatures, and wished them good
 luck;

But one darling crazed me, becase she so pleased
 me,

Sweet Norry M'Can, Justice Murphy's fat cook.
 I thought she had money, I called her my honey;
 She'd give me fat bits and a sop in the pan;
 How my heart it would burn, as the spit round I'd
 turn,

All through the good nature of Norry M'Can.

They called him a devil, that never was civil,
 I found him as civil as civil could be:

Says he, our cook Norry, she swears she'll not
 marry

No man in this world but Larry M'Gee.

Och! how he caressed me, he coaxed, and he
 pressed me.

Said I, please your worship, I will be her man,
 Then, as you agree, sir, your cabin is free, sir,
 Success may attend you with Norry M'Can.

No longer I tarried, that day we were married,

And Murphy was happy to see the knot tied.
 Bad luck to the *just-ass*, he made me a cursed ass,
 And now, like the curse, faith, myself I must hide.

A funny moon passed off, said I, now I'll cast off,
 My Norry, good by, faith, I am not your man.
 From the justice get money for the christening, my
 honey,

You may go to the d——l, fat Norry M'Can.

I grasped my shellclagh, and left Tinnahela,
 From Dublin I started for fair Liverpool,
 Where Murphy can't find me, at pleasure to bind
 me,

His worship shall never make Larry his tool.

Now he can't goad me, or wantonly load me,
 My burden I've left with fat Norry M'Can.

The justice may coo it, if a todder wo'n't do it,
 And turn the spit with a sop in the pan.

THE AWKWARD RECRUIT.

BEHOLD poor Will just come from drill,

Not long ago I listed,
 I sold my cart to pay the smart,

But money they resisted,
 I don't know what will be my lot,

But think it mighty odd, sir,
 That they should pop a lad like I
 Among their awkward squad, sir.

I wish I was at home again,
 And got my working clothes on,

My greasy hat, as here it sat,
 And Sunday woollen hose on.

But, at command, I'm forced to stand
 As stiff as any poker,

And in this plight wheel to the right,
 Or my head it would be broke, sir.

I walked and run with Corporal Fun,
 Till I wore three pair of shoes out,

And got suck knocks as tho' i' the stocks,
 To make me turn my toes out.

I'm sure that they can mean no good,
 To run me out of breath, sir;

And then this thing under my chin,
 It throttles me to death, sir.

Here like a maukin I may stand,
 With fingers below my breeches,
 And dare not even move my hand
 To scratch my head when it itches.
 And then the soap and flour, too,
 Is plastered on my head, sir :
 But for my king and country
 I'll fight until I'm dead, sir.

Zounds ! now my blood begins to rise,
 It shows that I'm a Briton ;
 And, if the foe hould dare to land,
 Huzza ! my boys ! we'll spit 'em !
 Each man must to his motto stand,
 And that, you know, 's a lion ;
 If Englishmen go heart and hand,
 Why, d——n 'em, we defy 'em.

THE SMUGGLER'S CHANT.

WHEN sprites unholy vigils keep,
 Allured by thirsts of gain,
 We break the heavy bonds of sleep
 To prowl across the main.
 We value not the bounding spray,
 Nor heed the surge's roar ;
 But while our cutter stems her way,
 Impel the sweeping oar.

'Tis not for us the queen of night
 Gives lavishly her beams ;
 'Tis not for us the silver light
 Around her orbit streams ;
 But, if the skies be pitchy dark,
 If clouds her beauty veil,
 We haste to launch our stealthy bark,
 And bend the scudding sail.

Our disport lies in coming storms,
 No fears our souls appal ;
 We see them in a thousand forms,
 And madly dare them all :
 And many a proudly swelling breast,
 Ay, many an outlaw brave,
 Shall find a couch of lasting rest
 Beneath the briny wave.

Yet would we not our birth-right yield
 For landsmen's life of ease—
 Let them securely range the fields,
 We boldly sweep the seas ;
 A restless, lawless course is ours,
 A desperate part to play ;
 Nor reck we how the morning lowers
 If fortune smiles to-day.

And woman (lamp of loveliness !
 Where kindlier passions burn)
 The outlaw's fortunes deigns to bless,
 And o'er his fate to mourn.
 No prayer, no tomb, perchance, have we—
 No flow'ret decks our bier ;
 But love our fading memory
 Will hallow with a tear.

BEFORE I FALL TO KISSING YOU, GIRL.

A DUET.

(T. Moore.)

He.—BEFORE I fall to kissing you, girl,
 Here's a drop to baptise you ;
 Wine's the thing to christen you, girl,
 Water I'd never advise you.
 Poh, poh, poh !
 Water I'd never advise you.
 No, no, no !
 Water I'd never advise you.

She.—Eh ! have you got no shame now, man,
 For why you come to christen ?
 Though give poor girl good name now,
 man,
 You'd take it away by kissing.
 Iss, iss, iss,
 You'd take it away by kissing.

He.—No, you rogue, I love you dearly,
 As well as my bottle, or nearly.

She.—But bottle thrown by, when you crack 'em,
 And lips forgot, when you smack 'em.
 Get along to fine white miss,
 I not de girl for you money ;
 You may stamp and fret to ask a kiss,
 You sha'n't by all that's funny.

He.—Come along, my dingy miss,
 Your face it suits golden money,
 It must be stamp't by a kiss,
 It must, by all that's funny.

She.—What, you come talk, you tipsy man,
 You not know what you are about ;
 You must touch de hand of de gip-y, man,
 Before you touch her mou't.

He.—By the cowl of St. Bridget,
 My heart's in a fidget,
 Betwitted, befrittered,
 Beshrivelled, bedevilled,
 My heart's in a fidget.

THE WANDERING OUTCAST.

Air—"The Robin's Petition."—(J. Mackey.)

THE clouds they hung heavy and chill,
 The ground it was covered with snow ;
 When a half-famished child of distress,
 Crept back to her hovel of wo.

But, ah ! when she entered the shed,
 A scene fraught with pain met her eye,
 The soul of her innocent babe,
 Had flown to the regions on high.

The cold it had been so severe,
 It pierced to its innocent heart ;
 The blood it had ceased to flow,
 And frozen each late vital part.

Her eye on the corse of the child
 Was fixed with a deadly glare,
 The grief which her bosom then moved,
 Was uttered in shrieks of despair.

O curst be that day upon earth
 When to Edwin's tongue I gave heed ;
 And curst be the oaths that he swore,
 When a guileless girl he betrayed.

He first won my innocent heart,
 Then left me to sorrow and shame ;
 The joy of a fond parent's hopes,
 A poor wandering outcast became.

The poor mourner's voice 'gan to fail,
 The chill hand of death it was nigh ;
 She gave the dear child a last look,
 'Then breathed forth her soul in a sigh.

THE FACE OF OUR KING IS THE PICTURE
 FOR ME.

(Reynolds.)

No man I e'er knew, Turk, Christian, or Jew,
 The rhino to touch was not willing ;
 But when I may take my choice, as to make,
 With guineas my purse I'm for filling ;
 For of all the good-looking gold pictures I see,
 The face of our king is the picture for me.

The French Napoleon, no; that is no more,
 Clipt close by a counterfeit scraper;
 And though livres big sound, they're but tenpence
 a pound,

And never are seen but on paper.
 The pistole of Spain is mere flash in the pan,
 Their dollars Jack Tar kindly cozens—
 Search the continent down you'll not find an old
crown,

But new ones and brass ones by dozens!
 Louis, livres, florin, stivers,
 Great doubloon—ducaton,
 Grand ecu—little sous,
 Piarole—mark—pistole,
 All are ninnies to old guineas,
 So of all the good-looking, &c.

ASK ME NO MORE.

(Thomas Carew, 1642.)

ASK me no more where Jove bestows,
 When June is past, the fading rose;
 For, in your beauty's orient deep,
 These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither doth stray
 The golden atoms of the day;
 For in pure love heaven did prepare
 Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
 The nightingale, when May is past;
 For in your sweet dividing throat
 She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light
 That downwards fall in dead of night;
 For in your eyes they sit, and there
 Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more, if east or west,
 The phoenix builds her spicy nest;
 For unto you at last she flies,
 And in your fragrant bosom dies.

BEAUTIFUL NAN.

(Upton.)

OCH! I sing of the charms of my Nan,
 And they've bothered poor Loony O'Gan
 Though blind of one eye,
 And her mouth all awry,
 Yet match her, that is, if you can,
 Sweet Nan!

Och! the world for my beautiful Nan!

Then a darling, she says, of a man
 Is the sweet-looking Loony O'Gan!
 And the eye of the fair,
 With my own makes a pair,
 And it squints all the day on my Nan,
 Sweet Nan!

Och! the world for my beautiful Nan!

Then the prop-pins of Loony O'Gan
 Are fashioned like those of my Nan,
 Rather crooked, I own,
 While each back wears a throne,
 Just to set off the charms of my Nan,
 Sweet Nan!

Och! the world for my beautiful Nan!

That she loves Mister Loony O'Gan,
 Och! I'll give you a proof, if I can;
 For we grumble and fight,
 Sure from morning to night,
 And then I'm her darling O'Gan!
 Sweet Nan!

Och! the world for my beautiful Nan

THE WATCH-WORD;

OR, ENGLAND AND ST. GEORGE!

A RONDEAU.

(Beazley.)

NOW the lengthening shadows show
 The daylight to be nearly done—
 Now the waves of ocean glow
 With crimson of the setting sun.

Now the fire-flies o'er our head,
 Like pigmy meteors seem to fly—
 The glow-worm lights the violet's bed,
 And the stars illumine the sky;

Now must we guard the Christian host,
 With signal by each sentry heard,—
 Spread it around from post to post—
 England and St. George! the word.

THE WINTER OF AGE.

DEAR Clora, let's love, while, in soft wanton
 gales,

Blithe zephyrs disport upon Tweed's limpid
 stream,

Devoid of all guile, to repeat our fond tales,
 For pleasing is converse when love is the theme.

O think, my fair maid, that in life's budding
 spring,

In love 'tis the duty of all to engage,
 That thence blooming summer may happiness
 bring,

To comfort the cold hoary winter of age.

Pomona choice fruits may abundantly yield,

Gay Flora spread carpets of roses around,

Or Ceres benign, o'er the yellow-dyed field,

Make autumn's rich harvest diffusive abound;

But these nought avail if, in life's budding spring,

In tender affection we fail to engage,
 That thence blooming summer may happiness
 bring,

To comfort the cold hoary winter of age.

On Tweed's flow'ry margin, where rosy-faced
 Health,

Convenes ev'ry morning her sylvan levee,

I envy not pomp, nor the splendour of wealth,

Content, my dear Clora, possessing but thee:

Let love, then, my charmer, in life's budding
 spring,

Our fondest regard to each other engage,
 That, like the kind ivy and oak, we may cling,
 From youth to the cold hoary winter of age.

DICKY GLENDININ.

Air—"As Patie cam up frae the Glen."

A CUMBERLAND BALLAD.

MY fadder was down at the mill,
 My mudder was out at her spinnin,
 When whea sud slip whietly in,
 But canny lal Dicky Glendinin;
 He poud off his muckle top cwoat,
 And drew in a stool by the hallen,
 Then forced me to sit on his knee,
 And suin a sad teale began tellin.

'O, Jenny! O, Jenny!' says he,
 My liking for tee I can't smudder,
 It made me as sick as a peat,
 So think tond teane up wid anudder;
 What! there's been a bonny te dui,
 About a lang hulk of a miller!
 He's wide gobbed, and ill-natured tui,
 But ae word says aw—he has siller.

'The lasses aye flyre and mak gam,
And ax me, what's got Jenny Foster?
The lads, when we meet i' the loones,
Cry out, sairy Dick, what tou's lost her!
When Rowley, the miller, last night,
I met, as we com in frae sheerin,
Had the sickle but been our lang gun,
I'd shot him, ay, dean as a herrin.

O! hes te forgotten the time
Tou said, tou liked me best of onie?
And hes te forgotten the time
Tou said, luive was better than monie?
And hes te forgotten the time,
I marked our twa neames on a shillin?
Tou promised to wear't neest thy heart,
And then to wed me tou was willin.

'The first time you're cried in the kirk,
I'll step my ways up, and forbid it;
When cauld in my coffin they'll say,
'Twas e'en Jenny Foster that did it!
My ghost the lang night, aw in wheyte,
Will shek thee, and gar thee aw shiver—
O! the tears how they hop owre my cheeks,
To think I sud lwose thee for ever.'

'O, Dicky! O, Dicky!' says I,
'I nowther heed house, lan, or siller;
Tou's twenty times dearer to me,
Than onie lang hulk of a miller!'
A match we struck up in a crack,
And Dicky's got sticks, and got bedding,
My fadder and mudder are fain,
Then, hey, for a guid merry weddin.

THEN HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN.

Air—"Graunawale."—(J. O'Neil.)

If there's one beam of heaven on earth's gloomy
round,
'Tis in eyes where the soft gem of pity is found;
For beauty's bright-glance ne'er so charming ap-
pears
As when feeling has veiled half its lustre in
tears;
Then, here's to the maiden, whose eyes' lucid
beam
Points Cupid's keen arrows in Pity's mild
stream;
May her heart by no cares of her own e'er be
riven,
And her smiles be the sunshine that lights me
to heaven.

How rich the delight that soft tears can impart,
When they spring from that fountain of feeling,—
the heart,
And dropt on the wounds of affliction, they
prove
Like the pure balm of mercy brought down from
above.

Then here's to the maiden, &c.

I prize not Matilda, though lovely as May,
Her manners are polished, engaging, and gay;
Yet so frigid the current that flows from her soul,
The gem is congealed ere it reaches the goal.

Then here's to the maiden, &c.

But thou, my fair Anna, how richly I'm blest,
To lodge all the cares of my soul in thy breast;
To catch the pure sigh breathed from Virtue's soft
shrine,
And see thy eyes glisten with sorrows not thine.
Then here's to the maiden, &c.

THE MINSTREL'S WARNING;

OR, BEWARE,—BEWARE OF DANGER!

Air—"Dulce Domum."—(Miss Bryant.)

A YOUTH, benighted, sought a cot,
Near Scotia's mountains dreary,
But ruffians owned the lonely spot,
And lured the traveller weary;
The dagger's aim was at his heart,
A minstrel sought the dwelling,
Who cautious bade the youth depart,
While he this lay was telling:—
'Ne'er let disguise thus shroud thine eyes,
But mark me, hapless stranger,
Here murder cries, who enters, dies,
Beware!—beware of danger.'

The startled youth no warning scanned,
The minstrel's lesson scorning,
And thus, by pallid fate's command,
He died before the morning;
The minstrel struck the trembling lyre,
And villany portraying,
He swept the strings, and Virtue's fire
Was in his soul displaying.
Oh! guilt, beware of murder dire,
Nor harm a gentle stranger,
For judgement's eye,
Must hither fly!
Beware!—beware of danger!

TRUE FRIENDS, A FULL GLASS, AND GOOD SONG.

(E. Mackey.)

LET others seek joy in the chase,
Or in coursing an innocent hare,
And others bet high on a race,
Such sports suit not me, I declare;
Let some seek the wild giddy maze
Which to waltzing and such like belong,
But what I delight in always
Is true friends, a full glass, and good song.

'Tis these that a joy can afford,
With a wife who will add to my cheer,
Nought could more with my wishes accord,
But a single one hundred a year:
With these Fortune's freaks I'd defy,
As with mirth I my days would prolong,
And nought more on earth could enjoy
Than true friends, a full glass, and good song.

THE GIPSY'S INVITATION.

(R. Ryan.)

OH, haste to the gipsy's cot to-night,
When the stars shine brightly in it,
But bring a bosom calm as the light
That prevails in that potent minute;
And, while the planets o'er us shed
Their beams, I'll treasure each token,
And call up forms from earth long fled,
And number the hearts you have broken.
None, none will be present to list what we say,
Deep hid in our hearts shall our own secrets be,
And when through the casement slow stealeth the
ray,
'Twill rise on my cottage, its tenant, and thee.

The colour I'll show of days gone by,
The map of thy life is before me;
I know when Love awakened the sigh,
And when Grief flung her dark veil o'er thee:

I've a charm—but, if thy heart fail not,
Reach my hut by the midnight hour;
A spell I'll breathe o'er the lowly cot—
A spell of the deepest power.
None, none will be present, &c.

~~~~~

GREAT NELSON AND GALLANT  
COLLINGWOOD.

Air—"When in War on the Ocean."  
(W. T. Fitzgerald.)

WHEN laurelled Nelson, on Trafalgar's day,  
Beheld his friend to glory lead the way,  
With glowing heart, the noble hero cried,  
See gallant Collingwood the line divide!

Such were his words, in exultation given,  
Ere Victory bore her glorious son to heaven.  
Well was he called great Nelson's honoured friend  
Who shared his triumph and partook his end.

Each died for England—one in battle's roar,  
The other—ere he reached Britannia's shore.  
In the same monument let both appear,  
And where you placed the laurel shed the tear.

~~~~~

THE VILLAGE-WEDDING.

(Dibdin.)

THE village was jovial, the month was May,
The birds were sweetly singing,
Of Numps and Madge 'twas the wedding-day,
The bells were merrily ringing:
The bridegroom came in his holiday-clothes,
The bride with ribands as red as rose,
Never did revelry so abound,
The drums beat and the joke went round;
All manner of instruments loudly played,
The hautboy squeaked and the bassoon brayed.

Then, to see them all foot it, and jig it, and
prance it,
Stump, figit, and reel in the mazy dance,
Thus, from when the lark rose till the stocking
was thrown,
The fun, and the frisk, and the pastime went on;
Such whim and such frolic sure never was seen,
Till, wond'ring so long they had tarried,
Young Ralph, of the village, and Sue, of the
green,
Cry—what a rare thing to be married.

Now scarcely past the honeymoon,
Still Numps and Madge are singing—
But not exactly the same tune,
For the bells her clappers ringing.
The Squire steps in, Numps smells a rat,
Love and dear are changed to dog and cat;
Their love's turned hate, and grief their joys;
Contentment's strife, and pleasure noise:
"Say a crooked word and I'll kill you," cries he,
"Rams' horns, if I die for't," cries out she.

Night or day, thus at victuals, or up, or a-bed,
He carries her hide, and she combs his head;
In torment, vexation, and misery they dwell,
Converting that heaven, called marriage, to hell.
The neighbours, maliciously viewing the scene,
While charmed that so long they had tarried;
Young Ralph, of the village, and Sue, of the
green,

Cry—what a queer thing to be married.
At length, to make sport of the bridegroom and
bride,
Whose jars in droll ditty they're singing,
The wags of the village now skimmington ride,
While backward the bells they are ringing;

The ladles, the skimmers, the broomsticks they
wield,
The porringer-helmet, the pot-lid-shield,
The ample rams' horns, that so grace the parade,
And the petticoat, rampant, so gaily displayed,
Denote jars domestic and family strife,
Where the dolt takes the distaff, the cudgel the
wife.

Thus, hissing, and hooting, and grunting of hogs,
And squalling of children, and barking of dogs,
And shrill penny-trumpets, salt-boxes, and bells,
And drums, and cow-horns, and a hundred things
else,
Compose of confusions the drollest e'er seen,
While, charmed that so long they had tarried,
Young Ralph, of the village, and Sue, of the
green,
Cry—what a d—d thing to be married.

~~~~~

PEACE TO THE HEART OF THE FAIRY,  
KING.

A CHORUS.

(I. R. Planche.)

[Music, Baron Von Weber.]

LIGHT as fairy foot can fall,  
Pace, ye elves, your master's hall;  
All too loud the fountains play;  
All too loud the zephyrs sigh;  
Chase the noisy gnat away,  
Keep the bee from humming by:  
Stretched upon his lily bed,  
Oberon in slumber lies;  
Sleep, at length, her balm hath shed  
O'er his long-unclosed eyes.  
O, may her spell as kindly bring  
Peace to the heart of the fairy king.

~~~~~

INDULGE ME, STOICS, WITH THE BOWL.

INDULGE me, stoics, with the bowl,
And let me gratify my soul;
Your precepts to the schools confine,
For I'll be nobly mad with wine;
Alcmæon and Orestes grew
Quite mad when they their mothers slew.

But I, no man no mother killed,
No blood but that of Bacchus spilled,
Will prove the virtues of the vine,
And be immensely mad with wine.
When Hercules was mad, we know
He grasped the Iphitean bow.

The rattling of his quiver spread
Astonishment around, and dread
Made Ajax, with his seven-fold shield,
Tremendous, stalk along the field;
Great Hector's flaming sword he drew,
And hosts of Greeks, in fancy, slew.

But I with no such fury glow,
No sword I wave, nor bend the bow;
My helmet is a flowing crown;
In this bright bowl my cares I'll drown,
And rant in ecstasies divine,
Universally mad with wine.

~~~~~

MERRIE MAY THE KEEL ROWE THE  
SHIP THAT MY LOVE'S IN, O!

As I came down the canno'gate,  
The Canno'gate, the Canno'gate,  
As I came down the Canno'gate,

I heard a lassie sing, O!  
 Merry may the keel rowe,  
 The keel rowe, the keel rowe,  
 The ship that my love's in, O!

My love has breath o' roses,  
 O' roses, o' roses,  
 Wi' arms o' lillie posies,  
 To fauld a lassie in, O!

Merry may, &c.

My love he wears a bonnet,  
 A bonnet, a bonnet,  
 A snawy rose upon it,  
 A dimple on his chin, O!

Merry may, &c.

#### THE IRISHMAN'S CHAPTER OF ENGLISH KINGS.

Air—"Paddy's Wedding."—(Miss Bryant.)

FIRST Norman Will made Britons feel  
 That he would rule the nation, O!  
 Then Hal, and Maud, and Steph. the clod,  
 Made a *devilish* botheration, O!  
 Then Harry next, though brave, was vexed,  
 Because his sons were teasing, O!  
 Then Dick and John, who brought, och hone!  
 The charter's rights so pleasing, O!

SPOKEN.] Och, faith, he did, but he soon made himself a *soul* for all that, by eating too many *eels*. Henry the Third had nothing good but a *bad eye*; and Edward the First's wife took the poison out of his wound, not like many of our modern ladies, who would have let him alone, just for quietness sake; but, poor creature, she was a very unfortunate woman, and, I suppose, for that reason even London remains full of *crosses* to this present day; but sing

Tweedle de dum,  
 Och! sound the drum,  
 And let the fifer whistle, O!  
 While I, with glee,  
 Wish unity,  
 To the shamrock, rose, and thistle, O!

They killed his son, quite dead and gone;  
 With speed third Ted was throned you know.  
 Of second Dick they soon were sick,  
 And Bolingbroke was crowned you know.  
 Then Hal, that rake, all France did take;  
 Sixth Harry foiled all wishes, O!  
 While crooked-back Dick *choused* Edward's son,  
 And made him food for fishes, O!

SPOKEN.] Ay, but then he soon threw the load off of his *back* at Bosworth-field. Then Richmond made himself king, and First Lord of the Treasury at the same time: while his big son Harry cured his wives of talking by a mighty sure way—*cutting them short*. First, there was poor Kate, who he divorced, because he was *calf* enough to take a *Bullin*, but her eyes were soon closed in death, the king having expressed a particular desire to *Seymour*. Husbands, they say, should always cleave to their wives; but Anne, of *Cleves*, never took his fancy; so he took a fancy to Howard, but minking she was rather too *high born*, he soon *lowered* her in his opinion, and that of every body else, till, by good luck, he lost all *interest* himself, just as he was getting above *Parr*, for Dr. Death sung—

Tweedle de dum, &c.

Then came young Ted, who soon went dead;  
 Next Mary, called that *divil*, O!  
 Whose reign when set, made room for Bet,  
 Who entered very civil, O!

Then James the Scot, and powder-p'lot,  
 Were merely puff together, O!  
 Then Charley's head, away it fied,  
 And Cromwell's soon came thither, O!

SPOKEN.] Ay, faith, he did, but he went away again, too; and then came that cosey monarch, who first introduced *Fitz* into the royal family. Then James was kicked out, because he wanted to bring *Rome* into *London*, but he made a bit of a *bull* there. Will was a rum customer; while Anne got into the right shop, like a queen bee in her own mansion. Then came the four *Georges*, and long may the last of them live in a jovial scene of new buildings, great palaces, and Macadamization, till London shall reach to North America, and then the working community may be employed, in about three hundred years, from here to the Red Sea, with—

Tweedle de dum, &c.

#### SIGH NOT, YE WINDS, AS PASSING O'ER.

A GLEE.

SIGH not, ye winds, as passing o'er  
 The chambers of the dead ye fly;  
 Weep not, ye dews—for these no more  
 Shall ever weep, shall ever sigh.

Why mourn the throbbing heart at rest,  
 How still it lies within the breast,  
 Why mourn since death presents us peace,  
 And in the grave our sorrows cease?

The shattered bark, from adverse winds,  
 Rest in this peaceful haven finds;  
 And, when the storms of life are past,  
 Hope drops her anchor here at last.

#### THE MISHAPS OF SOME NEW-MARRIED COUPLES.

[Translated from the Dutch by J. Bowring, Esq.]

IT happened four couple one day were presented  
 At the same parish-church to be wed;  
 They had plighted their vows, and their friends  
 Had consented;  
 So the first to the altar was led.

The service proceeded, till come to the clause—  
 "For better, worse, richer, or poorer:"  
 For "worse," and for "poorer," he would not—  
 because

From these he could never insure her.  
 But to "richer" and "better" he vowed to comply,

The parson demurred to proceeding;  
 The bridegroom persisted the words to deny,  
 And retired with a bow of good breeding.

The second approached, and the service was read,

Till the bridegroom proceeded to ring her,  
 When, alas! it appeared they could never be wed,

For the poor bride had lost her *ring finger*.

To the third, a young couple, no obstacle rose,  
 That *they* should not then be united;  
 And the service proceeded almost to its close,  
 And their vows were about to be plighted.

But, just as those vows had been nearly pronounced

By the bride, in a voice firm and steady,  
 A stranger arrived, in great haste, and announced,  
 That *he* bride had a husband already.

“ Mischance on mischance,” cried the priest, in  
a pet ;  
But the fourth couple still was remaining,  
And, hoping of them all his fees he should get,  
He determined to stifle complaining ;

But, scarce had he read to the first warning  
clause,  
When the father desired, as a favour,  
He would hasten the reading the service—be-  
cause  
*The bride was just taken in labour.*

OURS IS A LIFE OF BLISS AND JOY.

A FAIRY'S SONG.

(J. James.)

OURS is the life of bliss and joy !  
No sorrow-bringing cares we know,  
Delights of love our days employ,  
Our language has no word for wo !

'Tis ours to give the sufferer rest,  
'To bid his sorrows fade away,  
And hold before his aching breast,  
Hope's lovely scenes, and Fancy's ray !

On summer's balmy gales we ride,  
As o'er the smiling vales they blow,  
O'er placid seas at noon we glide,  
Or where the Tefiz' waters flow.

Where Kashmere's sunny valleys gleam  
With every tint from painted bowers,  
We wanton by its crystal stream,  
And pass in joy the happy hours.

Or now we northward wing our way,  
And hover o'er the gelid land,  
Where bright the merry dancers play,  
Fireworks raised at our command.

Or else the night of half a year,  
Would press with gloom man's aching heart ;  
We bid the northern lights appear,  
And gloom and darkness far depart.

And when the summer's sun serene  
Begins to beam upon the skies,  
We touch with magic wand the scene,  
And flowers, in lieu of snows, arise !

Our food is dew, fresh shed from heaven,  
Our bed is on the mossy rose,  
Our robes of gossamer are riven  
From every scented flower that blows.

And sweet our voice as tuneful song  
That flies from maiden's lips of love !  
Sweet as the vast seraphic throng,  
That warble in the world above !

And ever, as we tune our lay,  
We sing our life of joy and peace !  
We, singing, wanton on our way,  
A life of joy that ne'er will cease !

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY.

SAW ye nae my Peggy,  
Saw ye nae my Peggy,  
Saw ye nae my Peggy,  
Coming o'er the lee ;  
Sure a finer creature  
Ne'er was formed by Nature,  
So complete each feature,  
So divine is she.

O ! how Peggy charms me ;  
Every look still warms me ;  
Every thought alarms me,

Lest she love nae me.  
Peggy doth discover,  
Nought but charms all over ;  
Nature bids me love her,  
That's a law to me.

Who would be a lover,  
'To become a rover ?  
No, I'll ne'er give over  
'Till I happy be :  
For since love inspires me,  
As her beauty fires me,  
And her absence tires me,  
Nought can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,  
Fate seems to detain her ;  
Cou'd I but obtain her,  
Happy would I be !  
I'll lie down before her,  
Bless, sigh, and adore her,  
With faint looks implore her,  
Till she pity me.

MONOPOLY'S LONG BEEN THE RUB.

MONOPOLY'S long been the rub,  
And from it less harm would ensue  
If those who monopolized grub  
Would monopolize appetites, too ;  
But may those who, for lucre of gold,  
The poor of their morsel would cheat,  
Be punished, like Midas of old,  
With nothing but guineas to eat !  
Tol lol, &c.

The Turks they monopolize wives,  
And, by some wicked folks, it is said,  
That's the reason why Turks, all their lives,  
Wear each a half-moon on his head :  
And, we know, though each married man here  
Finds *one* wife enough for his share,  
And beef's so confoundedly dear  
There's cattle enough at Horn-fair.  
Tol lol, &c.

Yet candour might surely excuse  
Of monopolists some sorry elves,  
For doctors would be of great use  
If they'd take all their physic themselves ;  
Of lawyers, why much one can't say,  
Their practice I wouldn't condemn  
But some people think, by the way,  
Old Nick will monopolize them.  
Tol lol, &c.

Monopoly thrives every way ;  
The assertion will stand by the test,  
For truth always carries the day,  
And we all know the *naked* truth's best ;  
That's the reason our ladies, forsooth,  
Captivate both the bashful and bluff,  
For they're surely the semblance of *truth* ;  
And, ecod, they go naked enough.  
Tol lol, &c.

May the rich ease the poor of their cares !  
'Twould the sweetest monopoly bring ;  
They'd gain all their hearts and their prayers,  
Like his honour, our father, the king !  
May Britons each other befriend,  
For unity's England's best hope :  
And may every monopolist's end  
Be joined to the end of a rope !  
Tol, lol, &c.

## THE SHAMROCK OF ERIN.

COME, shamrock of Erin, come close to my heart,  
 While the night's dewy tears still moisten thy leaf;  
 Green emblem of sorrow, no more shall we part,  
 But entwine thus for ever, united in grief.  
 No more in the wild maddening bowl shall I place thee,  
 To bury at once both our hopes and our fears;  
 The loud laugh of mirth and of wine but disgrace thee,  
 While Erin sits drooping, and pining in tears.  
 How oft on this day, from my youth's early morning,  
 Thy green triple leaves have I joyfully wore;  
 With pride and with pleasure this bosom adorning,  
 Which beats for the land I fondly adore.  
 And as hope smiled upon me, I fondly trusted  
 She'd smile on that land e'er the year should be past;  
 But both were deceived, disheartened, disgusted,  
 We shall sink down together in darkness at last.  
 Then, shamrock of Erin, come close to this heart,  
 While cold dewy tear-drops still moisten thy leaf;  
 In the evening of sorrow we never shall part,  
 But twine thus together, united in grief.

## LET THE HALL RESOUND WITH THE JOVIAL SOUND.

(Bryant.)

COME, friends, fill your glasses high,  
 And banish Care, so grim,  
 Let's now no more for the lasses sigh,  
 But fill, oh, fill, boys, to the brim:  
 Let the toast and the song go round,  
 The night we will pass so merrily;  
 Let the hall resound with the jovial sound,  
 And the chorus shall echo cheerily.  
 With a fal lal la, and a fal lal la,  
 We'll raise our voices merrily,  
 And the hall shall resound  
 With the jovial sound,  
 And the chorus shall echo cheerily.  
 Now let's toast each honest heart,  
 Not caring for the moon,  
 For we've met here, nor thus can we part,  
 But fill, if wine should last, till noon:  
 Now then toast, who can drink the most,  
 Our night shall not pass us wearily;  
 For the hall shall resound  
 With the jovial sound,  
 And the chorus shall echo cheerily.  
 With a fal lal la, &c.

## THE DEATH OF WEBER;

OR, WEEP!—FOR THE WORD IS SPOKEN!

(I. R. Planche.)

WEEP!—for the word is spoken!  
 Mourn!—for the knell hath knolled:  
 The master-chord is broken,  
 And the master-hand is cold!  
 Romance hath lost her minstrel:  
 No more his magic strain  
 Shall throw a sweet spell around  
 The legends of Almaïne!

His fame had flown before him  
 To many a foreign land:  
 His lays were sung by ev'ry tongue,  
 And harped by ev'ry hand.  
 He came to cull fresh laurels,  
 But fate was in their breath,  
 And turned his march of triumph  
 Into a dirge of death!

O, all who knew him loved him!  
 For, with his mighty mind,  
 He bore himself so meekly—  
 His heart it was so kind,  
 His wildly-warbling melodies—  
 The storms that round them-roll—  
 Are types of the simplicity  
 And grandeur of his soul!

Though years of ceaseless suffering  
 Had worn him to a shade,  
 So patient was his spirit,  
 No wayward plaint he made:  
 E'en Death himself seemed loath to scare  
 His victim, pure and mild,  
 And stole upon him gently,  
 As slumber o'er a child.

Weep!—for the word is spoken!  
 Mourn!—for the knell hath knolled!  
 The master-chord is broken,  
 The master-hand is cold!

## JACK'S ALL IN ALL.

WHAT, though I am not twenty,  
 I'm old enough to marry;  
 Of lovers I have plenty,  
 And will no longer tarry:  
 But Ned's too fat,  
 But Tom's too thin,  
 And Richard is too tall,  
 George is too old,  
 And James too young,  
 And Jack is all in all.

The village 'squire sought me,  
 And tried my heart to gain,  
 Ribbons and bonnets brought me,  
 But, ah, 'twas all in vain:  
 "Dear sir," said I,  
 "I can't—oh, fie!  
 To-morrow on me call;"  
 And then I said  
 I none would wed  
 But Jack—my all in all.

The parson, too, oft prayed me,  
 As round he twirled his band,  
 Says he, "I fain would kiss thee!"  
 And squeezed me by the hand;  
 But I cried, "No;  
 Pray let me go,  
 Or loud for help I'll bawl;  
 I never can  
 Love any man  
 But Jack—my all in all."

The lawyer and his clerk, too,  
 Both came to me a-wooing;  
 But those, I very well know,  
 Their clients only ruin.  
 To them I cried,  
 "That all the tribe  
 Of Westminster's old hall  
 Would sue in vain  
 My heart to gain,  
 For Jack is all in all."



He came before I Ruth could find,  
And kicked me ruth-less-ly behind,  
With a toe tum ti.

TOE TUM TI,

OR, RUTH AND HER TWO LOVERS.

(T. Dibdin.)

YEA, I fell in the pit of love,  
With a ti tum ti,  
The spirit then began to move,  
With a ti tum ti,  
Quoth I, "Fair maiden, ne'er deride,  
For, verily, when thou'rt my bride,  
Lo! I will cleave unto thy side."  
With a ti tum ti.  
"Behold," said Ruth, "there is a grove,  
With a ti tum ti,  
Where birds, called turtles, coo and love,"  
With a ti tum ti.  
Lo! then I thought her truly mine;  
But when of love she gave this sign,  
She proved a cruel Phi-lis-tine,  
With a ti tum ti.  
For she another suitor had,  
With a ti tum ti,  
Profanely called a flashy lad,  
With a ti tum ti.  
And when I reached the grove assigned,  
He came before I Ruth could find,  
And kicked me ruth-less-ly behind,  
With a toe tum ti.

'TIS GLORY AND LOVE MAKE HIM  
BRAVE!

(Beazely.)

'Tis glory forms the soldier's toil,  
In deeds of blood recorded;  
And his deeds by many a smile  
Of his lady-love is rewarded.

Yes, 'tis glory and love make him brave!  
Oh, yes.

Love's smile, when the trumpet's resounding,  
His danger repays,  
He thinks, though his foes are surrounding,  
Of naught but his lady-love's praise;  
When the trumpets proclaim  
The sounds of victory,  
He hears but her name  
Amid the shout of chivalry!

JEMMY GREEN'S TOUR.

Air—"Margate Library."

A-LA-STERNE, left Tooley-street, trunk, too, and  
breeches  
I packed up, resolving to Paris to jaunt,  
For France is the place, too, where Fashion be-  
witches,  
As best to get taste, and lose *mauvais-e honte*.  
Took passage at Dover—crossed channel in packet,  
In midships felt queer—once or twice, too, lost  
stays:  
Landed at Calais—was stripped to the jacket  
By *gens-d'armes*—less mild than *fem-mes Fran-  
caises*.  
There was one thing, on landing, I own, caused  
my wonder,  
'Twas Louis's foot—asked how that came to  
pass;  
A Frenchman, who made a *bon-mot* on my blun-  
der,  
Said, "King's steps, you know, are oft printed  
in *brass*."  
The diligence mounted, at Montreuil, oh dear,  
drabbit;  
Took a *dejeuner* there—but, hearken, the food  
I found, 'stead of wine and a nice Yorkshire rab-  
bit,  
A cat, sugar and water, I'd *mange'd bu'd*.  
At last, coming to Paris—oh dear, *la ville jolie*,  
So famous for puppy-dogs—whiskers, they say,

The men so like monkeys—the women all *polis*,  
But the *dear* creatures there are so *bien bon*  
*marche*.

Like Sterne, in my chamber, I, too, had a *tete-a-tete*,

With *ruse d'amours* showed how I could woo ;  
The *fil-le-de-chamb* worked my collar at such a rate,  
I kissed her, and afterwards buckled her shoe.

At Tivoli sported—waltzed about with a *demoiselle* ;

*Parlez-vo'o'd*, too, *baise'd* delightfully gay,  
But the lady, alas ! turned out such a Jezebel,  
In falling in love with my *taille degagee*.

At “ *coffee and milk alone*,” wine drank, of course,  
And toasted all friends till my wit was abroach ;  
Was put on a Frenchman I took for a horse,  
But who, afterwards, turned out to be a mail-coach.

Had *petit brusquement*—a meeting appointed,  
Much *politese* used—how could it befall ;  
My soul from my *corpse* must e'en be disjointed  
By sliver of steel, or dance at a hall.

But, ladies, dear ladies, I pray you don't falter,  
You see I'm preserved, and the prison I leave ;  
Escaped guillotine—yet was brought to the halter,  
And transported for life to Miss Genevieve.

We intend to set up in the line haberdashery,  
At the old well-known warehouse in sweet  
Tooley-street ;

With lace, baby-linen, cheap for ready cashery,  
We hope, with your kindness, to make both  
ends meet.

And, ladies, we smuggle—but that's *entre nous* ;  
Pray come to my shop, where my ware may be  
seen ;

And let me, as now, have such kind friends in  
view,  
And grateful will be theirs devoted, J. Green.

### JOCUND SING THE JOYS OF LOVE.

(Holcroft.)

WHEN gloomy thoughts my soul possess,  
Alike in palace, plain, or grove,  
Fond sighs my griefs and pangs express ;  
And plaintive songs of joyless love.

When doubts, impatient, rend my heart,  
As rends the hawk the turtle-dove,  
Indignant, from each wound I start,  
And sing the wrongs of injured love.

But should my pangs, endured so long,  
The cruel Fates to mercy move,  
I'd gladly change the mournful song,  
And jocund sing the joys of love.

### DEAR IS MY LITTLE NATIVE VALE.

(Rogers.)

DEAR is my little native vale,  
The ring-dove builds and warbles there ;  
Close by my cot she tells her tale  
To ev'ry passing villager :  
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,  
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves or myrtle-bowers,  
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,  
I charm the fairy-footed hours,  
With my loved lute's romantic sound ;  
Or crowns of living laurels weave  
For those who win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn, at break of day,  
The ballet danced in twilight glade,

The canzonet and roundelay,  
Sung in the silent greenwood glade,  
These simple joys, that never fail,  
Shall bind me to my native vale.

### JENNY SHORE.

Air—“ *Madam Fig's Gala*.”

WE have sung of George Barnwell—Othello,  
Prince Hamlet—unfortunate Lear ;  
But the story I'm going to tell, O !  
Is the queerest of all that is queer :  
'Tis of a famed lady I write,  
Have patience, I'll tell you some more  
She eloped from her husband one night,  
And her name it was sweet Jenny Shore  
Rum ti, &c.

Mr. Shore kept a silversmith's shop  
In Lombard-street, known very well,  
In which Edward he chanced to pop,  
For he found himself not very well :  
Says he “ I've a cold at my chest,  
For the wind through my shirt doth blow in,  
So, to fasten it up at the breast,  
Pray show me a good diamond pin.”  
Rum ti, &c.

Mrs. Shore in the parlour was seated,  
When Edward she spied in the shop,  
He'll think himself very ill treated,  
As it rains, I don't ask him to stop.  
To see the great man in the city,  
The people all round him were flocking ;  
Mrs. Shore looked so sweet and so pretty,  
Though mending a coarse worsted stocking.  
Rum ti, &c.

Next morning a letter he wrote,  
Describing his aches and his pain ;  
Pray, love, take the first hackney-coach,  
And meet me at the top of Hedge-lane.  
Now this put Mrs. Shore in alarm,  
For her virtue she prized as her life,  
In great ones she heard 'twas no harm,—  
She was but a silversmith's wife.  
Rum ti, &c.

This letter still ran in her mind,  
An excuse in her head then was popping ;  
Says she, “ Love, I'll take it unkind  
If you don't let me go out a shopping.”  
Mr. Shore, who was goodness itself,  
“ Of pleasure, sweet Jane, take your fill ;  
You sha'n't say I'm an ill-natured elf,  
Take sixpence, love, out of the till.”  
Rum ti, &c.

Jane's charms so delighted king Ned  
That he constantly at them was peeping,  
And, before they had risen from bed,  
He promised to take her in keeping ;  
I'll take you no first floor, for why,  
Your husband may see you, and bar it ;  
Now you're with a prince you shall live high,  
So I'll take you a snug little garret.  
Rum ti, &c.

When poor Mr. Shore missed his wife  
He got in a terrible passion,  
Said he'd sooner have parted with life ;  
But, perhaps, says he, 'tis all the fashion ;  
Now a king, as it seems, took her off,  
I'll dissemble, and ne'er give a frown,  
The sixpence I fear's not enough,  
So she's taken poor Neddy's half-crown.  
Rum ti, &c.

Now poor Neddy was summoned by Deatn,  
Which turned out bad luck for poor Jenny,  
And, soon as he'd g'iven up his breath,  
Searched her pockets and hadn't a guinea :

Now Jenny, her stomach to please,  
And her trifle resolved not to foster;  
She sent for a quatern of cheese,  
When in popped the Protector, bad Glo'ster.  
Rum ti, &c.

The ci-devant queen had a friend  
Who was jealous of Jenny with Hastings,  
Determined her life for to end,  
Thought, if low-liv'd, to give her her bastings;  
A petition she gave to poor Shore,  
Jane ne'er guessed what she intended;  
'Twas a wrong one, what could she do more?  
The result was, her life it soon ended.  
Rum ti, &c.

But how? my good friends, you will ask,  
Why, I'll tell you, if you'll give me leave,—  
'Tis rather a difficult task,—  
She was beguiled, as poor Adam by Eve.  
Now this edict Duke Glou'ster did issue,  
No more should she cut any dashes,  
But pull off her fine golden tissue  
And walk in coarse sackcloth and ashes.  
Rum ti, &c.

And, farther, to vent on his rage,  
No shoes should she have on her feet,  
And, to hasten her life from this stage,  
Proclaimed she should have nought to eat.  
Poor Jenny, thus left quite forlorn,  
Without cash to employ undertaker,  
But her poor life was prolonged  
By a roll from benevolent baker.  
Rum ti, &c.

And the duke had his spies out abroad,  
For his passion at heart did quite high burn,  
You've given her a roll, on my word,  
And your next roll shall be on to Tyburn:  
At the door of Alicia she knocked,  
To see me, says she, she'll be glad;  
The servants all quickly out flocked  
Before Mrs. A. who was mad.  
Rum ti, &c.

What wretch at my door seems in pain?  
Oh! you've robbed me of my sense and my  
lover;  
Before I knew you, Mrs. Jane,  
I was living with Hastings in clover.  
Here, maids, take her out of my sight,  
For I swear I'll ne'er speak to her more;  
To be called up at this time of night,  
At my door I'll have no common Shore.  
Rum ti, &c.

At this treatment poor Jenny was shocked,  
What a thing 'tis to be a poor sinner!  
But she's surely with hollands half-cocked,  
For I've given her many a dinner.  
To the next ditch then poor Jenny went,  
Determined her life should be ended,  
For her money and spirits were spent,  
'Twas bad, but too late to be mended.  
Rum ti, &c.

Now Shore, who her steps had attended,  
Resolved to forgive her the past,  
In hopes that her life would be mended,  
But that life was going quite fast.  
Now get on your pegs, my dear Jane,  
And don't any longer be talking,  
To see you lie here gives me pain,  
I'd rather see you a street-walking.  
Rum ti, &c.

Now Jane, with her sheet wrapt around,  
Looked to heaven, as though she would thank  
it,  
And said she would give half-a-crown  
To be tossed in a warm rug or blanket.

"Oh! forgive me!" she cried, very faint;  
"I do, as I shall be forgiven;  
You, I doubt not, will soon be a saint,  
And us cuckolds, you know, go to heaven."  
Rum ti, &c.

These words did so comfort her heart,  
More than gin he had brought in his pocket,  
Grim Death he stood by with his dart,  
And against Jenny Shore struck a docket.  
Now, his wife and his troubles being gone,  
Says he, I'll ne'er think of them more;  
So there is an end of my song,  
And of Mr. and Mrs. Jane Shore.  
Rum ti, &c.

## MORAL.

Now, you that have handsome young wives,  
Attention now give to my moral,—  
If you live without words all your lives,  
'Tis a hundred to one if you quarrel.  
But, assurance to make doubly sure,  
Of your wives who are handsome and witty  
And the only way to keep them pure  
Is not to keep shop in the city.  
Rum ti, &c.

## THE WIFE.

(W. T. Moncrieff.)

OH, no! though rank and riches sue,  
And poor and humble he—  
I'll ne'er prove to my love untrue,  
My world—my all to me.  
For, oh! when all the world desert,  
And life's fair scenes grow dim,  
Then is the time a wife should prove  
The world and all to him.  
There's love, and friends, and kindred, too,  
In wedlock's unity;  
And still I'll to my love prove true,  
As he proved true to me.

Around the hallowed name of wife  
Glide rapture, truth, and health;  
Her breast your pillow, arms your home,  
Her heart your dearest wealth.  
Friends may betray, and love prove false,  
As clouds appear in view;  
But let Fame frown, and Fortune lower,  
Your wife will still prove true.  
There's love, and friends, &c.

THE GOOD FELLOWS WHO PLOUGH THE  
SALT SEA.

(Dibdin.)

IF tars of their money are lavish,  
I say, brother, take this wipe from me,  
'Tis because we're not muck-worms nor slavish,  
Like lubbers, who ne'er go to sea:  
What's cunning and such 'quivication,  
And them sly manoeuvre to we?  
To be roguish is no valuation  
To hearties who plough the salt sea.  
As for cheating—light weights, and short measures,  
And corruption, and bribery, d'ye see;  
These never embitter the pleasures  
Of good fellows who plough the salt sea.  
You've ashore, actions, writs, 'cesseraries,  
And a regiment of counsel to see;  
Jack knows not of such like vagaries,  
We never trust lawyers at sea.  
'Tis said that, with grog and our asses,  
Because jolly sailors are free,  
That money we squander like asses,  
Which, like horses, we earned when at sea;

But, let them say this, that, or t'other,  
In one thing they're forced to agree,  
Honest hearts find a friend and a brother  
In each worthy that ploughs the salt sea.

THE SCHOOL OF ANACREON.

RECITATIVE.

THE festive board was met, the social band  
Round famed Anacreon took their silent stand;  
My sons, (began the sage,) be this my rule;  
No brow austere must dare approach my school,  
Where Love and Bacchus jointly reign within:  
Old Care, begone! here sadness is a sin.

AIR.

Tell me not the joys that wait  
On him that's learned, or him that's great:  
Wealth and wisdom I despise;  
Cares surround the rich and wise;  
The queen that gives soft wishes birth,  
And Bacchus, god of wine and mirth,  
Me their friend and fav'rite own,  
And I was born for them alone:  
Bus'ness, title, pomp, and state,  
Give them to the fools I hate.

But let love, let life be mine:  
Bring me women, bring me wine:  
Speed the dancing hours away;  
Mind not what the grave ones say:  
Gaily let the minutes fly  
In wit and freedom, love and joy:  
So shall love, shall life be mine;  
Bring me women, bring me wine.

THE KISS THAT'S ON THY LIP  
IMPRESSED.

A DUET.

(Lady Caroline Lamb.)

THE kiss that's on thy lip impressed  
Is cold as parting kiss should be;  
And he who clasps thee to his breast  
Again can never feel for thee.  
The chain I gave, a true love token,  
Thou seest in every link is broken.  
Then, since 'tis so, 'twere best to part;  
I here renounce the oaths I swore,  
Correct thy faults, amend thy heart,  
And let us meet no more.

I go, but ere I go from thee,  
Give back what thou hast ta'en from me;  
A heart that knew not care or guile,  
A parent's fond approving smile,  
The hopes which dared aspire to heaven;  
Give these, and thou shalt be forgiven.  
Take back the ring—take back the chain;  
Thy gifts, thy oaths, I will resign:  
Take back thy heart, since pledged in vain;  
But, oh! restore what once was mine.

Hope not for this, thy course is run;  
All that is left thee is to die;  
The dew drops with the setting sun,  
And see the winds pass scornful by.  
So, when thou'rt left by me, thou'lt find  
The world as scornful as the wind;  
A stamp is set upon thy name,  
A blight clouds o'er thy early fame.  
There's nothing now thy fate can save,  
Live scorned—or hide thee in the grave.

HAIL, ST. DAVID! THE DAY OF  
ST. DAVID!

HAIL, St. David! the day of St. David!  
Hail, St. David and Wales, O!  
The bells shall ring, and the girls shall sing,  
And dance on the hills and dales, O!  
Hail, St. David! brave St. David!  
Hail to the land of the leeks, O!  
For the leeks prevailed  
When the Danes assailed,  
And made them repent of their freaks, O!  
Hail, St. David! brave St. David!  
And his mountains of high renown, O!  
And those mountains shall be,  
Like liberty's tree,  
What despots can never pull down, O!  
Hail, St. David! brave St. David!  
Llewellyn and bold Glendower, O!  
And this shall be told, like the Britons of old,  
'The Taffies remain to this hour, O!  
Hail, St. David! brave St. David!  
And all the leek-loving band, O!  
May joy spread its sails  
For the nation of Wales,  
And their prince is the king of this land, O!

THE SPORTS OF THE FIELD BY ME ARE  
PREFERRED.

FROM the fall of the dew to Aurora's bright birth,  
There's nothing but hunting by mortals on earth;  
Bucks, peers, poets, and peasants, together will  
jumble,  
If balked in their view, good lord! how they  
grumble!

CHORUS.

But the sports of the field by me are preferred,  
Where horns, horses, and huntsmen, together are  
heard;  
Tantivy! tantivy! fills the welkin around,  
And tantivy is echoed by the yelps of the hound.

The lawyer, that's marked with deceit in his face,  
The doctor to see, all *trick* and *grimace*,  
At the sound of the *gold* can prove *black* is *white*,  
Will *hunt* for a *fee* till they ride down the night.  
But the sports of the field, &c.

See, the brave soldier danger madly pursuing,  
For *youth* of sixteen *cold sixty* is wooing;  
'Tis *int'rest* unites this jumble together,  
And *money's a game* will be followed for ever.  
But the sports of the field, &c.

A JEW SICK;

OR, A REGULAR COURSE OF MATRIMONIAL  
PHYSIC!!!

Air—"Goody Burton's Ale."

I LODGES in Duke's Place  
Vat is up in a garret,  
My wife she mocks my face,  
And says vat 'tis like parrot,  
Because I've got a nose,  
Vat is as parrot's longer!  
Vat in dis hook so grows,  
To make my beauty stronger!

[SPOKEN.] I wish she vas tam, vat to make  
game of vat is all nothing at all but a beautiful orna-  
ment, vat is useful in my business; ven I vas  
smale out a coot pargains vat I vant, vat vas I do  
vit'out my nose, I vonder? Tam her imperence, I  
tink,

For vat ish't al to she,  
 Vat though it looksh an oddy;  
 'Tish all my own, you see,  
 So nothing to nobody!

Den more vat makes her fun,  
 She games apout mine eyes, too,  
 Becase I have but von,  
 And dat of great large size, too!  
 Dis, covered mit black patch,  
 She call vat my blind side is;  
 Py Cot! I'm mit her match,  
 More as any Jew beside is!

[SPOKEN.] I'll pe tamed vat if I stande it as  
 mush longer, arl her tam tricks, I vas told her so  
 myself.—Laste Tuesday veek I vas comed home,  
 mit my pox o'coods under my arm, vat vas a fresh  
 stock arl full, she vas ply me a pretty games a'top  
 o'the dark garret-stair; she vas put a pail o'vater  
 a'top, mit at string to it, vat she vas make fast to  
 a nail in de varl, cross t'oder side, vat vas catch  
 my nose going up, only look at de mark, dere now!  
 Down it vas come a'top o'my head, and away pail,  
 pox, and myself vas go to de bottom; my pox o'  
 coods shivert, and all de peads and sealing-vax vas  
 proke arl a pieces, vile she vas burst laughing at  
 dis mark here, and axing me why if mine eye vas  
 no big enough to take care o'my nose? Tam her  
 impurence! As I vas told her, to make her  
 games—

For vat ish't all to she, &c.

Den vat ish more provokes,  
 And makes me tamly grumpy,  
 She 'pout my shoulders jokes,  
 Becase von side is humpy;  
 Von day, said she, 'No Jew  
 Such back's got, sarch the town for't!'  
 Ven (vat I say is true),  
 Py Cot, I knocked her down for't!

[SPOKEN.] But, lard, it vas arl o'no much use  
 as nothing at arl, for she vas get up again, and  
 almost preak my pack mit de poker, pefore I vas  
 know vat I vas 'pon my head, or my heels, swear-  
 ing vat I vas a Jew, tam rogue, vat vas go apout  
 and cheat every pody! and ven she vas got me a'  
 top o' de floor, s'help my Cot, if Mrs. Martins  
 vashn't come in to my assistance, as I hopes to  
 live, I tink vat I should ha' been dead! Den,  
 arter arl, ven she vas done, vile she vas cool her-  
 self mit a great glase o'shin, she vas burst o' laugh-  
 ing, and tell Mrs. Martins vat she vas only do vat  
 I vas vant her, to peat my pack straight mit de  
 poker! Tam her impurence! A pretty shoke,  
 dat!

For vat ish't arl to she? &c.

Vat's more as vorse peside,  
 My peard I take great care of,  
 Becase vat 'tis my pride,  
 She often pulls de hair off!  
 But von night, she at wash,  
 My peard I'd just combed out full,  
 She mit her soap-suds, splosh—  
 Filled arl my peard and mouth full!

[SPOKEN.] Pe tam! I tought vat ma heart vas  
 come up! I vas so—Oh, Lardt! it was horrible!  
 Oh! Py—I vish vat you vas arl i' the same pickle,  
 just to know vat I vas felt! I vas jump up, and tell  
 her vat it vas a plakguard shame, as vell as vat  
 vas ruin my beautiful peard! ven she swared, vat  
 I vas spoke another vord, she would drown me in  
 de wash-tub; so I vas frightful to say no more to  
 her. Vat ish to be done? Nopody tell me vat I  
 must do mit her? I vish I may die if I wo'n't have  
 a coot mind to take the law a' top of her! Tam  
 her impurence! Spoil my beautiful peard, too!

For vat ish't all to she? &c.

OH, LISTEN—LISTEN, GENTLE KNIGHT.

(Beazely.)

OH, isten—listen, gentle knight,—  
 I come a messenger of love;  
 From a lady bright as the pale moon's light,  
 Which shines above.

'Tis I,—'tis I,—a minstrel wight,—  
 I come, a messenger of love,  
 From a lady bright, &c.

'Twas given—given—noble knight!  
 As a pledge of truest love,  
 By a lady bright, &c.

Oh! haste, then,—haste, then, gentle knight!  
 Speed thee on wings of love,  
 To thy lady bright, &c.

JOHN BULL AND THE CALVES.

Air—"Madam Fig's Gala."—(Upton.)

JOHN BULL is an odd kind of beast,  
 And much of the grumbler in him;  
 And yet, when on pleasure he'd feast,  
 There's nothing like woman can win him.  
 His head is a map of the world,  
 That lays down the trade of his story;  
 And when his proud sails are unfurled,  
 His motto is "Commerce and Glory!"  
 Rum ti iddity, &c.

His heart is a compound of stuff,  
 Both generous, surly, and feeling;  
 And though in his manners but gruff,  
 Was never to despots found kneeling.  
 His will, like his heart, is a token,  
 When frowns and their miseries press,  
 His *purse* in a moment is open,  
 To wipe off the tears of distress.  
 Rum ti iddity, &c.

When enemies threaten and rave,  
 There's nothing his courage can cow;  
 And ere he would bend to a slave,  
 He'd kick up a bit of a row.  
 His pride is a stout man of war,  
 His bull-dogs the guns that are in it;  
 And when that a foe shows his paw,  
 Will blow off his head in a minute!  
 Rum ti iddity, &c.

Then John is the champion of beauty,  
 And wherever virtue is found,  
 To guard it, and prove it's his duty,  
 His honour and valour is bound!  
 His soldiers are heroes of spirit,  
 As many know well to their grief;  
 The *ocean* is gemmed with his merit,  
 For there—he's *commander-in-chief*.  
 Rum ti iddity, &c.

And then of this bull we may say,  
 In sharing the world, he goes halves;  
 And yet, in the family way,  
 The father of not a few *calves*!  
 But then they are calves of his own,  
 And John to indulge them is given,  
 So long as they stand by the throne,  
 And fight "for the land that we live in."  
 Rum ti iddity, &c.

His laurel is liberty's tree,  
 And where is the power can stain it,  
 While Britons by land and by sea,  
 Are sworn to a man to maintain it?  
 His union is loyalty's band,  
 A union the world cannot sever;  
 And with it, he joins heart and hand,  
 In—"The king and old England for ever!"  
 Rum ti iddity &c

## WAS EVER POOR GIRL SO ILL-USED?

Air—"Each has a Lover but me."

(Miss Bryant.)

Was ever poor girl so ill-used?  
Of lovers I've got nearly twenty;  
And yet I'm so rated, abused,  
I pine like a miser with plenty.  
Then, maidens, pray give me your pity,  
For never poor mortal can be  
So teased and perplexed, an't it pretty?  
With lovers so many as me.

There's one of them constantly sighing,  
Another does nothing but frown;  
While one for this year has been dying,  
He takes a long time, you must own.  
Then, maidens, &c

But, 'tis useless to live in such grieving,  
If they die, why what more's to be done?  
For myself, being fonder of living,  
I think I shall fix upon one.  
Then, maidens, &c.

## THE HORSE AND THE WIDOW.

(T. Dibdin.)

ARRAH fait! but the poet's a fool here;  
He's been making a comical bull here;  
The widow's a wife,  
The dead's come to life,  
And the horse turns out only a mule here.

For the lady, how marriage has crost her!  
One found her where t'other man lost her.  
The lawyer would sell  
To each husband a shell,  
While sily he swallows the oyster.

For me, I've made many a blunder,  
But that you wo'n't think any wonder;  
If Irish mistakes  
John Bull kindly takes,  
Not the whole world will make us knock under.

If the critics should frown, and look gruff, sirs,  
And say that my ditty's all stuff, sirs;  
If they knock up a rout,  
And ask what it's about,  
Why, I think it's about long enough, sirs.

## SISTER, I HAVE LOVED THEE WELL.

(Soane.)

SISTER, I have loved thee well,  
More than poet's verse can tell,  
When it sings with golden tongue,  
And the harp with gold is strung.  
Yet, though dear to me as sight,  
Though I prize thee as the light,—  
Check me not, or find too late,  
Warmest love can keenest hate.

Beauty's eye is ne'er so bright,  
As when mildness lends it light;  
Beauty's voice is ne'er so sweet,  
As when love and duty meet.  
Sister, though I have loved thee well,  
More than poet's verse can tell,  
Check me not, or find too late,  
Warmest love can keenest hate.

## THE PLEASURE OF HUNTING AND DRINKING.

LET philosophers boast of their wisdom profound,  
And statesmen on kingdoms debate;  
Let fashion's gay vot'ries pursue folly's round,  
And pedants on gravity prate:  
But far wiser the man, who, quite free from vain  
strife,

Ne'er loses his time in dry thinking,  
But, in jovial contentment, devotes his whole life  
To the pleasures of hunting and drinking.

Wine ennobles the mind, and subdues every care,  
While the chase ruddy vigour supplies:  
Thus, good liquor, assisted by sweet, wholesome  
air,

Each sorrow, each sickness defies.  
Then come, joyous hearts, push about the brisk  
bowl,

And ne'er from your glass be caught shrinking;  
For, of all the delights which enrapture the soul,  
Sure none are like hunting and drinking.

When the mellow-tongued hound, and the hunts-  
man's shrill horn,

To the field's glorious pastimes invite;  
Like the sons of great Nimrod, we enjoy the fresh  
morn,

And, like sons of great Bacchus, the night.  
Then, hark forward! brave fellows, and nobly  
disdain

E'er under dull gloom to be sinking,  
But banish rude sorrow, forget every pain,  
In the transports of hunting and drinking.

## THE NIGHT COMES ON WITHOUT A STAR.

(O'Keefe.)

THE night comes on without a star,  
Hoarse murmurs from the main afar

A warning send;  
And, as her threats increase,  
In humble suit for peace,  
To kiss the angry wave, in vain, behold the lofty  
mainmast bend.

A storm the roaring winds proclaim,  
The herald's voice in thunder's drowned;  
The torrent pours, and sheets of flame  
O'erspread the dreadful prospect round:  
The ship, unruly, scorns command,  
And quaffs whole seas of brine,  
The rudder flies the cockswain's hand,  
To form an universal wreck the elements combine.

Be skies of sea, and seas of skies afraid,  
The British tar alone stands undismayed;  
Nor beats his heart amidst the general roar,  
But for the lovely maid he left on shore;  
When fops shall cry, for you, my dear, I burn,  
Let Poll ne'er sigh but for her Jack's return.

## IN OUR SNUG LITTLE HALL, WITH REGALIA COMPLETE.

Air—"The Black Joke."—(Matthew Garland.)

YE sons of St. George, whose attention and care  
Are applied to the lodge, the plumb-rule, and  
square,

In your miniature hall, with regalia complete.  
With the rays of the sun from the east you are  
blest,

Which shines round the south, and extends to the  
west;

Whilst the gardens, like planets, their radiance  
display,

And with brilliancy set, at the close of the day,  
In their snug little hall, with regalia complete.

To the worshipful master, both present and past,  
No doubt, a respectful politeness will last,  
In the miniature lodge, with regalia complete.  
The dignified brethren, good manners will please,  
Whose breasts are adorned with pens and cross-  
keys;

The deacons their duty with honour will do,  
And every brother prove faithful and true,  
In their snug little hall, with regalia complete.  
How delightful, how pleasant, how grateful to  
find

The sons of St. George of one heart and one  
mind,

In their miniature hall, with regalia complete.  
To relax a few hours from bustle and toil,  
To enjoy moral glee and hilarity's smile;  
To love the young mason, by science profound,  
And the cardinal virtues whenever they're found;  
In our snug little hall, with regalia complete.

May SUSSEX, our ROYAL GRAND MASTER, live  
long,

The pride of the craft, and the theme of our song;  
In our miniature lodge, with regalia complete.  
May the banners of masonry still be unfurled  
In every kingdom all over the world;  
And long celebrated, as masons, may we,  
Thus firmly united, live happy and free,  
In our snug little hall, with regalia complete.

WHILE LAUREL CROWNED HIS  
GALLANT BROW.

(Beazely.)

WHILE laurel crowned his gallant brow,  
With honours won in Paynim field,  
Then Edith thought she might bestow  
That hand she never now can yield.—  
Disgrace succeeds to valour's crown,—  
The warrior to a slave is turned,—  
And lost, alas! is that renown  
By sword and lance so hardly earned.

Oh! how I loved to see that form  
With lance in rest, where foes abound,  
Dash through the battle's thickest storm,  
While war's loud clarion echoed round—  
While laurel crowned, &c.

TOM TURNWELL IS MY NAME.

(Dibdin.)

TOM TURNWELL is my name, my boys,  
I'll strike a stroke with any;  
The trade, that all my time employs  
To get an honest penny,  
It's good and just as most, you'll find.

With rubbing-stone,  
And strop and hone,  
I whet the very sharpest steel,  
And cry, the while I turn my wheel,  
Pen-knives, scissors,  
Cleavers, razors,  
Chopping-knives to grind.

I'm useful throughout all the town;  
The smooth and pampered glutton,  
Whene'er to dinner he sits down,  
Can never carve his mutton  
Unless his knife is to his mind.  
With rubbing stone, &c.

The pretty dame, who sweet can smile,  
Who is for ever smirking,  
And who the minutes can beguile  
With love as well as working,  
Would she her scissars sharpened find.  
With rubbing stone, &c.

My friend, the barber, o'er the way,  
Who daily lathers many,  
And picks up pretty well each day,  
By shaving for a penny,  
To me his razors are consigned.  
With rubbing stone, &c.

TO GIVE MY LOVE GOOD MORROW.

(Thomas Heywood, 1637.)

PACK, clouds, away, and welcome day,  
With night we banish sorrow;  
Sweet air, blow soft, mount, larks, aloft,  
To give my love good morrow!  
Wings from the wind to please her mind,  
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;  
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,  
To give my love good-morrow!  
To give my love good-morrow,  
Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast,  
Sing, birds, in every furrow;  
And, from each hill, let music shrill  
Give my fair love good-morrow!  
Blackbird and thrush, in every bush,  
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow!  
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,  
Sing my fair love good-morrow!  
To give my love good-morrow,  
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

MERRY GIPSIES ALL ARE WE.

A TRIO.

MERRY gipsies all are we,  
Far from Norwood do we come;  
Oft, with cheerful song and glee,  
Thus we wander far from home.  
With a fal, lal, la.

Through the wood and o'er the wild,  
In the darksome night we roam,  
And oft have we the hours beguiled  
With legend-tales we learned at home.  
With a fal, lal, la.

When the moon hangs overhead,  
And the stars are twinkling higher,  
On the heath, with grouse o'erspread,  
Oft we trim our social fire.  
With a fal, lal, la.

But, when morning lights the sky,  
Then we rise and haste away;  
O'er the hills and plains we hie,  
As little birds upon the spray.  
With a fal, lal, la.

AND AN ANGLING WE WILL GO.

Air—"And a Hunting we will go."

ALL in the fragrant dawn of day,  
Ere Phœbus spreads his beams,  
The early angler takes his way  
To banks of crystal streams.  
And an angling we will go, will go, will go;  
And an angling we will go.

There, on the flow'ry margin placed,  
Behold the finny brood  
Through the transparent fluid haste,  
Darting in quest of food.  
And an angling, &c.

The skilful angler opes his store,  
Worm, fly, his hook sustains,

And quickly spreads the grassy shore  
With spoils, which crown his pains.  
And an angling, &c.

If some fierce storm in showers descends,  
A grove's thick shade is near,  
Whose grateful umbrage safe defends  
Till clearer skies appear.  
And an angling, &c.

There peaceful thoughts his mind engage.  
To noisy scenes unknown,  
Waked by some bard's instructive page,  
Or serious thoughts his own.  
And an angling, &c.

Thus, whether field or grove he roams,  
Or by the stream his angle tends,  
Pleasure in new succession comes,  
And rapture never ends.  
And an angling, &c.

### LIKE A BEE, STILL I ROVE.

Air—"Over the Water to Charley."

No marriage for me, I'm resolved to live free,  
What's a wife without plenty of money?  
Hill, valley, and grove, like a bee, still I rove,  
While I sip from each flow'ret the honey;  
Enticing Nanette is my mignonette,  
And my cowslip of spring is young Fanny;  
The bright Rosabelle is my rose of the dell,  
And my heath of the mountain is Nannie.  
Fal de ral, &c.

Oh, a bachelor's life is the best, sirs.

Clorinda the fair, with her golden-wreathed hair,  
Is my woodbine, luxuriously glowing;  
Still charming my sight, still my joy and delight,  
Evelina, my amaranth blowing:  
Of her beauty so vain, my carnation is Jane,  
And fair Ellen's my white-bosomed lily;  
My wild thyme and rue are young Kitty and Sue;  
Pretty Flora's my daffodowndilly.  
Sing fal de ral, &c.

When Phillis I see, she's my sweet-scented pea;  
Highland Mary's my down of the thistle;  
My crocus so fine is the smart Jaqueline,  
But Rebecca's an artichoke bristle:  
Resolved to live free, still I rove like a bee,  
When my pinion Lucinda I put on,  
While hybla I sip from her innocent lip,  
For a time she's my bachelor's button.  
Sing fal de ral, &c.

### THE DELIGHTS OF WORTHING.

Air—"Bartlemy Fair."—(Bryant.)

COME, my lovey, get the cash,  
I mean to cut a flash;  
We'll be off to Fetter-lane,  
And to Worthing go again,  
Where the sea, so wide and grand,  
Runs away from off the strand,  
And the donkeys crowd the Steyne, O!  
Bless my life—look'ee, wife,  
Mr. Brittle—Mrs. Twittle;  
How do?—How are you?  
Oh, dear!—weather queer.

SPOKEN.] Ay, very queer! it don't agree with my wife; it makes her mumpish and ill-humoured—nobody can look at her without pouting. Ay, Alderman, now *you* are troubled a little by ill-humours, yet I defy anybody to gaze upon you without grinning. Do you believe it, my friend Pun—all and I were going to bathe yesterday, and he would insist upon my going into the water first.

He was right; he thought your nose might warm it. La! says Miss Timid, little boy, pull back the donkey, or it will take fright at that 'dirty child, and I wouldn't for the world have a—

Hey down, ho down, derry derry down,  
At sweet little Worthing, I mean, O!

Then, for Beauty, I declare,  
We have all the ladies fair,  
And they make the place so nice,  
That it looks like Paradise;  
But they never look so fine,  
So charming and divine,  
As when—Lord, they know where I mean, O!  
There so gay—smile away;  
Pay with grace—here's my place.  
Where's Sammy?—Here, mammy.  
Look at Cosey—play up Nosey.

SPOKEN.] I say, you sir, with the ugly face, play up the College Hornpipe. No, give us Rule Britannia, that's fitter for a watering-place. Come, sir, I'd thank you not to be kissing my sweetheart. I'd thank that gentleman in the gallery, with the ragged jacket, to shut his mouth. Who do you call a gentleman, sir? I wo'n't be called names by you—I knows how to behave myself with good manners, and, if you want anything, be quiet, and I'll crack your canister. Lud, wife, there's Mr. Suet, the butcher, he looks quite *chop-fallen*. No wonder, for he's at his last *stake*, he's nothing but *skin* and *bone*, and the man's *sheepish* enough to fancy that sea-air will *fatten* him up again—but he's a bachelor, and the sooner he goes the better, unless he means to take a—

Hey down, ho down, &c.

Then, having met so gay,  
We sit and see the play,  
Where we so gaily rest,  
While the actors do their best,  
And I'll forsake 'em never,  
But applaud 'em if they're clever,  
And my deary shall weep at the scene, O.  
Comic things—playhouse rings,  
Actors sigh—ladies cry,  
Lord, how witty—dresses pretty,  
Gad, I swear—they're quite fair.

SPOKEN.] Dear me, I'm nearly as well pleased as ever I was; I hav'n't felt such satisfaction since my first wife died. Satisfaction, sir! why shouldn't you be satisfied, the manager spares no expense, the performers spare no trouble, and, though you don't hear Kemble, Kean, or Catalani, I trust you behold, with a smiling countenance, a little school that the first heroes of Thespian fame would never think unworthy of them; for, to this day, they think with pleasure of—

Hey down, ho down, &c.

In the Libraries, so neat,  
The gents and ladies meet,  
Where, to pass the time away,  
They read novel, farce, or play,  
Then embrace the flowing tide,  
Or enjoy the fragrant ride,  
While many other pleasures intervene, O!  
Summer's grace dies apace;  
Coach is taken—beach forsaken;  
Off they fly—to London hie  
Till winter o'er—then, once more.

SPOKEN.] Old and young start to secure places at the coach-office. Office-keeper, you must only charge one fare for my husband and grandfather, because they are so little. Yes, ma'am, but if they're little, you've something about you very *great*. What's that? Not your modesty, ma'am. (*Countryman*.) What do you charge coachman? Fourteen shillings for *one* outside. Then there's

fourteen shillings for me and my wife. What! why that's two! Noa, we spent t'other inoney yesterday to make us *one*—and now I'ze going to Worthing. Ay, where the people always are so glad to see their old friends—where they are so generous and hospitable—and where they smile to hear a—

Hey down, ho down, &c.

IF I SWEAR BY THAT EYE, YOU'LL ALLOW.

(T. Moore.)

IF I swear by that eye, you'll allow  
Its look is so shifting and new,  
That the oath I might take on it now,  
The very next glance would undo.

Those babies that nestle so sly  
Such different arrows have got,  
That an oath on the glance of an eye  
Such as yours may be off in a shot.

Should I swear by the dew on your lip,  
Though each moment the treasure renews,  
If my constancy wishes to trip,  
I may kiss off the oath when I choose.

Or a sigh may disperse from that flower  
The dew and the oath that are there  
And I'd make a new vow ev'ry hour,  
To lose them so sweetly in air.

But clear up that heav'n of your brow,  
Nor fancy my faith is a feather;  
On my heart I will pledge you my vow,  
And they both must be broken together.

THE GENERALS OF ENGLAND.

Air—" *The Chapter of Kings*."—(Upton.)

OF a nation of generals, noble and great,  
The muse in her ditty is proud to relate,  
And *William, the Norman*, a general bold,  
Stands bright on the list in the records of old.

Yet, this we can say, sir,  
Each one in his day, sir,  
Were all of them great in their turn.

Stout *Harry, of Richmond*, a general brave,  
Sent General *Richard the Third* to his grave;  
For Richard, who seldom was given to yield,  
In fight was done over in Bosworth-Field.

Yet, this we can say, &c.

Queen Anne, ever dear as old England's queen,  
Could boast of her general, gallant *Eugene!*  
Prince *Ferdinand*, he was a general, too,  
And both made the French very oft to look blue.

Yet, this we can say, &c.

Then General *Marlborough* led them a dance,  
Till he lowered the pride of the *lilies* of France;  
And if such a thing as a doubt should remain,  
Why, the Battle of *Blenheim* the truth will explain.

Yet, this we can say, &c.

*Duke Billy, of Cumberland*, (rather too fat,)  
Was a general brave, notwithstanding of that;  
While General—general—dear is to fame,  
O, the Marquis of *Granby*, I think was his name.

Yet, this we can say, &c.

Then General *Wolfe* does the catalogue deck,  
Who died, but O, *not* till he'd taken *Quebec!*  
While General *Harris* gave *Tippoo* a knock,  
And General *Elliott* was "Cock of the Rock."

Yet, this we can say, &c.

Then General *Picton*, with General *Moore*,  
Were heroes like those in the annals of yore;  
While *Wellington, Anglesey, Lynedoch*, and *Hill*,  
Are Generals great and illustrious still!

Yet, this we can say, sir,  
Each one in his way, sir,  
Were all of them brave in their turn.

BELOVED OF IRAM! TO THY SILVER LUTE.

(C. Dibdin.)

BELOVED of Iram! to thy silver lute  
These lines attune—and these to faith impu.:

"How cheering Hope's benignant smile—  
How radiant that of Joy!  
How that can all the heart beguile,  
This all the soul employ!  
Yet sweeter far, beyond degree,  
Are loved *Zemira's* smiles to me!

"How sweet the blush of Modesty,  
And Gratitude's high glow!  
What nameless charms can that supply,  
What graces this bestow!  
Yet sweeter far, beyond degree,  
Is loved *Zemira's* bloom to me!

"How sweet Affection's yielding sigh,  
Which can the savage soul subdue!  
But yet for sweetness may not vie  
My fond, my constant maid, with you!  
No, sweeter far, beyond degree,  
Are loved *Zemira's* smiles to me!"

PRODIGIOUS.

WHEN up from boyhood first I grew,  
And Latin learned to chatter,  
The wise admired, the stupid stared,  
And cried, what is the matter?  
In lingo this queer guy, it seems, is cursedly fastidious,  
They thought me fool, I knew them so, now wasn't that  
Prodigious?

As domine, a school I kept,  
Of whip I was not sparing,  
I flogged away, the urchins wept,  
Nor thought my gift worth sharing;  
But older grown, with wicked wit, and malice most perfidious,  
Of learning big, they burnt my wig, now wasn't that  
Prodigious?

To politics my mind I turned,  
In stocks became a broker,  
But swift away my money flew,  
A prey to each keen joker;  
Both bulls and bears assailed my ears, with every one insidious,  
Like silly lout, I waddled out, now wasn't that  
Prodigious?

Frugality was still my plan,  
Of cash though not a hoarder,  
So twenty-pence a week I paid,  
At *Sour Crout's*, as boarder;  
A worthy man I found he was, and not at all litigious,  
I eat his grub, and paid him, too, now wasn't that  
Prodigious?

But here when such a scene I view,  
 With gratitude I'm burning,  
 And hope you'll find I'm not behind  
 In compliments returning;  
 The prospect now, both high and low, makes  
 former objects hideous,  
 My thanks I send to each good friend, whose kind-  
 ness is

Prodigious?

THE HONEST SAILOR;

OR, BRAVE MESSMATES AT WAPPING.

Air—"Meg of Wapping."—(Barrett.)

INDEED, I must own, they are Christians by  
 name,  
 And something, too, of my complexion;  
 But do not for this, love, my countrymen blame,  
 For with them we have no connexion;  
 For cruel their nature, their actions too mean,  
 The helpless to rob is too shocking:  
 Now, in England there's scarcely such things ever  
 seen,  
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull, I say,  
 We scorn such base actions in Wapping.

So cheer up, my girl, I'll protect you from  
 harm,  
 Let content be no longer a stranger;  
 No Spanish galleon need my charmer alarm,  
 For a Briton defies ev'ry danger.  
 Then should fate ever throw us in way of a ship,  
 Why, to England we'll instant be hopping,  
 Where we'll open a house, aye, and serve out the  
 flip,  
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull, I say,  
 Among my brave messmates at Wapping.

THE MERRY MOUNTAINEER.

SONG AND CHORUS.

(G. Colman.)

BROTHER Goatherd, mark you me?  
 Pledge me when I drink to thee.  
 Let us drain the skins of wine,  
 Till our ruby noses shine;  
 Mountain grapes, and mountain cheer,  
 Warm the merry mountaineer.

Let us push the wine about,  
 Till the last, last drop is out;  
 Then each Spanish man go,  
 And dance the fandango;  
 When jigging with lasses,  
 How sweet the time passes;  
 When mountain-grapes, and mountain-cheer,  
 Have warmed the merry mountaineer.

Sluggish goatherds, haste away!  
 The drooping cattle mourn your stay.  
 Labour till the sloping sun  
 Tells you that your work is done;  
 Then your rough brows with chaplets deck,  
 And trimly dance to the rebec.

Then each Spanish man go,  
 And move the fandango;  
 When jigging with lasses,  
 How sweet the time passes;  
 When work is done, and mountain-cheer,  
 Warms the merry mountaineer.

AND, AS YOU SIGH, OH! PITY ME.

A RONDEAU.

(Cobb.)

OH! when the favoured youth you love,  
 In whispers, tells his amorous pain;  
 And, when his tender passion to reprove,  
 Alas! you strive to frown in vain:

Then, think my heart, so like your own,  
 Cannot from Cupid's wiles keep free;  
 For there the tyrant has his throne,  
 And, as you sigh, oh! pity me.

Your swain must be, dear aunt, I know,  
 Some shepherd piping in the shade:

I prefer Cupid as a beau,  
 With *jantee* air and smart cockade.  
 Oh! when the favoured youth, &c.

Though you affect a rural swain,  
 Yet London love's the self-same pain.  
 Oh! when the favoured youth, &c.

THE DASHING YANKEE DOODLE.

(E. Ball.)

MY daddy to my mammy said,  
 "Do marry me, my dear miss;"  
 My mammy, blushing, hung her head,  
 And softly sighed, "Oh, yes."  
 My daddy loved his *backer*-pipe,  
 My mother loved her poodle,  
 Till I appeared a cherry ripe,  
 Dear little Yankee doodle.

Ri tol lol, &c.

My beauty was so great and grand,  
 To kiss me each would squeeze;  
 My mouth was like a haystack,  
 And my lips like buttered peas:  
 When breeched, at length, ye gods! how fine;  
 'Tis true, or I'm a noodle,  
 They called me, then, the *genuine*,  
 Right charming Yankee doodle.

Ri tol lol, &c.

The most correctest possibly  
 Of hofficers I am;  
 Lauks, how the girls all laughs at I,  
 And how I laughs at 'em!  
 But 'tis my beauty makes of all  
 The most completest noodle;  
 They loves me; long, short, large, and small,  
 The dashing Yankee doodle.

Ri tol lol, &c.

A captain military deekt,  
 Take heed, ye lovely friskers;  
 For werry soon I does expect  
 To wear a pair of viskers;  
 But with a tear I now departs,  
 Don't think vot I'm a noodle,  
 If I stays here, you'll lose your hearts,  
 Ay, all to Yankee doodle.

Ri tol lol, &c.

THE CALEDONIAN ADIEU.

(B. B. W.)

FAREWELL, dearest Scotia! adieu to thy bowers,  
 Gay scenes of my childhood, once lovely and  
 fair;  
 When Hope, sweetly smiling, beguiled the glad  
 hours,  
 As I thoughtlessly roved on the banks of the  
 Ayr.

Farewell, Caledonia! the darling of Nature!

Long, long shall my mem'ry thy beauties retain;

Shall dwell with fond transport on every loved feature,

The mountain, the valley, the grove, and the plain.

Thy bold, lofty mountains, which scale the blue sky,

Thy straths and thy glens, where I often have strayed,

In sweet retrospection shall rise to the eye,  
And Fancy, gay Fancy, the vision shall aid!

Though the star of my destiny o'er the wide ocean,  
From friends, home, and country, conducts me afar;

Yet still Caledonia shall claim my devotion,  
And still will I think of my friends 'far awa.'

On the banks of the Ganges, or Plata's broad stream,

As I rove, all unconscious, their beauties among,  
My own dear native Ayr, still my favourite theme,  
Shall engross all my praise, shall awaken my song.

Sweetest stream! on whose banks, in my childhood, oft roaming,

I rejoiced in the prospects which Hope fondly drew;

When the music of morning, the silence of gloaming,  
Imparted fresh pleasure, and charmed me anew.

Oh! blithe were the moments, and cantic the hours,  
When the frolics of boyhood could rapture impart;

But rapture is vanished, and sorrow o'erpowers,  
And anguish and mis'ry now reign o'er my heart.

Yet still, Caledonia, my warmest devotion,

My heart, my affections shall be all thy own;  
Though between us, dear Scotia! may roll the wide ocean,

My vows and my homage are Scotia's alone.

#### GIVE ME WOMEN, WAR, AND WINE.

(Reynolds.)

BATTLE first my soul employs;  
Next comes love, with all its joys,  
And liquor crown my daily toys.  
Give me, then, powers divine!  
Give me women, war, and wine.

Battle makes me madly vain;  
Love steals in and cools the flame;  
But liquor makes me mad again.

Give me, then, &c.

Let me fight, and never fly,  
Let me love, and never sigh,  
Let me drink until I die.

Give me, then, &c.

#### THE INDIAN LOVER'S SONG.

HASTEN, love, the sun hath set,  
And the moon through twilight gleaming,  
On the mosque's white minaret,  
Now in silver light is streaming.

All is hushed in soft repose;  
Silence rests on field and dwelling,  
Save where the bulbul to the rose  
A tale of love is sweetly telling.

Stars are glittering in the sky,  
Blest abodes of light and gladness;  
Oh! my life, that thou and I  
Might quit for them this world of sadness.

See the fire-fly in the tope,  
Brightly through the darkness shining,  
As the rays, which heavenly hope  
Flashes on the soul repining.

Then haste, bright treasure of my heart,  
Flowers around, and stars above thee,  
Alone must see us meet and part;  
Alone must witness how I love thee.

#### THE PLEASURES OF TRAVELLING.

Air—"Bag of Nails."—(Barnard de Burgh.)

If pleasure you vould know, then travel by the mail, sir,

There's nothing half so full of fun, however folks may rail, sir,

You must be wery venturesome, if knowledge you'd be gaining;

Then try, and you'll allow it's wastly entertaining.  
Tol lol de rol, &c.

There's big and little, short and tall, the squire and the farmer,

And you may be quite cosey with some sweet bewitching charmer;

With tinkers, tailors, aldermen, quack-doctors, gin or thief, sir,

All tightly squeedged together as close as potted beef, sir.

Tol lol de rol, &c.

When to breakfast we alight, if you should be sharp set, sir,

Pray don't you be wery nice, but eat what you can get, sir;

They kick up such a rumpus with the coffee-pots and kettles,

That, if you don't look wery sharp, you'll never get no victuals.

Tol lol de rol, &c.

Thus we gaily dash along, nor care about the wet, sir,

And as we scamper down a hill, vhy ve may get upset, sir;

But do not you be timbersome, for, if your neck you break, sir,

With pleasure I vill undertake to find an undertaker.

Tol lol de rol, &c.

Then banish all your fears, and don't stand shilly shally,

But mount the mail, and push along through willage, town, or walley;

And, if your journey is cut short, to guard you from all scoffing,

I'll send you home quite snug in a patent iron coffin.

Tol lol de rol, &c.

#### THE LAND, THE LOVED LAND OF OUR BIRTH.

(H. B. Code.)

HOW dear is our own native land,  
And dear the affections it yields,  
When, sportive, the infantine hand  
Culls the flow'rets of spring in her fields.  
Or when, in the proud flush of youth,  
We joy in the vigour of May,  
Exchange the fond pledges of truth  
While love and gay hope light our way,  
Still dear is that spot upon earth,  
The land, the loved land of our birth.

Or when, in the autumn of life,  
The fruits of affection around,  
Or in the sad perils of strife,  
When war's dread alarms resound;  
Or when the bleak winter of years  
Arrests the heart's blood in its flow,  
Our country the chilled bosom cheers,  
And bids our faint embers to glow.  
Still dear is that spot, &c.

//////  
E'EN LET ME BE MAD,—JUST AS MAD  
AS THE REST.

(Prince Hoare.)

THE pleasures of life are in madness, no doubt,  
And where all agreed are who would be left out?  
Then, if 'tis confest

That our reason's a jest,

E'en let me be mad,—just as mad as the rest.

The jolly gay soul, to the bottle a friend,  
Declares 'tis a med'cine all sorrow to end;

If troubled and crossed,

How the bumpers are tossed,

But his joy's not complete till his senses are lost.

The soldier, who scorns from his station to fly,  
Would madly take leave of a leg or an eye;

If honour he gains,

He is paid for his pains,

And his bliss is achieved if he parts with his  
brains.

Wits, poets, and statesmen are happy, no doubt,  
Because they're too mad to know what they're  
about;

Then, since 'tis confest

That our reason's a jest,

E'en let me be mad,—just as mad as the rest.

//////  
DESTRUCTION WAITS THE TREMBLING  
HARE.

BRIGHT Phœbus decks the vaulted sky,

And gilds the grey-eyed morn,

The lark ascends his flight on high,

And quits the waving corn;

Yoix, yoix, tantivy, fills the air,

All nature hails the day!

Destruction waits the trembling hare;

Tantivy, boys, away!

With hark, huzza, tantara!

She runs, she runs, don't spare her,

Hark forward, hark forward, hark forward!

Destruction waits the trembling hare;

Tantivy, tantivy, tantara!

O'er upland hills she bends her course,

Now turns the mountain's top,

Halts, trembles, and, with doubled force,

Flies, flies, and scorns to stop.

Yoix, yoix, &c.

But, ah, poor hare, thy speed is vain!

She halts—she pants for breath;

The dogs draw near to end her pain:

She's caught, she's caught by Death!

Yoix, yoix, tantivy fills the air,

All nature hails the day;

Destruction kills the trembling hare,

Tantivy, boys, away!

With hark, huzza, tantara!

Now home, now home they bear her;

Hark forward, hark forward, hark forward!

Destruction's killed the trembling hare;

Tantivy, tantivy, tantara.

I AM A CHAIRMAN, MY NAME'S M'GEE.

(Dibdin.)

I AM a chairman, my name's M'Gee,  
No flower in May was so blithe as me,  
Till that bastard Cupid lodged, in disguise,  
In my Bridget's two good-looking eyes.

Arrah, is it you, the urchin cried,  
I've a strong bow I have never tried;  
Like a shellelagh he then chose a dart,  
And what a whack it gave my heart!

And, since that time, I grunt and sigh,  
And sob and mourn, because, as why,  
I strive to hate, but am ne'er the nigher,  
By her frosty looks I am all on fire.

Oh, Bridget, Bridget, ease my pain,  
Or give me back my heart again,  
Or else, in troth, do all I can,  
My partner'll soon be an odd man.

//////  
LOVE! THE SOUL FIRING! LOVE! ALL  
INSPIRING!

(G. Colman, Sen.)

LOVE! the soul firing;

Love! all inspiring;

Now, my fair,

Nature invites thee to share:

Joyful advancing,

See the hours dancing

On full wing,

Merrily lead in the spring,

Winter, sternly retiring;

The flowers are springing,

Birds are a singing,

On every spray.

See the goats on rocks,

In the meads the flocks

Frolic, sport, and play,

And rejoice in May;

Turtles are cooing,

Sparrows are billing,

Shepherds are wooing,

Maidens are willing.

Spring, with all its treasure,

Brings no joy to me;

Carlos knows no pleasure,

No delight but thee.

Mark his tears,

With his tender caresses,

Whate'er love expresses.

Anxious fears,

And hope without reason,

And mirth out of season,

Mixing joy with sadness,

Speaking sober madness,

Should some guardian nigh,

With a jealous eye,

Watch the amorous swain,

Then he checks his gladness;

But if Fortune, cruel,

Adds a galling chain,

Love receives new fuel,

Tastes delight in pain.

//////  
COMIC MEDLEY.

(L. W. K.)

WHEN I was a younker, I first was apprenticed,  
Unto a gay barber, so dapper and airy;  
I next was a carpenter, then turned a dentist,  
Then a tailor, good lord! then apothecary;

But, for this trade or that,  
Why, they all come as pat  
As—

I sing, I sing in jingling rhymes, sirs,  
In praise of long past good old times, sirs,  
When female servants housework would do,  
And dressed themselves—  
Like our darling original mother,  
Mrs. Eve, who was—  
As tall, and as straight as a poplar-tree,  
With cheeks—  
Like thumping red potatoes,  
Her legs would make any chairman stare—  
For her mouth, which a smile,  
Devoid of all guile,  
Half opens to view;  
Is the bud of the rose,  
In the morning that blows,  
Impearled with—  
Drops of brandy, oh!—  
She had a rolling eye, its fellow it had none,  
Would you know the reason why, it was because  
she had but one;  
With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx,  
She could not keep her one eye idle,  
O! she leered—  
And stood stock still, I did the same,  
Gazing on her, gazing—  
Till—  
'Twas past meridian, half-past four,  
When I, by signal—  
Kisses her genteely, O,  
While, all in tune, the merry pipes struck up—  
Kiss my lady, kiss my lady!—  
And did I heed a hint so sweet,  
Oh, yes! for mark the warning—  
Wilt thou say farewell, love,  
And from Rosa part,  
Rosa's tears will tell, love,  
The anguish of her heart—  
Then, by heavens! I exclaimed, may I perish,  
If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn—  
At dawn I rose with jocund glee—  
Oh, stay! oh, stay!  
Joy so seldom weaves a chain  
Like this to-night, but, oh! 'tis pain,  
To break its links so soon;  
Oh, stay! oh, stay!  
Joy so seldom weaves a chain  
Like this to-night, but—  
Adieu, adieu, my only life!  
My honour calls me from thee;  
Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,  
Those tears but ill become thee;—  
Bravo! bravo! very well sung,  
Jolly companions every one.—  
Keep your bats on, keep your heads warm,  
A little more grog will do us no harm!

WHEN CUPIDS LEAVE THE VIRGIN'S  
FACE.

(Dr. Wolcot.)

WHEN Cupids leave the virgin's face,  
That long had made her smiles their home;  
And saucy wrinkles seize their place,  
Though never once desired to come.  
'Tis vain the killing art to try,  
The golden moments are gone by.  
When jetty locks are turned to grey,  
That formed such charms for lover's hearts;  
When eyes are dim, and scarce can see,  
That beamed such fires, and threw such darts.  
'Tis vain the killing art, &c.  
Then wedlock, girls, should share your prime,  
And love should meet you with your swain;

But should you yield your charms to time,  
He gives you back but sighs again.  
And tells you, with a scornful eye,  
The golden moments are gone by.

THERE IS A CHARM IN ROSY WINE.

THERE is a charm in rosy wine,  
That wins the glowing mind away  
From dreams of care, the rigid world—  
Then, come, its mandates now obey.  
Raise high the glass, great Bacchus praise,  
Let all bow humbly to his nod;  
And, if religious you would be,  
Come, worship here a jolly god.  
And when the night is wearing fast,  
And wet-eyed bottles cease to weep,  
We'll lay upon the ground our length,  
While Bacchus treats us with a sleep.

FOR YOU, MY LOVELY GIRL.

COME, pretty Poll, thy tears refrain,  
And, dearest maid, believe  
It wrung my heart with cruel pain,  
To see my charmer grieve:  
Then dry those eyes, and ere I go  
Each anxious tear dispel;  
And bold I'll meet my country's foes  
For you, my lovely girl.

A sailor scorns the name of slave,  
And when he's called to war,  
Will teach the foe what 'tis to brave  
A dauntless, jovial tar;  
Then bid, my life, those sighs adieu,  
Those lucid tears farewell:  
I fly to conquer, love, for you,  
For you, my lovely girl.

The signal's fired—I'm called away,  
'Tis willed that we must part;  
But though forbid with thee to stay,  
I bear thee in my heart:  
Then let not Polly be concerned,  
For Hymen soon shall tell  
Thy sailor's safe from war returned,  
For you, my lovely girl.

THE BILL-STICKER.

I'M a bill-sticker, so famous,  
And ev'ry wall around you may tell,  
If you read, that I'm no ignoramus,  
But, if you can't read, you must spell;  
And bills, you must own, my employers,  
Long enough in all conscience they send,  
But they're nothing to tailors and lawyers,  
For their bills have never an end.  
Fol de rol, &c.

With system I manage my matters,  
By agreement or circumstance led,  
So stick all the bills of famed hatters,  
Over bills of the Saracen's head;  
Patent wig-bills, to measure law-knowledge  
On Westminster-hall I imprint,  
And on Warwick-lane physical college,  
Patent coffin-bills serve for a hint.  
Fol de rol, &c.  
Like my betters, I thus live in clover,  
By billing lanes, alleys, and streets;  
For bills are the fashion town over,  
Though I cant say so much for receipts,

My trade ever merrily flits on,  
 May billing go merrily, too ;  
 And the Bill of Rights, drawn by each Briton,  
 Be honoured whenever it's due.  
 Fol de rol, &c.

TIME AND BEAUTY.

Air—"Bobbing Joan."

WE'VE heard our fathers sing  
 Time will stay for no man ;  
 But a proof I'll bring  
 He lingered once for *Woman*.  
 Wisdom scorned the rule,  
 Forbidding Time to linger,  
 While Folly, like a fool,  
 Stood beckoning with her finger ;  
 But Wisdom held him not,  
 His hand from study trembling ;  
 And Folly not a jot  
 Enticed him by dissembling.  
 We've heard, &c.

Pleasure sought to win  
 The heart of Time to riot ;  
 And Slumber lulled the din,  
 To lure him into quiet :  
 But Pleasure's cup in twain,  
 Was dashed, amid profusion ;  
 While Slumber dreamed in vain,  
 And vanished in confusion.  
 We've heard, &c.

Now o'er Time's sullen sight  
 Wit was gaily laughing,  
 Or, at springs of light,  
 Life's enchantment quaffing ;  
 But with the champagne  
 Which Wit to Time extended,  
 The latter knew that pain  
 Was, near the bottom, blended.  
 We've heard, &c.

Youth, in silly pride,  
 Hoped to have incensed him,  
 Idling by his side,  
 Or vainly matched against him ;  
 But the course of Time  
 By Youth was ne'er impeded—  
 'Twou'd task my fairest rhyme,  
 To tell what Hope and he did.  
 We've heard, &c.

But *Beauty* that way past,  
 Time, upon her glancing,  
 Was allured at last  
 A moment from advancing ;—  
 He paused—for as she stepped,  
 He heard no echo rising ;  
 For *Beauty* soundless crept,  
 To win him by surprising !  
 We've heard, &c.

Love, to crown the cheat,  
 Came—but Time was turning—  
 Love pursued his feet,  
 The looks of *Beauty* spurning !  
 And since, in *Beauty's* clime,  
 Those snares are oft in fashion—  
 And that pause of Time  
 Is called the *Reign of Passion*.  
 Our fathers sung in haste,  
 Time will stay for no man—  
 Time we ne'er can waste,  
 Devoting it to *Woman* !

THE HOME OF MY HEART.

THOUGH my eyes, dearest Anna, to others all  
 stray,  
 And from thy lovely image depart,  
 Believe me, 'tis only a visit they pay,  
 For thou art the home of my heart.

No traitors are they to affections refined,  
 No trembling delights they impart,  
 Though with friendship they beam, yet to love  
 they are blind,  
 While thou art the home of my heart.

Though the arrows of Cupid fly sportively round,  
 I laugh as he shows me his dart ;  
 For he ne'er can implant in my bosom a wound,  
 While thou art the home of my heart.

Though I follow the footsteps of pleasure's gay  
 throng,  
 The witty, the fair, and the smart ;  
 Though I join in the jest, in the dance, and the  
 song,  
 I sigh for the home of my heart.

The beautiful tints which thy features adorn,  
 I contrast with the colours of art ;  
 And exult that in Nature's low valley was born  
 My Anna, the pride of my heart.

THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER.

(T. Dibdin.)

Now, without  
 Any doubt  
 You're about  
 To find out,  
 If you list to my mode of explaining,  
 How I'll keep you all jogging,  
 No soul even flogging,  
 For that's the best method of training.  
 To all and to each,  
 While I preach,  
 I shall teach,  
 What will make ye genteeler and bolder :  
 On my plan,  
 A rattan  
 Will ne'er fall on a man,  
 If his duty he learns like a soldier :  
 With a r-r-row de dow whack,  
 Shoulder arms in a crack,  
 Expert and alert like a soldier.  
 With a row de dow, &c

When war's alarms heightening,  
 Swords brightening  
 Like lightning,  
 The enemy charging like thunder :  
 Tooth and nail,  
 Thick as hail—  
 Yet let mercy prevail,  
 The moment you find him knock under ;  
 And spare all those Turks' lives,  
 Who have married four wives ;  
 The cause—if ye want to be told here—  
 Four widows wou'd need  
 Consolation, indeed,  
 Unless pitied by each gallant soldier.  
 Then row de dow whack,  
 Shoulder arms in a crack—  
 No life's like the life of a soldier.  
 Then row de dow, &c.

You must march,  
 Though heat parch,  
 Or cold pinch, stiff and starch,

In search of the foe till you find him ;  
 From each place,  
 In disgrace  
 Be, he'll ne'er show his face,  
 Except when he's looking behind him !  
 In war, line the trenches,  
 In peace, love the wenches,  
 They'll make ye politer and bolder :  
 Your duty  
 To beauty  
 Neglect, and I'll shoot ye—  
 Who loves not the fair, is no soldier.  
 Then row de dow whack,  
 Present arms in a crack,  
 For beauty's the pride of a soldier !  
 Then row de dow, &c.

////////

THINK NOT, DEAREST, THOUGH MY  
 LOVE.

(T. W. Kelly.)

THINK not, dearest, though my love  
 Has little show of seeming,  
 That I the less that love can prove  
 A love worth thy esteeming.

Think not that loxe, which doth appear  
 So full of passion's feeling,  
 The truest, and the most sincere ;  
 There's love that's past revealing.

Then though it scorns the general view,  
 My love's worth thy approving ;  
 Ah, not in words, in feeling true,  
 That love is truly loving.

////////

THE LONGER I DANCE, THE BETTER  
 I REEL.

YOU put me in mind of a pantomime play,  
 Where a story is told by mere motion ;  
 If you'll show me the method, I'll join in the  
 hay,  
 'Gad, I think it a very good notion !  
 Fal, lal, lal, &c.

What is't you mean now ? Oh ! what, take t'other  
 drop ;  
 You say right, 'faith, I second the motion !  
 And now, if you please, we will have t'other  
 hop,  
 For, egad, it suits well with my notion !  
 Fal, lal, lal, &c.

As I empty the bottle, the lighter I feel,  
 So permit me to take t'other potion ;  
 The longer I dance, why the better I reel,  
 Faith, I've got the perpetual motion !  
 Fal, lal, lal, &c.

////////

THE COT IN YONDER VALE.

(Male.)

DIANA, goddess, chaste, arise,  
 Haste, haste, illumine the sombre skies,  
 And silver o'er the scene ;  
 Ye twinkling stars, shoot forth your heads,  
 Rest, ye loud waters, in your beds,  
 Ye winds become serene ;  
 Gav zephyrs perfume sweets exhale,  
 Around the cot in yonder vale.

This cot is twined with ivy round,  
 With woodbines' sweetest blossoms crowned,  
 And Nature's choicest store ;

But, ah ! within that cot there dwells,  
 What all her work by far excels,  
 A maid whom all adore !  
 The theme of every shepherd's tale  
 Lives in the cot in yonder vale.  
 How swift the rapt'rous moments fly,  
 How soon the dawn of morn is nigh,  
 When seated by her side ;  
 I fondly gaze the time away,  
 And beg she'll name the happy day  
 —When she'll become my bride ?  
 But Hymen soon shall close the tale,  
 In that sweet cot in yonder vale.

////////

WHEN WE SAILORS, LAD, FIRST PUT  
 TO SEA.

(Birch.)

WHEN we sailors, lad, first put to sea,  
 Our cares are abaft, and our hearts full of glee ;  
 Though the point she shift, let the gale but blow  
 Then cheerily and merrily, my boys, we go.

Now reefed we scud—now waves o'erwhelm,  
 Now she heels—now right to her with helm ;  
 With her tackling trim, and her timbers tight,  
 In a squall, or a breeze—'tis the tars delight.

Now at anchor riding, blithe and gay ;  
 Why we foot it, lad, or booze it away ;  
 Now the breeze is fresh, our canvass full,  
 So we're off again, and never dull.

When we sailors, lad, &c.

////////

THINKS I TO MYSELF THINKS I.

THINKS I to myself thinks I,  
 I see no reason why  
 The devil should pause  
 To sharpen his claws,  
 Thinks I to myself thinks I.

Thinks I to myself thinks I,  
 Those parsons are devilish sly,  
 To shun him they preach,  
 While they suck like a leach,  
 Thinks I to myself thinks I.

Thinks I to myself thinks I,  
 Let knaves my song decry ;  
 I'll keep from the paw  
 Of physic and law,  
 Thinks I to myself thinks I.

Thinks I to myself thinks I,  
 Let none their aid deny,  
 Nor leave their own work  
 For a devil or Turk,  
 Thinks I to myself thinks I.

Thinks I to myself thinks I,  
 State jugglers now good by ;  
 No longer will slaves  
 Be governed by knaves,  
 Thinks I to myself thinks I.

////////

MILK, PRETTY MAIDS, ANY MILK  
 BELOW.

THOUGH neither in silks nor in satins I'm seen,  
 My garb, if but homely, is wholesome and clean  
 An apron of blue, with a plain russet gown,  
 And spotted silk handkerchief, all are my own .  
 For which, with the fruits of my labour I pay,  
 And that is much more than my betters can say.  
 Still trudging at morn and at eve to and fro,  
 With milk, pretty maids, any milk below.

Tell me not of bondage, 'tis all a mere joke,  
I'm never more happy than under a yoke;  
In which I as fairly can manage my pails,  
As e'er Madam Justice could balance her scales.  
Go things how they will, I've the proverb in view,  
In dealing with all, give the devil his due:  
And, blithe as a lark, while I trudge to and fro,  
Keep still crying,—milk! any milk below.

The statesman, the doctor, the lawyer in silk,  
The bishop in lawn, are but dealers in milk;  
While one milks his patient, and drains him of health,

Another his client can milk of his wealth;  
While one has the national dairy to call,  
The church t'other milks without preaching at all.  
Through life, then, I'll merrily trudge to and fro,  
And still cry my milk, any milk below.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### WELCOME MIRTH AND FESTIVE SONG.

HENCE, far hence, corroding Care,  
Envy foul, and black Despair:  
Hence be banished every pain,  
Looks demure, and cold disdain.

Welcome mirth and festive song,  
Welcome all thy jocund throng;  
Be thou, and only thou, our guide,  
Ev'ry gloomy thought deride.

Blithesome let us sing and play  
All the gladsome, livelong day:  
Life was formed for joy and love,  
Emblem of the state above.

Fill, then, fill the flowing glass,  
Cheerful let the goblet pass;  
While the sprightly health goes round,  
Let the jovial rebecs sound.

Happy, truly happy he,  
Ever tranquil, ever free,  
Who enjoys a state so blest,  
By nor cares or fears distrest.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### SHEELAGH'S WEDDING;

OR, ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Air—"St. Patrick's Day in the Morning.

(Upton.)

OCH, I sing of a wedding, and that at Dunleary,  
And a wedding's no time to be moping and dreary,  
So a wedding took place between Pat and his deary,  
Who long had at Cupid been frowning;  
But, at length, d'ye see, they resolved to be tied,  
Paddy Shannon the bridegroom, and Sheelah the  
bride;

For, d'ye mind, after that,  
Whispers Sheelah to Pat,  
Arrah, dear, how I blush! but I may have a  
baby;  
And then, love, says she,  
Och, how happy we'll be  
On St. Patrick's day in the morning.

Well, the time being settled, to church they were  
carried,  
With some more lads and lasses, to see the pair  
married,  
Who vowed that too long from the parson they  
tarried,

For who would such sweet things be scorning;  
Then, at church, arrah, yes, you may fancy them  
there,  
Sure the priest tied them fast, you may very well  
swear;

And, when it was done,  
Och, what laughing and fun  
Took place about something and throwing the  
stocking;

While the blithe boys and girls  
Talked of ringing the bells  
On St. Patrick's day in the morning.

Now at home, safe and snug, and the wedding-  
day over,  
Sure the bride and the bridegroom were both left  
in clover,

Which Paddy so pleased, that, hereafter, a rover,  
Och, he swore he should ever be scorning;  
For Paddy, d'ye see, was so fond of his wife  
That he vowed they'd be cozy and loving for life,  
While so frisky they'd sing,  
Summer, winter, and spring;  
Arrah, would they, because, in nine months, or  
about it,

Why, a sweet little Pat  
May squall out, and all that,  
On St. Patrick's day in the morning.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### THE RICHMOND PRIMROSE GIRL.

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

Upon the earth her eyes she threw,  
The flow'rets wild before her grew;  
Those gifts, by bounteous nature spread,  
She gathered, to procure them bread,  
And through the hollow sounding streets,  
By few relieved, but jeered by many,  
Her cry each morning she repeats,  
Primroses, primroses, primroses, two bunches  
a penny,  
Primroses, two bunches a penny.

Her pensive way I've seen her keep,  
With anxious step from door to door,  
And oft I've turned aside to weep,  
And mourned that fortune made me poor;  
Ere early light adorns the sky,  
She roves the heath and valley fenny,  
And towards proud London hastes to cry—  
Primroses, primroses, primroses, two bunches  
a-penny,  
Primroses, two bunches a-penny.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### AS WE GOATHERDS TRUDGE ALONG.

(G. Colman.)

As we goatherds trudge along,  
O'er the mountain bleak and brown,  
Merrily we troll the song,  
Till we reach the distant town.  
With scrip, and wine, that sparkling smiles,  
The dreary journey each beguiles;  
Through cold and heat, through sun, through snow,  
We sing, to market as we go.  
As we goatherds, &c.

And each, a female by his side,  
(Wedded wife, or wished-for bride,)  
Cheerily descends the dale,  
Whispering soft a true-love tale.  
As we goatherds, &c.

Blest be every faithful pair!  
May no rigid sire's control,  
In the bosom of the fair,  
'The pure emotions of the soul!  
Thus we goatherds, &c.



Yet angels men will see, in those dear forms they wed;  
 What angels those must be, who crack a husband's head!  
 Oh! 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love.

**OH! 'TIS LOVE!**

OH! 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love,  
 That makes the world go round;  
 Ev'ry day, beneath his sway,  
 Fools, old and young, abound;  
 Love often turns young ladies' brains,  
 At which mamma will scold,  
 So, in revenge, Love thinks it fair  
 To shoot sometimes the old;  
 With love some folks go mad,  
 'Tis love makes some quite thin,  
 Some find themselves so bad,  
 The sea they must jump in.  
 Oh! 'tis love, &c.

Love rules alike, both high and low,  
 Great people, and the small;  
 Excepting, always, married pairs,  
 Which love can't rule at all.  
 Yet angels men will see,  
 In those dear forms they wed;  
 What angels those must be,  
 Who crack a husband's head!  
 Oh! 'tis love, &c.

In all your letters filled with love  
 Take care no vows appear;  
 For if they ever go to court,  
 You'll look a little queer:  
 Not Hymen's court, I mean,  
 With blooming Loves and Graces;  
 But where, instead, are seen,  
 Long wigs, and longer faces.  
 Oh! 'tis love, &c.

Then, why should lovers ever pine,  
 For any fair they see?  
 If *twenty-one* your suit decline,  
 Still *sixty* may agree;  
 Though younger maidens jeer,  
 And say this choice is wrong,  
 One consolation's clear,  
 She can't live very long!  
 Oh! 'tis love, &c.

**WHILE RICHARD'S SPIRITS LANGUISH**

(Beazley.)

WHILE Richard's spirits languish  
 On the couch of pain,  
 To soothe the monarch's anguish,  
 Let us touch the strain  
 To sounds of peace!

When Richard's armour glances  
 Across the Paynim field,  
 Amidst a thousand lances,  
 All to his must yield,  
 In deeds of war!

Where'er the blood flows free'st,  
 There Richard's banners float;  
 There deeds of arms thou see'st,  
 To wake the minstrel's note  
 To sounds of war!

**'T WAS A GLORIOUS ELECTION,—SUCH BROW-BEATING AND BOTHER.**

(Devv.)

*Longhead* and *Loggerhead* opposed one another;  
 'Twas a glorious election,—such brow-beating and bother;  
 'Twas hard to say which had the strongest pretensions:  
 Longhead had the sense,  
 But *Loggerhead* the pence;  
 Their consciences were both of the usual dimensions.  
 Such an orator was *Longhead*,  
 It required a very strong head  
 To make out one-half of his meaning;  
 When he talked of ins and outs,  
 I had always my doubts,  
 To which of the two he was leaning.  
 He harangued about the nation,  
 Reformation, and salvation!

Swore his lamb-like electors,  
 Had wolves for protectors,  
 Till they all stretched their mouths, being touched  
 to the core,  
 And they next *stretched their hands*, but they  
*touched nothing more.*  
 All that Longhead said  
 Was addressed to the head;  
 He didn't understand  
 How to *reason with the hand.*  
 So they praised him for a genius of marvellous  
 note,  
 But the *devil a one of 'em gave him a vote.*  
 Now Loggerhead seemed in a pitiful case,  
 When opposed to this wonderful master of  
 speech,  
 Poor Loggy, indeed, carried fool in his face,  
 And as soon could have flown, as palaver or  
 preach:  
 But he had a certain rhetorical twist,  
 Not of *tickling of the ear*, but of *tickling of the fist.*  
 'Twas a knack full of logic, persuasion, and grace,  
 And he learned it of one *Mr. Henry Huse.*  
 He made no botheration  
 'Bout the *nation and salvation!*  
 But he gave a *private lecture*  
 To every elector.  
*Honest souls!* past a doubt, they found Loggerhead  
 glib,  
 He changed, with a *conjuror's presto*, their notes.  
 They that *once* called him *blockhead*, just fit for a  
 bib,  
 Now clenched his proposals, and gave him *their*  
*votes.*  
 Then why talk of learning and wit at command?  
 As if a rich booby could ever be dull;  
 Sense in the head isn't cash in the hand,  
 But *cash in the hand will put sense in the skull.*

~~~~~

ADOWN, ADOWN THE HILLS WE'LL GO.

(Upton.)

ADOWN, adown the hills we'll go,
 Where daisies spring and roses blow;
 And there, beneath the hawthorn shade,
 Where first you called me "pretty maid,"
 We'll sit, unseen, or gently stray,
 And chat, my love, the hours away.

Adown, adown in yonder vale,
 We'll breathe the tender heart-fraught tale,
 And there, where no rude feet have pressed,
 Subdue each troubled thought to rest:
 Or, arm-in-arm, endearing, stray,
 And chat, my love, the hours away.

Adown, adown the hills we'll hie,
 For fast the life-winged minutes fly!
 And, while the bird of evening's song
 Cries, "Come, fond loves, come along!"
 O! there, unseen, we'll gently stray,
 And chat, my love, the hours away.

~~~~~

#### THE GAMESTER.

YOU must have heard tell of a gamester, one  
 Beverley,  
 (His story is said to be sung by the bards,)  
 Who was cleaned out of cash by his dear friend so  
 cleverly,  
 Shuffling his creditors, shuffling his cards;  
 But, if you have not, why, I may as well sing of  
 him,  
 The story was talked of at least for a day,  
 When the town was tongue-tired, and could no  
 more ring of him,  
 And turned to its tea-cup, and he to his clay.

Dan Stukely was one man, but wearing two faces,  
 sir,  
 One served for himself, and the next for his  
 friend;  
 He drew the right cards, and he threw the sure  
 aces, sir,  
 And, one way or other, he hid his own end;  
 And often he took Mr. B. to a stranger house  
 Than he had e'er seen, by men-devils called  
 hell,  
 Where he threw away luck till his fortunes were  
 dangerous,  
 But his friend pushed him on, and his friend  
 loved him well.  
 Soon his purse and his pocket were empty of rhino:  
 well,  
 He pledged him his honour, and pawned his  
 estate;  
 But these went after those in a shake, sir, as I  
 know well,  
 Then he rubbed down his wig, and he rubbed  
 up his plate:  
 This soon melted down, sir, and nothing was left  
 to him,  
 But the diamonds his wife loved much more than  
 his eyes;  
 He bullied her long, but her ear-rings were deaf  
 to him,  
 But woman is weak, and he shook her with  
 sighs.  
 "You will think me, sweet wifey, curst hard with  
 the cruels, dear,  
 To hit you this blow, that will break your fine  
 back;  
 Come, give me no tears, ma'am, but give me the  
 jewels, dear,  
 And I'll hold the casket, and you hold your  
 clack."  
 Then faster he went than a hackney could crawl  
 with him,  
 To meet with his Stukely, and meet with his  
 fate;  
 "That Stukely's a rascal, but I'll have no brawl  
 with him;  
 He may break me in pocket--he shall not in  
 pate."  
 Now Stukely had watched for him, just as a spider  
 waits  
 To pounce on a blue-bottle caught in his net;  
 "Ha! Bevy, my boy, here's the cockagee cider  
 waits!"—  
 "I'm sour enough with the losses I've met;  
 But come, my kind Stukey, I'll have one dry  
 bout with you,  
 So down with your dice, dear, and down with  
 your dust;  
 I'm sour as the cider, but think not I pout with  
 you;  
 Oh no, 'tis with Fortune that I am so crust."  
 So the dice-box was brought, and poor Beverley  
 threw away  
 Diamonds, like pebbles, at duck and at drake,  
 Till Fortune, well fledged, gave a flutter and flew  
 away,  
 And he hadn't a thing but his stick for a stake.  
 "Oh, fool that I was now, the ninny of ninnies,  
 sure,  
 To throw, at one cast, away horse, house, and  
 cart,  
 And fling after Fortune wife, jewels, and guineas,  
 sure,  
 And play out her diamonds, and hold but her  
 heart!  
 "What pen, and what poet, and page can record  
 it, a  
 Moral to man, and to me a reproach?"

My despair is so deep, if my fate would afford it,  
 ha!—  
 I would throw my last throw, and jump into—a  
 coach.”  
 Then he felt in his pockets, but nothing was in  
 them now,  
 And he thought of his wife, that was forty and  
 fat,  
 And his sister so plump—“ But,” said he, “ I  
 shall thin them now ;”  
 And he felt for their cravings and felt his cravat.

Sad he mused on his losses whilst fording the gut-  
 ter, sir,  
 And d—d the man link-boy, who called  
 him a duke ;  
 For the rain it came down, and his shoes ’gan to  
 sputter, sir,  
 And hadn’t the fare of coach, link-boy, or  
 cloak.  
 “ How hard is my lot, that have rode in my  
 chaises, sir,  
 To trudge through the street till my toes have  
 the cramp ;  
 But, when we are poor, we must walk home, by  
 Jazes, sir,  
 And see that ’tis dark by the light of a lamp.”

But he found his way home, where the rushlight  
 was burning, sir,  
 His toes and his temper quite sore with the  
 flags ;  
 His wife snores so loud that he felt a strong yearn-  
 ing, sir,  
 To rouse her, and say she was ruined to rags.  
 But he lay by her side still, and partly beside  
 himself,  
 And pondered all night ’twixt a pistol and rope ;  
 But this was a case that he could not decide him-  
 self,  
 So he bawled up his valet—and called upon  
 Hope.

“ Go, bring me my top-boots, and the stuff that  
 you clean them with ;  
 You yesterday cleaned them, but I must to-  
 day ;  
 Put the boots on their feet, and the stuff that you  
 sheen them with,  
 Set it down by the bed-side, and then go your  
 way !”

Then he drank a deep draught of mixed vitriol and  
 blacking, sir,  
 And his face was as black as his boots in a  
 trice ;  
 Then, kicking his slippers off, sent his soul pack-  
 ing, sir,  
 The victim of vitriol, and Stukely, and dice.

Mrs. B. waked at twelve, and it gave her a shock,  
 oh, sirs,  
 She had dreamed of black legs, and she sees a  
 black face,  
 And doubted a breath if her man from Morocco,  
 sir,  
 Had mistaken his Eve, and had taken B.’s  
 place.  
 Then she bawled for her servants, as they were her  
 debtors,  
 And for salt—but the salts were all seized from  
 the shelves,  
 For servants, by law, are the first paid of credi-  
 tors,  
 And when they’re unpaid wait on none but  
 themselves.

ut, finding her B. dead, then she ’gan a rum-  
 maging,  
 To see what her sad widow’s jointure would be,

But searched all in vain, for she found not a  
 Brummagem  
 To pay for the baked meats and funeral fee.  
 So, since nothing was left her for life but to die  
 soon, sir,  
 She made up her mind, like a Hindoo, for  
 death,  
 And drank to the bottom the “ best Warren” poi-  
 son, sir,  
 And the bottle gave up when she gave up her  
 breath.

## MORAL.

Now, all you bold gamblers, that think you so  
 cleverly  
 Throw against Fortune, to lose in a trice,  
 Remember the black fate and face of poor Bever-  
 ley,  
 And, long as you live, sirs, shun diamonds and  
 dice.  
 But, if you’re the brave bully-boys born for play-  
 ing a  
 Rubber with Fortune, ah, play a safe game,—  
 Take a cool hand at crib with a friend not betray-  
 ing you,  
 And save blacking your faces, and blackening  
 your fame.

## POOR MAD MARGERY.

(Arnold.)

AH! did you not hear of a poor silly maid,  
 Who listened to love, and whose lover betrayed ?  
 Who fled far away, to conceal her sad shame,  
 And who wild in her wits and her manners be-  
 came ?  
 And they called her Poor mad Margery.  
 A garland she culled from the hedges and meads,  
 And choice her collection of nettles and weeds :  
 But the sweets she neglected, or threw them all  
 by,  
 For she thought she deserved no delight but to die.  
 So farewell to Poor mad Margery.  
 She wandered, forlorn, without guardian or guide,  
 To the brink of the flood, or the precipice side ;  
 And, though storms howled around her, she heeded  
 them not,  
 For in thoughts of her shame all her fears were  
 forgot

By the hapless Poor mad Margery.

BRING THE GENEROUS FLASK, TO CHEER  
THE WEARY, DROOPING, MULETEER.

A GLEE.

(Reynolds.)

BRING, bring the generous flask, to cheer  
 The weary, drooping, muleteer !  
 Those Alps, whose tops in clouds are lost,  
 Since break of morn with toil we crost :  
 O, full of danger is the way !  
 The wolf twice marked us for his prey ;  
 With sudden swell the torrent broke,  
 The winds with loudest fury spoke !  
 Lara, lara, lol—lara, lara, lol.

O, bring the generous flask, to cheer  
 The spirits of the muleteer !  
 Bring, too, the flageolet and tabor,  
 To soothe the heart and sweeten labour ;  
 The dance the dullest mind will brighten,  
 The foot most weary it will lighten !  
 Lara, lara, lol, &c.

Such joy the ev’ning yet can give,  
 The day till twelve at night will last,

And when in merriment 'tis past,  
 We've only one day less to live;  
 Your smiles, ye damsels, too, shall cheer  
 The spirits of the muleteer!  
 Lara, lara, lol, &c.

THE HAWTHORN-BOWER.

(John Cunningham.)

PALEMON, in the hawthorn-bower,  
 With fond impatience lay;  
 He counted every anxious hour,  
 That stretched the tedious day.  
 The rosy dawn Pastora named,  
 And vowed that she'd be kind;  
 But, ah! the setting sun proclaimed,  
 That women's vows are—wind.

The fickle sex the boy defied,  
 And swore, in terms profane,  
 That beauty, in her brightest pride,  
 Might sue to him in vain;  
 When Delia, from the neighb'ring glade,  
 Appeared in all her charms,  
 Each angry vow Palemon made,  
 Was lost in Delia's arms.

The lovers had not long reclined,  
 Before Pastora came;  
 'Inconstancy,' she cried, 'I find,  
 In every heart's the same;  
 For young Alexis sighed and prest,  
 With such bewitching power,  
 I quite forgot the wishing guest,  
 That waited in the bower.

THE IRISH PILGRIM.

FAITH, you must know, I once was born,  
 It was near the rock of Cashel, O;  
 My father's cow, she wore a horn,  
 And so did Tony Swatchell, O!  
 Says Father Mooney, 'Tis a shame,  
 That you will still keep doing this,  
 You must do penance for the same,  
 And I will tell you what it is.'

Says he, 'Oh! be an honest man,  
 And have the grace your debts to pay;  
 'Yes, sir,' says I, and off I ran,  
 To have with Jane a bit of play;  
 Ill-luck the priest upon us sent,  
 And up a whilliloo he set;  
 Says I, 'A kiss to me she lent,  
 And I was paying off the debt.'

'As on your sin the saints all peept,  
 One year, O, wine you must not sup;  
 So in a quart a loaf I steept,  
 I did not drink—I eat it up!  
 Says he, 'Child, walk upon your knees,  
 Till from your soul your sin is fled;  
 'Yes, sir,' says I, 'but, if you please,  
 It shall be in a strawberry-bed.'

He found me out, and swore, in a rage,  
 'Child, go to Hell, for that's your doom,  
 Except you truff on pilgrimage  
 To holy Thomas Becket's tomb.'  
 Last Lent, came cockles, mighty pat,  
 And bread and butter was a treat,  
 The cockle-shells stuck on my hat,  
 But first the cockles I did eat.

THE WHISPER OF HOPE.

(Jesse Hammond.)

[Music, Blackman, Bridge-street, Borough.]

THE silvery moon-beam that brightens the ocean  
 Shall serve as a beacon for me;  
 And the whisper of hope, when the winds are in  
 motion,  
 Shall tell where I parted from thee;  
 And by that soft sigh,  
 And the tear in thine eye,  
 I'll send thee a kiss as the gale passes by.

Then weep not, my love, when you hear the wind  
 howling,  
 And billows beat loud on the beach;  
 For the whisper of hope, o'er the wide waters  
 rolling,  
 May hasten thy bosom to reach;  
 And by that soft sigh, &c.

THE FINISHED TRAVELLER.

(Dibdin.)

I'VE ranged o'er creation,  
 Each climate and nation,  
 That knowledge to glean for which travellers  
 roam;  
 Yet I found by men's actions,  
 Those manly attractions  
 That visit the world are in England, at home.  
 For jewels and treasure,  
 A store beyond measure,  
 From all corners of earth, our wide commerce shall  
 draw;  
 To prove, while each blessing  
 We thus are possessing,  
 No nation, like Britain, the sun ever saw.

As to men, all inherit,  
 Some suitable merit,  
 In Germany, science, in Italy, parts,  
 In Portugal, meekness,  
 In Spain, fear and weakness,  
 In France, they have tongues, and in England  
 they've hearts;  
 And in manners and features,  
 Heaven's perfectest creatures,  
 Who honour, observe, and obey reason's law;  
 They proclaim their own nation,  
 Throughout all creation,  
 Most happy and great, that the sun ever saw.

As to women, sweet faces,  
 And exquisite graces,  
 To complete that dear race, in each country  
 abound;  
 But their heavenly communion,  
 In true perfect union,  
 No where in the world but in England is found,  
 Then be vice of all nations,  
 Like foul exhalations,  
 Absorbed in our minds by truth's lenient law;  
 So our right thus awarded,  
 Shall be England recorded,  
 The happiest land that the sun ever saw.

THE SLOW-RISING MORN GLADS THE  
 TOP OF THE HILL.

Air—"Bachelor's Hall."

THE slow-rising morn glads the top of the hill,  
 And cheers, by its rays, the soft murmuring rill;  
 The tinkling fold salutes the new day,  
 And Phœbus delights by the beams of his ray;

The cock's cheerful voice is the clarion of morn,  
And echo revibrates the huntsman's sweet horn.  
Hark, the lark—hark, the lark—hark, the lark on  
the spray,  
Her sweet notes wake the sluggard, and welcome  
the day.

The chimes of the village now waken the clown,  
The 'squire takes his rouse from his soft bed of  
down;

The hunters start up, each his whip gives a crack,  
Then saddle the horses, unkennel the pack;  
The musical halloo, the hounds in full cry,  
We ferret out puss—for the victim must die;  
While the thrush on the bush, in concert unites,  
And adds to the pleasures that crown our de-  
lights.

The fatigues of the day lead us home to the  
bowl,  
And festivity's board smokes for each jovial soul;  
The bottle we crack, the rich nectar we quaff,  
And mirth and his train bring the jest and the  
laugh;

'Till Somnus spreads o'er us his mantle of peace,  
And the nightingale's notes bids our jollity cease.  
Hark, how sweetly—how sweetly her song cheers  
the night,  
And Luna, delighted, redoubles her light.

//////  
KATE, OF DOVER.

(Anderson.)

NED FLINT was loved by all the ship,  
Was tender-hearted, bold, and true,  
He'd work his way or drink his flip  
With e'er a seaman in the crew:  
Though Ned had faced his country's foe,  
And twice had sailed the world all over,  
Had seen his messmates oft laid low,  
Yet would he sigh for Kate and Dover.

Fair was the morn when on the shore  
Ned flew to take of Kate his leave,  
Says he, my love, your grief give o'er,  
For Ned can ne'er his Kate deceive!  
Let Fortune smile, or let her frown,  
To you I ne'er will prove a rover,  
All cares in gen'rous flip I'll drown,  
And still be true to Kate, of Dover.

The tow'ring cliffs they bid adieu!  
To brave all dangers on the main,  
When, lo! a sail appeared in view,  
And Ned, with many a tar, was slain:  
Thus Death, who lays each hero low,  
Robbed Kitty of her faithful lover;  
The tars oft tell the tale of wo,  
And heave a sigh for Kate, of Dover.

//////  
SERGEANT CLAWIT, TIMOTHY WICK,  
AND PEGGY.

COME, all who have got tender feeling,  
Hear the story of Timothy Wick:  
A tear from your eyes 'twill be stealing,  
If your heart an't as hard as a brick!  
Mister Timothy had a good trade in  
A village that's called Kentish Town,  
And he courted a smart city maiden,  
Who consented his wishes to crown.

Asked in church, now the wedding none dare stop,  
Each day they were growing more sweet,  
When Peggy consented, at Fairlop,  
Her Timothy Wick for to meet.

Sergeant Clawit was out a recruiting,  
And he set a hawk's eye upon Tim,  
For he thought him a fine mark for shooting,  
So tall, so genteel, and so slim!

Cried the sergeant, "my lad, you're a hero,  
And love both your king and your lass;  
What d'ye say to a little good cheer-o?  
Here, waiter, a bottle and glass!"  
Now with sorrow my story is twisted,  
Our prudence it oftentimes slacks,  
Tim got tipsy—and then got enlisted,  
And was sent off to lather the Blacks!

His sweetheart with grief had a short fight,  
Peter Clack saw her home the next day,  
Woo'd a week, and got wed in a fortnight,  
And the week after that ran away!  
Then, ye lovers, this tale have before ye,  
And for liquor forsake not your lass,  
But, rememb'ring poor Timothy's story,  
Cork the bottle, and then break the glass.

//////  
LIVE LIKE FREEMASONS, YOUR LIVES  
TO AMEND.

THE curious vulgar could never devise  
What social Freemasons so highly do prize;  
No human conjecture, no study in schools,  
Such fruitless attempts are the actions of fools.

Sublime are our maxims, our plan from above,  
Old as the creation, cemented with love;  
To promote all the virtues adorning man's life,  
Subduing our passions, preventing all strife.

Pursue, my dear brethren, embrace, with great  
care,

A system adapted our actions to square,  
Whose origin clearly appeareth divine,  
Observe how its precepts to virtue incline.

The secrets of Nature King Solomon knew,  
The names of all trees in the forest that grew,  
Architecture his study, Freemasons' sole guide,  
Thus finished his temple, antiquity's pride.

True ancient Freemasons our arts did conceal,  
Their hearts were sincere and not prone to reveal;  
Here's the widow's son's mem'ry, that mighty  
great sage

Who skilfully handled, plum, level, and gauge.

Toast next our Grand Master, of noble repute,  
No brother presuming his laws to dispute;  
No discord, no faction, our lodge shall divide,  
Here truth, love, and friendship must always  
abide.

Cease, cease, ye vain rebels, your country's dis-  
grace,

To ravage like Vandals, our arts to deface;  
Learn, learn to grow loyal, our king to defend,  
And live, like Freemasons, your lives to amend.

//////  
THE THREE BEAUS.

Air—"Mistress Goose."—(Miss Bryant.)

I ONCE had three beaus, but now they are gone;  
Yes, left me to mope and to grieve all alone:  
The first was an old man, as aged as my dad,  
So, says I, go, poor child, for I'm not to be had.

[SPOKEN.] No, indeed, I'll never marry, to  
nurse old men in their second childhood, with my  
husband puffing at one side of the fire and me  
snuffing at the other, while all the little dirty boys  
in the village will be peeping in at the window,  
calling out—

Father Punch, Mother Joan, Mrs. Joan,  
Daddy Punck.

I'd rather lead their apes than be called Mother Joan.

Then came John, he was poor, but a very handsome beau;

So I teased and perplexed him; we all do that, you know;

But no money in his purse when he asked to wed, quite pat,

Says I, Johnny, my dear, how can you think of that?

SPOKEN.] Marry, indeed, to see ugly little Cupid laughing at us, and flying out of the window: no, go and fight for your country, John; take arms—make your fortune—and then my arms will be always ready to receive you, and the people will then say there goes

Captain John, Lady John, Mister John, Mistress John;

Oh, how pretty it will be to be called Lady John.

John went for a soldier, and Robin soon came, He was rich as a Jew, and my heart was in a flame;

At last, too, I gained him: we married one day, But, oh, my sad tale, for the next he ran away.

SPOKEN.] Yes, and now even Old Darby laughs at me, and had the impudence to say that Robin made a Judy of me after all. Poor John I lost entirely, for his dear head was blown off in the first battle.

And now I am the sport of every one,  
All forlorn, quite forlorn, &c.

I wish I took Old Darby, I shouldn't be forlorn.

#### SWEET SEDUCER! BLANDLY SMILING.

(T. Moore.)

SWEET seducer! blandly smiling;  
Charming still, and still beguiling!  
Oft I swore to love thee never,  
Yet I love thee more than ever!

Why that little wanton blushing,  
Glancing eye, and bosom flushing?  
Flushing warm, and wily glancing—  
All is lovely, all entrancing!

Turn away those lips of blisses—  
I am poisoned by thy kisses!  
Yet, again, ah! turn them to me:  
Ruin's sweet, when they undo me!

Oh! be less, be less enchanting;  
Let some little grace be wanting;  
Let my eyes, when I'm expiring,  
Gaze awhile without admiring!

#### HOW D'YE DO TOM?

(Kenney.)

WHEN I came on the world, without notice or name,

'Twas my curriole bore me to fashion and fame;  
My keeping a girl would have got me a wife,  
And my two spanking bays introduced me to life.

Then while rattling, and dashing, and splashing all day,

Old women I scared, with "Get out of the way!"  
I'd a nod from all quarters—was ever at home,  
And St. James's Street echoed with "How d'ye do, Tom?"

But when I was knocked up, and my horses knocked down,  
Tom Surfeit's disaster soon ran through the town;

When seeking my friends, my misfortune to smother,

When I looked at them one way, they all looked another.

But if rattling, and dashing, and splashing away,  
Again I recover, and blaze into day,

How their necks will relax, and their mem'rics come home,

And my ears again ring, with their "How d'ye do, Tom?"

#### NOW WESTLIN WINDS, AND SLAUGHTERING GUNS.

(Burns.)

Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns,  
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather;

The moorcock springs on whirring wings,  
Among the blooming heather:

Now, waving grain, wide o'er the plain,  
Delights the weary farmer;

And the moon shines bright when I rove at night,

To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells,

The plover loves the mountains;

The woodcock hunts the lonely dells,

The soaring hern the fountains;

Through lofty groves the cushat roves,

The path of man to shun it;

The hazel-bush o'erhangs the thrush,

The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus, ev'ry kind their pleasure find,

The savage, and the tender;

Some social join, and leaguers combine,

Some solitary wander:

Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,

Tyrannic man's dominion;

The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,

The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

But Peggy dear, the evening's clear,

Thick flies the skimming swallow;

The sky is blue, the fields in view,

All-fading green and yellow.

Come, let us stray our gladsome way,

And view the charms of nature;

The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,

And every happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,

'Till the silent moon shines clearly;

I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,

Swear, how I love thee dearly!

Not vernal showers to budding flow'rs,

Not autumn to the farmer,

So dear can be, as thou to me,

My fair, my lovely charmer!

#### THE JEW.

Air—"In the Dead of the Night."

'Twas the top of the morning, so pleasant and clear,

I vash crying old clothes, ven my love did appear;

Her sweet tawny beauties vash tempting to view,  
Says I, pretty Mistress Solomons, how vash you do?

I vash cheaply then purchase a smile from my dear,

And vash whisper my wishes quite loud to her ear;

Says I, pretty Mistress Solomons, we both are undone,  
If old Rabbi Abrahams don't make us two one.

The bargain vash struck without more delay,  
And pretty Mistress Solomons vash made Mor-decai;  
All Duke's Place resounded with laughter and glee,  
And pretty little smouches soon danced on our knee.

////////

### THE TIPLING DEITIES.

Air—"Bow, wow, wow."

ATTEND, gentle sirs, to a sonneteer terrestrial,  
Who sings something new about matters celestial;

'Tis all by way of joke, and he, therefore, hopes  
no sin it is,  
To meddle with the private tricks of fuddling divinities.

Bow, wow, wow, fal, lal, de riddle, lal, bow,  
wow, wow.

Quidnunc historians, and Grecian poets tell us,  
These high-seated deities are mighty sober fellows,

There is not one among them all, within heav'n's portals,  
Who does not love to drink as well as we jolly mortals.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

'Twould do you good to peep, when these folks are merry-making,  
To see how very kindly each his bumper is taking;

'Till Jove, the mighty chairman, nods, and Phœbus falls a-snoring,  
And Momus, with his laughing crew, some merry catch are roaring.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Old Vulcan quits the forge, gives the Cyclops a holiday,

And brightens up his smutty face, in heaven to spend a jolly day;  
While Mercury, with feathered foot, alights amid the quorum,  
His famed caduceus lays aside, to push about the jorum.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Though Bacchus' vineyards swim with wine, it never satisfies him,

To ev'ry private boozing-match, this prince of toppers hies him;  
His lusty sides with nectar lined, ripe grapes his brows adorning,  
And thus brimful goes reeling home, as ruddy as the morning.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Old tawny Pan forsakes his bowers, hung round with hazel-branches,

And snugly, 'mong these jolly souls, sits down his shaggy haunches;  
And Neptune, too, goes dripping wet to take a cheering potion,  
Which cures his godship of the colds he catches in the ocean.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The goddesses themselves, too, with all their mighty merits,  
Love a little drop of cordial, now and then, to raise their spirits,

Which makes their pretty faces glow, and look more red and rosier,  
Than if they tippled nothing else but simple ambrosia.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Among the rest, there's heaven's queen will tipple late and early,  
And when her husband Jove's from home, she's sober very rarely;

She has taught it all the household, too, and e'en the maids of honour,  
Are come to such a pass, that they—will take it in a corner.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The fairest in Heav'n, to whom Paris gave the pippin,

Like the other ladies of the sky, will sometimes be sipping;

And nectar is the substitute for scents and perfumed waters,  
Which keeps her still the loveliest of all heaven's daughters.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

That arch mischievous urchin, who plagues poor lads and lasses,

Has got the knack of draining his mother's bowls and glasses;

And when the little rascal has too large a dose been taking,

He madly throws his arrows round, to set men's hearts a-aching.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Miss Dian, too, that huntress good, her morning-bumper swallows,

Before that she the bounding stag through heav'n's forest follows;

By help of this, though long the chase, her ladyship ne'er tires,

But bravely leads her shouting maids through brambles, bush, and briars.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

In the regions below his infernal highness revels,

And boozes, 'till he's blind, with a set of merry devils;

Chief Baron Minos leaves the bench to some learned locum-tenens,

While he the bowl and bottle tries, and many a flagon condemns.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Here are all sorts of spirits, in these dwellings dark and dreary,

Ghosts, goblins, and phantoms, who tipple till they're cheery;

And Charon, Pluto's waterman, will get so cherry-merry,

That he sometimes cannot find his way across the Stygian ferry.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

I think I've brought you proof enough, and precedent to show, sir,

They drink as much above stairs, as we do below, sir;

Well, let them drink, though I'm not there, I'll ne'er repine or murmur,

While I can meet such friends as you below on terra firma.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

////////

## LOVE HAS STILL SOMETHING OF THE SEA.

(Sir Charles Sedley, 1665.)

LOVE has still something of the sea,  
From whence his mother rose :  
No time his slaves from doubt can free,  
Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalmed in clearest days,  
And in rough weather tost,  
They wither under cold delays,  
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,  
Then straight into the main,  
Some angry wind, in cruel sport,  
The vessel drives again.

At first, disdain and pride they fear,  
Which, if they chance to 'scape,  
Rivals and falsehood soon appear  
In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,  
And are so long withstood,  
So slowly they receive the sum,  
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain,  
And to defer a joy,  
Believe me, gentle Celemene,  
Offends the winged boy.

A hundred thousand oaths your fears,  
Perhaps, would not remove ;  
And, if I gazed a thousand years,  
I could no deeper love.

## JOLLY HAB, THE MILLER.

(T. Dibdin.)

I'M jolly Hab, the miller,  
Wi' heart frae canker free ;  
And just as good a man  
As a miller weel can be ;  
For while I dip my mouter dish  
Intill a neighbour's sack,  
Like ither folk, I fill my poke  
By working o' the clack.

Observe the cunning lawyer,  
He follows the same plan,  
Set anes his clack a gate, sirs,  
He'll grind whate'er he can ;  
Yet, what's the odds between us ?  
Why this it is, I trow, —  
The lawyer's gab, ye'll aw convene,  
Is no a mealy mou !

What think ye o' the doctor ?  
The cunning pawky chiel,  
That sacks the ready rhino,  
As millers do yer meal ;  
But still there's some distinction,  
An read the thing aright,  
The doctor's clack cleads fouk' in black,  
The miller's ay in white.

In ilka rank and station,  
And seek where'er ye fill,  
Ye'll find enough o' click clack,  
Forbye what's in a mill ;  
And ne'er a braw gude wife, sirs,  
Or I am fair mista'en,  
But could produce, in daily use,  
A clapper o' her ain.

## GO, SIGH MY SORROWS, GENTLE AIR.

(J. H. L. Hunt.)

MILD zephyr, o'er the verdant grove,  
That sport'st in April's dewy ray,  
O ! hear the tender sighs of love,  
And wave thy wings, and come away !

If e'er his plaints have reached thine ear,  
If e'er his tears have met thine eye,  
Go, tell Eliza, gentle air,  
I weep, I languish, and I die !

Eliza once my fondness knew,  
Eliza once that fondness blest ;  
Eliza frowns ; I fear to woo,  
And hide the pang that rends my breast.

O ! go, and yon refulgent ball,  
And bounteous heaven thy care shall pay,  
And melt the snow-drops as they fall,  
Where'er thou tak'st thy evening play.

And where thou wav'st thy airy wing,  
No chilling rains shall patter there ;  
No driving hail deform thy spring ;  
Go, sigh my sorrows, gentle air.

## HARK ! FORWARD ! HARK ! AWAY !

Now night her dusky mantle furls,  
The larks are soaring high ;  
And Morn, her golden shafts has shot,  
To gild the east rn sky ;  
We sportsmen scour the distant plains,  
The hounds pursue their prey ;  
While echoes round the valleys sound,  
Hark ! forward ! hark ! away !  
O'er mountain's top and rivers deep,  
The fox for shelter flies ;  
And caverns in the coverts strong,  
His cunning vainly tries ;  
His death proclaims the sportsman's joy,  
The dogs they seize their prey ;  
While echoes round, &c.

## THE USQUEBÆ.

DONALD's a shentleman, an' evermore shall,  
She's porn i' the Highlands, the pack o' Dunkel' ;  
Put the king an' his cadgers ha'e made her a prey,  
And tane paith her pot, an' her tear usquebæ.

Nainsell now has naething of auld highland hue,  
Put her turk, her claymore, and her ponnet o'  
blue ;  
Her plait an' her kilt, ohon ! mair-wae !  
She's reaved of them, an' her tear usquebæ.

I was not a ribel, though I faught for my chief,  
Nor am I a rogue, who was never a thief :  
Nainsell was a sodger, and got t'e king's pay,  
An' yet she's deprived o' her tear usquebæ.

On t'e morning our Shanet he wad gi'e me a tram,  
Then I'd fight like a Turk and work like a man :  
If ye see t'e king, tell her it's no t'e right way,  
To tak' frae poor Donald her tear usquebæ.

When her Shanet was sick, an' pearing t'e pairn,  
A trink of goot whisky did sherish his prain ;  
It opened her nerse, and the loon flew away :  
This was the fruits o' her goot usquebæ.

The whisky's t'e life o' t'e highlands be sure,  
Now t'e king's ain tear sodgers may die in t'e  
muir ;  
When her feets will be sair, in a cault winter tay,  
She'll miss Donald's kebbucks, an' goot usquebæ.

My curse on t'e cadger t'at e'er he was born :  
 Poor highlandman now maun pe Lallandman-  
 scorn ;  
 Nainsell though pe hopes to see petter tay,  
 An' t'e te'il get the cadger and her usquebæ.

THE SAVOYARD BOY.

(C. Dibdin.)

I COME from a land far away,  
 My parents to keep me too poor ;  
 To please you I sing and I play,  
 Yet a living can scarcely procure.  
 About sad and hungry I go,  
 Though smiling as if 'twere with joy,  
 Then a trifle in pity bestow,  
 To relieve a poor Savoyard boy.

When around me the children I see,  
 So careless and happy appear ;  
 I sigh while they listen to me,  
 And oft as I play drop a tear :  
 I cannot help thinking that they  
 Can fly to their parents with joy,  
 While mine they are far, far away,  
 Then relieve a poor Savoyard boy.

GABY GLUM AND SUSAN FRIZZLE;  
 OR, A COURTING I MUST TODDLE.

Air—"The Tom Cat."—(C. T. Barrett.)

MY name is Gaby Glum,  
 I bees turned of one-and-twenty ;  
 And my face, I thinks, I gum,  
 Will get me sweethearts plenty :  
 Though my mammy cries 'O fie !  
 What stuff runs in your noddle ?'  
 Why, thinks I, myself, thinks I,  
 A courting I mun toddle.

SPOKEN.] So, d'ye see, I contrived the other  
 night to give mother the slip, tossed on my Sun-  
 day-clothes, and having a bit of a sweetheart in  
 my eye, I toddled along the road, singing

La ral la, ral la, &c.

Susy Frizzle was the name  
 Of her I loved so dearly ;  
 A raw-boned strapping dame,  
 She six feet stood, or nearly.  
 'Twas night, and fast asleep  
 Was laid each inmate's noddle,  
 Save Towser, who did keep  
 Such a row, he made me *toddle*.

SPOKEN.] Yes, the cross-grained cur wou'dn't  
 be pacified at all; I offered un a large slice of  
 cheese, which I stole out of my mother's pantry ;  
 and dang it, d'ye know, when I turned about to tod-  
 dle home again, he boned the skirt of my coat,  
 tore a thumping hole in my inexpressibles, and  
 spoiled my singing

La ral la, ral la, &c.

So I strolled about till day,  
 When to the field I went, sir,  
 And found her making hay,  
 To tell my mind was bent, sir ;  
 I talked of love, but she  
 With frowns bedecked her noddle,  
 And, cross as cross could be,  
 Told me I'd better toddle.

SPOKEN.] 'Oh, Susy!' cried I, 'sweeter than  
 the haycock you're tossing over, that rennet-look  
 of yours will turn the cream of my love into the  
 curds and whey of despair;' at that moment, a  
 tall Irish haymaker jumped out of the hedge,

'Blood and turf,' says he, 'don't be after teasing  
 the damsel, she's given herself to me for better or  
 worse; and, bad manners to mine ownself, if you  
 don't be after being off, why I'll tip you an Irish  
 comforter with my bunch of fives, that will make  
 you sing

La ral la, ral la, &c.

A great huge stick he raised,  
 And looked as black as thunder,  
 To ha' stopped I mun be crazed,  
 So thought best to knock under ;  
 For had I looked or spoke,  
 He sure ha' cracked my noddle ;  
 So, not liking much the joke,  
 I thought it best to toddle.

SPOKEN.] Yes, and here I bees comed to Lon-  
 don, in search of a wife; ay, and I don't doubt,  
 but as I am a prattyish, genteel-looking sort of a  
 young man, I shall soon find one, who will teach  
 me to sing

La ral la, ral la, &c.

KEEP A LOOK OUT, MY BOLD HEARTS  
 OF OAK.

A DUET.

(Bryant.)

DARK is the night, the wind blows loud,  
 And we our sails with pleasure crowd ;  
 Some watch the ship while others sleep,  
 And this is our duty on the deep.

CHORUS.

Good night! all's well! not a word must be spoke ;  
 Keep a look out, my bold hearts of oak.

The wind is hushed, no breeze we hear,  
 In open sea we've nought to fear,  
 Still we must watch till morning peeps,  
 As many a weary sailor sleeps.

Good night, &c.

WILLIAM WAS THE LAD FOR ME.

Air—"Mrs. Casey."—(O'Keefe.)

KILKENNY is a handsome place  
 As any town in Shamrockshire,  
 There first I saw my Jemmy's face,  
 There Jemmy first beheld his dear.  
 My love he was a bashful boy,  
 And I a simple girl to see,  
 Yet I was Jemmy's only joy,  
 And Jemmy was the lad for me.

But Dublin city bore the bell  
 In streets, and squares, and houses fine,  
 Oh, there young Dick his love could tell,  
 And there I told young Dickey mine :  
 For Dick he was a roving blade,  
 And I was hearty, wild, and free ;  
 He loved, and I his love repaid,  
 Then Dickey was the lad for me.

When Dover strand, my happy lot,  
 And William there my love did crown,  
 Young Dick and Jemmy I forgot,  
 Kilkenny fair and Dublin town ;  
 For William was a gentle youth,  
 Too bashful nor too bold was he,  
 He said he loved, and told me truth,  
 And William was the lad for me.

THE BLACKBIRD'S SWEET WHISTLE.

WOULD ye know true enjoyment, come list to my  
 lay,  
 Where health and contentment are seen,

View the mower that rises at dawn of the day  
 And trips o'er the mantle of green :  
     To the lark's early song,  
     See, he trudges along,  
 O'er many a briar and thistle :  
     Then, all cheerful and blithe,  
     As he oft whets his sithe,  
 He'll sing to the blackbird's sweet whistle.

For say, what are riches compared to health ?  
 Or greatness to sweet peace of mind ?  
 The one may add pleasure, the other add wealth,  
 But no real bliss in either we find  
     Like that when the song  
     Of the lark calls along,  
 O'er many a briar and thistle ;  
     The brisk mower, so blithe,  
     Who does oft whet his sithe,  
 And sings to the blackbird's sweet whistle.

How sweet does a smile from the cot of content  
 Cheer the peasant, when labour is o'er !  
 Who ne'er once repines for what heaven's sent,  
 But gratefully blesses its store :  
     The lark's cheerful song  
     Still calls him along,  
 O'er many a briar and thistle ;  
     Then, all cheerful and blithe,  
     He again whets his sithe,  
 And sings to the blackbird's sweet whistle.

THE WIFE OF ALKNOMOUK.

Air—" *The Son of Alknomouk.*"—(Upton.)

THE son of Tiboro, when torn from his wife,  
 And by the proud Christians bereft of his life,  
 Left a charge to Owhanga, a charge the most  
     strong,  
 And the wife of Alknomouk will ne'er do him  
     wrong.

The blood-drops may trickle, but trickle in vain,  
 For fierce and unshook my revenge shall remain,  
 And the cause which he died for, with pride be  
     my song,  
 For the wife of Alknomouk will ne'er do him  
     wrong.

The arrows you sharpen, those poison-dipt darts,  
 Shall fly—and their mark be thine enemies' hearts.  
 Yes, yes, and thy war-whoop their pain shall  
     prolong,  
 For thy wife, O, Alknomouk ! will ne'er do thee  
     wrong.

They tremble ! they fall ! the whip-savages bleed !  
 And the soul of Owhanga exults in the deed !  
 Now lash me, ye wolves, I am worthy the thong,  
 And the wife of Alknomouk has not done him  
     wrong.

Rise, shade of my love, to my soul ever dear,  
 And see where it quivers ! the venom-fraught  
     spear,  
 'Tis fixed in the hearts of the despot-dogs strong,  
 And thy wife, O, Alknomouk ! has not done thee  
     wrong.

Now the faggots prepare that give birth to my  
     fame ;  
 Your torments I'll brave, and rejoice in the flame !  
 Yes, white man, rejoice, for I've hated you long,  
 And thy wife, O, Alknomouk, has not done thee  
     wrong.

SHORT MEMORY.

(T. Dibdin.)

MY schoolfellows tell me, though quick at my  
     task,  
 Yet, when I went up to be heard,  
 No matter what questions the master might ask,  
 I ne'er could remember a word :  
 And the lasses would say 'twas my fate to be born  
     With a brain so confoundedly slight  
 That if I should chance to be married some morn  
     I'd be sure to forget it at night.  
 Yet whatever, through life, is our up-and-down  
     lot,  
 Be our joys still remembered, our sorrows forgot.  
 Brother-soldiers would laugh when, of foes not  
     afraid,  
 I was willing for England to fight,  
 For they never could get me, at any parade,  
 To think of the left from the right :  
 And our foes, too, may laugh, for they've threat-  
     ened, I know,  
 Unless we do just as we're bid,  
 They'd conquer our island a long while ago,  
 But I can't recollect when they did.  
     Yet whatever, through life, &c.

There are doctors, I'm sure, who to drug ye are  
     loth ;  
 Some lawyers dispense with a fee ;  
 And though I dare say I have met with 'em both,  
 I can't tell when it happened to be.  
 In singing a song, too, we know pretty well,  
 The last verse of all should be best,  
 And I've no sort of doubt but this ditty would tell  
 If I could but remember the rest.  
     Yet whatever, through life, &c.

LOVE AND TIME.

(Mrs. Robinson.)

LOVE was a little blooming boy,  
 Fond, innocent, and true,  
 His ev'ry smile was fraught with joy,  
 And ev'ry joy was new !  
 Till, stealing from his mother's side,  
 The urchin lost his way,  
 And, wand'ring far, o'er desarts wide,  
 Thus, weeping, poured his lay.

O, Time ! I'll dress thy locks of snow  
 With wreaths of fragrant flowers,  
 And all that rapture can bestow  
 Shall deck thy fleeting hours !  
 But, for one day, one little day,  
 My wings, in pity, spare,  
 That I may homeward bend my way,  
 For all my wreaths are there.

Time, cheated by his tears and sighs,  
 The wily god confest,  
 When, soaring to his native skies,  
 He sought his mother's breast !  
 Short was his bliss ! the treach'rous boy  
 Was hurled from clime to clime,  
 And found, amidst his proudest joy,  
 He'd still the wings of Time !

AGAIN AND AGAIN, BOYS, WE'LL DRINK

THOUGH wisdom will preach about joy, sir,  
 Faith, folly will practise as well ;  
 Men are simple, and life's but a toy, sir,  
 In toying it is we excel.  
 Is it worth our while,  
 Through learning to toil ?  
 Or trouble our heads how to think ?

Thought ne'er was designed  
To puzzle the mind,  
So only let's mind who's to drink.  
King Solomon, I'm not profane, sir,  
Was a wise, yet a whimsical elf;  
He never thought any thing vain, sir,  
Till he was past pleasure himself.  
He used to say,  
There's a time to play,  
To labour, to love, and to think;  
Let those in their prime,  
Remember their time,  
At present 'tis time we should drink.

A pox on reflection, be jolly,  
Dispassionate dullness despise;  
Did you once know the pleasure of folly,  
You'd ne'er be so weak to be wise.  
Let the trumpet of Fame  
Those heroes proclaim,  
Who never at cannon-balls blink;  
By the busy in trade  
Be cent. per cent. made,  
'Tis cent. per cent. better to drink.  
Come, about with a bumper, boys, hearty,  
To our king and our country success;  
To oblivion toss envy and party,  
May freedom our fire-sides bless.  
Here's a health to those  
Who will face our foes,  
To those who dare speak as they think;  
To such sort of men,  
Again and again,  
Again and again, boys, we'll drink.

\*\*\*\*\*

ISABEL.

(Bayley.)

WAKE, dearest, wake! and again united,  
We'll rove by yonder sea;  
And where our first vows of love were plighted,  
Our last farewell shall be:  
There oft I've gazed, on thy smiles delighted,  
And there I'll part from thee.  
Isabel, Isabel, Isabel,  
One look, though that look be in sorrow,  
Fare thee well, fare thee well, fare thee well,  
But hence I shall wander to-morrow.

Dark is my doom, and from thee I sever,  
Whom I have loved alone;  
'Twere cruel to link thy fate for ever  
With sorrow like thine own.  
Go, smile on livelier friends, and never  
Lament me when I'm gone.  
Isabel, Isabel, &c.

And when, at length, in these lovely bowers,  
Some happier youth you see,  
And you cull for him spring's sweetest flowers,  
And he sings of love to thee:  
When you smile with him at these vanished hours,  
Oh! tell him to love like me.  
Isabel, Isabel, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

### THE RECRUITING SERGEANT.

Air—"Darby Kelly."

WHEN first I heard the drum and fife  
Strike up a march so neatly, O!  
I thought I never in my life,  
Heard music sound so sweetly, O  
The soldiers they in coats so gay,  
Retreating and advancing, too;  
With martial air, to win the fair,  
It set my heart a dancing, too;

Brown Bess I seized, the girls were pleased,  
I looked so smart, you don't know how,  
They laughed and cried, and sighed and died,  
When first I joined the row-dow-dow.

But when no joke at all they found,  
But that I must be going, O!  
In tears they every one were drowned,  
'Their grief so overflowing, O!  
But off I went, abroad was sent,  
'The mounseers fought so finely, too;  
With blows and bumps, and whacks and thumps,  
We paid 'em so divinely, too;  
While cannon-shot flew thick and hot  
Such sport it was, you don't know how,  
Upon that day to cut and slay,  
And all to the tune of row-dow-dow.

So well I liked the notion,  
Of guns, and wounds, and all that there,  
I quickly got promotion,  
And now my sword and halberd bear;  
Then every lad must sure be glad,  
On terms like these with me to list,  
Here's glorious fame, a hero's name,  
Besides ten guineas in your fist;  
Which, if you live, will pleasure give,  
And if you die, you don't know how  
Your praise 'twill raise, to end your days,  
And all to the tune of row-dow-dow.

\*\*\*\*\*

### DEAR LITTLE COTTAGE MAIDEN.

FROM place to place I traversed long,  
Devoid of care or sorrow;  
With lightsome heart and merry song,  
I thought not of to-morrow.  
But when Priscilla caught my eye,  
With every charm arrayed in,  
I sighed and sung, I know not why,  
Dear little cottage maiden.

And, would the charmer be but mine,  
Sweet nymph! I'd so revere thee,  
I'd gladly share my fate with thine,  
And evermore be near thee.  
Though gold may please the proud and great,  
My heart with love is laden;  
Then let us join in wedlock's state,  
Dear little cottage maiden.

O'er me and mine, come, mistress prove,  
And then what ill can harm us;  
Kind Hymen will each fear remove,  
And spread each sweet to charm us.  
Together we will live content,  
And nought but love will trade in,  
So sweetly shall our lives be spent,  
Dear little cottage maiden.

\*\*\*\*\*

### THE SAILORS' BRING UP.

(Jibdin.)

WHAT harm, my face set to the weather,  
That if so be as I  
In life takes roughs and smooths together?  
We all of us must die.  
And since each subject in the nation,  
One common lot must share,  
What argues consideration  
Of how, or when, or where?  
Then sport the grog, and laugh at sorrow;  
Let every heart be sound,  
Nor care a rope's end, (though to-morrow)  
We all are outward bound.

Just hear the chaplain's story, glowing  
 With all that's good and wise ;  
 He swabs his bows while tears are flowing,  
 The scuppers are his eyes.  
 He talks in terms to melt a lubber,  
 And then he'll preach and pray,  
 So moving, one could almost blubber,  
 But that's all in his way.  
 Come, sport the grog, &c.

Now, we'd a chaplain, rum and jolly,  
 And holy, too, though free ;  
 That said, all grieving is a folly,  
 And said besides, says he ;  
 That tar, though he may love droll stories  
 Of fun, and gig, and sport ;  
 In's king, and wife, and friend who glories,  
 Will find in heaven a port.  
 Then sport the grog, &c.

A messmate now, should breakers catch him,  
 And gasping should he lay ;  
 To whimper, or from death to snatch him,  
 Pray which is the best way ?  
 No, lads, in spite of every railer,  
 Who succours all he can,  
 Will prove, not only the best sailor,  
 But, I say, the best man.  
 Then sport the grog, &c.

Mercy is nature in a tar,  
 And best becomes the brave,  
 He'll rush where death and danger jar,  
 And conquer but to save ;  
 And since each subject in the nation  
 One common lot must share,  
 What argues consideration,  
 Of how, or when, or where ?  
 Then sport the grog, &c.

//////////  
 O, HOW WEAK WILL POWER AND  
 REASON.

(Garrick.)

O, HOW weak will power and reason  
 To this bosom tyrant prove,  
 Every act is fancied treason,  
 By the jealous sovereign Love.

Passion urged the youth to danger,  
 Passion calls him back again ;  
 Passion is to peace a stranger,  
 Seek I must my bliss or bane.

So the fevered minds that languish,  
 And in scorching torments rave,  
 Thus to end or ease their anguish,  
 Headlong plunge into the wave.

//////////  
 THE THUIRSBY WITCH.

A CUMBERLAND BALLAD.

Air—" *O'er Bogie.*"

THERE'S Harraby and Tarraby,  
 And Wiganby beside,  
 There's Oughterby and Souterby,  
 And hys beath far and wide ;  
 Of strappen sowsy rwoisy queens,  
 They aw may brag a few,  
 But Thuirsbys for a bonny lass,  
 Can cap them aw I trow.

Her mudder sells a soup o' drink,  
 It is beath stout and brown,  
 And Etty is the hinny fowt,  
 Of aw the country roun' ;

Frae east and west beath rich and peer,  
 A horse a fit caw in,  
 For whee can pass sae rare a lass,  
 He's owther daft or blin'.

Her e'en are like twea lursmass shas,  
 But 'twice as breet and clear,  
 Nae rwose cud iver match her feace,  
 That yet grew on a breer ;  
 At town, kirk, market, dance, or fair,  
 She maks their hearts aw stoun,  
 And conquers mair than ony king,  
 Whene'er she reels aroun'.

Oft graithed in aw their kurk-gawn gear,  
 Like nowble lwords at court,  
 Our lads slink in, and gaze and grin,  
 Nor heed their Sunday spwort ;  
 If stranger leets, her e'en he meets,  
 And fins he can't tell how ;  
 To touch the glass her han' has touched,  
 It sets him in a lowe.

Yeance Thuirsbys lads, where whea but we,  
 And cud hae banged the lave ;  
 But now they hang their lugs, and luik  
 Like fowks stown frae the grave.  
 And what they ail in head or heart,  
 Nae potticary knows ;  
 The little glancin' Thuirsbys witch,  
 She is the varra cause.

Of black-eyed Susan, Mary Scott,  
 The Lass of Patie's Mill ;  
 Of Barbara Allen, Sally Grey,  
 The Lass o' Richmond-hill ;  
 Of Nancy Dawson, Molly Mog,  
 Though thousands sing wi glee,  
 This village-beauty, out and out,  
 She bangs them aw to see.

//////////  
 THE KISS.

(T. W. Kelly.)

THOUGH pure the kiss from beauty's lip,  
 Though blissful when 'tis given  
 In faithful love ; though roses sip  
 No purer dew from heaven.

Yet brief, as those bright gems on flow'rs,  
 Which noon's fierce rays destroy,  
 The kisses snatched in pleasure's hours,  
 Yield to the warmth of joy.

//////////  
 SING HUBABOO WHACK, AND OLD IRE-  
 LAND FOR EVER.

OCH ! Judy, my darling, now don't you be cruel,  
 You're making me worse than a thin water-  
 gruel ;

The beautiful squint that shoots sweet from your  
 glances,

My bosom befusters, my stomach entrances,  
 Sing tol de rol, &c.

If you'd have me, a husband I'd be to your  
 wishes,

And, faith ! we'd make sure of the loaves and the  
 fishes ;

Or if to our hopes ugly fortune proves sparing,  
 Our loaves shall be *tatoes*, our fishes a *herring*.

Sing tol de rol, &c.

Then have me, my Judy, you beautiful honey,  
 For I have the charms, and, sure, you have the  
 money ;

We'll sing and we'll caper, so tidy and clever,  
 And sing hubaboo whack, and old Ireland for  
 ever !

Sing tol de rol, &c.

## SOFT AS YON SILVER RAY THAT SLEEPS. |

(Mrs. Radcliffe.)

SOFT as yon silver ray that sleeps  
Upon the ocean's trembling tide,  
Soft as the air that lightly sweeps  
Yon sail that swells in stately pride;  
Soft as the surge's stealing note  
That dies along the distant shores,  
Or warbled strain, that sinks remote,  
So soft the sigh my bosom pours.

True as the wave to Cynthia's ray,  
True as the vessel to the breeze;  
True as the soul to music's sway,  
Or music to Venetian seas!  
Soft as the silver beams that sleep  
Upon the ocean's trembling breast;  
So soft, so true, fond love shall weep,—  
So true with thee, shall rest, shall rest.

\*\*\*\*\*

THE KING AND THE WEST-COUNTRY-  
MAN.

THERE was an old chap in the West country,  
A flaw in his lease the lawyers had found;  
It were all about a-felling some trees,  
And building some houses upon his own ground.  
Ri tooral, &c.

Now this old chap to Lunnun had come,  
To tell the king a part of his wo;  
Likewise, to tell him a part of his grief,  
In hopes King George would give him relief.  
Ri tooral, &c.

Now this old chap to Lunnun did go,  
But found the king to Windsor had gone;  
But if he had a known he'd not been at home,  
He domed his buttons if ever he'd come.  
Ri tooral, &c.

Now this old chap to Windsor did go,  
But the gates were barred, and all secure,  
And he thumped and bumped with his oaken  
clump,  
There's room within for I, to be sure.  
Ri tooral, &c.

Pray, Mr. Noble, show I the king;  
What's that the king that I see there?  
I see a chap at Bartlemy-fair,  
Much more like a king than that chap there.  
Ri tooral, &c.

Pray, Mr. King, how do you do?  
I'ze gotten for you a bit on a jobb'n;  
And if you're so kind, to make you amends,  
I'ze gotten for you a sommet in my fobb'n.  
Ri tooral, &c.

The king he took the lease in hand,  
And to sign it he was, likewise, willing;  
And the farmer, to make him a little amends,  
He lugged out his bag, and gi'd him a shilling.  
Ri tooral, &c.

The king, to carry on the joke,  
He ordered ten pounds to be laid down,  
Likewise ten shillings and half-a-crown,  
For year and year after, and evermore.  
Ri tooral, &c.

The farmer he stared, and looked very funny,  
But to tak' up the cash he was likewise willing;  
But if he had a known he'd had so much money,  
He dommed his wig if he'd give him the shil-  
ling.  
Ri tooral, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

## MARIAN AND SANDY.

THE Eve her silver vestment wore,  
And closed the sultry day;  
The cottagers their toil gave o'er,  
And homeward bent their way,  
Save one poor maid, who, all forlorn,  
The tear of sorrow shed,  
Meek as the primrose 'neath the thorn,  
That rears its modest head.

'Twas lovely Marian that sighed,  
And mourned her sorrows free;  
Since fate young Sandy's love denied,  
And sent him far to sea:  
Wide o'er the billows doomed to roam,  
He fled her longing arms,  
And left his friends and native home,  
To brave rude war's alarms.

Now three long months were gone and o'er,  
When, ah! one fatal day,  
As musing at her cottage-door,  
A sailor bent his way:  
'Twas Sandy's friend, who sought the fair,  
Sad tidings to relate;  
For grief of heart, joined with despair,  
Had closed his hapless fate.

Yet, ere he died her bliss he planned,  
For all his little wealth  
He fondly left, with lavish hand,  
To Marian herself:  
But what availed the golden store,  
Sweet peace her bosom fled:  
He's gone, she cried, for evermore,  
Then, sighing, joined the dead.

\*\*\*\*\*

## VINTAGE DONE AND O'ER.

A SONG AND CHORUS.

Air—"Gentle Annette."—(Moncrieff.)

VINTAGE done and o'er,  
Lasses toil no more;  
Soon will the fête all our labours repay;  
Virtue will be crowned,  
Song and dance go round,  
Pleasure will end but with closing day.

Merrily we'll soon, in the wine we have made,  
Drown all our cares as they dance in the shade.

While the baillie will come  
To the sound of the drum,  
Crowning the Rosière;  
Who blush more deeply will;  
Then the wreath she'll wear,  
Modest in glory still.  
Oh! how blest thus to join virtue and joy,  
And from toil gain the spoil that forms Care's alloy.

CHORUS.

In turns all Rosière,  
Oh! we dance gaily will,  
Each the crown will wear,  
Repaid for virtue still.

Oh! how blest thus to join virtue and joy,  
And from toil snatch the spoil—Care's sweet alloy.

\*\*\*\*\*

I'D RATHER LIVE HERE AND BE  
RECKONED A CLOWN.

Air—"Derry Down."

I'd rather live here and be reckoned a clown  
Than make a grand show in that fine London  
town;

That place of reception for Beelzebub's imps,  
For gamesters, for strumpets, pickpockets, and  
pimps.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Like fishes of prey, they each other devour;  
The weak are destroyed by the wretches in power:  
The town is a river, a pike ev'ry man,  
Who swims up and down to get prey where he can.  
Derry down, &c.

No friendship in cities or towns can reside;  
Their friendship's all words, their affection out-  
side;

Their conscience and honour they barter for gain,  
And nothing they stick at their pride to obtain.

Derry down, &c.

But we, who live harmless and free from reproach,  
On each other's property never encroach:

To more than sufficient we never aspire;  
As monarchs we're rich, having all we desire.

Derry down, &c.

### THE POWER OF LOVE.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,  
More fragrant than the damask rose;  
Soft as the down on turtle-dove,  
Gentle as wind when zephyr blows;  
Refreshing as descending rains  
To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,  
Or as the dial to the sun;  
Constant as gliding waters roll,  
Whose swelling tides obey the moon:  
From ev'ry other charmer free,  
My life and love shall follow thee.

Devouring Time, with stealing pace,  
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;  
And marble towers and walls of brass,  
In his rude march he levels low:  
But Time, destroying far and wide,  
Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,  
The dam the tender kid pursues;  
Sweet Philomel, in shady bowers  
Of verdant spring, her note renews:  
All follow most what they admire,  
As I pursue my soul's desire.

Death only, with his cruel dart,  
The gentle godhead can remove;  
And drive him from the bleeding heart,  
To mingle with the blest above;  
Where, known to all his kindred train,  
He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Nature must change her beauteous face,  
And vary as the seasons rise;  
As Winter to the Spring gives place,  
Summer th' approach of Autumn flies:  
No change on Love the seasons bring,  
Love only knows perpetual spring.

Love, and his sister fair, the soul,  
Twin-born, together from heaven came;  
Love will the universe control,  
When dying seasons lose their name;  
Divine abodes shall own his power,  
When Time and Death shall be no more.

### THE SHOWMAN'S CATALOGUE OF LIVING ANIMALS.

(C. Dibdin.)

WE'VE rare species of monkeys, of sorts nearly  
twenty;

Though a monkey's no rarity, for in town there  
are plenty;

Here's a *sloth*, like a sluggard, hard roused from  
his pillow,

And, like boasters in buckram, the *banded arm-  
dillo*;

Various kinds of *wild cats*, who have pretty long  
nails;

Some cats have nine lives, and some others nine  
tails;

Next a furious *wild boar*; and, if once by him  
taken,

He'd prove such a *bore* that you'd not save your  
bacon.

Here's an *African tiger*, a *lynx*, and *leopard*: he  
Who got in their way would stand in great jeo-  
pardy;

Here's *bruin*, the bear, not famous for graces, O!  
And his hug's like the *Mounseer's* fraternal em-  
braces, O;

Next a *wolf*, that would kill all that came in his  
way,

So we call him quack-doctor; the next will be-  
tray

Other beasts to the lion, the *jackall's* his name,  
He's caged, and may all other informers be the  
same!

Here's the *lion* and *lioness*, emblems of royalty,  
We call 'em King George and Britannia, for loy-  
alty;

The next is the *glutton*; and, begging his pardon,  
As he's never tired of eating, we call him church-  
warden.

Here's a *porcupine*, who shoots his arrows at will,  
He's a kind of a critic, who stabs with a quill;  
A voracious *hyena*, to him nought's a cloyer,  
So, as he's no conscience, we call him the lawyer.

### THE PROPOSAL.

Air—"Nan of Hampton-Green:"—(L. W. K.)

To Kate my heart I did resign,

And long sincerely loved;

At length I pressed her to be mine,

But duty her wish reproved:

Her father said, she ne'er should wed,

Or meet or speak to me;

At last she sighed, when she complied,

T'elope at eve with me.

"We've ought we wish for, Kitty, love,

My heart's affianced queen;

In chaise and four, at sunset, love,

Let's hie for Gretna-green!

"United, then, in bonds so dear,

Our hands for ever joined!

Our bliss will be, without compare,

Connubial joys refined!

Implore will we, on bended knee,

Our sires' forgiveness, sweet!

With welcome face, and fond embrace,

He will our wishes meet.

Prattling pledges, and heaven above,

Will bless us both, my queen.

In after-years we'll, dearest love,

Remember Gretna-green."

## THE CHAPTER OF TODDLING.

WORDS, like fashions, have each had their day,  
'Bang up,' 'That's the go,' 'Tippy,' 'Twad-  
dle;

'Keep it up,' 'Go it, boys,' 'Dash away,'

But now they must give up to *toddle*.

Terri heigho, heigho,

Though wise ones their heads may be nod-  
dling,

The word that is now all the go,

Go wherever you will, sir, is *toddling*.

The lover he *toddles* to court,

The fair that runs first in his noddle;

And the huntsman, pursuing his sport,

Over hedges and ditches will *toddle*.

Terri heigho, heigho, &c.

The cit *toddles* off, quite elate,

When a turtle-feast runs in his noddle;

And Sal Dab, when she comes from the Gate,

To the gin-shop for jackey will *toddle*.

Terri heigho, heigho, &c.

Now my song, sirs, I'll bring to an end.

By telling what runs in my noddle;

That while I have you for my friends,

Contented through life I shall *toddle*.

Terri heigho, heigho,

Though wise ones their heads may be nod-  
dling,

To finish I'd better, you know,

Make a bow, say 'Good-night,' and be *tod-  
dling*.

## WE WILL BE MARRIED TO-DAY.

(Upton.)

O COME from thy chamber, sweet Nancy,

The sun-beams illumine the sky;

Not a leaf, nor a creature is stirring,

Nor even the watch-setter nigh:

Then, prithee, come down, come down, love,

Nor trifle with bliss by delay;

O, hasten with me to the village,

And we will be married to-day,

To-day,

And we will be married to-day.

O come from thy chamber, sweet Nancy,

The hunters will soon be abroad;

Then throw up the green-latticed window,

And let down the ladder of cord:

The doors are all locked, chained, and bolted,

Yet still to come out there's a way,

Thy lover awaits to receive thee,

And we will be married to-day,

To-day,

And we will be married to-day.

O, come from thy chamber, sweet Nancy,

The morning grows lighter and late;

Each moment is teeming with danger,

And nought will permit us to wait.

Then hasten, come down, come down, love,

All Nature looks joyful and gay,

The parson resides in the village,

And we will be married to-day,

To-day,

And we will be married to-day.

FREEDOM'S REWARD TO NATIONAL  
HEROISM.

A PATRIOTIC BALLAD.

(G. Muston.)

SINCE Freedom first dawned in Britannia's fair  
isle,

What deeds have her valiant sons done;

How often in death have they cheered, with a  
smile,

That glory!—they nobly have won:

In honour's fair bed how triumphant they've lain;

And numberless honoured scars

Have by her brave sons been recounted again,

When received in the brave field of Mars.

Fair Freedom enraptured—well pleased with the  
sight

Of such virtues adorning the brow

Of Britannia's loved children—observed with de-  
light,

They deserved more than she could bestow;

Resolving, however, to give them a name,

Above all the nations of earth,

She decreed, that her sons should for e'er rule the  
main,

And to empires show Liberty's worth.

This sovereignty gained, made the nations around

Look with envy on England's might,

The world's choicest kingdoms alternately found

Out a cause to dispute her just right.

But Nelson, who Europe united defied,

Still strengthens the nerves of each tar,

And his name shall e'er live, where his brave spi-  
rit died,

On the deck of a stout man of war.

## THE CONVIVIALS.

To the voice of a friend,

Ye conviviais, attend,

And in chorus the subject prolong;

Mirth, freedom, and ease,

Must certainly please,

And such to conviviais belong.

Joy and friendship's our plan,—

Deny it who can,—

To be happy and cheerful each night,

All wrangling or noise,

Which true pleasure destroys,

We banish, as foe to delight.

Let the bucks of the age,

Double meanings engage,

Let masons their wisdom display;

Without any offence,

We wish to commence

An order as happy as they.

A fine starry night's

The choice spirits delight,

While, jocund, they raise up their songs

If goodness of heart

Reigns when they depart,

The same to conviviais belong.

Then, come, let us join

In a theme so divine,

And jovially make the room ring;

Mirth, freedom, and ease,

Must certainly please,

And friendship's a feast for a king.

OH! STAY, SWEET FAIR, TILL DAY IS  
BREAKING.

A DUET.

(Sir George Alley.)

OH! stay, sweet fair, till day is breaking,  
And gold the purple sky is streaking.

Good friend, we must, although yet weary,  
Traverse the mountain, wild and dreary.

Thou pilgrim, leave not yet the dwelling  
Where kindness is every care dispelling.

Kind friends, no more the storm is blowing,  
The morning dawns, we must be going.

Adieu! may heaven be kind, befriending,  
Your sorrows with your journey ending.

Wilt thou, when o'er the moor a ranger,  
Think of the poor forgotten stranger?

Yes! when I hear the tempest swelling,  
I'll think of thee, and of thy dwelling.

And wilt thou stop, when homeward journ'ing,  
If by this humble cot returning?

Yes, here I'll rest me till to-morrow,  
And, 'neath thy roof, forget my sorrow.

Soft list'ning to the distant billow,  
We'll sink upon our rushy pillow.

THE DANCING-MASTER.

(Andrews.)

NEATEST of pretty feet, for dancing intended,  
Accept of a partner, who always was commended;  
Slighting the finest dress, attentive to merit,  
He likes only those who can jig about with spirit.

Take me, madam, I so glad am,  
That I e'er cut a caper;

Stand first couple, make no scruple,  
Strike up there, catgut-scraper;

Turn about, turn about, that's right, depend  
on't,

Hands across, back again, and now there's an  
end on't.

If it still should be thought that we should en-  
core it,

Permit me to offer you lemonade before it;  
Negus will make you hot, and wine is unsteady,  
Your fan now will cool us both,—speak, when  
you're ready.

Take me, madam, &c.

WHEN LOVE'S SOFT EMOTIONS FIRST  
DAWN ON THE MIND.

Air—“*How sweet in the Woodlands.*”

(Samuel Whyte.)

WHEN Love's soft emotions first dawn on the  
mind,

How soothing the pain is! the bliss how refined!  
In view dance the Graces, the Pleasures, and  
Smiles,  
And Hope's gay illusion the bosom beguiles.

But soon the scene changes, and all that before  
Imparted soft transports, imparts them no more;  
Secure of her conquest, the nymph quits her  
charms,

And leaves, for possession, a shade in your arms.

Fond youth! then take warning, the precipice  
shun;

O, fly the fair syren, or else you're undone:  
Allured by her converse, ensnared by her eyes,  
The heart that pursues her is slighted and dies!

CAN I FORGET THE WINTRY NIGHTS.

(Pearce.)

CAN I forget the wintry nights  
When, round the fire that burnt so blue,  
We told of wizards, dwarfs, and sprites,  
Till terror seized on all the crew;

And ev'ry sudden flash of light  
A goblin seemed to put to flight.

The Christmas gambol, when it came,  
Still found me ready, shrewd, and gay;  
Sometimes snap-dragon was the game,  
Now hunt-the-slipper came in play,  
And, though the girls would sometimes huff,  
They always liked my blindman's buff.

Now, underneath the missel bush,

There used to be some little rout,—

This wench was roguish, that would blush,  
And cry—“La! what's all this about?”

At duck-for-pippins some were merry,  
And others vaulted at bob-cherry.

TOM TUGG.

I ONCE was a seaman, as jolly a blade

As e'er sailed the ocean, d'ye mind;  
Though now a poor waterman, old and decayed,  
Yet weather Adversity's wind.

What, though from my moorings I'm driven a-  
shore,

By the eddy of Fortune's rough seas,

I still am enabled to feather my oar,

Cheerful I scud through the breeze.

For I think that, as how, a good heart ne'er can  
fail,

If content in the vessel's stowed snug;

Though storms of ingratitude shiver the sail,

That bears up the heart of Tom Tugg.

Contented I'll steer, then, this passage of care,  
Nor at my hard fortune bewail;

For the world's fickle smiles are false as they're  
fair,

And fleet as a short summer's gale.

Then, cheerful, I'll tow, till time shall no more

Call me forth on the hazardous main,

In hopes to safe harbour at that distant shore

Where seamen endure no more pain.

For I think that, as how, &c.

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS  
MISTRESS.

Air—“*Deil tak the Wars.*”—(Burns.)

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, dearest creature?

Rosy Morn now lifts his eye,

Numb'ring ilka bud which Nature

Waters wi' the tears o' joy:

Now to the streaming fountain,

Or up the heathy mountain,

Wild Nature's tenants, freely, gladly, stray;

The lintwhite in his bower

Chants o'er the breathing flower;

The lav'rock to the sky

Ascends wi' songs o' joy,

While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus, gilding the brow o' morning,

Banishes ilk darksome shade,

Nature gladdening and adorning,

Such to me my lovely maid.

When frae my Chloris parted,

Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted,

Night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my  
sky:

But when, in Beauty's light,

She meets my ravished sight,

When through my very heart

Her beaming glories dart,—

'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.



'Tis thump, thump, scrub, scrub, scold, scold, away !  
Oh ! the deuce a bit of comfort's here upon a washing-day !

THE WASHING DAY.

Air—" *There's nae Luck about the House.*"

THE sky with clouds was overcast,  
The rain began to fall,  
My wife she whipped the children,  
Who raised a pretty squall ;  
She bade me, with a frowning look,  
To get out of her way ;  
Oh ! the deuce a bit of comfort's here  
Upon a *washing-day* !  
For 'tis thump, thump, scrub, scrub  
Scold, scold, away !  
Oh ! the deuce a bit of comfort's here,  
Upon a washing-day !

My Kate she is a bonny wife,  
There's none so free from evil,  
Except upon a washing-day,  
And then she is the devil !  
The very kittens on the hearth,  
They dare not even play,  
Away they jump, with many a bump,  
Upon the *washing-day* !  
For 'tis thump, thump, &c.

I met a friend, who asked me—  
" How long 's poor Kate been dead ?"  
Lamenting the good creature, gone,  
And sorry I was wed  
To such a scolding vixen, while  
He had been far away.  
The truth it was he chanced to come  
Upon a *washing-day* !  
When 'tis scrub, scrub, &c.

I asked him, then, to stay and dine,  
" Come, come," quoth I, " oddsbuds !  
I'll no denial take,—you must,  
Though Kate be in the suds !"

But what we had to dine upon,  
In truth I cannot say !  
But I think he'll never come again  
Upon a *washing-day*.  
When 'tis scrub, scrub, &c.

On that sad morning, when I rise,  
I put a fervent prayer  
To all the gods, that it may be  
Throughout the day quite fair !  
That not a cap or handkerchief  
May in the ditch be laid ;  
For should it happen so, egad,  
I get a broken head !  
When 'tis scrub, scrub, &c.

Old Homer sang a royal *wash*,  
Down by a crystal river,  
For dabbing in the palace-halls,  
The king permitted never—  
On high Olympus, *Beauty's queen*  
Such troubles well may scout,  
While Jove and Juno, with their train,  
Put all their washing out.

Ah ! happy gods, they fear no sound  
Of thump and scold away,  
But smile to view the perils of  
A mortal *washing-day* !

THE DEATH-FETCH.

(Benham.)

THE mother died when the child was born,  
And left me her babe to keep ;  
I rocked its cradle even and morn,  
Or, silent hung o'er it to weep.  
But soon my little girl grew strong,  
As she laughed the hours away ;  
Or sung me the merry lark's nountain song,  
Which he taught her at break of day.

One evening I left her asleep in her smiles,  
 And walked through the mountains loonly;  
 I was far from my darling, oh! many long miles,  
 And I thought of her, and her only.  
 For, as the earliest twilight came,  
 With spirits all spent and fled,  
 A throbbing hand and a brow of flame,  
 She had lain her down in her bed-  
 My path was darkened as by a dream,  
 In that solitude far and drear;  
 I spoke to my child, but she did not seem  
 To hearken with human ear;  
 She only looked with a cold, cold eye,  
 And a wan, wan cheek of sorrow;  
 I knew her *Fetch!* she was called to die,  
 And she died upon the morrow.

PRINCE PADDY, THE IRISH ARMOURER.

Air—“*Murphy Delaney.*”—(W. J. P.)

MAYN'T a man sing of himself, if he has been  
 mighty?  
 He may, my dear honeys, and so I'll begin;  
 I sailed as ship's armourer, to Otoity,  
 Where all the sweet cratures bloom in a black  
 skin.  
 The blacks came to our ships, sure, and with us  
 whites traded,  
 When they saw me new-making an ould gun and  
 new sword,  
 So they stole me away, and the vessel invaded,  
 And I found myself lost, without any reward.  
 Oh! sing phililu! phililu! doleful and duller,  
 No longer I sung dideroo whack;  
 But, though I lost my freedom, I still kept my  
 colour,  
 For the devil can't make a white Irishman  
 black.  
 Then they took me before the black king in a  
 jiffey,  
 Who bothered, and taised me, and axed me my  
 name?  
 “Sir,” says I, “my name's Paddy, I come from  
 the Liffey;  
 If you don't let me go, I say it's a shame.”  
 “No, you son of a gun,” said his kingship, “no,  
 never;  
 I want you to make guns and daggers for me:  
 You shall live here, and die here for ever and  
 ever,  
*Shake hands,* make me *arms,* or you *headless*  
*shall be.*”  
 Oh! phililu, phililu, &c.  
 So I kept on my head for the love of relations,  
 And became a great man by making of guns;  
 The king popped off his foes in the neighbouring  
 nations,  
 And the blood that an't dried up to this hour  
 runs:  
 But, for Dublin and murphies I roared like a lubber,  
 Their relishes never were relished by me,  
 All our dinners were whales, with train-oil sauce  
 and blubber,  
 The fat of the land there's the fat of the sea.  
 Oh! phililu! phililu, &c.  
 The king made me a prince, to stick true to my  
 duty,  
 And next a bright princess I got for a wife;  
 Oh! so shining a crature, lamp-black was her  
 beauty,  
 Yet, I was neither royal nor loyal for life.  
 They palavered my princess as being so smugly,  
 Hearing such blarney there, I opened my eyes,  
 Still she was pretty tall, and she was pretty ugly,  
 But all other prettiness was pretty lies.  
 Oh! phililu! phililu, &c.

Well, two long bothering years I lived on the  
 island,  
 And never a ship nor a sail could espy,  
 Till the day that I saw one, and making for Dry  
 land,  
 This English ship she took in Irishman I.  
 Then I bawled, lads, weigh anchor, I'll now win  
 the rubber,  
 My princess, in tears, cried, “Prince Paddy  
 don't sail!”  
 Says I, blubber you, love, now, I'll leave you to  
 blubber;  
 So I tipt my lamp-black white sergeant leg-bail.  
 O! dideroo, dideroo, bad luck to dolor,  
 Once more I got singing sweet dideroo whack,  
 I regained my freedom, came back my own colour,  
 For the devil can't make a white Irishman black.

STAY, STAY, DEAR ELIZA.

(Harton.)

STAY, stay, dear Eliza, have pity, I pray,  
 On that rose which the morning dew sips;  
 For, although it may honour the place of its birth,  
 It no lustre can add to thy lips.  
 Let the charms that fair Nature hath given to  
 glow  
 On the leaves of this beautiful flower,  
 Resign their sweet fragrance at th' ev'ning knell,  
 Nor condemn them to fade in an hour.  
 For such is the tint that presides in that cheek,  
 Such radiance beams in that eye,  
 That spring's fairest blossoms sink into disgrace,  
 Whenever Eliza is by.

THE TAILOR'S CABBAGE;

OR, SOHO, BOY, FAIR AND SOFTLY.

(C. Dibdin.)

A TAILOR who cabbaged, as tailors will do,  
 Not an inch from an ell, but a yard out of two;  
 Soho, boy, fair and softly!  
 Awaking one night in a terrible fright,  
 Felt conscience's oozings down his face trickle,  
 Lest his cabbage should turn out a terrible pickle;  
 For he dreamed such a dream, as he ne'er dream-  
 ed before;  
 And he vowed and protested 'he'd cabbage no  
 more.'  
 But his wife, with a hint, begged his mind to re-  
 fresh,  
 'What's bred in the bone wo'n't come out of the  
 flesh.'  
 And soho, boy, &c.  
 He dreamt that he saw a great patchwork unroll  
 From the skies, made of pieces of cabbage he'd  
 stole;  
 Soho, boy, fair and softly!  
 It reached to the ground,  
 Broad as long, I'll be bound,  
 And was made of all colours art ever invented;  
 So, conscience struck, thus to his dear he la-  
 mented,  
 “I'll no more be a sinnet, and cabbage,” cried  
 he,  
 “For fear that Old Nick in the end cabbage me.  
 But his wife, with a hint, &c.  
 “Whenever, wife, going to cabbage am I,  
 Of my dream to remind me, be sure that you cry  
 Soho, boy, fair and softly!”  
 She thus, as we hear, kept him honest a year;  
 Nay, some folks say two, but at wonders they r-  
 spelling,  
 As we all know that stories lose nothing by telling

Of his courage Snip bragged, for temptation was strong,  
While his wife replied, with the fag end of a song.

By the way, with a hint, &c.

Of his honesty Snip to all boasted with pride,  
While in his sleeve, laughing, old Beelzebub cried,  
"Soho, boy, fair and softly!"

At length a beau goes, with cloth for new clothes,  
"Such a texture and colour I ne'er saw," so nimble,

Cried Snip, for, egad, he'd his eye on the thimble;

Old Nick whispered, "cabbage!" Snip answered, "I'll show

How boldly I'll baffle temptation,—heigho!"

While his wife, with a hint, &c.

Snip cut and contrived, and severe was the strife,  
Between nature and conscience, Old Nick and his wife;

Soho, boys, fair and softly!  
Your dream, Snip, said she;—I remember, cried he,

The patchwork I saw, though no doubt meant a warner,

To make it square, wanted a yard at one corner,  
Than this colour I through the whole piece could-n't meet it,

So I must and I will have a yard to complete it;  
Says his wife, "wa'n't I right, Snip, your mind to refresh,

What's bred in the bone wo'n't come out of the flesh."

\*\*\*\*\*

MY LOVE IS ASLEEP, HE LIES BY THE DEEP, ALL ALONG WHERE THE SALT WAVES SIGH.

(H. K. White.)

[Written at the Age of Fourteen.]

SOFTLY, softly blow, ye breezes,  
Gently o'er my Edwy fly!

Lo! he slumbers, slumbers sweetly;  
Softly, zephyrs, pass him by!

My love is asleep,  
He lies by the deep,  
All along where the salt waves sigh.

I have covered him with rushes,  
Water-flags and branches dry;  
Edwy, long have been thy slumbers,—  
Edwy, Edwy, ope thine eye!

My love is asleep,  
He lies by the deep,  
All along where the salt waves sigh.

Still he sleeps—he will not waken,  
Fastly closed is his eye;

Paler is his cheek, and chillier  
Than the icy moon on high.

Alas! he's dead,  
He has chose his death-bed  
All along where the salt waves sigh.

Is it, is it so, my Edwy?

Will thy slumbers never fly?  
Could'st thou think I would survive thee?

No, my love, thou bidd'st me die.  
Thou bidd'st me seek  
Thy death-bed bleak,  
All along where the salt waves sigh.

I will gently kiss thy cold lips,  
On thy breast I'll lay my head,  
And the winds shall sing our death-dirge,  
And our shroud the waters spread.

The moon will smile sweet,  
And the wild wave will beat,  
Oh! so softly o'er our lonely bed.

\*\*\*\*\*

COME, FILL, AND THE TRUTH FROM A BUMPER YOU'LL KNOW.

Air—"Derry down."—(Captain Morris.)

YOU know that our ancient philosophers hold  
There is nothing in beauty, or honour, or gold;  
That bliss in externals no mortal can find,  
And, in truth, my good friend, I am quite of their mind.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

What makes a man happy, I never can doubt,  
'Tis something within him, and nothing without;  
This something, they said, was the source of content,  
And whatever they called it, 'twas WINE that they meant.

Derry down, &c.

Without us, indeed, 'tis not worth a pin,  
But, ye gods! how divine, if we get it within;  
'Tis, then, of all blessings the flourishing root,  
And, in spite of the world, we can gather the fruit.

Derry down, &c.

When the bottle is wanting the soul is deprest,  
And beauty can kindle no flame in our breast;  
But with wine in our heads, we are always in love,  
We can sing like the linnet, and bill like the dove.

Derry down, &c.

The richest and greatest are poor, and repine,  
If with gold, and with grandeur, you give him no wine;  
But, wine to the peasant or slave if you bring,  
He's as rich as a Jew, and as great as a king.

Derry down, &c.

With wine at my heart, I am happy and free,  
Externals, without it, are nothing to me;  
Come, fill, and the truth from a bumper you'll know,  
That wine is of blessings the blessing below.

Derry down, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

THE BATTLE OFF CAPE LA HOGUE,  
1692.

THURSDAY, in the morn, the Ides of May,  
Recorded for ever the famous ninety-two,  
Brave *Russell* did discern, by dawn of day,

The lofty sails of France advancing now;  
All hands aloft, aloft let English valour shine,  
Let fly a culverin, the signal of the line;

Let every hand supply his gun;  
Follow me,  
And you'll see

That the battle will be soon begun.

*Tourville* on the main triumphant rolled,  
To meet the gallant *Russell* in combat on the deep;

He led the noble train of heroes bold,  
To sink the English admiral at his feet.

Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,  
The bloody fight's begun, the sea itself's on fire,  
And mighty Fate stood looking on;

Whilst a flood,

All of blood,

Filled the scuppers of the *Royal Sun*.

Sulphur, smoke, and fire, disturbing the air,  
 With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic  
 shore;  
 Their regulated bands stood trembling near,  
 To see the lofty streamers, now no more.  
 At six o'clock, the red, the smiling victors led,  
 To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow;  
 Now death and horror equal reign;  
 Now they cry,  
 Run or die,  
 British colours ride the vanquished main.

See, they fly, amazed, through rocks and sands,  
 One danger they grasp at, to shun the greater  
 fate;  
 In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands;  
 The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost  
 estate.  
 For evermore, adieu! thou *royal dazzling Sun*,  
 From thy untimely end *thy master's fate begun*;  
 Enough, thou mighty god of war.  
 Now we sing,  
 Bless the king,  
 Let us drink to every English tar.

TURNING, AS THE WHEEL GOES ROUND.  
 (R. B. Sheridan.)

NOW coaxing, caressing, now flattering and press-  
 ing,  
 'Tis fortune their hopes can exalt, or con-  
 found;  
 Her smile, or her frown, sets them up, knocks  
 them down,  
 Turning, turning, turning, as the wheel goes  
 round.  
 But, Master Exciseman, though you're such a  
 wise man.  
 With smirk and with frown, and ink-horn pro-  
 found;  
 I deify, our court-tribes, all your cant, all your  
 bribes,  
 Turning, turning, &c.  
 Oh, fie! Master Gauge, quit the tricks of the  
 age,  
 Scorn the slaves that to Fortune are bound;  
 Their cringes and bows, protestations and vows,  
 Turning, turning, &c.

AURORA NOW SUMMONS THE LADS OF  
 THE COURSE.

AURORA now summons the lads of the course,  
 Ye hunters, from slumbring arise!  
 Behold how the sun in full splendour beams forth,  
 How ruddy and bright seem the skies.  
 Then, mount your fleet steeds, to the meadows  
 repair,  
 No pleasure surpasses the sight of the hare.  
 The sluggard, that dozes his life-time away,  
 And censures the joys we partake,  
 May strut for a while in the sunshine of day,  
 But we deem his bliss a mistake;  
 As we bound o'er the heath blooming health marks  
 the face,  
 And the horn's mellow notes but enliven the  
 chase!  
 The fopling may boast of his beauty and ease,  
 And play with his mistress's fan;  
 Let him look in the glass—the reflection may  
 please,  
 Though he's more an ape than a man.  
 Unkennel the hounds, to the meadows repair,  
 And let us, enraptured, give chase to the hare.

Through life we must some kind of pastime pur-  
 sue;

The statesman will dwell on the laws;  
 The critic will tell you what learning can do,  
 While the lawyer will gain a bad cause;  
 But we, more exalted, breathe joy in the vale,  
 And taste true delight in a jug of mild ale.  
 Diana commands, ye sportsmen, arise!  
 The huntsman the summons proclaims;  
 Away to the woods, where the hare closely lies,  
 The scent is now fresh on the plains.  
 Since the sun gilds the east, and the morning is  
 bright,  
 Let the sports of the day crown with rapture the  
 night.

WHEN I WAS APPRENTICED, AND  
 LEARNED MY TRADE.

(Miss Burke.)

WHEN I was apprenticed, and learned my trade,  
 With my row de dow, row de dow, dero,  
 I took up the chissel and threw down the spade,  
 Fal, lal de ral, &c.  
 But now, with a shovel, and mattock, and bill,  
 With my row de dow, row de dow, dero,  
 I work like a horse, or a thief, in a mill,  
 Fal, lal de ral, &c.  
 It is very fine sport to be fighting all day,  
 With my row de dow, row de dow, dero,  
 And, all night, like a mole, to be mining away;  
 Fal, lal de ral, &c.  
 But now all my art has been put to the proof  
 Row de dow, row de dow, dero;  
 When I worked through the vault, and cat through  
 the roof,  
 You repaid me with fal, lal, de lal.

MY FONDEST HOPES ARE FOR MARY.

WHEN the glen all is still, save the stream from  
 the fountain;  
 When the shepherd has ceased o'er the heather  
 to roam,  
 And the wail of the plover awakes on the moun-  
 tain,  
 Inviting his love to return to her home;  
 There meet me, my Mary, adown by the wild  
 wood,  
 Where violets and daisies sleep soft in the dew  
 Our bliss shall be sweet as the visions of child-  
 hood,  
 And pure as the heaven's own orient blue.  
 Thy locks shall be braided with pearls of th  
 gloaming;  
 Thy cheek shall be fanned by the breeze of th  
 lawn;  
 The Angel of Love shall be 'ware of thy coming,  
 And hover around thee 'till rise of the dawn.  
 O, Mary, no transports of heaven's decreeing  
 Can equal the joys of such meeting to me;  
 For the light of thine eye is the hope of my being  
 And my soul's fondest hopes are all gathered t  
 thee.

OH! NO, MY LOVE, NO!

(T. Dibdin.)

WHILE I hang on your bosom, distracted to los  
 you,  
 High swells my sad heart, and fast my tea  
 flow,

Yet think not of coldness they fall to accuse you,  
 Did I ever upbraid you? oh! no, my love, no!  
 I own it would please me at home could you tarry,  
 Nor e'er feel a wish from your Fanny to go,  
 But, if it gives pleasure to you, my dear Harry,  
 Shall I blame your departure? oh! no, my love,  
 no!

Now do not, dear Hal, while abroad you are stray-  
 ing,

That heart, which is mine, on a rival bestow;  
 Nay banish that frown, such displeasure betraying,  
 Do you think I suspect you? oh! no, my love,  
 no!

I believe you too kind for one moment to grieve  
 me,

Or plant in a heart which adores you such wo;  
 Yet, should you dishonour my truth, and deceive  
 me,

Should I e'er cease to love you? oh! no, my  
 love, no!

-----  
 MRS. KELLY.

Air—"Darby Kelly."

My grandame was as light a lass,  
 Was frolicsome and frisky, O,  
 She ne'er could pass, without a glass,  
 A shop that sold good whisky, O.  
 A spouse she had, as tight a lad,  
 His name was Darby Kelly, O!  
 Whene'er I'm sad, it makes me glad  
 To drink his health in whisky, O!  
 For, with each wrist, he'd such a twist,  
 Of raising of the bumper, O!  
 She had the trick of getting tick,  
 While Darby beat the row, dow, dow;  
 She had the trick of getting tick,  
 While Darby beat the row, dow, dow.  
 A row, dow, dow, &c.

At Waterloo our men did show  
 How little for the foe they cared;  
 My dame did go for whisky, O!  
 To think that Darby's life was spared;  
 Then, in galore, they drank it o'er,  
 And wished success to crown our arms;  
 Whisky in store, and nothing more,  
 But to be free from war's alarms;  
 But now we hear, with roaring cheer,  
 The war it is quite ended, O!  
 With whisky neat we'll go to meet  
 Our Darby, with his row, dow, dow;  
 His row, dow, dow, &c.

And, now there's peace, quite at our ease  
 We'll sit and drink good whisky, O!  
 May this ne'er cease, but always please,  
 We'll sing and dance so briskly, O!  
 Come, let us see, and drink, with three,  
 Immortal, glorious Wellington!  
 For each country has stood to see  
 The foe well whacked by Erin's son,  
 But, now we're met, we'll ne'er forget  
 The glories of that battle, O!  
 Let glasses ring, we'll toast the king,  
 While Darby beats his row, dow, dow.  
 The row, dow, dow, &c.

-----  
 DULCE DOMUM

[Translated from the Latin, and annually sung by  
 the scholars at St. Mary's College, Winchester,  
 preceding Whitsun holidays.]

SING a sweet melodious measure,  
 Waft enchanting lays around;  
 Home! a theme replete with pleasure!  
 Home! a grateful theme, resound!

CHORUS.

Home, sweet home! an ample treasure!  
 Home! with every blessing crowned!  
 Home! perpetual source of pleasure!  
 Home! a noble strain, resound.

Lo, the joyful hour advances;  
 Happy season of delight!  
 Festal songs, and festal dances  
 All our tedious toils requite.  
 Home, sweet home, &c.

Leave, my wearied muse, thy learning,  
 Leave thy task, so hard to bear;  
 Leave thy labour, ease returning,  
 Leave this bosom, O! my care!  
 Home, sweet home, &c.

See the year, the meadow, smiling!  
 Let us, then, a smile display;  
 Rural sports our pain beguiling,  
 Rural pastimes call away.  
 Home, sweet home, &c.

Now the swallow seeks her dwelling,  
 And no longer loves to roam;  
 Her example thus impelling,  
 Let us seek our native home.  
 Home, sweet home, &c.

Let our men and steeds assemble,  
 Panting for the wide champaign;  
 Let the ground beneath us tremble  
 While we scour along the plain.  
 Home, sweet home, &c.

Oh! what raptures, oh! what blisses,  
 When we gain the lovely gate!  
 Mother's arms and mother's kisses  
 There our blessed arrival wait.  
 Home, sweet home, &c.

Greet our household gods with singing,  
 Lend, O, Lucifer, thy ray;  
 Why should light, so slowly springing,  
 All our promised joys delay?  
 Home, sweet home, &c.

-----  
 THE BARBER'S SHOP.

(Dibdin.)

'Twas Saturday night, six went the clock,  
 Spruce was the barber's shop;  
 Wigs decorated ev'ry block,  
 From scratch to Tyburn-top;  
 Mambrino's helmet, scoured so bright,  
 Smiled to receive the suds,  
 And labourers flocked to shave o'er night,  
 To grace their Sunday's duds.

SPOKEN.] And there was *Smash*, the glazier,  
 and *Sink*, the plumber, and *Light*, the tallow-  
 chandler, and *Blow*, the bellows-maker, and  
*Thrash*, the farmer, and *Blind*, the upholsterer,  
 and *Bother*, the lawyer, and *Bury*, the under-  
 taker, and *Smother*, the dustman, and those  
 labourers, of different descriptions,

Who, on Saturday night,  
 To get decent in plight,  
 Get shaved, fit for church on the Sunday;  
 Of their transgressions sore  
 To pay off the week's score,  
 The better to sin on a Monday.

First come first served; neighbour *Eelskin*, sit,  
 You're summoned to the chair;  
 The customers thicken, while round goes the wit,  
 Above-board all, and fair;

Well, Joe, and how do the world wag?  
 How's wife, and cats, and dogs?  
 Homely, I thank thee, Master Spragg.  
 That's well: and how goes hogs?

SPOKEN.] I say, lawyer, the tonsor here is a keen hand at a razor; he'll shave you as close as you shave your clients: ha, ha, ha! and then he gives one such a twist, you see. Though nobody affront un, he always takes one by the nose; ha, ha, ha! Yes, but the worst on't be, that he sometimes shaves'ee and bleed'ee for the same money; ha, ha, ha! Yaw, yaw! zounds, you have killed me! Killed you, killed you! I almost cut my thumb off, through your lantern-jaw. Look, look! the butcher do bleed like a pig; ha, ha, ha!

Thus, the laugh goes loud  
 'Mongst the village crowd,  
 Who get shaved, &c.

Now nothing escapes,—the *taxmen* they *rate*,  
 They *roast* and *baste* the *cook*;  
 The *butcher cut up*, the *fishermen bait*,  
 And the *schoolmaster bring to book*;  
 And many a random point they hit,  
 To give their sallies birth,  
 And make up what they want in wit  
 By noise and vacant mirth.

SPOKEN.] And how diddy come on about the election? Why, we brought in the 'Squire. A little bribery, I suppose, hey? Oh, no, no! no bribery at all: I'll tell ye how it were; the 'Squire say to I, and about seventeen more neighbours, I'll bet ev'ry one of you fifty guineas that I be'nt returned for your borough; so we said—done! but, when we come to consider what a foolish job we had made on't, icod, we were obligated to bring in in, for fear of losing our money; ha, ha, ha! don't'ee zee, *no bribery at all*; ha, ha, ha! *the purity of election for ever*! ha, ha, ha! don't'ee zee, *no bribery at all*; ha, ha, ha!

Thus, the laugh, &c.

### THE ROSE.

(Jesse Hammond.)

[Music, Blackman, Bridge-street.]

A LOVELY rose my Laura viewed,  
 Just opening to the sky,  
 And on the flower the dew-drops stood,  
 Like tears in Beauty's eye.

'O hide,' said she, 'that smiling form  
 Within thy cell again,  
 For fear the fury of the storm,  
 Should strew thee on the plain.'

'For, lighted by love's sunny smile,  
 Thus beauty's brightness shows,  
 Till storms arise, or grief, or guile,  
 Oft blights the blooming rose.'

I snatched the blossom to my breast,  
 'But thus,' said I, 'my fair,  
 On man's fond heart should beauty rest,  
 And find a shelter there.'

### THE BUMPER OF WINE.

Air—"Come, all ye young Lovers who wan with Despair."

YE vot'ries of Bacchus who love a full flask,  
 Who o'vially sing to the sound of the cask,  
 Who stint not your mirth when grave Time strikes  
 the hour,  
 But swiftly pursue the old gray-headed power;

As a friend, give me leave, then, your mirth to  
 prolong,

While you circle the glass—to repeat you a song.

Ne'er heed the dull asses who, always at strife,  
 Still war with themselves, and the pleasures of  
 life,

Let them whine, cant, and preach, and do all  
 that they can,

Let us, like true souls, make the most of a span;  
 At their satisfaction let us ne'er repine,  
 While we can find more in a bumper of wine.

Good wine's the best gift that the gods can be-  
 stow

To give us a taste of their heaven below,  
 Its charms are beyond the description of art,  
 It warms, it enlivens, makes joyous the heart;  
 The young and the old 'twill their senses refine,  
 Such charms there are found in a bumper of  
 wine.

The lover who sighs for his fair one unkind,  
 Has found in a bottle a balm for his mind;  
 The miser who doats on his hoarded-up store,  
 By chance has been blest as he ne'er was before,  
 When Bacchus has given him the juice of the  
 vine,

Such charms there are found in a bumper of  
 wine.

Then, give me your voices, ye friends to the  
 cause,

For surely the subject demands your applause;  
 This truth I declare, and I'd have the world know  
 it,

'Tis wine that at present has made me a poet:  
 Then fill me a glass of this liquor divine,  
 And let this be the toast, here's a bumper of  
 wine.

### THE COTTAGE OF PEACE.

(Upton.)

FAIR lady, though low is our cot in the vale,  
 Thy person is safe and secure;  
 Nor fear the proud lord will its sanction assai',  
 The robber will not harm the poor.

Here Truth and Simplicity go hand in hand,  
 While Health does our pleasures increase;  
 And though we can boast not of riches and land,  
 Our cot is the cottage of Peace.

Fair lady, then rest in our cot in the vale,  
 Where Innocence holds its retreat;  
 Where the sweet little chorister carols his tale,  
 And the woodbine secures you from heat.

Though mansions of power, surrounded by wealth,  
 The pride of the great may increase,  
 The humble thatched roof is the dwelling of  
 Health,

And our cot is the cottage of Peace.

### THE TIZZIES.

(Dibdin.)

SAM Splint, Dick Douse, Ben Brace, Tom Tow  
 Four lads of worth and merit,  
 Were friends and messmates, who the foe  
 Would fight with spunk and spirit;  
 Sall Snags, Poll Plump, Bet Bounce, Nan Neat  
 Were smart and handsome quizzes;  
 For these they fought, and ah! how sweet,  
 To bring 'em home the tizzies.

Board of a smiling cot, so fair,  
 'Longside of Southsea-common,  
 These jolly sailors married were  
 Each to his favourite woman;

They kept the honeymoon with glee,  
At last, with lengthened phizzes,  
The signal given, they went to sea,  
To get their wives the tizzies.

For every danger did they roam,  
And cheerfully did risk it,  
While, short-allowanced, they at home,  
Had neither beef nor biscuit ;  
Where dangerous rocks and shoals abound,  
And where the bullet whizzes,  
Our sailors storms and shipwreck found,  
And every thing but tizzies.

Meantime each wife, to honour true,  
Labour'd in her vocation,  
And round the happy cottage grew,  
Young tars to guard the nation ;  
At last, the tide to turn began,  
Success each sailor busies,  
They took an Acapulca man,  
And brought their wives the tizzies.

And now was crowned each sailor's joys,  
The foe had cried peccavi,  
And all the wives, some girls, some boys,  
Had launched a growing navy ;  
Their labour done, they dance and sing,  
And shout, with smiling phizzes,  
Huzza ! my lads ! God save the King,  
Who frights his tars with tizzies.

AS HIS OWN LIFE HE LOVED HER.

(Cobb.)

A SOLDIER to his own fire-side  
With laurels was retiring ;  
An only daughter was his pride,  
His every hope inspiring.  
In her young mind the virtues shone,  
Th' admiring world approved her ;  
She seem'd to live for him alone,  
And he as his own life loved her.

But oft within the fairest flower  
The canker-worm is working ;  
Ingratitude—ah ! fatal hour,  
In her false heart was lurking.  
The spoiler came—she oped the door,  
He from her home removed her ;  
She of that father thought no more,  
Who as his own life loved her.

Behold the wretched parent's look !  
His child was lost for ever ;  
The tear his frenzied eye forsook :  
From life he seem'd to sever.  
Oft did he heave the bitter sigh,  
Yet not a word reproved her ;  
But all he wished for was to die,  
For as his life he loved her.

With guilty pangs her bosom torn,  
Still lives the wretched daughter ;  
And long, repentant wo has borne,  
To which her error brought her.  
Oh ! bring the hour of mercy near !  
The eye of heaven has proved her,  
As life to love that father dear,  
Who as his own life loved her.

DENNIS O'LARRY AND PAT OF THE  
FERRY ;

OR, THE RIGHT SIDE AT LAST.

(Parry.)

POOR Dennis O'Larry had, ere he could marry,  
To cross a big river to meet the fair bride ;

He called to a boatman, and said, " Here's a  
groat, man,  
Come, row me, and land me safe on t'other  
side."

" Jump into the wherry," quoth Pat of the Ferry,  
" I'll soon pass you over the water, my joy ;"  
And, when they were seated, young Dennis,  
elated,  
Cried, " Pull away merrily, Paddy, my boy."

" I thank you," said Larry, " for well you did  
carry

Myself o'er the water, to meet my fair bride ;  
But ere I do leave thee, come, tell me, I crave  
thee,

If I am now landed upon t'other side ?"  
" No, faith," said the boatman, " but, for t'other  
groat, man,

I'll soon whisk you over the water again."  
" Ay, do, my dear honey, and there is the  
money ;

I'm going to marry sweet Judy M'Shane."

Again they crossed over, when Dennis, the lover,  
Was anxious to meet with his beautiful bride ;  
He tipp'd some whisky to make his heart frisky,  
Quite pleased he was landed upon t'other side.

" But," quoth the sly boatman, " I see you are  
caught, man,

I very well know pretty Judy M'Shane ;  
She's married already to my cousin Teddy,  
So, prithee, good Larry, go home back again.

And, faith, this same lady bothered poor Teddy,  
Till he was quite tired of her and his life ;  
One morning, quite early, without any parley,  
He bade a good night to his troublesome wife."

Then Dennis O'Larry thanked Pat of the Ferry  
For saving him from such a terrible bride ;  
He said, " My good fellow, I'll make thy heart  
mellow,  
For I find thou hast landed me—on the right  
side."

GLUG-A-GLUG, DEAR AGNES.

(G. Colman.)

THINK your tawneymoor is true,  
Pretty Agnes !

If I wish for aught but you,  
This it is, dear Agnes !

'Tis to hear your music tinkling,  
While the lusty wine I'm drinking,  
Nothing more, dear Agnes !

Tink-a-tink the music goes,  
While the guggling liquor flows,  
Guggle, guggle, glug-a-glug,  
Glug-a-glug, dear Agnes !

Should your spirits droop, oh, then,  
Pretty Agnes !

I could raise them soon again ;  
Thus I'd do't, dear Agnes !

Tawneymoor, when you were sinking,  
Should refresh you, sweet, with drinking ;  
Nothing more, dear Agnes !  
Then, tink-a-tink, &c.

When your lips were moist with wine,  
Pretty Agnes !

Then could I, too, moisten mine :  
That I could, dear Agnes !

And, lest they dried with wind and weather,  
Then we'd join our lips together ;  
Nothing more, dear Agnes !  
Then, tink-a-tink, &c.

## FLY O'ER THE MOUNDS, PURSUE THE HOUNDS.

ALL ye sons of Anxiety, slaves of sad thinking,  
Who brood over cares, and sit morbidly winking;  
Ye lovers who languish, ye husbands who pine,  
With fears of the wife, that in beauty does shine,  
Give over dull thoughts, which corrode life away,  
And the sprightly steed mount at the break of the day.

## CHORUS.

Fly o'er the mounds,  
Pursue the hounds,  
And ne'er dose life away;  
Pray ease the mind,  
Sweet peace to find,  
But exercise your clay.  
Mind on the stretch  
Does make the wretch,  
But motion makes us gay;  
'Twill ease the mind,  
And peace you'll find,  
And spirits blithe as May.

O'er the hills the morn peeps, see Aurora appear,  
In effulgence most glorious, with spring in his rear;  
Then, call for your steed, he'll exultingly fly  
To the sweet-sounding horn and hounds' musical cry;  
Painful thinking will fly, that corrodes life away,  
If you join in the chase at the break of the day.

Fly o'er the mounds, &c.

If health be your aim, strength and vigour you prize,  
In the scale of bright honour you mean to arise,  
If courage and glory you have in your view,  
If you'd conquer pale Fear, and Terror subdue,  
Then banish sad thoughts, to the chase haste away,  
And the sprightly steed mount at the break of the day.

Fly o'er the mounds, &c.

## THE MASON'S NAME.

HAIL to the great masonic powers!  
Yes, cheerfully I'd pass my hours  
In darkness, prisons, without shame,  
That ne'er can shade a Mason's name.

All his delight is doing good;  
Long, long his ancient craft has stood,  
And never, never yet met blame—  
It cannot touch a Mason's name.

Then, raise the glass, may love and truth  
Guide us in age or fervid youth;  
And forward, on the page of Fame,  
First may appear the Mason's name.

BRIGHT SOL DARTS FORTH HIS RAY,  
LOVELY NANCY, O!

Air—"Kelvin Grove."—(K. Bryant.)

BRIGHT Sol darts forth his ray, lovely Nancy, O!  
And smiles upon sweet May, lovely Nancy, O!

Nature's clad in green,  
The blue hills rise serene,

Ah, come and grace the scene, lovely Nancy, O!

The blackbird and the thrush, lovely Nancy, O!  
Oft hailed you from each bush, lovely Nancy, O!

Ah, will you meet those sighs

Which from my bosom flies,

And ease my aching eyes, lovely Nancy, O!

Alas, the boon is vain, lovely Nancy, O!  
We'll never meet again, lovely Nancy, O!

You had a feeling heart,  
Devoid of guile or art,

You nobly played your part, lovely Nancy, O!

Thy sympathizing tear, lovely Nancy, O!

Was more than crystal clear, lovely Nancy, O!

What gave the tear a zest,

'Twas shed for the distressed,

And, as it fell, it blest, lovely Nancy, O!

Alas, how changed each scene, lovely Nancy, O!

How mournful seems the green, lovely Nancy, O!

Those woodlands oft we strayed,

Culled flow'rets in the shade,

And, as you plucked, they'd fade, lovely Nancy,  
O!

With flow'rets as they bloom, lovely Nancy, O!

I'll yearly strew your tomb, lovely Nancy, O!

Methinks I see you fly

Through Glory's endless sky,

Ah, never more to die, lovely Nancy, O!

Curse on the tyrant's arms, lovely Nancy, O!

Who rifled all your charms, lovely Nancy, O!

To act the same by me,

I'd willingly agree,

In hopes again to see lovely Nancy, O!

## THE HOUSE OF HUR FATHER.

AT Llantavre, Got pless hur, a place of renown,  
Hur was brought up, and porn, 'twas a prave gal-  
lant town;

Hur father, Got pless hur, did keep a goot house,  
Where never was lack of good putting and sowse.

Oh! the house of hur father, hur father's goot  
house,

Where never was lack of good putting and  
sowse,

Prafe barra menin\* and goot barra chowse; †  
And was it not, look you, a plentiful house?

Hur father, Got pless hur, was prafe gallant  
man,

A shentleman, look you, and Morgan hur name;  
Great wonders hur did in the wars of the place,  
Which caused many scars on hur worship's goot  
face.

Oh! the house of hur father, &c.

So great was hur might, hur strength, and hur  
power,

For hur sprung from the loins of great Owen Glen-  
dour;

Hur slew many shiants, relieved many maids,  
A knight of great valour, but a cobbler by trades.

Oh! the house of hur father, &c.

Of dunnocks and goats hur had goot store and  
plenty,

Of lecks a great garden, with cabbages dainty;  
An old woodcock's bill for a pipe, with goot  
liquor,

To comfort hur nose when hur sat in hur wicker.  
Oh! the house of hur father, &c.

Now hur father was tead—oh! peace to hur  
relic,

Hur was tead of the wind in hur guts and the  
colic;

Hur house, goods, and chattels hur left to hur  
son,

Who was looked at by all as a triving young  
man.

Oh! the house of hur father, &c.

\* Bread and butter.

† Bread and cheesc.

But the first of great March, on St. Taffid's great day,  
As through Llantavre hur took hur best way;  
With hur leek in hur hat, to the show hur was going,  
With Shenkin and Morgan, and Watkin and Owen.

Oh! the house of hur father, &c.

Now as hur was passing the folks all ameng,  
Sweet Winnifred's face hur beheld in a throng;  
St. David, how great was poor Hughy's surprise!

When hur felt the sharp nettles that shot from her eyes.

Oh! the marfelous eyes of sweet Winnifred Shones,

Which makes hur sit sopping with sighings and groans,

Making hur moans, sighings, and groans,

Oh! the marfelous eyes of sweet Winnifred Shones.

The very first shaft hur received from hur quiver,  
Went through hur breast-bone, and stuck in hur liver,

Hur ploit poiled and puppled, and glowed in a trice,

But Winnifred's, look you, was frozen as ice.

Oh! the marfelous eyes, &c.

By Chesu hur swore hur would pluck up a courage;

Hur went to hur, and swore hur was goot as leek porrage;

But hur gimlet hur cocked with an eye of disdain,

Which pierced hur heart thorough and thorough again.

Oh! the marfelous eyes, &c.

Hur told hur in many sweet ditty and carol,  
Hur love was as great as hur ancestors were all;  
But in vain those sweet ditties and carols hur sung,

Unheeded hur harp hur so often had strung.

Oh! the marfelous eyes, &c.

Cot splutter hur swore, for hur was in a passion,  
Hur would hate all such jades as the plagues of a nation;

But the slut was so cruel hur spit in hur face,  
A sign hur was lack of goot preeding and grace.

Oh! the d—nable eyes of Miss Winnifred Shones.

So now hur will pack up hur alls, and be going,  
And leave off such priples and praples as loving;  
Farewell to Llantavre of fairied renown,  
Hur'll seek hur goot fortune in London fine town.

Then, adieu! to the house, oh! hur father's fine house,

Where never was lack of goot pudding and sowse,

Prafe barra mennin, and goot barra chowse;

Oh! was it not, look you, a plentiful house.

////////

## OUR LAWS, CONSTITUTION, AND KING.

A DUET.

(J. Powell.)

THOUGH hurricanes rattle, and tempests appear,  
We sailors have pleasures in store;  
For the pride of our hearts is to hand, reef, and steer,

Weigh anchor, and bear off from shore.

If contention of winds raise waves mountain-high,  
O'er our quarters a heavy sea break,

At the reef-tackle fall we undauntedly ply,

Nor from danger e'er, lubber-like, sneak.

But the storm's gone astern, and the mainmast's erect,

Then with messmates we cheerfully sing,  
May our navy for ever old England protect,  
Our laws, constitution, and king.

Why, lately we spied 'fore the ship, right a-head,  
A three-decker, trim, gallant, and gay,  
And thwart of her poop a French ensign was spread,

Which the tri-coloured stripes did display;  
Then, by skill, our helmsman the weather-gage got,

And soon, as alongside we lay,  
We so peppered her hull, and her masts away shot,

That to strike she was forced to obey.  
So we took her in tow, and to Plymouth direct,  
Where our crew did all manfully sing,  
Thus our navy shall ever old England protect,  
Our laws, constitution, and king.

////////

## 'TIS NOT THE SOFTNESS OF HER EYE THAT HAS ENSLAVED MY HEART.

(Upton.)

'Tis not the softness of her eye,  
Where little loves in ambush lie,  
And shoot with Cupid's dart;

'Tis not the beauties of her face,  
Her matchless form, nor winning grace,  
That has enslaved my heart.

'Tis not the bliss-fraught strains she sings,  
To which my raptured fancy clings,  
Nor looks that sweets impart;

'Tis not her skin, like ivory white,  
Nor e'en her bosom of delight,  
That has enslaved my heart.

'Tis something that no tongue can tell  
That binds me to my angel girl  
With more than mortal art;

'Tis something that disdains control,  
That breaks my rest, inflames my soul,  
And has enslaved my heart.

////////

## O, THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND!

WHEN mighty roast beef was an Englishman's food,

It ennobled our veins, and enriched our blood;  
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good.

O, the roast beef of Old England!

And O, the Old English roast beef!

But since we have learnt from all-fashioning France,

To eat their ragouts as well as to dance,  
We're fed up with nothing—but vain complaisance.

O, the roast beef, &c.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,  
And kept open-house with good cheer all day long,

Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song.

O, the roast beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled to—what shall I name,  
A sneaking poor race, half-begotten—and tame,  
Who sully those honours that once shone in fame.

O, the roast beef, &c.

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,  
Ere coffee, or tea, or such slip-slops were known,  
The world was in terror, if e'er she did frown.

O, the roast beef, &c.

In those days, if fleets did presume on the main,  
They seldom, or never, returned back again;  
As witness, the vaunting Armada of Spain.

O, the roast beef, &c.

Oh! then they had stomachs to eat and to fight,  
And, when wrongs were a cooking, to do them-  
selves right;

But now we're a pack of—I could—but good  
night.

O, the roast beef, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

### MY LORD, AND PLEASE YOU, HE AND I.

(Dibdin.)

My Lord, and please you, he and I,  
Morn, noon, and night, in every weather,  
From little children, not this high,  
In the same cottage lived together.

Our parents left me to his care,  
Saying, 'Let no one put upon her:'  
'No, that I wo'n't,' says he, 'I swear,  
And he ne'er lies, and like your honour.

As I was saying, we grew up,  
For all the world, sister and brother;  
One never had nor bit nor sup,  
Unless it was partook by t'other.

And I am sure, instead of me,  
Were it a duchess he had won her;  
He is so good, and I've, d'ye see,  
A tender heart, and like your honour.

But wo is ours, now comes the worst,  
'To-day our sorrows are beginning;  
What I thought love—Oh! I shall burst,—  
That nasty baily says was sinning.

With Lubin who, of all the bliss  
I ever tasted is the donor;  
I took delight to toy and kiss,  
Till I'm with child, and like your honour.

\*\*\*\*\*

### HARK! THE JOVIAL BUGLE SOUNDS.

Air—"When the southern Breezes play."

HARK, the jovial bugle sounds  
Up hill, let's hail the day!  
See, the lively pack rebounds  
To the merry hark away!  
Then, let's off, o'er hill and dale,  
While we foolish danger scorn;  
And let nought but mirth prevail,  
To hail this pleasant morn.  
Hark, the jovial bugle, &c.

See, see, the game's in view,  
Now, comrades, let us on,  
To give his death halloo!  
And then our sport is done;  
Then mount, my merry men,  
Let's scamper o'er the plain,  
We'll watch him to his den,  
And then gallop on again.  
Hark, the jovial bugle, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

### THEN, OH! MY FRIENDS, THIS HOUR IMPROVE.

(T. Moore.)

OF all my happiest hours of joy,  
And even I have had my measure,  
When hearts were full, and ev'ry eye  
Has kindled with the beams of pleasure.

Such hours as this I ne'er was given,  
So dear to friendship, dear to blisses;  
Young Love himself looks down from heaven,  
To smile on such a day as this is!  
Then, oh! my friends, this hour improve,  
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever!  
And may the birth of her we love  
Be thus with joy remembered ever!

Oh! banish every thought to-night  
Which could disturb our soul's communion!  
Abandoned thus to dear delight,  
We'll e'en for once forget the union!  
On that let statesmen try their powers,  
And tremble o'er the rights they'd die for;  
The union of the soul be ours,  
And every union else we sigh for!  
Then, oh! my friends, &c.

In every eye around I mark  
The feelings of the heart o'erflowing;  
From every soul I catch the spark  
Of sympathy, in friendship glowing!  
Oh! could such moments ever fly;  
Oh! that we ne'er were doomed to lose 'em;  
And all as bright as Charlotte's eye,  
And all as pure as Charlotte's bosom.  
But, oh! my friends, &c.

For me, whate'er my span of years,  
Whatever sun may light my roving;  
Whether I waste my life in tears,  
Or live, as now, for mirth and loving!  
This day shall come with aspect kind,  
Wherever fate may cast your rover;  
He'll think of those he left behind,  
And drink a health to bliss that's over!  
Then, oh! my friends, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

### THE OTAHEITE VOYAGER.

Air—"When I was a Pure."—(O'Keefe.)

IN de big canoe  
I o'er ocean swim me,  
Jack and merry crew  
Give good liquor to me.  
Over sand and rocks,  
Teach me sail, no paddle;  
Teach me den to box,  
So to use my daddle.  
Tu ral loo, &c.

Oh! I sucked the grog,  
Brandy, gin, and rumme,  
Vid de jolly dog,  
Den to London comme;  
Vat you tink of dat?  
Rice my hair did powder,  
Rub my head vid fat,  
Dat's to make me prouder.  
Tu ral loo, &c.

Snug as littel mouse,  
From de vind and veather,  
Dragged about in house,  
Made of trees and leather:  
To de woman fair,  
Up de stair I trottee;  
She did sit on chair,  
On the floor I squattee.  
Tu ral loo, &c.

But dis lady fine  
Call me ugly devil;  
Gim me glass of wine,  
Den so sweet and civil;  
In her spousy jump,  
As of kiss I beg her,  
Give my head de tump,  
Cry, get out dam negaz.  
Tu ral loo, &c.

## CUPID IS A ROGUISH BOY,

(Colman, sen.)

SICKLY dotage to restrain,  
Let the barber breathe a vein;  
Or, if age would mimic youth,  
Quickly pluck out the colt's tooth.  
Cupid is a roguish boy,  
Full of play and full of joy,  
Courting pleasure in its prime,  
Laughing at old bald pate Time.

Age has silvered thy crown,  
On thy brow mixed gray and brown;  
Hope not then from sprightly youth  
Consistency and spotless truth.  
Cupid is a roguish boy, &c.

Doctors learn the bounds of art,  
Seek not what no drugs impart;  
How old age your nerves unstrung,  
Physic cannot make you young.  
Cupid is a roguish boy, &c.

## PAT AND THE FAIRY.

(O'Brien.)

JOLLY Pat Clancey was indeed very civil,  
But touch up his choler he'd match the big divil;  
It's then he would show off his love or bad nature,  
To kiss all the girls or smash a foe's feature.  
Derry down, &c.

Says he, one fine day, by my soul, it's a crime  
Not to call on my gossip, for it's a high time;  
Faith! I'll call on young Larry, then caught up  
his sprig,  
And clapped on his noddle his new jetty wig.  
Derry down, &c.

Over hill, through the valley he passed like a  
shot,  
And soon he arrived at his gossip's own cot;  
Old Larry's at labour, and packed was his dinner,  
Pray, gossip, cried Norry, will you mind that  
young sinner?  
Derry down, &c.

Young Larry, bed-ridden, served his time very  
dreary;  
And Clancey oft heard that the child was a fairy;  
Pat sat very silent, the young one must chat,  
With a hum and a ha, how do do, daddy Pat?  
Derry down, &c.

Cried the wizen, dear father, beware of black  
stripes,  
From under yon broom please to hand me my  
pipes.  
To the sty next you'll go, and bring in the pig,  
Then I'll play you a tune, and she'll dance you a  
jig.  
Derry down, &c.

Pat looked surprised, and was seized with dismay,  
For once in his life-time he'd fain run away,  
He felt his brain giddy, and round went his head,  
And fancied more fairies than Larry in bed.  
Derry down, &c.

Then, cried the urchin, as I cannot play,  
Will you hand me them razors from over the way?  
For I mean to shave you, and that you will  
see;  
Och! the divil a fairy, says Pat, will shave me.  
Derry down, &c.

Arrah, father, squalls Larry, don't make such a  
bodder,  
I'll get up myself, and my daddy I'll lather.

You may lather the divil, cries Pat, till you're  
blue,  
Then out of the cabin like lightning he flew.  
Derry down, &c.

NO—NO—NO;—SAY NOT SO.

A DUET.

(Beazley.)

He.—YET I think there is a name—  
A name to Kenneth's heart so dear,  
It would outweigh his love of fame,  
And, like a spell, would tempt him here.

She.—No—no—no;—say not so—  
Naught could tempt him here!  
No—no—no;  
Naught could on earth, I'm sure,  
From his duty draw  
A knight, than whom none truer  
Can be to honour's law.

He.—I'll away,—and this true knight I'll bring  
By the magic of her ring—  
Kenneth, no doubt, valiant in arms,  
Boldly in fight wields his bright lance;  
Conquered in turn, he beauty's bright charms  
Finds resistless—and yields to a glance.

She.—No—no—no;—say not so—  
Naught could tempt him thence:  
No—no—no;—  
If love had so much power,  
He would not try the spell:  
His lady loves the flower  
Of knighthood far too well.

## THE HUMOURS OF A PRIVATE THEATRE.

(Johnson.)

COME on with your coat and your jacket,  
And as for your waistcoat, don't lack it;  
And be sure that your stock is as stiff as steel,  
And give a few stitches  
To patch your old breeches,  
For "none are admitted in deshabille."

SPOKEN.] Come, George, before I go, let me  
ask who are the performers, and what is the play?  
Oh! the comedy is the Poor Gentleman: Freder-  
rick by Floghum, the *academical assistant*; and  
Ollapod, by Lapstone, the shoemaker and boot-  
closer, who takes the name of Julian. Ah! then,  
I dare say Floghum will make considerable addi-  
tions to his part. Oh! I'll gage my word he'll  
introduce gag, for he has paid a large sum for the  
character; and Lapstone will try *awl* he can to  
make the part applauded and laughed at to *boot*.  
With a tol de riddle, rol de riddle rol, de rol de  
ray,

Sure nothing is so comical as a stupid private play.

In the green-room, meanwhile,  
There's a dreadful turmoil:  
Here, hand me my turcock, you dolt, ah!  
I'm in such a great stew,  
We're to act the Review,  
And I quite forget Looney Mac Twolter.

SPOKEN.] Here, you scoundrel, Snip, where  
are you? the curtain's drawn up, and you're to  
act Farmer Harrowby. Where have you got,  
Snip? He don't hear. Where are you, you jack-  
ass? (*Snuffling.*) Here I am. Oh! I see you  
know your name;—well, get on the stage. (*Snuf-  
fling.*) I don't know the part. Then you'll get  
what you like, Snip, plenty of *goose*. What's that  
row about? (*Squeaking.*) Why, Lieut. Worthing-

ton and his affectionate daughter Emily are having a regular *turn-up*. That Lieutenant's not worth a *turn-up*. Dear me, how shall we get on? (*In a hoarse tone.*) How you can be sure. Mr. Duckweed, get ready for Dubbs.

With a tol de riddle, &c.

But we'll *pass over* the play,  
As a Jew, we think, would say,  
And *review* now the farce *The Review*;  
Where poor Looney did not know  
His part at all, and so  
Stood stammering, not knowing what to do.

SPOKEN.] (*Stammering.*) Why, Mr. Dubbs-a-a-a. (*Hissing.*) Mr. Dubbs-a-a-a-a. (*Hissing.*) (*In a rage.*) What, you serpents, are you hissing? Then I wo'n't act any more; I've paid a crown for the part, and I'll crack any of your crowns that does not applaud me. (*Hissing.*) I wo'n't act any more. (*Hissing.*)

With a tol de riddle, &c.

### THE NEGRO SLAVE.

(R. Southey, P. L.)

'TIS night; the mercenary tyrants sleep  
As undisturbed as Justice! but no more  
The wretched slave, as on his native shore,  
Rests on his reedy couch: he wakes to weep!  
Though, through the toil and anguish of the day  
No tear escaped him,—not one suffering groan,  
Beneath the twisted thong, he weeps alone  
In bitterness; thinking that, far away,  
Though the gay negroes join the midnight song,  
Though merriment resounds on Niger's shore,  
She whom he loves, far from the cheerful throng  
Stands sad, and gazes from her lowly door  
With dim-grown eye, silent and wo-begone,  
And weeps for him who never will return!

### ROSY WINE IS THE KEY THAT WILL OPEN THE HEART.

(Upton.)

ROSY wine is the key that will open the heart,  
And the breast will be true that it mellows;  
When drunk, we despise all base falsehood or art,  
For in liquor we're all honest fellows.

Then, quickly pass the jingling glass,  
Ding dong till we are mellow;  
Let ev'ry man do all he can  
To be an honest fellow.

The lawyer, so grave, for his client will plead,  
And, with unblushing front, 'gainst equity bel-  
lows;

The key once applied, owns he doubly was feed,  
For in liquor we're all honest fellows.

Then, quickly pass, &c.

The lover, who vows for his fair one he dies,  
When wine, rosy wine, his bosom once mel-  
lows,

Will own that her gold is more bright than her  
eyes,—

For in liquor we're all honest fellows.

Then, quickly pass, &c.

Then, if liquor can banish all art and deceit,  
And the heart will be true that it mellows,  
Let us toss off large bumpers whenever we meet,  
For in liquor we're all honest fellows.

Then, quickly pass, &c.

### THE BRACELET.

(Robert Herrick, 1648.)

WHY I tie about thy wrist,  
Julia, this my silken twist,  
For what other reason is't—

But to show thee how, in part,  
Thou my pretty captive art?  
But thy bond-slave is my heart.

'Tis but silk that bindeth thee,  
Knap the thread, and thou art free;  
But 'tis otherwise with me:

I am bound, and fast bound, so  
That from thee I cannot go:  
If I could I would not so.

### BROTHER BUCKS, ALL ATTEND TO THE THEME I SHALL SING.

Air—"Tantara-rara, Masks all."

BROTHER Bucks, all attend to the theme I shall  
sing,

And chorus so loud, make the ceiling to ring;  
From thence to the skies let your voices resound,  
While each heart glows with mirth, and the bum-  
pers go round.

Sing tantara-rara, Bucks all.

But first to our Grand let us due homage pay,  
And may each grateful Buck his loved edict obey;  
May his breast, fraught with candour, be open  
and free,  
And may all in's high station be as honest as he.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

From sacred records our sanction we trace  
Of old Nimrod the Buck, who was fond of the  
chase;

But since that our order's so general become,  
Bucks are every where made, both abroad and a  
home.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

Now to Bucks of all sects in a health let us join,  
Here's the Bucks of the Bell, and the Bucks of the  
Vine,

Here's the lodge at the Platter, and likewise to  
those

Of our order so true, at the Sun and the Rose.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

Let him, therefore, who rails at our high appella-  
tion,  
Whate'er be his worth, or whatever his station;  
Weigh maturely the point, and pray hard for good  
luck,

Or, 'tis twenty to one but, incog. he's a Buck.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

Here's the politic Buck, whose high antlers well  
tipped,

Shakes his purse at the world, while his doe's  
fairly leaped:

Here's a glass of condolence to each plodding cit  
That's familiarly bucked by a lord or a wit.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

Here's Sir Gravity, too, in a bumper so clear,  
Who oft at our sanctum cast many a sneer;  
Though in public he rolls, yet, in private, we  
know,

He's a Buck ev'ry inch—I appeal to his doe.

Sing tantara-rara, &c.

Now, to Bucks of all kinds we have toasted suc-  
cess;

Here's the sweet pretty does—for can true Bucks  
do less?

Come, join, then, in chorus, with accents so shrill,  
And may each jolly Buck have a doe at his will.  
Sing tantara-rara, &c.

FOR OLD ENGLAND WE'LL SHED OUR  
LAST BLOOD.

How blest are we seamen, how joyful and gay,  
Together we fight, or together we play ;  
Our hearts they are sterling, true courage we feel,  
We'll fight for our country, and die for her weal :  
For plenty and freedom we'll range the wild flood,  
And for England, Old England, we'll shed our  
last blood.

By land, other nations their forces may boast,  
'Tis we, only we, can protect Britain's coast ;  
Our strong floating castles, our loud English guns,  
Shall convince all our foes we are Neptune's true  
sons.

For plenty and freedom, &c.

Our admirals lead, and our flag is let fly,  
Our cross, like a comet, appears in the sky,  
Portending destruction! our sea-lion roars!  
And his voice, like loud thunder, breaks full on  
the shores.

For plenty and freedom, &c.

Come, bustle, my boys, let us form the good line!  
Come, cheer up, Old England! the day shall be  
thine ;

Huzza, for our country! huzza, for her weal!  
We'll raise its renown by the courage we feel.

For plenty and freedom, &c.

MASTER JENKINS SMOKED HIS PIPE.

(Dibdin.)

MASTER JENKINS smoked 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 smoked his pipe  
At home, content and married,  
Regardless of each sneer and 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 smoked his pipe,  
And had been some months married,  
Severely now he felt each wipe,  
For horns the poor man carried.

Master Jenkins cursed his wife,  
And swore of such an evil  
To get well quit he'd part with life,  
Or send her to the devil.

I IN THESE FLOWERY MEADS WOULD BE.

I IN these flowery meads would be,  
These crystal streams should solace me,  
To whose harmonious, bubbling noise  
I, with my angle, would rejoice ;  
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove  
Court his chaste mate to acts of love.

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind  
Breathe health and plenty, please my mind

To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,  
And then washed off by April showers ;  
Here, hear my Kenna sing a song,  
There, see a blackbird feed her young ;

Or a leverock build her nest ;  
Here give my weary spirits rest,  
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above  
Earth, or what poor mortals love :  
Thus, free from law-suits, and the noise  
Of princes' court, I would rejoice :—

Or, with my dog and a book,  
Loiter, long days, near Shawford-brook ;  
There sit by him and eat my meat,  
There see the sun both rise and set,  
There bid good-morrow to next day,  
There meditate my time away,  
And angle on, and beg to have  
A quiet passage to the grave.

PIG'S MEAT COURTSHIP ;

OR, A SWIM, FOR LOVE, IN THE HOG-TUB !

(Shuter.)

I COURTED a lass, and as *bunny* a lass  
As *liver* my *hyes* did *liver* see ;  
But, for all my love and my toying tricks,  
She cared not a *cracked cork* for me ;  
She took me home to her own house,  
I had *niver bin* there afore,  
Then she tumble me into the hog-tub,  
So I *niver comed* there any more.

Had I gone down to the bottom,  
As I swimm'd on the brim,  
I'm sure I might 'ave been drown'd-ed,  
And *niver comed* to life *agin* !  
But there came by a good *frind*,  
He a *frind* had *bin* afore ;  
And he helped me out o' the hog-tub,  
So I *niver comed* there any more.

Then I took my love by the *lily-vite* hand,  
And I *haxt* her if she could dance,  
When there *comed* by a *musicianer*,  
That played us a tune by chance !  
There *wuz* a blacksmith and *whitesmith*,  
That *niver* had danced afore,  
So we all of us danced round the hog-tub,  
But I *niver* danced there any more.

THE ROBBERS.

(J. C. Cross.)

THE traveller on his weary way,  
By us beset, implores in vain,  
His eye-lids soon shut out the day,  
His pallid cheek ne'er blooms again ;  
Beguiling gold, thy gilded power  
Bids from the bosom pity fly,  
Arrests ambition's fleeting hour,  
And boldly bids the robber die ;  
It makes the trembling coward bold,  
And gives to pride its cap and feather,  
By it the world is bought and sold ;  
And by the ears we're set together,  
Sunny skies, or stormy weather,  
Gold so many rivals wooing,  
Some delighting, some undoing,  
Sets us by the ears together.

Next to gold, alluring love  
Tortures the distracted brain,  
Varied torments bids us prove  
Every pleasure, every pain ;

Love taught Hercules to spin,  
 Jove to roll his wanton eye,  
 The rigid monk 'gainst vows to sin,  
 This rugged breast to heave a sigh,  
 Love makes the trembling coward bold,  
 And gives to pride its cap and feather,  
 By it the world is bought and sold,  
 And by the ears we're set together,  
 Sunny skies, or stormy weather,  
 Love so many rivals wooing,  
 Some delighting, some undoing,  
 Sets us by the ears together.

NEVER COMES TO-MORROW.

Air—" *Isn't it a pity?*"—(Miss Bryant.)

A HANDSOME youth,  
 A laughing youth,  
 He long vowed I was charming;  
 But still I smiled, to set him wild,  
 Thus, thus, true love alarming.  
 Says he, my dear, ah, grant my prayer,  
 And ease this heart from sorrow:  
 Says I, sir, pray now go away,  
 And call again to-morrow.  
 The morrow came, and much to blame  
 Was I to make him wander,  
 For in a day he went away,  
 And tore our bonds asunder.  
 For one more sly had pleased his eye,  
 Alas, my heartfelt sorrow;  
 The fun I spoke he thought no joke,  
 And didn't call to-morrow.  
 Now, maidens, mind, ne'er prove unkind,  
 And when your lover's praying,  
 Don't jeer or scoff, or he'll be off,  
 For jokes 'tis dearly paying.  
 Whate'er you do, mind when they see  
 Affection's smile to borrow,  
 And do not stray from day to day,  
 For never comes to-morrow.

LISTEN TO THE MIRACLES THAT JOPPA  
 DOES DIVINE T'YE.

(Reynolds.)

LISTEN to the miracles that Joppa does divine t'ye,  
 Mark what I prophesy,  
 Will pass in anno domini  
 One thousand eight hundred and ninety.

Listen to the miracles, &c.

The knight now his helmet on, his sword and  
 falchion handles,  
 But knights then thick as hops,  
 In bushy bobs will keep their shops,  
 And deal, good lack, in figs and tripe, and soap  
 and tallow candles.

Listen to the miracles, &c.

No tournaments the nobles then, like ours, will  
 take delight in,  
 No holy war be kept in view,  
 But should a *Christian box a Jew*,  
 There'll be plenty to espouse such a holy prize-  
 fighting.

Listen to the miracles, &c.

Folly will like wild-fire run, nought will ever  
 cool it.

Much more I could prophesy;

Yet, spite of such calamity,

The nation will be happy in a monarch that will  
 rule it.

Listen to the miracles, &c.

WAR WAS PROCLAIMED 'TWINX LOVE  
 AND I.

Air—" *Auld lang syne.*"—(K. O. B.)

WAR was proclaimed 'twixt love and I,  
 He shot his arrows keen,  
 Said I, you over-match me, boy,  
 We'll rest upon the green.  
 We'll rest upon the green, my lad,  
 We'll rest upon the green,  
 A truce he signed, and I was glad,  
 A willow stood between.

Now many years had passed away,  
 Secure from Cupid's smart,  
 Though age bore part, ah! lack-a-day,  
 Sigh-tingle went my heart.  
 Sigh-tingle went my heart, ha, ha!  
 Sigh-tingle went my heart;  
 The frigid thing commenced to thaw  
 Through Cupid's fervid dart.

Another truce, cried I, sweet child,  
 I hope you'll grant to me;  
 With guile, he answered very mild,  
 To that, I'll not agree.  
 To that I'll not agree, when down  
 I fell, upon my life,  
 And felt a tingling on my crown  
 Through tumbling on a wife.

She died one day, in Cupid came,  
 Saying, gray-beard, there you be,  
 You'll require another dame,  
 Here's another touch at thee;  
 Here's another touch at thee, old boy,  
 Here's another touch at thee;  
 His darts he shot, ah! let him plot,  
 He'll never more touch me.

THE CHAPTER ON DOGS.

Air—" *Bow, wow, wow.*"

COME, listen, my friend, to an old dog's new  
 story,  
 That contains of his race, and pretensions to  
 glory,  
 For we dogs may be found in every rank and  
 station,  
 Since puppies are caressed by the first in the  
 nation.

Bow, wow, wow, fal, lal, riddle lal,  
 bow, wow, wow.

A flatterer's a cringing dog, he's always a fawning,  
 An alderman's a sleepy dog, he's always a  
 yawning,  
 A methodist's a howling dog, his cant he's always  
 whining out,  
 And lawyers, they're mischievous dogs, they'll  
 tear your pocket's lining out.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

A lover, he's a wretched dog without his dear de-  
 light, sir,  
 And bullies, they are swaggering dogs, which bark  
 but never bite, sir,  
 A miser, he's a thirsty dog, he saves an inch of  
 candle,  
 A coxcomb, he's a lap-dog, for pretty miss to  
 dandle.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Physicians, they are pompous dogs, they look so  
 monstrous big, sir,  
 But if you'd find their consequence, 'tis in their  
 cane and wig, sir,

With Latin phrases they deceive us, poor deluded  
elves, sir,  
And what they give their patient-dogs they never  
take themselves, sir,  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The playhouse, too, is full of dogs, that cram you  
with their flummery,  
The manager's a dancing dog, he tricks you with  
his mummery,  
The side-box beaux are critic-dogs, that ev'ry fault  
are marking,  
While the gallery-boys are noisy dogs, they are  
always a barking.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The gambler, he's a shuffling dog, he tricks you  
with his cards, sir,  
And bailiffs, they are sly dogs, they bite you devil-  
ish hard, sir;  
A rake, he is a jolly dog, whom all the ladies  
fancy,  
And I am a faithful dog as any here you can see.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

### I WONDER WHEN I SHALL BE MARRIED.

My father has forty good shilling,  
Oh! ay, good shilling;  
And never a daughter but I;  
My mother, oh! she is right willing,  
Oh! ay, right willing,  
That I should have all when they die,  
And I wonder when I shall be married!  
Oh! ay, be married!  
My beauty begins to decay:  
I soon must get hold of somebody;  
Oh! ay, of somebody,  
Before it is all gone away.

My shoes they are at the mending,  
Oh! ay, at the mending;  
My buckles they are in the chest!  
My stockings are ready for sending,  
Oh! ay, for sending;  
Then I'll be as brave as the best,  
So I wonder when I shall be married, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

### ACTORS AND METHODISTS; OR, THE FATE OF FRANKENSTEIN.

Air—"Drops of Brandy."

O! HAVE you not heard of the news?  
I mean of the kick-up or rumpus!  
The methodists now do abuse  
The show-folk for what they call *bumpers*.  
Though their chapels each night overflow,  
And every part crammed with spectators,  
The actors, poor devils, ne'er show  
Their teeth, though they've empty theatres.  
Rum ti iddity, &c.

'Tis a case both distressing and droll,  
That the canters do all seem unwilling  
To live and let live every soul,  
Who is able to earn a poor shilling.  
Though the players the *Hypocrite* play,  
'Tis but a mere representation,  
The methodist acts every day,  
And sends all the plays to d—nation.  
Rum ti iddity, &c.

A playhouse there is in the Strand,  
They call it the English Opera,  
With Exeter Change close at hand,  
Where gentlemen's carriages stop at her;

There one *Mr. Frankenstein* dwells,  
And keeps open house for great parties, sir,  
But a number of methodist elves,  
Was pleased to cry "don't go," my hearties, O.  
Rum ti iddity, &c.

The manager now in a rage,  
Stood forth in his play's vindication,  
And to a large flaming page  
Very soon gave publication.  
The play-goers now were addressed,  
And once more invited to come, sir,  
So the canters may now do their best,  
For with them it is up and all hum, sir.  
Rum ti iddity, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

### HOPELESS LOVE.

(Bryant.)

WHAT pang is like the burning sigh,  
That leaves the bosom's shrine,  
And will not damp the mourner's eye  
With cooling tears divine?  
This pang it leaves no joy, I say,  
No joy but what's above,  
And she feels grief by night and day,  
That lives in hopeless love.

What bliss is like the cheering sound  
That glads a woman's care,  
And makes her feel with blossoms crowned!  
'Tis him she loves so dear;  
But, oh! there is a pang, I say,  
Still say it is above,  
And she feels grief by night and day,  
That lives in hopeless love.

\*\*\*\*\*

### THE HAPPY WATERMAN.

If the man goes right who follows his nose,  
The waterman always goes wrong;  
For one way he looks while another he rows,  
And yet he keeps stroke with a song:  
He gives you a joke  
At every stroke,  
While his wherry glides smoothly along.

How happy a soul might a waterman be  
Were his cares to his boat but confined;  
He never would launch on a troublesome sea,  
To disturb the content of his mind;  
But when with his bride  
Each stroke's against tide,  
'Tis tugging against water and wind.

But why should I grieve, when I look at my  
badge?  
When I won it, then, Dick, who so merry?  
How it drew the black peepers of fair Wandsworth  
Madge,  
When I stept from my boat at the ferry;  
Ah, bless her black eyes!  
That stroke won the prize;  
She was the first fair in my wherry.

\*\*\*\*\*

### WHEN ADAM DWELT IN EDEN'S BOWER.

WHEN Adam dwelt in Eden's bower,  
And Eve was young and fair;  
While Nature bloomed an infant flower,  
'This tree was planted there.  
Its spreading arms, extended wide,  
O'ershading dale and hill;  
Though every shoot a graft supplied,  
'The tree was Adam's still.

Sage Noah, when the deluge came,  
The saving ark prepared,  
And animated Nature's claim  
Experienced due regard.  
Then, while the messenger went out,  
In hope dry land to see,  
The gentle dove, returning, brought  
A branch of Adam's tree.

Thus held the stock its ancient right,  
Though scions decked each bough,  
And, till the world's extinguished quite,  
No other guise 'twill show.  
Though Time should lose his sithe and glass,  
And Death the power to kill,  
Till Chaos re-assumes his place,  
The tree is Adam's still.

//////////  
**HARVEST HOME.**

(Goodwin.)

BRIGHT Sol has returned to the western do-  
main—

To sleep on his Thetis' fair bosom again;  
Then let rosy Mirth, with her gay dimpled guest,  
Now sooth rugged Labour, and lull Care to rest;  
Or say can the farmer or peasant look glum  
While echoing woodlands reply harvest home,  
Harvest home,  
Harvest home,

While echoing woodlands reply harvest home.

The sithe and the sickle resign to the flail,  
So now with brown beer fill the cleanly milk-  
pail;  
And while cheerful toasts go round, merry and  
blithe,

Think not of the vicar, nor yet of his tithes:  
And let the grave Don still look surly and glum—  
While echoing woodlands, &c.

The sportsmen now rise, when the merry-toned  
horn

Salutes fair Aurora and welcomes the morn;  
All other delights must to hunting give place,  
And ease fall a victim to the toils of the chase;  
With pleasures e' culting in freedom to roam—  
While echoing woodlands, &c.

Pomona her treasure now plenteously pours,  
And Ceres has filled ev'ry barn with her stores;  
So now, while we drink, may fair Friendship be  
found,

Where Nature profusely deals bounty around:  
So now, lads and lasses, with speed hither come,  
While echoing woodlands, &c.

//////////  
**HONEST BEN.**

(Dibdin.)

I'M called honest Ben, but for what I don't know,  
I only, d'ye see, do my duty:  
'Tis every one's place for to lighten the wo  
That presses down virtue and beauty:  
Why gold was first made, I can't tell, to be sure,  
In learning not being addicted,  
Unless it was meant for to cherish the poor,  
To comfort and aid the afflicted.

Once honest Bill Bobstay, a true-hearted lad,  
Became for a land-lubber bail,  
Who soon got from Bill all the money he had,  
And then cooped him up in a jail;  
My pockets with prize-money then were well-  
lined,

So Bill I restored to his friends:  
Their transports made him nearly out of his mind,  
And me for the act full amends.

In that gallant fight t'other day off the Nile,  
My old messmate, Sam Stern, chanced to die,  
The battle once o'er, though I cheered with a  
smile,

A tear for poor Sam dimmed my eye.  
Thinks I, here's rough news for his prattlers and  
Kate,

They'll scarcely survive the sad shock;  
So I'll save all my rhino to soften their fate,  
And steer them from poverty's rock.

If safely through life's troubled sea you would  
steer,

And make the right haven at last,  
Still kindly all messmates' distress strive to cheer,  
And shield them from poverty's blast.

For my part, I know tars must fight and must  
fall,

And leave their poor widows' hearts sad;  
Lord love 'em, I wish I could marry them all,  
And be to each orphan a dad.

//////////  
**CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD.**

(Burns.)

CHORUS.

BEYOND thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,  
And O to be lying beyond thee!  
O sweetly, soundly, well may he sleep,  
That's laid in the bed beyond thee!

Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn wood,  
And blithely awakens the morrow;  
But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn  
wood

Can yield me nothing but sorrow.  
Beyond thee, &c.

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,  
I hear the wild birds singing;  
But pleasure they hae nane for me,  
While care my heart is wringing.  
Beyond thee, &c.

I canna tell, I maunna tell,  
I darena for your anger;  
But secret love will break my heart,  
If I conceal it langer.  
Beyond thee, &c.

I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,  
I see thee sweet and bonnie;  
But O, what will my torments be,  
If thou refuse thy Johnnie!  
Beyond thee, &c.

To see thee in anither's arms,  
In love to lie and languish;  
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,  
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.  
Beyond thee, &c.

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,  
Say, thou lo'es nane before me;  
And a' my days o' life to come,  
I'll gratefully adore thee.  
Beyond thee, &c.

//////////  
**OH! THAT THERE WERE SOME FOUNT  
WHOSE STREAM.**

(T. W. Kelly.)

OH! that there were some fount, whose stream  
Drank Lethe's source! where he might go  
Whose soul was of the fervid beam,  
To drink the waters as they flow.

Oh! that there were such fount extant!  
How would I court the oblivious lymph!  
How oft that pilgrim spot I'd haunt,  
To drown my thoughts of thee, sweet nymph



The ship, driving out to sea, left me, and many more  
All among the Hottentots, a capering ashore.

### THE SAILOR-BOY CAPERING ASHORE.

(Dibdin.)

POLL, dang it, how d'ye do?  
Nan, wo'n't you give us a buss?  
Why, what's to do wi' you?  
Why, here's a pretty fuss!  
Say, shall we kiss and toy?  
I goes to sea no more;  
Oh! I'm the sailor-boy  
For capering ashore.

Father he apprenticed me  
All to a coasting ship,  
I being resolved, d'ye see,  
To give them all the slip;  
I got to Yarmouth fair,  
Where I had been before;  
So father found me there,  
A capering ashore.

Next out to India  
I went, a guinea-pig;  
When we got to Table-Bay,  
Mind, what a pretty rig,—  
The ship, driving out to sea,  
Left me, and many more,  
All among the Hottentots,  
A capering ashore.

I loves a bit of a hop,  
Life's ne'er the worsor for'  
If in my wake should drop  
A fiddle, that's your sort.  
Thrice tumble up, a-hoy,  
Once get the labour o'er,  
Then see your sailor-boy  
A capering ashore.

### OH! THIS IT IS TO LOVE.

A QUARTET.

(Hampden Napier.)

[Music, 246, Regent-street.]

THE maid who'd wish to slumber,  
With ease and comfort blest,  
Without a care to cumber  
The quiet of her breast—  
Must bid farewell to love.

Let her who'd wish to slumber,  
With ease and quiet blest,  
Of pleasures without number,  
And every joy possess—  
A welcome bid to love.

To pass the day in sorrow,  
The night in sighs and tears,—  
To dread the coming morrow,  
As one of doubts and fears—  
Oh! this it is to love.

From ev'ry hour to borrow  
Fresh pleasures that ne'er cloy;  
To wait the coming morrow,  
A harbinger of joy—  
Oh! this it is to love.

There is a cloud that lowers  
O'er young life's brightest sky,  
Replete with storms and showers,  
Its brightness to destroy—  
This fatal cloud is love.

There is a ray whose splendour  
Throws brightness o'er distress,  
No envious clouds can render  
Its beam of comfort less—  
This cheering ray is love.

## THE WANDERING JEW.

A PARODY.

Air—"I've been roaming."—(Miss Bryant.)

I'VE been roaming, I've been roaming,  
Vid a merry, merry strain,  
And I'm coming, and I'm coming  
Home, to Rosemary-lane.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming  
Through ev'ry street and square,  
And I'm coming, and I'm coming  
With the pargains I got there.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
I have, upon my life,  
And I'm coming, and I'm coming  
To my children and my wife.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
For to pargain I've the knack,  
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,  
With my pag upon my pack.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
Quite hungry, full of vo,  
But I'm a coming, I'm a coming  
To eat fish and *buckle yow*.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming  
Vere the peoples call out pork,  
But I am coming, I am coming,  
To be rested from my work.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
But our *shaboth* it is nigh,  
So I'm coming, so I'm coming  
To vish you all good bye.

## WHEN JOVE A LOVELY WOMAN MADE.

(G. T.)

WHEN Jove à lovely woman made,  
(To sooth man's breast 'twas given,)  
He sought each mighty goddess' aid,  
To bless this gift of heaven.

From *Juno*, majesty he drew,  
From *Cupid*, sportive wiles,  
From *Hebe*, youth for ever new,  
From *Venus*, love and smiles.

He gave her universal sway,  
With beauties to enchant,  
With *one* soft tongue to say us "nay,"  
And *two* kind eyes to grant.

With these he new-formed woman crowned,  
With other charms, too, graced;  
And *Venus*, sweetly smiling, bound  
The cestus round her waist.

Like to a bud, to earth she flew,  
With all its sweets yet hidden,  
The flow'rets 'neath her footsteps grew,  
The trees put forth unbidden.

Fraught with her fragrant breath, the dew  
The bee first learned to sip;  
Wine sweetness from the nectar drew  
Which Jove hung on her lip.

The flow'rets first their fragrance took,  
To birds their notes were given,  
On her descending form to look,  
Man raised his face to heaven.

YE FREE-BORN SONS, BRITANNIA'S  
BOAST.

YE free-born sons, Britannia's boast,  
Firm as your rock-surrounded coast,

Ye sov'reigns of the sea;  
On ev'ry shore where salt tides roll,  
From east to west, from pole to pole,  
Fair Conquest celebrates your name,  
Witnessed loud by wond'ring Fame,  
The lads who dare be free!

Mistake me not, my hearts of oak,  
I scorn with liberty to joke,  
Ye sov'reigns of the sea!

Assist, uphold your church and state,  
Your great men good, and good men great,  
All, all, abroad, at home, unite,  
And, jovial, join in faction's spite,  
Then, then, my friends, you'ræ free

Ye sov'reigns of wide Ocean's waves,  
To heroes long enshrined in graves,  
A requiem let us sing:

I Alfred, Henry, Edward name,  
Then William, our deliv'rer came;  
My future ages Brunswick own,  
Perpetual heir to Britain's throne,—  
So, here's God save the King.

## THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT TO SAY

(M. G. Lewis.)

AH! believe, I speak sincerely,  
Here I wish to pass my life;  
Fancy's mirror shows me clearly  
All the bliss that waits your wife:  
Every knee its homage shows her,  
Wealth and Pomp her will obey.  
Oswy's poor, and—psha, sir, no, sir!  
That's not what I meant to say.

Though his eyes exceed in splendour  
Summer-skies, so bright, so blue;  
Though his heart be true and tender,  
(None so tender, none so true;)  
Though his tears so much distress me,  
When he weeps my heart gives way;  
Though I love him—nonsense!—bless me!  
That's not what I meant to say.

WE SOLDIERS DRINK, WE SOLDIERS  
SING.

WE soldiers drink, we soldiers sing,  
We fight our foes, and love our king,  
Are ever brisk and jolly;  
We know no care, in peace or war,  
We ask no wealth but fame and health,  
A knapsack and a Dolly.

When Mirth invites we seldom think,  
When Honour calls we never shrink,  
But, scorning Melancholy,  
Alert and gay, we march away  
To foreign parts, with cheerful hearts,  
A knapsack and a Dolly.

If doomed to fall, the good and brave  
Will dew with tears their soldier's grave;  
Thus sadness is a folly;  
His dauntless sward Fame will record,  
His comrade dear will prize and cheer  
His knapsack and his Dolly.

Then, come, my noble heroes, come,  
With sprightly life and echoing drum,  
With minds elate and jolly,  
Let's take the field, nor ever yield  
To Fortune's frowns till conquest crowns  
Our knapsack and our Dolly.

WE'LL DRINK TILL WE CAN'T SPEAK  
AT ALL.

RAIL on at joys that are not thine;  
That thus thou leerest with envy's blink,  
'Tis not because we drink good wine,  
But 'tis that thou hast none to drink:  
What though two roads before us lie,  
We on no crooked path shall fall;  
For that we may not walk awry,  
We'll drink till we can't walk at all.

Thou sayest, that wine's the cause of strife,  
That to the brain when it ascends,  
We quarrel; so do man and wife,  
And then, like them, we're better friends:  
But here thou shalt not have thy will,  
Nor coax good fellows to a brawl;  
Rather than of our friends think ill,  
We'll drink till we can't think at all.

Thou callest the glass a foe to love;  
Why, fool, 'tis Cupid's dearest boast;  
What fair did celebrated prove,  
Till celebrated as a toast?  
But, imperfection should there be,  
That to their lot sometimes may fall,  
Rather than faults in ladies see,  
We'll drink till we can't see at all.

Thou sayest, that treason lurks beneath  
And our convivial pleasure sours;  
Thou liest, the monster does not breathe  
That dares profane a king like ours!  
But, our firm loyalty to prove,  
And choke thee with our ranc'rous gall,  
Rather than in a faction move,  
We'll drink till we can't move at all.

Ye., after all, abuse our joy,  
Indulge this cynic spite of thine;  
When thou hast said the worst, old boy,  
Thou canst not say we drink bad wine.  
We envy no man's pleasure, we  
Still ready at each gen'rous call;  
Nay, rather than speak ill of thee,  
We'll drink till we can't speak at all.

## MY HEART IS HEAVY! WELL-A-DAY.

A DUET.

(G. Colman.)

WAS it the nightingale's notes of love,  
Or was it the zephyr on roses playing,  
That lured her so late to the musky grove?  
Or was it that Selim there was staying?

'Twas her troth to plight,  
Ere he had marched to fight;

And this was Abra's plaintive lay,—  
"My heart is heavy! well-a-day!"

While they were uttering vows of truth,  
While they were wishing they ne'er could sever,  
A tiger leapt on the luckless youth,  
And Selim was torn away for ever!

Oh! her reason is gone;  
But when night comes on,

Still Abra sings her plaintive lay,  
"My heart is heavy! well-a-day!"

## THE BULL-BAIT.

(Upton.)

WHAT creature's that, so fierce and bold,  
That springs, yet scorns to lose his hold?  
His teeth like saw-hooks meet!

He bleeding victim roars aloud,  
While savage yells convulse the crowd,  
Who shout on shout repeat.

It is the *bull-dog!* matchless, brave,  
Like Britons on the swelling wave,  
Amidst the battle's flood.

It is the *bull-dog!* dauntless hound,  
That pins the mourner to the ground,  
His nostrils dropping blood.

The stake-bound captive snorts and groans,  
While pain and torture rack his bones,  
Gored both without and in;

One desp'rate act of strength he tries,  
And high in air the bull-dog flies,—  
Yet tossed to *fight again*.

He falls—and scarcely feels the earth,  
Ere innate courage shows its worth,  
His eye-balls flashing fire!

Again he dares his lusty foe,—  
Again aloft is doomed to go,—  
Falls—struggles—and expires!

MARK WHERE YON WAVING WILLOW  
WEEPS.

Air—"I have a silent Sorrow here."—(J. Bruton.)

MARK where yon waving willow weeps  
O'er yon green grave with daisies drest;  
Lo! here my gentle Emma sleeps,  
'Neath the green turf, sweet maid, at rest.  
Her melting eye of heavenly blue,  
Will glad his aching heart no more;  
Her face now wears death's pallid hue,  
And all my happy hours are o'er!

That breast is still where oft this head,  
Hath hushed its pain in sweet repose;  
Those lips are closed, their tone is fled;  
Thy cheek hath lost its wonted rose;  
But, fare thee well, dear blighted flower,  
Though in the lonely tomb thou'rt laid,  
A little while, a transient hour,  
And we shall meet again, sweet maid.

## THE HIBERNIAN WATCHMAN;

OR, PAST TWELVE O'CLOCK.

Air—"Vauxhall Watch."—(Collins.)

WHILE midnight toppers their bottles drain,  
In a merry cue, and a merry vein,  
I'm beating the rounds in the wind and the rain,  
Crying, past twelve o'clock.

And while stretched out in the beds they lies,  
And they snores and snorts, like pigs in their  
sties,

O! I stretches myself, and I, gaping, cries,  
A past twelve o'clock.

And, perhaps, just then, some swaggering chap  
Upon my shoulder gives a tap,  
And he cries, 'Arrah! Paddy, don't take a nap,  
Though it's past twelve o'clock;'

When a loving couple, that's upon the stroll,  
Gets into a corner, cheek by jowl,  
Then I comes with my lantern and my pole,  
Crying, past twelve o'clock.

So I gets a tizzy for to let them alone,  
And I minds them no more nor a stock or a stone,  
But I turns aside, with a gentle tone,  
Crying, past twelve o'clock.

But, when lamps are breaking by your dashing  
dons,

(As I've had my skull cracked more than once,)  
O! I scampers away for to save my sconce,  
With a past twelve o'clock.

To a poor ragged wench, when I beats the round,  
That without a farthing I've often found,  
O! says I, you're the cattle that must fill my  
pound,

Now, it's past twelve o'clock.

And to squeeze the pockets of a poor green clod,  
When he can't find his way to the Land of Nod,  
O! says I, Mr. Muzzy, you must go to quod,  
For it's past twelve o'clock.

But a neighbour's house, if 'tis open broke,  
And I gets well touched, I laughs at the joke,  
And I softly cries, not to wake the folk,  
A past twelve o'clock.

Thus, though my labour at night is great,  
Yet I knows all the day how to live in state.  
And I never repine at a watchman's fate,  
Crying, past twelve o'clock.

For I does my work by the rule of thumb,  
To come in for my share of crust and crumb,  
For the which I sometimes seem half dumb,  
Crying, past twelve o'clock

And the neighbours never believes I mocks,  
When I bids them look to their bolts and locks.  
But they gives me a thumper of a Christmas-box.  
For my—past twelve o'clock.

WHEN ONCE THE POOR GIRL IS  
MARRIED.

(James Powell.)

IN youth, the young virgin is frolic and gay,  
She dances and carols her hours away,  
Through pleasure's gay stream she is carried;  
But, look in her face,  
How altered the case,  
When once, the poor girl, she is married.

From the gay to the grave, quite changed is her  
style,  
The matronly airs take place of the smile,  
No longer by pleasure she is carried;  
Ah! how comes this change,  
So odd and so strange,  
Dear, dear, the poor girl, she is married.

Should a handsome young swain breathe in her  
ear  
Love's soft tender sigh, his hope, and his fear,  
Awhile she may wish she had tarried,  
His hopes are all down,  
When she, with a frown,  
Cries, Sir, don't you know I am married.

THE WATERY GRAVE.

(Dibdin.)

WOULD you hear a sad story of wo,  
That tears from a stone might provoke,  
'Tis concerning a tar, you must know,  
As honest as e'er biscuit broke;  
His name was Ben Block—of all men,  
The most true, the most kind, the most brave;  
But, haish treated by Fortune, for Ben,  
In his prime, found a watery grave.

His place no one ever knew more;  
His heart was all kindness and love;  
Though on duty an eagle he'd soar,  
His nature had most of the dove.  
He loved a fair maiden, named Kate,  
His father, to interest a slave,  
Sent him far from his love, where hard fate  
Plunged him deep in a watery grave.

A curse on all slanderous tongues.  
A false friend his mild nature abused;  
And sweet Kate, of the vilest of wrongs,  
To poison Ben's pleasure, accused  
That she never had truly been kind,  
That false were the tokens she gave;  
That she scorned him, and wished he might find,  
In the ocean, a watery grave.

Too sure, from this cankerous elf,  
The venom accomplished its end;  
Ben, all truth and honour himself,  
Suspected no fraud in his friend,  
On the yard, while suspended in air,  
A loose to his sorrows he gave,  
'Take thy wish,' he cried, 'false, cruel fair,'  
And plunged in a watery grave.

BRING ME VENUS, BRING ME WINE.

(M·Nally.)

WHEN gen'rous wine expands the soul,  
How pleasure hovers round the bowl!  
Avaunt! ye cares of Fancy's crew,  
And give the guilty wretch his due,  
But, let the juice of sparkling wine,  
My grosser sense of love refine:  
As Jove, his nectar drinks above,  
I'll quaff whole goblets full of love!

Then, why should I at life repine?  
Bring me Venus, bring me wine;  
Fill the ever-flowing-bowl,  
In circles gay, and pleasure roll.  
Ever open—ever free,  
Hail, thou friend to jollity!  
My brows with Bacchus' chaplets crowned,  
I'll live to love—my cares are drowned.

GUID STRANG YELL.

A CUMBERLAND RALLAD.

OUR Ellek likes fat bacon weel,  
And havver bannock pleases Dick,  
A cow'd cword meks lal Wully fain,  
And cabbish ay turns Philip sick;  
Our deane's for gurdle ceake and tea,  
And Betty's aw for thick pez keale;  
Let ilk yen fancy what they wull,  
Still my delight is guid strang yell.

I ne'er had muckle, ne'er kent want,  
Ne'er wranged a neighbour, fren', or kin,  
My wife and bairns buin aw I prize,  
There's music in their varra din;  
I labor suin, I labor leate,  
And chearful eat my humble meal,  
My weage can feed and clad us aw,  
And whiles affords me guid strang yell.

What's aw the warl widout content,  
Wi' that and health man can't be peer,  
We suin slip off frae friens and foes,  
Then wha but fuils would fight for gear:  
'Bout kings and councils gowks may fratch,  
For me I scorn to vex mysel;  
But laugh at courts, and owre grown knaves.  
When I've a hush o' guid strang yell.

THE SHEPHERD'S BOY.

HOW happy was the shepherd's boy,  
To tend his flock his sole employ;  
Wide o'er the plain he viewed them stray,  
While innocence still made him gay;

He tun'd his pipe, and sung his song,  
Happy and jocund all day long;  
His cheeks were blushed with ruddy health,  
And sweet repose was all his wealth.

In summer's heat, or winter's cold,  
He counted o'er his fleecy fold,  
And near the banks of Lynn was found,  
More joyful than a monarch crowned;  
For there the earliest of the year,  
The sweetest flowrets did appear;  
And Norfolk seem'd the world alone  
To him,—all other parts unknown.

No cares, no fears, his mind molest,  
But all was happy in his breast;  
When love! that soft intruding pow'r,  
Gay wanton of an idle hour,  
Showed false Maria to his sight,  
Which robbed his soul of all delight;  
For she, so beautiful to view,  
Though much she vowed, was never true.

No longer now is Colin gay,  
Alas! his flocks unheeded stray,  
No more his pipe with music sounds,  
The river rolls, or smile the grounds;  
All Nature as a blank to view,  
Maria's false, though Colin's true.  
Lost is the shepherd of the vale,  
Unless to sing his own sad tale.

COFFEE HOT;

OR, A STREET BREAKFAST.

Air—"Cherry ripe."—(J. Bruton.)

COFFEE hot, coffee hot, hot, I cry,  
Full and fair cups, come and buy;  
But if so be you axes where  
I makes it hot? I answer there,  
Over the fire, where hangs my pot,  
That's where I make coffee hot.

SPOKEN.] Selling coffee, d'ye see, suits me to a T; for I rise and make my kettle sing before the lark sings in a morning, and toddle out with my coffee-can, table, and eatables, in time to meet the dustmen, sweeps, and mechanics, that are passing and repassing to their morning avocations. My butter, which is scrapings, I sell at the rate of two shillings per pound, I get at the butter-shops for twopence. My coffee is ground horse-beans and roasted corn; my sugar is half sand, which happily mixeth with the grounds of the coffee at bottom, passeth off undiscovered; and then my milk is chalk, which I get for chalk at the oil-shop. Pray, ma'am, do you call this coffee? said an Irishwoman, one morning. As like Turkey, said I, as two peas. *Pays!* by the powers! and I like, it's more like horse-beans than *pays*. And this sugar? said she. The best moist; and if you don't like it you may *lump* it. And do you call this butter? said she. Equal to *fresh*. *Fresh*, by my soul! and it's as *stale* as my *mackerel* and as *rank* as yourself. It's all the *richer*, said I, for that. Ah! you *divil*, said she, you're right; for *riches* and *rank* is all the same thing. Though I often get in a *scrape* for selling *scrapings* for butter, and get a *roasting* for selling *roasted* corn for coffee, I manage to *butter* my own *bread* pretty well, while

Coffee hot, coffee hot, &c.

Coffee hot, coffee hot, hot, I cry,  
Full and fair cups, if you're dry;  
Here the milk galore doth flow,  
Here is butter, bread, atso,  
If you have the ready got,  
That's the time for coffee hot.

SPOKEN.] Pray what shall I do for you, Mr. Plasterer? Why, give a brick a dab o' mortar, a pint of suck, and a little whitewash. I suppose you mean a small loaf and butter, a pint of coffee, and a little milk? Exactly. Here it is, sir. Ulloa! here; what's the damage here; what have I had? *Twelve cups of coffee, five twopenny loaves, and butter*. Two shillings and threepence, Mr. Coalheaver. Two and threepence, eh? Vell, I've got *but threepence*: I must owe you the *odd two bob*. Owe me, sir! what do you *mean*? Vy, to say you are *mean*, if you grumble to trust a gemman o' two bob; but don't be cross, I've got a *hodd Jack o' diamonds*, my *jewel*, in the waggon. You understand; (*winks*) so g'iz a *few more cups o' coffee and bread and butter*, to *make up* breakfast, for I must be jogging. Pray, ma'am, would you *choose* a roll and butter? Yes; I always *chews* a roll and butter, ha! ha! That voman says she always *chooses a roll in the gutter*. Ulloa! there's that sweep resting his soot-bag on the coffee-table. Och! go on there, *Mr. Clergyman*, or I'll *dust your jacket* for you, you *black divil!* by the *holy, now*. Draw me a dish of coffee. I did, sir, but that gentleman has *dished* you out of it. Where's my bread and butter? That gentleman has got *that*, too, sir. Which gentleman? That, sir; Mr. Phillip. *Mr. Phillip*, what do you mean by taking my bread and butter? Mean, sir! I beg pardon, sir; I hope you wo'n't *take it amiss*, as it was an entire *mistake*. Ulloa! there's that sweep got his fingers in the butter, now. Take 'em out, sir, or I'll give 'em a *licking*. Vy, *lowrd*, sir, you needn't trouble y'rself, I'll *lick* 'em myself.

Coffee hot, coffee hot, &c.

Coffee hot, coffee hot, hot, I cry,  
Full and fair cups, come and buy;  
Here is milk and sugar nice;  
Come here, I'll serve you in a trice:  
If you have the ready got,  
Then's the time for coffee hot.

SPOKEN.] Pray, sir, do you *eat toasts*? No, ma'am, but I *drink toasts* sometimes; but talking of toasts, puts me in mind of liquor. Can you tell me why Mrs. Salmon, when she's getting flighty, is like she is when she's getting tipsy on credit? Can't tell, indeed. Why, because she's getting rum on tick, (*romantic*.) He! he! he! Harkee! but I've a better one than that. Why would Mrs. Salmon's fish, if they were alive and growing, be like fish made to imitate them? Can't tell, indeed. Why, because they'd be hearty fish all, (*artificial*.) He! he! he! Dick, do you know who that was that passed by just now? No; why? Because he looked so *hard* at me. Don't you know the reason of that? No. Because you looked so *soft* at him, ha! ha! ha! Pray, Mr. Chinaman, is that your toast? Ax about; who do you call Mr. Chinaman? Oh! I beg pardon, sir; I perceive it has put you in your *cup*. *Cup*, *cup*, sir, no *sarce*, sir, or I shall give you a *pitcher* in the gutter, sir. A *pitcher*, sir! Yes, sir, or *break your mug*. *Mug*, all in the way of trade; ho! ho! ho! Och! blood an nouns now! if they hav'n't upset the coffee-table. Oh! here's all my crockery broke,—my coffee spilt,—my butter, sugar, and milk in the mud. Who was it that did it? Vy, that ere sweep, ma'am. Who? what I? me, sir. Yes, ma'am, it was him; look at him in the face, that'll tell you: see how *red* he looks. I say, Dick, don't you see what a *pickle* Mrs. Salmon's in? Yes, she's made *pickled salmon* of now.

Coffee hot, coffee hot, &c.

'TIS MY LOT TO LANGUISH IN SILENT  
SOLITUDE.

(Hampden Napier.)

[Music, 246, Regent-street.]

THERE was a time ere Sorrow  
Had taught a tear to start,  
Ere Care had ploughed one furrow  
Across my cheerful heart.

But now mine eye is tearful,  
As well in sorrow versed,—  
This heart no more is cheerful,  
But throbs as though 'twould burst.

Mine hours are past in anguish,  
Nor dares a hope intrude,  
Since 'tis my lot to languish  
In silent solitude.

## PADDY LOVES A SHAMROCK.

Air—"Calder-Fair."—(T. Dibdin.)

PADDY loves a *shamrok*,  
*Johnny Bull* a *rose*,  
*Sandy* loves a *thistle*,  
And *Taffy*, we suppose,  
Cot pless hur, loves a *leek*,—  
And yet, the truth to speak,  
Our honour and a pretty girl  
We all love more than those.

Ri tol, &amp;c.

Show us but the spalpeen  
Who'd our rights oppose,  
*Johnny*, *Sandy*, *Pat*, and *Taff*  
Would take him by the nose.  
Together, in a lump,  
We the universe would thump,  
Should they venture to canoodle  
Us, every body knows.

Ri tol, &amp;c.

Crouty, beef, and whisky,  
Butter-milk, and cheese,  
Make a body frisky,  
Like a bag of fleas;  
And if for these we fight,  
How much greater the delight  
To stick up for a petticoat  
Whoever may say peace.

Ri tol, &amp;c.

## THE TEAR!

(Matilda, Queen of Denmark, Sister to George  
the Third, King of England.)

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

When by the heart, with sorrow grieved,  
A thousand blessings are received,  
With ev'ry comfort that can cheer,  
'Tis then bright Virtue's grateful tear.

When ev'ry parting pang is o'er,  
And friends, long absent, meet no more,  
Fraught with delight and love sincere,  
'Tis then sweet friendship's joyful tear.

When two fond lovers, doomed 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 reclined,  
Their doom of condemnation signed,  
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 thus 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 oppressed,  
Strikes, in an agony, his breast,  
When torn with guilt, remorse, and fear,  
'Tis then the best, the saving tear.

## IF I DON'T FIND SOMETHING TO DO.

Air—"Nobody coming to woo."—(C. F. Barrett.)

A DINNER, d'ye mind, is the thing,  
The sound sets my stomach a twitching;  
Let poets of beauties now sing,  
My wishes all lay in the kitchen.  
And it's oh! how I wish to be carving it!  
Lord! how I long to set-to!  
My appetite's keen, and I'm starving it,  
If I don't find something to do.

And it's oh! for the turkey and chine,  
Or a slice of the brown, so inviting,  
Or old England's far-famed sirloin;  
These, these are the things I delight in.  
And its oh, &c.

Cloth cleared, hob and nob then we go,  
We drink, boys, as long as we're able,  
'Till, with toasting the king, you must know,  
We're snugly laid under the table.  
And it's oh, dear, what will become of me!  
These women put me in a stew;  
My dinner I lose for a certainty,  
And I shall have nothing to do.

## SWEET BLOOMING LAVENDER.

BLOOMING as May full oft was seen,  
In tattered garb, the lovely Kate,  
With basket made of rushes green:  
She never murmured at her fate,  
But, plaintive, cried,  
Sweet, blooming lavender!

Her coral lips and eyes of jet  
Would oft attract the gazer's view,  
With bosom bare, though dripping wet,  
Unmindful of the charms which drew,  
She'd, plaintive, cry,  
Sweet, blooming lavender!

Poor Kate an aged mother had,  
In lowly cot, who pined for want;  
And, was the weather e'er so bad,  
She, cheerful, sought a pittance scant,  
And, plaintive, cried,  
Sweet, blooming lavender!

At length her tender parent died,—  
Poor, friendless Kate heaved many a sigh,  
To ease her sorrow no one tried,  
She sank with grief, no more to cry,  
In plaintive tone,  
Sweet, blooming lavender!

## FOX-HUNTING IS THE TOAST.

(Upton.)

THE sun-beams tint the upland hills,  
The dew-drops sparkle bright;  
The breath of morn its sweets distils,  
And hails the new-born light.  
"Hark, boys! hark, hark!" the huntsman cries,  
The loud halloo his boast;  
And next to love, that, conquering, flies,  
Fox-hunting is the toast.

The morning sky looks lively round,  
And teems with bracing health;  
While pleasure wakes man, horse, and hound,  
To joys unbought by wealth.  
Let sordid souls on gold rely,  
Till life gives up the ghost,  
So love but glads the sportsman's eye,  
Fox-hunting is the toast.

Clorinda joins the fond embrace,  
And yield's to love's caress;  
Bids every joy attend the chase,  
And health their pastime bless.  
"Hark, boys! hark, forward!" rend the air,  
"Tantivy!" rules the roast;  
And while each sportsman laughs at care,  
Fox-hunting is the toast.

\*\*\*\*\*

NEPTUNE HAILS A FREE-BORN BRITISH  
TAR THE SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS.

(O'Keefe.)

THUS, thus, my boys, our anchor's weighed;  
See Britain's glorious flag displayed,  
Unfurl the swelling sail!  
Sound, sound your shells, ye tritons sound!  
Let every heart with joy rebound!  
We scud before the gale.  
For Neptune quits his watery car,  
Deposed by Jove's decree,  
Who hails a free-born British tar  
The sovereign of the sea.

Now, now we leave the land behind,  
Our loving wives and sweethearts kind,  
Perhaps to meet no more!  
Great George commands; it must be so;  
And glory calls; then let us go!  
Nor sigh or wish for shore.

For Neptune, &amp;c.

A sail a-head, our decks we clear,  
Our canvass crowd, the chase we near:  
In vain the Frenchman flies.  
A broadside poured through clouds of smoke,  
Our captain roars—My hearts of oak,  
Now draw, and board your prize.

For Neptune, &amp;c.

The scuppers run with Gallic gore;  
Their ensigns struck, mounsieur no more  
Disputes the British sway.

A prize! we tow her into port,  
And, hark! salutes from every fort!  
Huzza! my souls, huzza!

For Neptune, &amp;c.

\*\*\*\*\*

## THE ROYAL BROTHERS.

A MASONIC GLEE.

(Matthew Garland.)

WHEN GREAT GEORGE OUR KING a freemason  
became,  
He exalted our glory and extended our fame;  
in our archives enrolled, and embarked in our cause,  
He honoured the craft, and subscribed to their laws.

CHORUS.

Let your goblets be large, prepare a deep charge;  
Huzza! huzza! may he prosper, huzza!  
Freemasons are loyal, and love the blood royal;  
The throne they will guard, and drive faction  
away.

ROYAL FREDERICK OF YORK illustrates our plan,  
As a mason, a prince, and benevolent man;  
DUKE CLARENCE and CUMBERLAND to advantage  
appear,

When, snug in the lodge, a white apron their  
wear.

Let your goblets, &amp;c.

Well pleased, we behold our GRAND MASTER ap-  
pear;

'Tis thine, ROYAL SUSSEX, to ravish the ear;  
With thy brother CAMBRIDGE arranged by thy  
side,

We witness true grandeur, divested of pride.

Let your goblets, &amp;c.

All hail! to the craft! who, proudly elate,  
Can boast a distinction and honour so great;  
Let the trumpet of Fame o'er the universe ring,  
And live long and reign OUR BROTHER THE KING.

Let your goblets, &amp;c.

\*\*\*\*\*

## O! THE BROWN BEER OF OLD ENGLAND.

Air—"O! the old English Roast Beef."

WHEN humming brown beer was the Englishman's  
taste,

Our wives they were merry, our daughters were  
chaste;

Their breath smelt like roses whenever embraced;  
O! the brown beer of Old England,  
And, O! the old English brown beer.

Ere coffee and tea found their way to the town,  
Our ancestors by their own fire-sides sat down,  
Their bread it was white, and their beer it was  
brown.

O! the brown beer, &amp;c.

Our heroes of old, of whose conquests we boast,  
Could make a good meal of a pot and a toast;  
O! did we so now, we should soon rule the roast.

O! the brown beer, &amp;c.

When the great Spanish fleet on our coast did ap-  
pear,

Our sailors, each one, drank a jorum of beer;  
And sent them away with a flea in their ear.

O! the brown beer, &amp;c.

Our clergymen then took a cup of good beer  
Ere they mounted the rostrum, their spirits to  
cheer;

Then preached against vice, *though courtiers were  
near.*

O! the brown beer, &amp;c.

Their doctrines were then authentic and bold,  
Well grounded on scripture and fathers of old.  
But now they preach nothing but what they are  
told.

O! the brown beer, &amp;c.

For since the geneva and strong ratafee,  
We are dwindled to nothing,—but stay, let me  
see,

Faith, nothing at all but mere fiddle-de-gee.

O! the brown beer, &amp;c.

\*\*\*\*\*

WHEN WAR'S ALARMS ENTICED MY  
WILLY FROM ME.

(R. B. Sheridan.)

WHEN war's alarms enticed my Willy from me,  
My poor heart with grief did sigh;  
Each fond remembrance brought fresh sorrow on  
me;

I waked ere yet the morning was nigh.  
No other could delight him;  
Oh! why did I e'er slight him!  
Coldly answering his fond tale;  
Which drove him far,  
Amidst the rage of war,  
And left silly me thus to bewail.

But I no longer, like a maid forsaken,  
Thus will mourn like yonder dove;  
But ere the lark to-morrow shall awake him,  
I'll go seek my absent love;—  
The hostile country over,  
I'll fly to meet my lover,  
Scorning every threatening fear,  
Nor distant shore,  
Nor cannon's roar,  
Shall longer keep me from my dear.

THE DILIGENCE IS READY, BOYS.

Air—"All the World's in Paris."—(Moncrieff.)

THE diligence is ready, boys,  
It for no one tarries;  
Come, let's start, and taste new joys,  
With all the world in Paris.  
We'll stare like cognoscenti, true,  
At all that precious there is,  
The Tuileries and Louvre, too,  
Then let us haste to Paris.  
Come along, 'tis now the time,  
He's a fool who tarries,  
France is now the only clime,  
All the world's in Paris.

The postilion drives five in hand,  
Well tied with ropes together;  
That should the beasts object to stand,  
To keep them to their tether;  
He has such wondrous skill and power,  
Each nag so fresh and rare is,  
We gallop shall four miles an hour,  
Until we get to Paris.

Come along, &c.

THE MIST IS GONE THAT BLEARED MY  
EYES.

(1578.)

[From 'A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions.']

THE mist is gone that bleared my eyes,  
The lowering clouds I see appear;  
Though that the blind eat many flies,  
I would you knew my sight is clear.  
Your sweet, deceiving, flattering face  
Did make me think that you were white;  
I muse—how you had such a grace,  
To seem a hawk, and be a kite.

Where precious ware is to be sold,  
They shall have it that giveth most;  
All things, we see, are won with gold,  
Few things are had where is no cost:  
And so it fareth now by me;  
Because I press to give no gifts,  
She takes my suit unthankfully,  
And drives me off with many drifts.

Is this the end of all my suit,  
For my good-will to have a scorn?  
Is this of all my pains the fruit,  
To have the chaff, instead of corn?  
Let them that list possess such dross,  
For I deserve a better gain;  
Yet had I rather leave with loss,  
Than serve, and sue, and all in vain.

ARISE, BROTHER SPORTSMEN, THE  
LANDSCAPE SURVEY.

ARISE, brother-sportsmen, the landscape survey,  
Now the dog and the gun can delight;  
The sweet breath of morn with the toils of the  
day,  
Shall give zest to the bottle at night.  
Then quit the rude scene where infirmity grows,  
Where law, priests, and politics break life's re-  
pose;  
With Phœbus come forth, we'll to bed with the  
clown,  
And to your pillow, of course shall be softer than  
down.

Let the drudge disapprove, and cry, *fi. tis*  
amiss,  
Stroke his pale withered visage, and frown,  
Say the sportsmen had better relinquish such  
bliss,  
And stick to his traffic in town.  
Death looks on Old Worldly, to mammon a slave,  
And smiles to reflect how such people his grave;  
While the sportsman he flies,  
And long leaves him to health;  
What's so good 'neath the skies?  
Not a Peru of wealth.

Then, away to the lawns, let your pointers be  
stanch,  
Come equipt as a sportsman should be;  
The squire at his table shall furnish the haunch,  
And the covey shall cheer you with me;  
The good ancient dame our brave forefathers  
knew,  
She who fattened the ox, and first taught us to  
brew,  
Hospitality fair, of our island first-born,  
A sweet aspect shall wear or night, or at morn.  
Come, fly from the town, leave the doctor to kill,  
Leave the lawyer to trouble mankind;  
Leave the low plodding cit his deep coffers to fill,  
And the loud politician behind.  
O'er the hill and the moor we will follow the  
sport,  
And forget all the ways of the city or court,  
Till dear peace, with delight, gives a balm for each  
pain,  
Nor till winter's long night see your London  
again.

THE AMERICAN MOCKING-BIRD.

(Upton.)

BIRD of wonder! Nature's darling!  
Little vocal prodigy!  
Blackbird, linnet, thrush, or starling,  
All in turn must yield to thee.  
Happy mimic! nought can 'scape thee,  
Dog or cat thou can'st deceive;  
Yet no creature dares to ape thee;  
Man can scarce thy powers believe.  
Blithe, surprising, merry creature,  
Fraught with every other's note;  
Pleasing both in form and features,  
With a melange in thy throat.

Day and night thy worth proclaims thee  
*Sovereign* of the feathered throng;  
 Well may every minstrel blame thee,  
 Thine exceeds their sweetest song.

All the sun-day thou sits singing,  
 Flutt'ring on expanding wings;  
 Peal on peal of music ringing,  
 Sweet as flowers of fragrance springs.

By the moon, from night to morning,  
 Still thy melody is heard;  
 Time, and place, and season scorning,  
 Charming, matchless, "*mocking-bird!*"

ENCHANTING YOUNG FANNY!

Air—"Believe me if all those endearing young  
 Charms."—(L. W. K.)

OH! the witch'ry that lurks in Fanny's dark  
 eye!

Such a peculiar tendency shows!  
 That 'twere the sex-hater only, when she was  
 nigh,  
 Could subdue fond desire as it rose!  
 For the rose-tint of health, that youth paints in her  
 cheek,

And the dimple that's graced by her smiles;  
 Inspire a passion, that would plainly bespeak  
 She's a *Venus*, with *Psyche's* love-wiles!

Yet think not meanly of my beautiful Fanny,  
 From those charms that Nature's implanted!  
 For, by Heavens! I swear she's as virtuous as  
 any—

But know the sweet girl, and you'll grant it!  
 For with that same look, which such inviting im-  
 plies,

Of one, too, that repels she's possessed!  
 And the libertine's heart fails with humbled sur-  
 prise,  
 'To find her, like *Diana*, as chaste!

'TIS THE JUICE OF THE VINE THAT  
 DISPERSES DESPAIR.

(Best.)

YE grave, sober mortals, ye sons of old Care,  
 What pleasure from sadness can flow?  
 'Tis the juice of the vine that disperses despair,  
 Which Bacchus distributes below.

The priest, clad in sanctity, rages and bawls,  
 Exclaims against liquor divine;  
 But, when from the church, to obey Nature's  
 calls,  
 His reverence's not quite so sublime.

With the best of us all he will tittle and quaff,  
 And with glee will drink, riot, and smoke;  
 At church and at state he will merrily laugh,  
 While a bumper enlivens the joke.

The lover with sighs intercedes with the fair,  
 In sonnets unburdens his mind;  
 Intreats for a smile to dispel all his care,  
 But the hard-hearted nymph's still unkind.

Was the bowl but the object ye lovers adore,  
 Without eloquence, reason, or verse;  
 Great Bacchus affords you a plentiful store,  
 Which we sons of old Noah disperse.

Let philosophers reason of systems divine,  
 And patriots of politics prate;  
 Their reasons agree when at Bacchus's shrine,  
 And a bumper dispenses their hate.

Let war, wit, and beauty, religion and laws,  
 No longer with Bacchus contend;  
 He dispels all our cares, and evinces our cause,  
 And Mars does our liquor defend.

MY HEART WAS LOW WHEN WILLIAM  
 WENT ABOARD.

(C. Dibdin.)

MY heart was low, the wind was high,  
 When William went aboard;  
 He heaved the anchor, I a sigh,  
 And Heav'n for him implored.  
 Then watched with tears the vessel far,  
 That from me bore my gallant tar.

Now hope dispels my anxious fears,  
 All soothed are love's alarms;  
 For homeward bound my William steers,  
 To faithful Mary's arms.  
 I'll watch with smiles the vessel far,  
 That brings me back my gallant tar.

WHILE I LIVE LET ME LAUGH.

OH! give me the heart that is cheerful and gay,  
 And the face that the smiles of good-humour  
 illumine,  
 The converse that sparkles with wit all the day,  
 And at eve can enlighten the moments of  
 gloom.

And let me, while youth, health, and vigour, are  
 mine,  
 With the gay sons of mirth all my light moments  
 share,  
 Like the bubbles that sparkle and mantle in  
 wine,  
 Bidding Sorrow farewell, and defiance to Care.

And dear to the soul are the moments that fly  
 With the girl that we love, in the sweet social  
 bower;  
 While Joy's vivid torch flashes bright in each eye,  
 Nor thoughts dare to damp the pure bliss of the  
 hour.

E'en here, e'en with Love shall gay Mirth still re-  
 side,  
 Nor sighs ever check the dear rapture we prove;  
 While I live let me laugh, still be Pleasure my  
 guide,  
 And mirth be my motto, in friendship and  
 love.

MARY SCOTT.

(Hogg.)

"BUT I will see that face so meek,  
 Cold, pale, and lifeless though it be;  
 And I will kiss that comely cheek,  
 Once sweeter than the rose to me."

With trembling hand he raised the lid,  
 Sweet was the perfume round that flew,  
 For there were strewed the roses red,  
 And every flower the forest knew.

He drew the fair lawn from her face,  
 'Twas decked with many a costly wreath;  
 And still it wore a soothing grace,  
 Even in the chill abodes of death.

And, ay, he prest the cheek so white,  
 And, ay, he kissed the lips beloved;  
 Till pitying maidens wept outright,  
 And even the frigid monks were moved.

Why starts Lord Pringle to his knee ?  
 Why bend his eyes with watchful strain ;  
 The maidens shriek his mien to see,  
 The startled priests inquire in vain.

Was that a sob—an earthly sigh,  
 That heaved the flowers so lightly shed ?  
 'Twas but the wind that wandered by,  
 And kissed the bosom of the dead.

Are these the glowing tints of life  
 O'er Mary's cheek, that come and fly ?  
 Ah, no ! the red flowers round are rife,  
 The rosebud flings its softened dye.

Why grows the gazers' sight so dim,  
 Stay, dear illusion, still beguile !  
 Thou art worth crowns and worlds to him,  
 Last, dear illusion, last awhile.

Short was thy sway, frenzied and short,  
 For ever fell the veil on thee ;  
 Thy startling form, of fears the sport,  
 Vanished in sweet reality !

'Tis past ! and darkly stand revealed  
 A mother's cares and purpose deep ;  
 That kiss, the last adieu that sealed,  
 Waked Mary from her death-like sleep.

Slowly she raised her form of grace,  
 Her eyes no ray conceptive flung ;  
 And, oh ! her mild, her languid face,  
 Was like a flower too early sprung.

' O ! I lie sick and weary here,  
 My heart is bound in moveless chain ;  
 Another cup, my mother dear,  
 I cannot sleep, though I would fain.'

She drank the wine with calm delay ;  
 She drank the wine with pause and sigh ;  
 Slowly, as wakes the dawning day,  
 Dawned long-lost thought in Mary's eye.

Needs not to paint that joyful hour,  
 The nuptial vow, the bridal glee ;  
 Now Mary Scott, the forest-flower,  
 Was born a bride to Torwoodlee.

////////

### THEN, BLOW AWAY, BOYS ! THEN, BLOW, MY GOOD FELLOWS !

A GLEE.

BACTRIA'S sage, famed Zoroaster,  
 Was our sect's redoubted master ;  
 For him, some centuries ago,  
 Our grandsires did the bellows blow,  
 And, when his learned carcass fell  
 Beneath the lightning's flashes,  
 They sifted his cinders very well,  
 And they bottled up his ashes.

Then, blow away, boys ! then, blow, my good  
 fellows,

When we have retired from blowing the bellows,  
 Oh ! we shall be a heavy loss  
 To brothers of the rosy cross.

Jacob Behmen had got in his head  
 A notion that made some sport,  
 For among the stars is a darkness, he said,  
 Where the devil is keeping his court ;  
 But, wheresoever the devil may be,  
 'The devil a bit for that care we,  
 And we are determined, while life exists,  
 To work for the good of the alchemists.

Then, blow away, boys, &c.

////////

### THE MANIAC'S SONG.

(T. W. Kelly.)

THOUGH my love lies low, where the waters urge  
 Their moaning waves, with solemn sweep,  
 Yet soon in a grotto of shells he shall sleep,  
 While the night-bird sweetly hymns his dirge  
 O'er the rocks of the boisterous deep :  
 And there will I go, at all times and all weather,  
 And wreaths of the fresh and green sea-nettles  
 gather ;  
 The flowers for those who kindly prove,  
 But nought save the sting  
 For those who fling  
 Reproach upon my love.

////////

### STRAWBERRY PAT.

(Dibdin.)

SURE, don't they call me Strawberry Pat,  
 And don't I cry, to give folks pleasure ;  
 I packs them neat, and you may say dat,  
 For a pint of them fills a pottle measure ;  
 And then, to be sure, I let pass by  
 The world and all its curious bobberies,  
 Ah ! see dat lover there so sly.

SPOKEN.] Ah ! by my soul, and its one of my  
 own countrymen : to be sure, they don't make  
 love in all manner of shapes. Strawberries, my  
 dear madam ; dey are like your own beautiful  
 face ; the true maiden's blush. Get along with  
 yourself, sir, will you ? Arrah ! it's get along, I  
 must ! Oh ! de taef, he has not a shilling to pay  
 for the pottle. What's that you are saying, sir ?

What am I saying ? arrah ! strawberries,  
 Fine strawberries,  
 And they're all so round,  
 So fine, so sound,

They're all my scarlet strawberries.

See, Pat Mac Farlin, as he sings,  
 And swears, and flatters, the rogue so neat is ;  
 'T'ant long, fait, since he clipt his wings,  
 And drummed him out of the land of potatoes.  
 By my soul, and Pat's grown no small fool ;  
 He's up to the world and all its bobberies,  
 See that romp there from the boarding-school.

SPOKEN.] Ah ! de taef, he'll be after running  
 away widge her to Gretna-green. The poor baby  
 and the papa will so pity her, and the maiden  
 aunt so abuse her ! Ah ! why the devil would  
 you be turning the people's house topsy-turvy.  
 Had not you better, lovey, go home to your  
 mamma. What's that you are saying, sir ?

What am I saying ? arrah, strawberries, &c.

Look at Murdoch Murphy, all so gay,  
 A dasher among the host of Pharaoh :  
 Arrah ! fait, 'twas only the t'other day,  
 That he cried live pigeons all so rare, O !  
 But times are altered, Murdoch now  
 With other pigeons makes fine bobberies,  
 To that widow hear him swear and vow.

SPOKEN.] Oh ! by my soul ! and he lays it on  
 pretty thick. Ah ! don't now be boddering about  
 your first husband ; sure a'nt I worth nineteen of  
 the likes of him ? But my dear Sir Murdoch !  
 Sir Murdoch ! oh ! de taef, if he has not benight-  
 ed himself. I'll tell you what it is, my sweet  
 lady ; he'll be squandering away all the fortune  
 your first husband was so long squeezeing up and  
 scraping together. Take that, you scoundrel.  
 Now, does he mean the blow he gave me, or the  
 guinea ? Faith, I think I may as well take both  
 of them. What are you saying, sir ? I say, as  
 sure as it is a good one.

What am I saying ? arrah ! strawberries, &c.

## IN A VALE CLOSED WITH WOODLAND.

(Shakspeare.)

IN a vale, closed with woodland, where grottoes  
abound,

Where rivulets murmur, and echoes resound;  
I vowed to the Muses my time and my care,  
Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.

As freedom inspired me I ranged and I sung,  
And Daphne's dear name never fell from my  
tongue;

But if a smooth accent delighted my ear,  
I could wish, unawares, that my Daphne might  
hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stored,  
To drive from my heart the fair nymph I adored;  
But the more I with study my fancy refined,  
The deeper impression she made on my mind.

Ah! whilst I the beauties of Nature pursue,  
I still must my Daphne's fair image renew;  
The Graces have chosen with Daphne to rove,  
And the Muses are all in alliance with Love.

ADIEU TO MY OLD WIFE,  
RAMCHOONDRA.

(Cobb.)

AN old maid had a roguish eye,  
And she was called the great Ramchoondra;  
She was rich, but poor was I,

Fal lal lal de ral, &amp;c.

When we married, she had fears  
She soon should die, and shed some tears;  
But the tough old lass lived thirty years,  
Did my wife old Ramchoondra.

Fal lal lal de ral, &amp;c.

Whene'er a pretty girl was nigh,  
Then this plaguy old Ramchoondra  
Watched me with a jealous eye,

Fal lal lal de ral, &amp;c.

She had but one eye, it is true,  
But that was large enough for two,  
And it glanced upon me all askew,  
Did the eye of old Ramchoondra.

Fal lal lal de ral, &amp;c.

At last my old Ramchoondra died,  
Then I called her dear Ramchoondra;  
With decent grief, I sobbed and sighed,

Fal lal lal de ral, &amp;c.

For several hours I sobbed, till chance  
Popt in my head a favourite dance,  
The jig awaked me from my trance,  
So adieu to old Ramchoondra.

Fal lal lal de ral, &amp;c.

## SUSANNA.

(Gray.)

RECITATIVE.

"TWAS when the seas were roaring  
With hollow blasts of wind,

A damsel lay deploring,  
All on a rock reclined:

Wide o'er the foaming billows  
She cast a wishful look;

Her head was crowned with willows,  
That trembled o'er the brook.

" Twelve months are gone and over,  
And nine long tedious days;

Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,  
Why didst thou trust the seas?

Cease, cease, thou troubled ocean,  
And let my lover rest;

Ah! what's thy troubled motion  
To that within my breast?

" The merchant, robbed of treasure,  
Views tempests in despair;  
But what's the loss of treasure,  
To losing of my dear?  
Should you some coast be laid on,  
Where gold and diamonds grow,  
You'll find a richer maiden,  
But none that loves you so.

" How can they say that Nature  
Has nothing made in vain?  
Why, then, beneath the water  
Do hideous rocks remain?  
No eyes the rocks discover  
That lurk beneath the deep,  
To wreck the wand'ring lover,  
And leave the maid to weep."

Thus, melancholy lying,  
Thus wailed she for her dear;  
Repaid each blast with sighing,  
Each billow with a tear:  
When o'er the white waves, stooping,  
His floating corpse she spied;  
Then, like a lily, drooping,  
She bowed her head—and died.

## I LOVE A JOVIAL GLASS.

I LOVE a jovial glass,  
With something in it;  
I love a pretty lass,  
'Tis hard to win it.

But go to a tavern, the wine is at hand,  
And a dozen brave bottles will bow to command.  
Then, though mankind on women may love and  
repine,  
If I needs must be courting, 'tis courting good  
wine.

I love a pocket full,  
There's few can doubt it;  
For the world looks rather dull,  
When I'm without it.

But give me the wealth of a monarch or more,  
I'd spend it on liquor, the thing I adore;  
For, though Fortune and Love are two vixens  
divine,  
Give me what I prize, that's a bumper of wine.

## CANNY NEWCASSEL.

A NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD.

'BOUT Lunnun aw'd heerd sic wonderful spokes,  
That the streets were a' covered wi guineas;  
The houses see fine, sic grandees the folks,  
Te them hus i' th' north were but ninnies.  
But aw fand ma' sel blonked when to Lunnun aw  
gat,  
The folks they a' lucked wishy washy;  
For gould ye may howk till ye're blind as a bat,  
For their streets are like wors—brave and  
blashy!  
'Bout Lunnun then divent ye mak sic a rout,  
'There's nowse there maw winkers to dazzle;  
For a' the fine things ye are gobbin about,  
We can marra iv canny Newcassel.

A cockney chep showed me the Thames druvy  
feace,  
Whilk he said was the pride o' the nation;  
And thought at their shippin aw'd myek a haze-  
gaze;  
But aw whop'd maw foot on his noration

Wi' hus, mun, three hundred ships sail iv a tide,  
We think nowse on't, awl myek accydavy :  
Ye're a gowk if ye didn't know that the lads o'  
Tync-side

Ar: the Jacks that make famish wor navy.  
'Bout Lunnun, &c.

We went big St. Paul's and Westminster to see,  
And aw warn't ye aw thought they luck'd pretty :  
And then we'd a keek at the Monument te,  
Whilk maw friend ca'd the pearl o' the city.

Wey hinny, says aw, we've a shot-tower see hee,  
That biv it ye might scraffle to heaven ;  
And if on Saint Nicholas ye once cus' an e'e,  
Ye'd crack on't as lang as ye're livin.

'Bout Lunnun, &c.

We trudged to St. James's, for there the king  
lives,

Aw warn'd ye a good stare we teuck on't ;  
By my faicks! it's been built up by Adam's awn  
neaves,

For it's aud as the hills, by the leuk on't :  
Shem bin ye! says I, ye should keep the king  
douse,

I speak it without any malice :

Aw own that wor mayor rather wants a new house,  
But then wor infirmary's a palace.

'Bout Lunnun, &c.

Ah, hinnie! out com the king, while we were  
there,

His leuks seemed to say, bairns, be happy!  
So down o' my hunkers aw set up a blare,  
For God to preserve the good chappy,  
For Geordy aw'd dee, for my loyalty's trig,  
And aw own he's a geud leukin mannie ;  
But if wor Sir Matthew ye buss iv his wig,  
By gocks! he wad just luik as canny.

'Bout Lunnun, &c.

Ah, hinnie! about me the lasses did lowp,

As curns in a spice singin hinnie ;  
Some auld, and some hardly fligged owre the  
dowp,

But aw kend what they were by their whinnie :  
Ah! manny, says aw, ye hev mony a tight girl,  
But aw'm tell'd they're oft het i' the Sworl,  
Than the dolls i' the Strand or i' Wapping.

'Bout Lunnun, &c.

Wiv a' the stravagin aw wanted a munch,

And ma thropple was ready to gizen ;  
So we went tiv a yell house, and there teuk a  
lunch,

But the reckoning, my saul! was a bizon :  
Wiv us i' the north, when aw'm wairsh i' my way,  
(But t' know wor warm hearts ye yer sel come),  
Aw lift the first latch, and baith man and dame  
say,

"Cruik your hough, canny man, for ye're wel-  
come."

'Bout Lunnun, &c.

#### TO HIM THAT IN AN HOUR MUST DIE.

(Lord Lyttleton.)

To him that in an hour must die,  
Not swifter seems that hour to fly,  
Than slow the minutes seem to me  
Which keep me from the sight of thee.

No more that trembling wretch would give  
Another day or year to live,  
Than I to shorten what remains  
Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh! come to my impatient arms,  
Oh! come, with all thy heavenly charms,  
At once to justify and pay  
The pain I feel from this delay.

#### MOUNT YOUR COURSERS, AND FOLLOW THE SPORT.

As health, rosy health, from cheerfulness flows,  
And sloth draws on old age apace ;  
To avoid sad disease, and such mortal foes,  
By cheerfully joining the chase.  
To the wood, then, let's haste—Diana invites,  
And thus does the goddess report ;  
If you wish to gain health, with much joy and de-  
light,  
Mount your coursers, and follow the sport.

For Nature, gay Nature, imparts in the chase,  
Those charms which but hunters enjoy ;  
There we see a strong picture of life's eager race,  
In a pastime that never can cloy.  
Then, at night, when the chase has bestowed all  
its charms,  
And we're snug o'er the joy-giving bowl ;  
To repose we retire, in Beauty's soft arms,  
Where transports envelope the soul.

#### MY HEAVEN ON EARTH IS DOLLY.

Air—"The married Man."

LONG time I sighed in secret wo,  
My heart it bled within me ;  
Love's rankling shaft, to peace a foe,  
Had pierced and sore did sting me ;  
A maid I loved, of heavenly mien,  
Averse to pride and folly ;  
Not Juno's self, though Jove's great queen,  
Could be compared with Dolly!  
With Dolly—with Dolly,  
Could be compared with Dolly.

Her unbound tresses curling flowed,  
And wanted with the zephyr ;  
Her cheeks with modest crimson glowed,  
'Twas Nature altogether!  
Her sparkling eyes were sun-beams bright,  
Her wit the scourge of folly!  
Her smile was day, her frown dark night ;  
Love's queen on earth was Dolly.

My faithful vows and well-tryed love,  
At length secured this treasure ;  
Nor envy I Olympic Jove,  
His vast celestial pleasure!  
New joys await each blissful hour,  
Hence grief and melancholy!  
On me the Fates their blessings shower,  
My heav'n on earth is Dolly.

#### THE ROYAL OAK-TREE.

Air—"The Mulberry-Tree."

YE true sons of Scotia, together unite,  
And yield all your senses to joy and delight :  
Give mirth its full scope, that the nation may  
see

We honour our standard, the great royal tree.

All shall yield to the royal oak-tree ;

Bend to thee,  
Majestic tree!

Cheerful was he, who sat in thee ;

And thou, like him, thrice-honoured shall be.

When our great sovereign Charles was driven from  
his throne,

And dared scarce call the kingdom, or subjects his  
own,

Old Pendrill, the miller, at the risk of his blood,  
Hid the king of our isle in the king of the wood.

All shall yield, &c.

In summer, in winter, in peace, or in war,  
 'Tis acknowledged, with freedom, by each British  
 tar,  
 That the oak, of all ships, can best screen us from  
 harm,  
 Best keep out the foe, and best ride out the storm.  
 All shall yield, &c.

Let gard'ners and florists of foreign plants boast,  
 And cull the poor trifles of each distant coast;  
 There is none of them all, from a shrub to a tree,  
 Can ever compare, great royal-oak, with thee.  
 All shall yield, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

### WHY, THE WORLD ARE ALL THINKING ABOUT IT.

(T. Moore.)

WHY, the world are all thinking about it;  
 And, as for myself, I can swear,  
 If I fancied that heav'n were without it,  
 I'd scarce feel a wish to go there.

If Mahomet would but receive me,  
 And Paradise be as he paints,  
 I'm greatly afraid, God forgive me!  
 I'd worship the eyes of his saints.

But why should I think of a trip  
 To the prophet's seraglio above,  
 When Phillida gives me her lip,  
 As my own little heaven of love!

Oh, Phyllis! that kiss may be sweeter  
 Than ever by mortal was given;  
 But your lip, love, is only St. Peter,  
 And keeps but the key to your heaven!

\*\*\*\*\*

### TWO BLANKS TO A PRIZE.

IN this lottery of life, should dame Fortune be-  
 guile,

This great truth you should ever premise;  
 That however the goddess may simper and smile,  
 She has always two blanks to a prize.

If a husband you'd take, miss, or you, sir, a  
 wife,

From this maxim direct not your eyes;  
 For of one or the other, I'd venture my life,  
 There are more than two blanks to a prize.

If in law you're entangled, why then, silly man,  
 As a friend, give me leave to advise;  
 Slip your neck from the collar as fast as you can;  
 There are fifty-two blanks to a prize.

And if for preferment you're starving at court,  
 Or by merit expect you shall rise,  
 Then your chance is not worth, sir, three-fourths  
 of a groat;

There are ninety-two blanks to a prize.

\*\*\*\*\*

### CUPID AND VULCAN.

(Dibdin.)

"CUPID," cried Vulcan, "'tis no jest,  
 I'll forge thy darts no longer, boy;  
 I cannot get a moment's rest,  
 Thy folly gives me such employ.

Not against Pallas, no nor Mars,  
 My worn-out patience so revolts  
 To furnish arms for all their wars,  
 Not e'en to forge Jove's thunderbolts.

Their conscience is in their demands,  
 But thou would'st tire me out, in sooth,  
 Had I Briareus' hundred hands."——  
 Cries Cupid, "Dad, will hear the truth?

The darts thou makest so blunt are found.

Scarce do I draw my bow at once  
 But instantly heals up the wound,  
 And all my work's to do again.

Vainly I lavish heaps of darts,  
 And empty quiver after quiver,  
 Which, while they guard their well-armed hearts,  
 Their lovers into atoms shiver.

Find out some surer temper new,  
 So shall, like Jove's resistless fiat,  
 My power grow fixed as fate, and you  
 Will, henceforth, live a little quiet."

Old Mulciber began the work;  
 Forged dart the first; quoth Love, "let's see!"  
 Then poised his bow, and, with a jerk,  
 He made his *coup-d'essai* on me.

The stroke had power each wavering trace  
 Of folly from my mind to sever,  
 And now I feel one lovely face  
 Has fixed my willing heart for ever.

\*\*\*\*\*

### THE CONTENTED IRISHMAN.

Air—"The Shamrock, the Rose, and the Thistle,  
 my Boys."—(O'Brien.)

WHEN I peeped at sweet Nature I wanted a nose,  
 But Jerry cares not now which way the wind  
 blows;

My head she belaboured, my brain missed her  
 crack,

But Nature, my honey, placed the crack on my  
 back;

One eye it was grayish, the toddler was red,  
 With teeth that were double, set in a big head;  
 As to my clapper I could chatter and bawl,  
 The neighbours flocked in, and I frightened them  
 all.

But now happy Jerry has cause to be merry,  
 Though Nature has changed all my body, agra!  
 The rich ones, my honey, they tip me the money,  
 And say I'm the strangest thing ever they saw.

I mewed like a cat, and I lowed like a cow,  
 I brayed like an ass, and I'd grunt like a sow,  
 You'll say 'twas a wonder for one thus so young,  
 It proves for a sartain I had a sweet tongue;  
 My stomach stuck up, tight, beneath my long  
 chin,

And something like calves in the front of each  
 shin;

Legs and thighs of a piece, too, were free from a  
 bone,

And the ladies would say they were shaped like a  
 cone.

But now happy Jerry, &c.

Dame Nature can change ev'ry thing in this life,  
 For instance, she gave me a beautiful wife,  
 We love one another, and well may she sing  
 Our levee surpasses the state of a king.  
 You'll judge double grinders require to be fed,  
 My love expects not, but gives me good bread;  
 And I have a small charge in Pat, Tim, and  
 Jack,

With Judy, and Peg, who have humps on each  
 back.

But now happy Jerry, &c.

With my imperfections I'm sure to agree,  
 Though my eyes are not matched, still I double  
 can see;

For eating or drinking, no matter what stuff,  
 Through my wanting a nose, I am pleased with  
 enough.

They think me half-witted, and call me an elf,  
 We are birds of a feather, and foud of the self;

I own, if its foolish, for one thing I lack,  
I wish my dear wife had two humps on her back.  
But still happy Jerry, &c.

'Twas Avarice urged me to hump my dear wife,  
And something it whispered, Ambition brings  
strife.

Nature grew peevish, and made the wind scold  
More loud than my braying it bawled and it  
howled,

The tunder was mad, too, and made a big noise,  
When down came a spark on my girls and my  
boys.

Och! the devil was in it, for each got a thump,  
And I, only I, now am blest with a hump.

Still happy Jerry will always be merry,  
Cured is my ambition, and I'll sin no more;

It is all a bubble, now tumble in double,  
To see my dear youngsters come rich ones  
galore.

////////

### GO, LOVELY ROSE!

(Waller.)

Go, lovely rose!  
Tell her that wastes her time and me  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How fair and sweet she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,  
And shuns to have her graces spied;  
That, hadst thou sprung  
In deserts, where no men abide,  
Thou must have, uncommended, died.

Small is the worth  
Of beauty, from the light retired:  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desired,  
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she  
The common fate of all things rare  
May read in thee,  
How small a part they share  
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

(Additional Verse, by H. K. White.)

Yet, though thou fade,  
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise,  
And teach the maid  
That goodness Time's rude hand defies,  
That Virtue lives when Beauty dies.

////////

### BOXING THE COMPASS.

(Pearce.)

BLUE PETER at the mast-head flew,  
And to the girls we bade adieu,  
Weighed anchor and made sail;  
The boatswain blew his whistle shrill,  
The reefs, shook out, began to fill,—  
We caught a fav'ring gale.  
And, with a can of flip,  
To cheer the honest tar,  
Thus, gaily, may he trip,  
Lara, lara la, lara, lara, la!

We cruized along the coast of France,  
But not a mounseer gave a chance,—  
We tried on every tack;  
We drank, and laughed, and sang together;  
We kept the sea—nor cared for weather,  
'Twas all the same to Jack!  
And with a can, &c.

Oft, running large, short miles we traced,  
And now, close-hawled, the yards sharp-braced,

Thus, and no nearer! the cry;  
Now tacking, swearing, lashing, steering,  
While away the chase is bearing,  
To have a brush d——d shy!

SPOKEN.] And, now and then, a shot we try,  
to bring them to, whether it hits or not.

And, with a can, &c.

Sometimes, while squalls have o'er us swept,  
High at the mast-head, watch I've kept;

We did, my lads, our best;  
Still on the look out for a rumpus,  
At every corner of the compass,  
The north, south, east, and west.

SPOKEN.] S. and by W.—N.N.E.—S.S.W.—  
N.E. by N.—S.W. by S.—E.N.E.—W.S.W.—  
E. by N.—W. by S.; ay, d——me, north, south,  
east, west, and every corner of the compass.

And, with a can, &c.

////////

### THE HARVEST HOME.

THE sultry noon cries—while they last,  
Seize on pleasures, take repast,  
Fortune's fickle,  
And Fate's sickle  
May surprise us in our prime,—  
Death's the harvest-home of Time.

Fair-ones, blest with charms and truth,  
Reap the profit in your youth;  
In that season,  
Follow Reason,  
And of pleasure take your part,—  
Love's the harvest of the heart.

Young men, who all women find  
That's good, and beautiful, and kind,  
Never grieve 'em,  
Vex, or leave 'em,  
But treat 'em gently, noble, kind,—  
Truth's the harvest of the mind.

////////

### NAN, OF SWEET WICKWARE.

(H. Kob.)

THE trumpet sounds, I must obey,  
To leave dear friends and march away;  
Repugnant is my will to roam,  
But still my heart will roam at home;  
Ah, there lies centred all my care,  
My lovely Nan, of sweet Wickware.

March on is given, perhaps to sever  
Embracing friends, to meet—no never!  
And when the spire sank from my view,  
A tear proclaimed the heart's adieu;  
As long as life shall Edward spare,  
He'll love his Nan, of sweet Wickware.

Though forced this weary world to rove,  
She'll still be kind—so thinks pure love,  
But Love is blind, and, we are told,  
When present hot, when absent cold;  
In every clime to me she's fair,  
My lovely Nan, of sweet Wickware.

Waft, zephyrs, waft to her this breath,  
To form a lasting kiss till death,  
Upon her ruby lips to sleep,  
But not one hint that thus I weep.  
In Fortune's frowns I have my share,  
Her frowns are smiles in sweet Wickware.

The news is come that you are wed;  
May he prove kind who's in my stead;  
Oh, may your choice be half as true  
To love you, Nan, as I loved you;

Let Friendship now a fabric rear,  
My friend, my Nan, in sweet Wickware.

You say your parents forced your will,  
And that you love your Edward still;  
Ah, change, dear maid, the youthful spell,  
And let it with thy husband dwell;  
Let him, through life, be all your care,  
A precedent in sweet Wickware.

//////  
GENTLE MELODY.

(J. P. Kemble.)

AH, what charms to gentle rest,  
The moanings of ambition's breast,  
And for a moment makes it blest,  
Like gentle melody?

Ah! what so well can soothe the pains  
That disappointed love sustains,  
And calm its madly throbbing veins,  
Like gentle melody?

When life is left all dark and drear,  
And hope is dead, what then will cheer,  
And raise the sadly pleasing tear,  
But gentle melody?

Then, oh! prolong the soothing strain,  
Repeat it o'er and o'er again,  
For lost is rage, and grief, and pain,  
For gentle melody?

//////  
O. GIVE ME SPOTLESS WORTH.

(E. J. B. Box.)

GIVE me the breast where friendship dwells,  
And reigns in truth sincere;  
Give me the tongue, whence witching spells  
Enchant my ravished ear.

Give me the lip where Hybla's sweets,  
With honied love combine;  
Give me the heart that kindly beats  
In unison with mine.

O! give me spotless worth in one,  
Where faith all these unite,  
And she shall be my star,—my sun  
Of joy's eternal light!

//////  
KAIL-BROSE O' AULD SCOTLAND.

Air—"O the roast Beef of Old England."

WHEN our ancient forefathers agreed wi' the  
laird

For a piece o' gude grund to be a kail-yard,  
It was to the brose that they paid their regard:

CHORUS.

O! the kail-brose o' auld Scotland,  
And O! the Scottish kail-brose.

When Fergus, the first of our kings, I suppose,  
At the head of his nobles, had vanquished our  
foes,  
Just before they began, they'd been feasting on  
brose,

O? the kail-brose, &c.

Our sodgers were drest in their kilts and short  
hose,

Wi' their bonnets and belts, which their dress did  
compose,

And a bag of oatmeal on their backs to be brose,  
O! the kail-brose, &c.

At our annual elections for bailies or mayor,  
Nac kickshaws o' puddings or tarts were seen  
there;

But a cog o' gude brose was the favourite fare.  
O! the kail-brose, &c.

But now since the thistle is joined to the rose,  
And the English nae langer are counted our  
foes,

We've lost a great deal o' our relish for brose.

O! the kail-brose, &c.

Yet each true-hearted Scotsman, by nature jo-  
cose,

Likes always to feast on a cog o' gude brose;  
And, thanks be to heaven, we've yet plenty o'  
those.

O! the kail-brose, &c.

//////  
LET VIRTUE BE THY GUIDE.

(Male.)

FROM infant state, beneath this roof  
A tender mother's care,  
To ev'ry fond endearment proof,  
Watched o'er each op'ning year;  
When Fancy led the vale to stray,  
'To pluck the primrose gay,  
Her guardian footsteps marked the way,  
To welcome in the May.

In riper years, when 'neath the hill  
We've sat beside the stream,  
Soft tears her aged eyes would fill,  
Bent on my blushing mien;  
Thy charms with joy, my Anna dear,  
I view—but, oh! she cried,  
Though decked in gold, deceit appear,  
Let Virtue be thy guide.

So oft the lesson met mine ear,  
So deep sunk on my soul,  
I viewed each swain with cautious fear,  
But who can Fate control;  
Young Henry came—the hamlet's pride,  
And swore to constant prove,  
So close he pressed, my heart complied,  
And drank the sweets of love.

So soft his tale—so sweet his song,  
Too soon my heart gave way:  
But, ah! he's fled—now peace is gone,  
To winter's turned my May;  
Each day I, cheerless, sigh in vain,  
My hours sadly glide,  
I ne'er had known this cruel pain  
Had Virtue been my guide.

//////  
THE WHIMSICAL LOVER IS A PREY TO  
ALL CARE.

THE whimsical lover's a prey to all care,  
Fol de rol lol, &c.

He's lost to himself when he sighs for the fair;  
Fol de rol lol, &c.

He dreams all the day, and he wakes all the  
night,

His sorrows are lasting, but short his delight.  
Fol de rol lol, &c.

Let my pretty Polly go round with the toast,  
Fol de rol lol, &c.

I'm blest if she's mine, and the same if she's lost;  
Fol de rol lol, &c.

So long as she loves me, I know she'll prove true,  
And if she should alter, why so can I too.

Fol de rol lol, &c.

Should she prove inconstant, why should I be sad,  
 Fol de rol lol, &c.  
 'Tis time to grow wiser, and not to run mad,  
 Fol de rol lol, &c.  
 If gen'rous and true, she'll value my love,  
 And the loss of a jilt is a blessing, by Jove.  
 Fol de rol lol, &c.  
 The loss of a mistress shall never destroy,  
 Fol de rol lol, &c.  
 That happy tranquillity which I enjoy;  
 Fol de rol lol, &c.  
 For against all these evils I'll always prepare  
 Indifference, that sovereign cure for all care.  
 Fol de rol lol, &c.

//////  
 NOW WHAT DO YOU THINK OF A  
 COCKNEY?

(Franklin.)

No doubt, good folk, and I pledge my word,  
 Of a *cockney* you have often heard;  
 For he's a nice and tasty lad,  
 A spruce—a smart—a flashy blade;  
 Distinguished by his gait and air,  
 For cock of hat and dress of hair;  
 To all polite,—morn, noon, and night,  
 Bows like a lord, and keeps his word,  
 With any *he* you e'er did see;  
 Now, what do you think of a *cockney*?

In Love's sweet passion, who will dare  
 With him to cope—with him compare!  
 For a *cockney* all the girls admire,  
 He's such an am'rous spark of fire,  
 That all he does and all he says,  
 Gets many a fair one's envied praise;  
 He'll sigh and leer, and cry, my dear,  
 A lover true I'll prove to you  
 As any *he*, you e'er did see;  
 Now, what do you think of a *cockney*?

In all the freaks of mirth and fun,  
 Pray, when was ever he outdone?  
 For a *cockney* is a merry grig,  
 Will lead a dance or hop a jig;  
 Will box, or fence, or play the wag,  
 Or drive a coach, or vault a nag;  
 Will sing and laugh—his bottle quaff;  
 A lad of merit and of spirit,  
 As any *he*, &c.

//////  
 THE WATER OF TYNE.

CANNOT get to my love if I should dee,  
 The water of Tyne runs between him and me;  
 And here I must stand, with the tear in my e'e,  
 Both sighing and sickly, my sweetheart to see.

O! where is the boatman, my bonny honey!  
 O! where is the boatman? bring him to me,—  
 To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,  
 And I will remember the boatman and thee.

O! bring me a boatman—I'll give any money,  
 (And you for your trouble rewarded shall be,)  
 To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,  
 Or scull him across that rough river to me.

//////  
 FROM FATHER AND MOTHER I LEARN'T  
 TO LOVE PRETTY WOMEN AND WINE.

(Sir H. B. Dudley.)

To win and to wear a sweet creature,  
 Is always Sir Leinster's delight;

The first thing he dreams in the morning,  
 The last that awakes him at night.  
 He's tight, when he slips from his pillow,  
 As a ship that is just out of dock;  
 Though at dusk with a skiful of claret,  
 He's apt to run foul of a *rock*.  
 Sing smagheroo smack smhilhat smothar;  
 How funny this taste is of mine,  
 Oh! I learnt it from father and mother,  
 To love pretty women and wine!

//////  
 THE BRITISH EXILE.

(J. M. Moffatt.)

THOUGH far from home, from Britain far,  
 I wander 'cross the bounding wave;  
 Yet shall not time or distance bar  
 Returning thought to scenes I leave.

When I shall view the southern sky,  
 Glitt'ring with stars all strange to me;  
 Memory will trace for Fancy's eye  
 Charles's bright wain, which here I see,

Perchance, on some rough distant coast,  
 Where I may mourn an exile's lot,  
 And know that one who friends could boast,  
 Is then by every friend forgot.

There should the tufted furze-bush rise,  
 Whose bloom a gilded splendour yields;  
 Joy would be mingled then with sighs,  
 For my lost native furze-clad fields.

E'en on the naked sandy shore,  
 The briny wave that bathed my feet,  
 Would add to recollection's store  
 One thought, at least, that would be sweet.

Each billow curling o'er the strand  
 Of that vast ocean forms a part  
 Which flows round Britain's favoured land,  
 Still worshipped in the exile's heart.

//////  
 YOUNG LOVE ONCE FELL THROUGH A  
 STRAW-THATCHED SHED.

Air—"Young Love."

A PARODY.

YOUNG LOVE once fell through a straw-thatched  
 shed,

Where pigs were feeding,  
 And, nowise heeding  
 What cause the god had thither led,  
 While wash they swilled, and were well fed,  
 They thrived and flourished,  
 For Stick'em nourished  
 Their bellies with good new-made grains;  
 And pigs, though grubby, must be fed,  
 For even they feel Hunger's pains.

Alas, that mankind's greedy eye  
 Should e'er go thither,  
 Their loves to wither,  
 But pigs must know they're born to die,  
 And should not squeal when the knife draws nigh.  
 Stick'em came that morning,  
 While Love was yawning,  
 And seized him, with intent to slay;  
 "Oh, oh!" says Love, "this is all my eye!"  
 So he kicked him over, and he flew away.



Buy a broom, buy a broom,  
Large broom, small broom.

### BUY A BROOM.

(I. R. Planche.)

[Music, Goulding & Co. Soho-square.]

BUY a broom, buy a broom,  
Large broom, small broom,

No lady should e'er be without one;  
They're the handiest things in the world  
When the insects are buzzing about one,  
Or dust through the casement has curled.  
And what are the insects that flirt with the  
flowers

To those that flit daily round beauty's bowers;  
Or the dust on the polished piano that lies,  
To that which Love throws into ladies' eyes.

Buy a broom, buy a broom,  
Large broom, small broom,  
No lady should e'er be without one.

Buy a broom, buy a broom,  
Large broom, small broom,

Come, gentlemen, too, while I'm selling,  
Come, to purchase in crowds you should rush;  
For, in times such as these, there's no telling  
How soon 'twill be prudent to brush, to brush.  
You'll pardon the hint, 'twas in kindness I  
spoke,  
I've a meaning beyond such a very old joke;  
There are few in the world, I believe, you will  
say,  
But have something or other they'd fain sweep  
away.

Buy a broom, buy a broom,  
Large broom, small broom,  
No gentleman should e'er be without one,

### HAST NE'ER MARKED THE FLOWER.

(Hampden Napier, Esq.)

[Music, 246, Regent-street.]

HAST ne'er marked the flower,  
When seeking her nest,  
The bee in its bower,  
Hath stolen to rest?

How droops the light blossom  
Beneath its new guest;  
So sinks the lone bosom  
Which love hath possest.

When the bee from her bower  
Her journey hath ta'en,  
Then up springs the flower,  
All lightly again.

And thus, too, the bosom,  
When freed from love's pain,  
Like yonder light blossom,  
Its strength will regain.

### DEADLY LIVELY;

OR, THE LADII'S' NAG.

(Dibdin.)

MISTER SIMPKIN lived at Leeds, and he had a  
wife beside,  
Who, as she wore the breeches, would often wish  
to ride.  
She asked him for a horse; he yielded to her  
folly,  
And said, "I'm always mollified by you, my  
dearest Molly."

This horse he had six legs, and I will prove it  
true,  
He lifted up his fore-legs, yet still he stood on two

Down tumbled Mrs. Simpkin,—her frightened spouse  
averred,

“ My lamb’s as dead as mutton, for she does not  
say a word.”

He popped her in a coffin, and bade them nail it  
fast :

In funeral array, to the parish-church they passed.  
Says Simpkin, “ To the church-yard I’ll follow at  
my leisure,

For why, my friends, should I of labour make a  
pleasure ?”

At night, a resurrection man, resolved a corpse to  
raise,

With his pick-axe oped the coffin, and at the fair  
did gaze ;

The noise awaked the lady, “ What, in heaven’s  
name !” says she,

“ Are you with that axe about ?” “ Why, ax  
about,” says he.

Away she ran, he after she ? and to the stable hied,  
There she saw her spouse caressing that horse by  
which she died ;

When in came neighbour Horner, and said, I’ll  
buy that beast,

If you think he’ll do for my wife as he did for the  
deceased.

I thank you, sir, said Simpkin, but cannot take  
your pelf,

Nor sell a nag that promises such service to my-  
self ;

For though he killed my first wife, I do not feel  
much vexed,

And as I mean to wed again, shall keep him for  
my next.

You dog, cried Mrs. Simpkin, as she seized him  
by the hair,

Disown your lawful wife, now, you villain, if you  
dare ;

I’m neither dead nor buried, and you must not  
marry two,

Though you buried me alive, I shall live to bury  
you.

Then turning round his head, Mr. Simpkin cried,  
good lack !

Behold the resurrection man, now waiting with  
his sack,

When he asked, what he wanted ? such a man  
and wife, he said,

Can never live together, so I’m waiting for the  
lead.

The digger looked so grave, and his hints so well  
in season,

Though told by me in rhyme, brought the loving  
pair to reason ;

Then Simpkin kissed his wife, I’m yours till death,  
he cried,

So when, my dearest life, will you take another  
ride ?

#### SADLY SIGHING WELL-A-DAY.

(C. Dibdin.)

A STRANGER rung at a castle gate,

And his horn the warder blew,

The draw-oriage fell, and the pages wait

To pay him the honours due ;

For they thought some valiant knight was there,

But ’twas a pilgrim faint and spare,

Who, as he walked his weary way,

Still sadly sighed, ah ! well-a-day.

The castle’s youthful lord then came,

And that pilgrim welcome made ;

And courteously asked his rank and name

Whence he came and whither strayed

But the stranger shook his hoary head,  
Gazed on the youth, but nothing said ;  
Save, ‘ here must rest my weary way,’  
Then sadly sighed, ah ! well-a-day.

‘ A pilgrimage my father went,’

Said the lord of the castle bold ;

But, since, no token has he sent,

The bell of the castle tolled ;—

The pilgrim cast his cloak and hood,

His father’s form before him stood,

Then vanished from his sight away,

Sadly sighing, well-a-day !

#### WIT AND WINE ARE THE FOUNTAINS OF JOY.

(Captain Morris.)

ASSIST, O thou god of the vine

To Friendship libations we pour,

Let Mirth, Wit, and Jollity join

To cherish the festival hour.

’Tis wine makes us happy and gay,

The Lethe and balm of all wo ;

Let’s crown the full glass while we may,

A bumper to blessings below.

Let monarchs for kingdoms contend,

A sceptre’s no more than a toy ;

Our empire’s a bottle and friend,

Wit and wine are the fountains of joy.

What’s wealth or the gold of Peru ?

Possessed, they but add to our care ;

The wretch may take gold as his due,

But SOULS will have wine and the fair.

All wisdom, says Solomon, ’s vain !

And reason brings doubt and despair ;

That books do but puzzle the brain,

And teach us what idiots we are.

Let wretches seek grandeur, and gold,

And learning,—all troublesome things ;

Give us wine ? O thou god of the bowl !

We’re greater than sages or kings.

#### THE MAID OF THE WOLD.

(G. Colman, jun.)

OH ! the maid of the Wold, how she traversed  
the land,

To court the rude touches of Winter’s chill hand

The wind on her bosom of lilies blew bleak,

And the snow fell in flakes on the rose of her  
cheek.

Drear, drear was the prospect ; all clouded the  
sky ;

But the sunshine of Liberty beamed in her eye :

She cried, while the wet from her ringlets she  
pressed,

“ I am free as the blast that blows over my  
breast.”

Sweet maid of the Wold ! as, unsheltered, you  
stray,

In that bliss of the poor—all the world for you  
way !

If *one* pensive moment should fit o’er your mind,  
Drop a tear for a captive in splendour confined.

#### THE ANTIQUITY OF BULLS ;

OR, PADDY’S ORIGIN.

(Cross.)

WHEN talking of bulls, only mention our forefa-  
thers,—

Fait, and I’ll bet the long odds,

You'll find, from authority, earning of yore fathers,  
 We're in a straight line from the gods:  
 For Jupiter's self, when Europa he courted,  
 (Wid love and *discarnment* quite full,  
 Och! before her the form of a *he-calf* he sported,  
 And, pray, was not that like a bull?  
 Wid your whack fal de ral, honey, bull-makers  
 love!  
 For, agra! we are all the descendants of Jove.  
 Then wid *Læda*, sweet soul, ay, in full-feathered  
 dress, sir,  
 The *swan* looked a *goose* to the full,  
 And stupidly made a big *bird* of a *beast*, sir,  
 And, pray, was not that like a bull?  
 When talking of bulls, &c.  
 Then, again, when Jove Hercules got, (that strong  
 elt, sir,)  
 He Amphitricion told to his scull,  
 "Och! my jewel, *I'm you*—therefore, *you're not*  
*yourself*," sir:  
 And, arrah, that sounds like a bull!  
 When talking of bulls, &c.  
 More I know, but forgot—so your glasses be  
 filling,  
 To flinch from the joke Paddy scorns;  
 But, till to be tied up in wedlock I am willing,  
 Och! fait, all my bulls will want horns,  
 When talking of bulls, &c.

THE VILLAGE GIRL.

(Upton.)

KNOW you the maid that trips so gay,  
 And o'er the meadows bends her way?  
 So humble, neat, and modest seen,  
 And yet such beauty, shape, and mien!  
 It is—'tis she the shepherds tell,  
 It is the pretty village girl.

Her father's dwelling skirts the vale,  
 Where oft is told the jocund tale;  
 For who, when daily labour's done,  
 But to his cot will gladly run?  
 O, yes! and all the shepherds tell  
 To see the pretty village girl.

But, mark! she comes—she comes, and see,  
 Some lad is with her,—who is he?  
 It is—'tis him, the rustic swain  
 She loves, and dear is loved again!  
 Those heart-glad blushes sweetly tell  
 She's his!—the pretty village girl!

HOMEWARD BOUND.

HOMEWARD bound before the gale,  
 Eleven knots we're going,  
 All hands, ho, ho! to shorten sail,  
 But never mind its blowing;  
 Never mind its blowing, boys,  
 Never mind its blowing.

And now, the wind chops quite a-head;  
 Steady the main-top bowline;  
 Try to sound with deep-sea-lead,  
 And never mind her rolling;  
 Never mind her rolling, boys,  
 Never mind her rolling.

And now, on shore the Tartars get,  
 To Catharine's Lane so funny;  
 Jig and dance with Sal and Bet,  
 And never mind the money;  
 Never mind the money, boys,  
 Never mind the money.

COME FROM AFAR, HERE'S THE  
 BAZAAR.

Air—"Here's to the Maiden of bashful Fifteen."

LADIES in furs, gemmen in spurs.  
 Who lollop and lounge about all day;  
 The Bazaar, in Soho, is completely the go,  
 Walk into the shop of *Grimaldi*!

CHORUS.

Come from afar, here's the Bazaar,  
 But if you wo'n't deal with us, stay where you  
 are.

Here's ronge to give grace to an old woman's face,  
 Trousers of check for a sailor;  
 Here's a cold ice, if you pay for it twice,  
 And here's a hot goose for a tailor.  
 Come from afar, &c.

Here's a cocked hat for an Opera flat,  
 Here's a broad brim for a Quaker;  
 Here's a white wig for a Chancery prig,  
 And here's a *light weight* for a baker.  
 Come from afar, &c.

A fringed parasol, or a toad-in-the-hole,  
 A box of japan to hold backy;  
 Here's a *relief* for a *widow in grief*,  
 A quartern of *Hodges's jackey*.  
 Come from afar, &c.

Here, long enough, is a lottery-puff,  
 (I was half-drunk when it caught me,)  
 It promised, my eyes! what a capital prize.  
 And here's *all the rhino*\* it brought me.  
 Come from afar, &c.

'Put it down to the bill' is the fountain of ill,  
 This has the shopkeepers undone;  
 Bazaars never trust—so down with your dust,  
 And help us to *diddle* all London.  
 Soho Bazaar, come from afar!  
 Sing ri fal de riddle, and tal de ral la!

O'ER THE MIST-SHROUDED CLIFTS.

Air—"The Banks of the Devon."—(Burns.)

O'ER the mist-shrouded cliffs of the low mountain  
 straying,

Where the wild winds of winter incessantly  
 rave;  
 What woes wring my heart, while intently sur-  
 veying  
 The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the  
 wave.

Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,  
 Ere ye toss me afar from my loved native  
 shore;  
 Where the flow'r which bloomed sweetest in Coila's  
 green vale,  
 The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more!

No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wan-  
 der,  
 And smile at the moon's dimpled face in the  
 wave;

No more shall my arms cling with fondness around  
 her,  
 For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her  
 grave.

No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my  
 breast,  
 I haste with the storm to a distant shore,  
 Where, unknown, unlamented, my ashes shal  
 rest,  
 And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.

\* Showing an empty purse.

## THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

(John Emery.)

REJOICE, brother sportsmen, there sets August's  
sun,

See, skulking behind yonder hill;

To-morrow, September, declares him her own,

'Then, rouse up, and welcome him, Will;

Get Ponto, and Pero, and all the dogs fed,

And look to our tackle, dost mind?

Come, quick, see it done, then betake thee to  
bed,

We shall not long tarry behind.

Now, stretched in the arms of old Somnus we  
lay,

'To sleep the dull night into morn';

At four, through the village, the mail bends its  
way,

We wake with the sound of the horn.

Away to the stubbles, behind the old farm,

By that time bright Sol will arise;

Let's give him the meeting—come, arm, my boys,  
arm!

And greet his return to our skies.

Hie on, my good dogs, there; see Bounce 'gins  
to draw—

Depend on't, the covey is nigh;

Soho! down he is in the clover below,

Well backed, now a brace, sure, must die.

Then, as we advance to the stanch pointer's  
head,

Our hearts beat in concert together;

They rise like a cloud, right and left they drop  
dead,

Mark, mark, boy! and don't lose a feather.

See Ponto, there, standing in yonder high bawk,

Proclaims the poor fugitives nigh;

Behold how he's backed by that villainous hawk,

Suspended between earth and sky.

We raise—the bird pointed, the fiend makes his  
dart,

Ned's double gun now aids him well;

He sends the first charge to the timid bird's  
heart,

And, pursuing, the fierce tyrant fell.

Now mounting the hill, to the plain we descend,

Still dealing out death as we roam;

But, softly, the lark's evening song's at an end,

Which proclaims it high time to get home.

Observe, too, the dogs the position admit,

Their fevered tongues panting assent,

And, hark! there's the owl gives us notice to  
quit,

So now for our cot we are bent.

Then round a wood-fire, beneath a snug thatch,

Our wearied limbs calmly repose;

Beguiling the time with a song, glee, or catch,

Till Jack serenades with his nose.

From a crazy old clock see the cuckoo peeps out,

To warn us night's minutes are reckoned;

'Then, bumpers, my boys, and, with one jolly  
shout,

Drink success to September the second.

\*\*\*\*\*

HARK! THE TRUMPET SOUNDS A VIC-  
TORY!

(Cherry.)

HE was famed for deeds of arms,

She a maid of envied charms;

Now to him her love imparts,

One pure flame pervades both hearts;

Honour calls him to the field,

Love to conquest now must yield;

Sweet maid, he cries, again I'll come to thee  
When the glad trumpet sounds a victory!

Battle now with fury glows!

Hostile blood in torrents flows;

His duty tells him to depart,

She prest her hero to her heart;

And now the trumpet sounds to arms.

Amid the clash of rude alarms.

Sweet maid, &c.

He with love and conquest burns,

Both subdue his mind by turns;

*Death* the soldier now enthalls,

With his wounds the hero falls!

She, disdainig war's alarms,

Rushed, and caught him in her arms!

O, *Death!* he cried, thou'rt welcome now to me,

For, hark! the trumpet sounds a victory!

\*\*\*\*\*

## THE GOOD NIGHT.

A GLEE.

(Dibdin.)

BREAK off! break off! the signal hear;  
We've sung, and danced, and had good cheer,

Now, Prudence cries, the table clear,

And cease your jovial fun;

The watchman cries, then quit the hall,

Obey to-night the drowsy call;

To-morrow, muster, one and all;

The clock strikes one.

\*\*\*\*\*

## I'VE BEEN ROAMING.

I'VE been roaming—I've been roaming

Where the meadow-dew is sweet,

And I'm coming—and I'm coming

With its pearls upon my feet.

I've been roaming, &c.

I've been roaming—I've been roaming

O'er the rose and lily fair,

And I'm coming—and I'm coming

With their blossoms in my hair.

I've been roaming, &c.

I've been roaming—I've been roaming

Where the honeysuckle sips,

And I'm coming—and I'm coming

With its dew upon my lips.

I've been roaming, &c.

I've been roaming—I've been roaming

Over hill and over plain,

And I'm coming—and I'm coming

To my bower back again.

I've been roaming, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

## THE LAP-DOG.

(Upton.)

'Tis little Shock, my lady's dog,

An angry bard expresses,

With curly charms, must fill her arms

And share her fond caresses.

Dear woman, turn your eyes around,

*Another dog* implores you;

Be not so blind, in man you'll find

A creature that adores you.

Nor spaniel, poodle, shock, or pug,

(However you may grumble,)

To gain that bliss from you—a kiss!

Were ever yet so humble.

Then, ladies, dear ones, kinder grow,  
Nor live to tease and flout him,  
But make your plan that lap-dog, *man!*  
And throw your arms about him.

ARGYLE IS MY NAME.

(Alexander Boswell, Esq.)

ARGYLE is my name, and you may think it  
strange,

To live at a court, yet never to change;  
To faction or tyranny equally a foe,  
The good of the land's the sole motive I know:  
The foes of my country and king I have faced;  
In city, or battle, I ne'er was disgraced.  
I've done what I could for my country's weal,  
Now I'll feast upon bannocks o' barleymeal.

Ye riots and revels of London, adieu!  
And Folly, ye foplings, I leave her to you.  
For Scotland I mingled in bustle and strife,  
For myself I seek peace and an innocent life.  
I'll haste to the Highlands, and visit each scene,  
With Maggy, my love, in her rockley o' green;  
On the banks of Glenary what pleasure I feel,  
While she shares my bannock o' barleymeal.

And if it chance Maggy should bring me a sou,  
He shall fight for his king, as his father has done;  
I'll hang up my sword with an old soldier's pride,  
Oh, may he be worthy to wear't on his side!  
I pant for the breeze of my loved native place;  
I long for the smile of each welcoming face,  
I'll aff to the Highlands as fast 's I can reel,  
And feast upon bannock o' barleymeal.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

Air—"Lunnun is the Devil."—(T. Scarnell.)

I is a country lad,  
On Fortune I ne'er frown, zur,  
I left both mam and dad,  
And travelled up to town, zur;  
I zeed the leadies, drest  
So dashing and so neat, zur,  
And beaus, all in their best,  
A strutting through the streets, zur.  
Too ral, &c.

At night, when I walked out,  
Believe I could scarce pass, zur,  
Without being pulled about  
By some pratty lass, zur;  
Said I, fair maids, d'ye see,  
Ize sweethearts more than twenty,  
And you must all agree,  
For one, that be a plenty.  
Too ral, &c.

To the playhouse I then strayed,  
Indeed it bean't a hum, zur,  
A tragedy they played,  
They called it Tommy Thumb, zur;  
But, being squeezed so tight,  
It ended near my treat, zur,  
I could do no more all night  
Than get a standing seat, zur.  
Too ral, &c.

The next place I went to  
Was the Exhibition,  
Where you've no more to do  
Than pay for your admission;  
When in the rooms you go  
Fine pictures do abound ye,  
For, up stairs and below,  
Great folks be hung all round ye.  
Too ral, &c.

Now, having heard great talk  
Of the Exeter 'Change, zur,  
I thought I would just walk  
And zee this zight so strange, zur;  
I zeed, I do declare,  
Wild beastes skip and dance, zur;  
Likewise, the Russian bear,  
Which drove Boney into France, zur  
Too ral, &c.

The zight pleased I so well,  
My money I ne'er grudged, zur,  
So, straightway, down Pall-Mall,  
Ecod, I briskly trudged, zur;  
I axed for all the shows,  
Determined for to see 'em,  
Then to Piccadilly goes,  
And zeed a Bull's Museum.  
Too ral, &c.

Now, all the zights I zeed,  
As I could well learn, zur;  
So thought I would, with speed,  
To dad and mam return, zur;  
Then to the coach went I,  
So cheerful and so gay, zur,  
I wished my friends good-by,  
And set off the next day, zur.  
Too ral, &c.

SLEEP ON, SWEET BABE!

(Porter.)

SLEEP on, sleep on, sweet babe, beguile  
The hours yet free from Care's alloy!  
On vacant dreams serenely smile,  
And slumbers, undisturbed, enjoy.

Gentle Sleep, whose soothing power  
Can Labour's ponderous weight dismiss,  
While ages seem but as an hour—  
True emblem of all fleeting bliss.

The guilty breast thy power disdains,  
In vain it courts thy fost'ring charms,  
While wo-worn Grief relief obtains,  
And finds a refuge in thine arms.

Thy happiest dreams through life dispense,  
Kind Sleep! and may he learn to fear  
That awful hour (far be it hence)  
Which thou dost imitate so near.

THE ANSWER IS PLAIN; 'TIS MERELY  
YES OR NO.

A DUET.

(Cobb.)

*He.*—IN fairness I speak—from my heart comes  
the offer;  
Then say, sweet lass, with a sailor will  
you roam?  
*She.*—I thank you, good sir, for the kindness you  
proffer,  
But say, kind sir, suppose I stay at  
home.  
*He.*—On board a man of war you'll taste every  
pleasure.  
*She.*—But joys, you'll remember. we variously  
measure.

*Both.* The question is plain { shall I } stay or  
will you }

{ shall I } go?  
will you }

The answer is plain; tis merely yes or no.  
Fal la, &c.

*He.*—Two words to the bargain; be it so; if you like it:

My word is yes—may yours be the same.

*She.*—Why, as to the bargain—we never shall strike it;

My word is no—the plain answer you claim.

*He.*—Plain dealing I admire—that yours is sincerely.

*She.*—It leaves you free to choose a lass to love dearly.

*Both.* Though lovers we're none, yet as friends let us part;

A hand you may give though you can't bestow a heart.

Fal la, &c.

////////

### THE MASON'S CALL TO REFRESHMENT.

GRAVE business being o'er, and a call from the south,

To refreshment the lodge instant passes;

Yet, e'en 'midst our wine, we discard servile sloth,

And our mysteries retain in our glasses.

With loyalty brightened, we toast, first, the king,

May his glory and virtues entwine;

And to honour his name, how we make the lodge ring,

When the *king* and the *craft* we combine.

The *absent* we claim, though dispersed round the ball,

The *secret* and *silent* our friends;

And one *honoured guest*, at our magical call,

From the grave of concealment ascends.

Immortal the strain, and thrice-awful the hand,

That our rights and libations controls,

Like the soas of Olympus, 'midst thunders we stand,

And with myst'ries ennoble our bowls.

What a circle appears when the border entwines,

How grapple the links to each soul;

'Tis the zodiac of friendship, embellished with signs,

And illumed by the star of the pole.

Thus cemented by laws, unseen and unknown,

The universe hangs on its frame;

Thus, secretly bound, shall our structure be shown

'Till creation shall be but a name.

////////

### THE LOYAL IRISHMAN.

Air—"Murphy Delaney."—(C. F. Barrett.)

To fight for old England, says Teddy O'Casey,

And Ireland, renowned for paratas so fine,

Since he knows 'tis the land—arraha, honey, be aisy,

Which we read of, that flows with milk, honey, and wine.

Och! bad luck to soup-maigre and beef a-la-mode,  
Roast beef is the thing, stuffed with onions, my dear;

Contented with these, joy, here I'll fix my abode,  
And fight in defence of our old English cheer.

SPOKEN.] Ay, and then, by way of a dessert, after we have been drubbing our enemies, och! to be sure, and we wo'n't have a little of your true whisky-punch, just by way of enabling us to sing—

Whack fal lal, &c.

Then our ladies, dear craters, so pretty and charming,

Whose eyes shine, dear joy, like the sun in the night,

Like a gingerbread-nut of a cold frosty morning;  
Och! they warm our poor bosoms, and yield us delight.

Then talk not of Calais, of Dunkirk, or Dover,  
Arrah, none of those outlandish places, d'ye see;

Though you walk, joy, on horseback, the universe over,

Old England's the place, my dear jewel, for me.

SPOKEN.] Och! and by St. Patrick's ownself, there is not an English-Irishman in the three kingdoms that wou'dn't, in defence of these blessings, turn out every mother's son of them, to give the enemies of Old England a taste of our—

Whack fal lal, &c.

So there is my hand, to this cause ever steady,

In my country's defence, joy, I'll stand or else fall,

If a ball takes my head, there's an end of poor Teddy,

But that to a soldier is nothing at all.

When the battle is over, still funny and frisky,

Regardless of danger I'll cheerfully sing

My favourite songs, whilst I tippie the whisky—  
St. Patrick's Morning, and God save the King.

SPOKEN.] Och! and bad luck to my ownself, honey, if I'll ever toss off a noggin of whisky before I'll toast the whole royal family, ay, and our constitution, too; for 'tis through them that we're enabled to sing—

Whack fal de ral, &c.

////////

### THE BROKEN HEART.

(Rose.)

POOR Carlos sued a beauteous maid,

On her his happiness staking;

She frowned upon his love—he sighed,

'Ah, me! my heart is breaking.'

She took a swain of large domains,

His humble love forsaking;

He thought her happy, and he smiled,

Although his heart was breaking.

On wealth alone few joys attend,

She found, with anguish aching;

He sunk, and gave her such a look,

Just as his heart was breaking.

////////

'TIS A LOVER STILL, WE DOAT ON DEARLY.

(R. B. Sheridan.)

WHAT can their wisest heads provide

For the child they doat on dearly,

But a merry soul, and an honest heart

In a lad who loves her dearly?

Who, with kisses and chat,

And all, all that,—

Will soothe her late and early;

If the truth she'll tell,

When she knows him well,

She'll swear she'll love him dearly

Let the prude, at name or sight of man,

In public rail severely;

But, alack-a-day, unseen, she'll play

With the lad who loves her dearly;

Say, old men, what they will,  
 'Tis a lover still  
 Makes night and day roll cheerly;  
 What makes our May  
 All holiday?  
 The lad we doat on dearly.

////////

### WHEN I DRINK THE PURPLE JUICE.

(Franklin.)

WHEN I drink the purple juice,  
 Oh! what pleasure then is mine,  
 Wonders can the tree produce,  
 Sacred to the God of Wine;  
 When the flowing bowl I drain,  
 Rapt'rous joys the draught can give;  
 Then I'm free from care and pain,  
 Then alone I'm sure to live.

When I taste the luscious grape,  
 Ever happy, full of mirth,  
 I assume a nobler shape,—  
 I'm the wisest dog on earth;  
 Ah! but when with wine I sip  
 That far sweeter cup of love,  
 Imaged by my charmer's lip,  
 Blest am I, as gods above!

////////

### THE TRANSPORT.

(Upton.)

THE sails are spread, the anchor's weighed,  
 The signal for departure made,  
 While fond regrets prevail;  
 The sailors troll the whistling lay,  
 The convict-vessel makes its way,  
 And scuds before the gale.

But are there no sad hearts below,  
 That burn with pain, and throb with wo!  
 No tongue that speaks by sighs?  
 O yes.—one lovely, hapless fair,  
 That shuns the gaze, and woos despair,  
 A maid with tearful eyes.

And does she not make known her grief,  
 And seek from pitying breasts relief?  
 Does she no tale unfold?  
 No tale she tells—no thought she breathes;  
 To death, and death alone, bequeaths  
 A tale not to be told.

And is she then so stained with guilt?  
 Some blood, perhaps, has rashly spilt;  
 Some crime like murder done?  
 Stop, censorer, stop!—nor libel her,  
 Who did not *life to love* prefer,  
 By love alone was won!

For him who stabbed her virgin-heart,  
 She *robbed*,—and did with virtue part,  
 For him to live and smile;  
 For him the glitt'ring jewels stole,  
 For him, a wretch, with dastard soul,  
 Matilda first knew guile.

Poor girl! and art thou then so sad?  
 A *thief!*—a *transport!*—yet not mad?  
 With feelings, too, like thine!  
 And does the fiend that pledged his vows  
 Thy ruined beauty to espouse  
 To help thee now decline?

Curse on the villain's specious tongue  
 That in thine ear its flatt'ry sung,  
 And every oath betrayed;  
 For him thy peace and honour fled,  
 For him to number with the dead,  
 A too fond credulous maid.

### THE CORNISH MINERS.

(Dibdin.)

WHY, measter, damn tha, whoa beest thee?  
 Don't titter, zur, but hire me;  
 I woddint a bin so plain and free,  
 But thy discourse do tire me.  
 Great as thee beest, thou can'st not doine.  
 At feests in London zitty,  
 Or zlobber zaace, or guzzle wine,  
 Till zitch as I parmitty.  
 Then zee ma doant despoise a frind,  
 Akaize theeist little higher,  
 The oak's best kept away from wind,  
 That's sheltered by tae briar;  
 But when tha com'st to London town,  
 And art lavishing thy shiners,  
 Tell um, zum zartie thee left's down,  
 'Mongst sturdy Cornish miners.

Now who be I, and who beest thee?  
 The coal that's dug to warm tha;  
 The tar that shippen zends to zee,  
 That foreign foe mayn't harm thee;  
 The tin that makes thy pots and pans,  
 Thy culinders and kettles,  
 Thy snuffers, candlesticks, and cans,  
 And kivers for thy victuals;  
 Who digs for't, dost thee think, but I?  
 Don't grin, theest not become it!  
 No varsal mite below the sky,  
 But, dammut's, good for summit.

So when tha com'st, &c.

If thee of sweethearts hast a score,  
 To pamper up thy fally,  
 Why, I've a hundred, zur, and more,  
 Ann aal in lovely Mally;  
 But, faith and saule, I be so loath  
 To treat thee, naulens vaulens,  
 Theedst know else, he that made us boath,  
 Made happiness for all ons;  
 Then haume, and tell 'em, faath and snare,  
 All they that goll bewitches,  
 That zum be richer, thof they'm poor,  
 Than zum that rauls in riches.  
 So when tha coms't, &c.

////////

### THE BLIND BEGGAR OF BETHNAL- GREEN.

(Robert Dodsley.)

THOUGH darkness still attends me,  
 It aids internal sight;  
 And from such scenes defends me  
 As blush to see the night.  
 No villain's smile deceives me,  
 No gilded fop offends;  
 No weeping objects grieve me,—  
 Kind darkness me befriends.

Henceforth, no useless wailings,  
 I find no reason why;  
 Mankind to their own failings,  
 Are all as blind as I.  
 Who painted vice desires  
 Is blind, whate'er he thinks;  
 Who virtue not admires  
 Is either blind or winks.

////////

### THE THESPIAN TRUANT, OR, PHYSIC, CHURCH, AND LAW.

Air—"The Seven Ages of Man."—(Collins.)

WHEN I got a sturdy lad,  
 'Twas intended by my dad

I a scholar should be made,  
 For some scientific trade;  
 Such bewitching things he saw,  
 Tacked physic, church, and law,  
 Ere in life's droll and farcical scene, O!  
 But how little Jack  
 Managed matters in a crack,  
 Hey down, ho down, derry, derry down,  
 In the course of my song will be seen, O!

Like a goose, that gobbles grains,  
 Greek and Latin, without pains,  
 When a chick I swallowed fast;  
 But my stomach would not last,  
 For my appetite grew weak,  
 Both for Latin and for Greek;  
 And thought in this farcical scene, O!  
 That a fool's work, if done  
 In more languages than one,  
 Hey down, &c.  
 Would but more make his folly to be seen, O!

So resolving not to stick  
 To a thing that made me sick;  
 Like the wash we give to hogs,  
 I threw 'Physic to the dogs,'  
 Leaving doctors to their skill,  
 How to cure, and how to kill,  
 In this fim-flam and farcical scene, O!  
 Yet fingers, if made  
 For the pulse-feeling trade,  
 Hey down, &c.  
 Should be stuck upon hands that are

Now, as for the *church*,  
 If I left it in the lurch,  
 'Twas because I'd rather play  
 Than I'd either preach or pray;  
 And a double game at whist  
 I preferred to double fist,  
 When 'tis clenched, but to thump cushion  
 clean, O!  
 Besides, I despise  
 Throwing dust in people's eyes,  
 Hey down, &c.

To make church-work a farcical scene, O!

And, as for the *law*,  
 With its sharp and griping paw;  
 'Tis a mighty pretty plan,  
 To be playing cat in pan;  
 Backing *wrong against the right*,  
 And maintaining *black is white*,  
 Or the moon's made of cheese, when 'tis  
 green, O!

While the *flats* they can *fleece*,  
 Like the *fox* among the *geese*,  
 Hey down, &c.  
 And can PLUCK, and *pick a client so clean*, O!

But I thought it would not do  
 Such picking to pursue;  
 So I fairly bade adieu  
 To the *bar* and *pulpit*, too;  
 And on *physic*, like a dunce,  
 I turned my back at once,  
 As I never for quackery was keen, O!  
 So I only went to school  
 Just to learn to 'Play the fool,'  
 Hey down, &c.  
 And to-night here I've opened the scene, O!

#### WOODLAND ELLEN.

(Bryant.)

WHEN first my heart felt piercing pain,  
 Why did I sigh, and sigh again?  
 It was because I gazed in vain  
 On lovely Woodland Ellen!

Why did I pass from hill to dale,  
 In thunder-storm, in rain, and hail?  
 It was to breathe my true love-tale  
 To lovely Woodland Ellen!

But, ah! my maid from me is fled,  
 Some senseless stone supports her head;  
 In heav'n she lives—on earth she's dead,  
 My lovely Woodland Ellen!

But, ah! what means that dismal knell?  
 It is the distant convent-bell,  
 That sounds a long, a last farewell  
 To lovely Woodland Ellen.

When midnight drear obscured the sky,  
 What then through dangers made me fly?  
 To win thy heart I then would try,  
 My lovely Woodland Ellen.

#### WITH HIS GRAMACHREE MOLLY, OCH, WHAT SHALL I DO.

IN the land of Hibernia young Pat drew his  
 breath,  
 And sure ever since he has teased me to death;  
 For so sweetly he sings, and makes love with such  
 art,  
 By the faith of St. Patrick, he's shot through my  
 heart,  
 With his Gramachree Molly, och, what can I do?  
 By the faith of St. Patrick, he's shot through my  
 heart,  
 With his Gramachree Molly, och, what can I do!

He vows, if I'll enter the conjugal life,  
 He'll, oh! to be sure, only make me a wife:  
 Then, so tender he looks when we lovingly chat,  
 That I long to be married—but wo'n't tell him  
 that.  
 With his Gramachree Molly, och, &c.

Last Sunday, at church, he must fain tell the  
 priest,  
 In a week or two more we are wedded at least;  
 And sure, since he said it, my conscience will  
 say,  
 If he don't lead me there, I will show him the  
 way.  
 With his Gramachree Molly, och, &c.

#### THE DELIGHTFUL OLD CHORUS OF HARK, HARK AWAY!

YE true British sportsmen, who always delight  
 In the field ev'ry morn, o'er the bottle at night,  
 Come, rouse from your slumbers, and let us pre-  
 pare  
 To chase away dulness in chasing the hare;  
 For what can delight, o'er the fields as we stray,  
 Like the sound of the horn and the words hark  
 away!

Let dull stupid lovers their Phillidas prize,  
 And boast of the charms that enliven their eyes,  
 While we, after puss, on the footsteps of Fate,  
 Despise a wide ditch, a broad fence, or a gate,  
 Singing, as we fly over, so cheerful and gay,  
 The delightful old chorus of hark, hark away!

Our sports in pursuing when weary we are,  
 All jocund and merry, we homewards repair;  
 Sit down at the table of Friendship to dine,  
 And drown all our cares in a bumper of wine;  
 Sleep sound till Aurora brings on a new day,  
 Then again to the field, with a loud hark away!

## PLEDGE TO THE MUCH-LOVED LAND.

(T. Campbell.)

PLEDGE to the much-loved land that gave us  
birth,

Invincible, romantic Scotia's shore!

Pledge to the memory of her parted worth,  
And first, amidst the brave, remember Moore.

And be it deemed not wrong that name to give  
In festive hours, which prompts the patriot's  
sigh,

Who would not envy such a Moore to live—  
And died he not as heroes wish to die?

Yes, though too soon attaining glory's goal,  
To us his bright career too short was given

Yet, in a mighty cause, his phœnix soul  
Rose, on the flames of victory, to heaven.

Now oft (if beats on subjugated Spain  
One patriot heart) in secret shall it mourn

For him! now, oft, on far Corunna's plain,  
Shall British exiles weep upon his urn!

Peace to the mighty dead! our bosom-thanks,  
In sprightlier strains, the living may inspire!

Joy to the chiefs that lead old Scotia's ranks,  
Of Roman garb, and more than Roman fire.

Triumphant, be the thistle still unfurled!  
Dear symbol wild! on Freedom's hills it grows,

Where Fingal stemmed the tyrants of the world,  
And Roman eagles found unconquered foes!

Joy to the bard, on ancient Egypt's coast,  
Whose valour tamed proud France's tri-colour,

And wrenched the banner from her bravest host,  
Baptized Invincible in Austria's gore.

Joy for the day on red Vemeira's strand,  
When, bayonet to bayonet opposed,

First of Britannia's host, her Highland band  
Gave but the death-shot once, and, foremost,  
closed.

Is there a son of generous England here,  
Or fervid Erin? he with us shall join

To pray that, in eternal union dear,  
The rose, the shamrock, and the thistle twine.

Types of a race who shall the invader scorn,  
As rocks resist the billows round their shore,—

Types of a race who shall, to time unborn,  
Their country leave unconquered, as of yore!

## THE GOUTY PRINCE.

(Reynolds.)

YOU come into the presence, and there you do  
see

Your princely prince of princes, so gallant and so  
free.

I say unto myself who can these followers be  
That dare to stare and wear their hair as they'd  
out-whisker me?

Why, blind fools, base fools, you shall have no  
quarter,

But find, unto your cost, that you have caught a  
Tartar.

Ods bobs, here's fun! a prince with but one boot  
on,

One royal leg without,

So none shall have preferment

Unless he's got the gout.

My ministers of state must never fret nor fume,  
I live to laugh and quaff, and hate all grief and  
gloom;

So, listen, vassals all, should any one presume  
To pout, and flout, and scout the gout, I'll kick  
them round the room;

What, dread drubs! poor scrubs! can't you plainly  
spy

That you can kick at least full twice as well as I'  
Ods bobs, here's fun! point the toe with flannel  
on,

But let them laugh that win,

Your prince can't kick you out,

So you may all stay in.

## GOOD MUSE, ROCK ME ASLEEP.

A SWEET PASTORAL.

(Nicholas Breton, 1579.)

GOOD Muse, rock me asleep  
With some sweet harmony;  
The weary eye is not to keep  
Thy wary company.

Sweet Love, begone awhile,  
Thou know'st my heaviness!  
Beauty is born but to beguile  
My heart of happiness.

See how my little flock,  
That loved to feed on high,  
Do, headlong, tumble down the rock,  
And in the valley die.

The bushes and the trees,  
That were so fresh and green,  
Do all their dainty colour leese,\*  
And not a leaf is seen.

The blackbird and the thrush,  
That made the woods to ring,  
With all the rest, are now at hush,  
And not a note they sing.

Sweet Philomel, the bird  
That hath the heavenly throat,  
Doth now, alas! not once afford  
Recording of a note.

The flowers have had a frost,  
*Lack herb* hath lost her savour,  
And Phillida, the fair, hath lost  
The comfort of her favour.

Now all these careful sights  
So kill me in conceit,  
That how to hope upon delights  
Is but a mere deceit.

And, therefore, my sweet Muse,  
That know'st what help is best,  
Do now the heavenly cunning use  
To set my heart at rest.

And, in a dream, bewray  
What Fate shall be my friend,  
Whether my life shall still decay,  
Or when my sorrow end!

## YOUNG BIBO.

Air—"Anacreon in Heaven."—(Dimond.)

FOR worms when old Bibo proved delicate fare,  
And was neatly dished up by the sage under-  
takers,

Then Bibo the junior succeeded as heir  
To his plate, and his bullocks, his oaks, and  
his acres;

But queer was his fate,  
In pawn was the plate,  
And a cursed heavy mortgage lay on the estate.

\* Lose.

“ Ah ha !” quoth young Bibo, “ in fashion I’m  
grown,  
I’ve a monstrous fine income I can’t call my own.”

Young Bibo was flighty—a wife he abhorred,  
But steward grew crusty, and cash wasn’t plenty,  
An alliance he formed with a mighty rich lord,  
And married his daughter, who scarce had told  
twenty :

The lady was gay,  
Honeymoon passed away,

But children grew thick as the buds on the  
spray ;

“ Ah ha !” quoth young Bibo, “ in fashion I’m  
grown,  
I’ve many fine babies I can’t call my own.”

Young Bibo grew desperate—gamed very deep,  
And friends, while cash lasted, came faster and  
faster ;

To hazard all night would he sacrifice sleep,  
And oft would he groan at the sweet merry  
caster.

But, cash at an end,  
He tried every friend,

And devil a one a brass farthing would lend.  
“ Ah ha !” quoth young Bibo, “ in fashion I’m  
grown,  
I’ve friends to my vice, but no friends of my own.”

#### THE DARKNESS OF MIDNIGHT WAS ROUND.

(Arnold.)

THE darkness of midnight was round,  
The door of the cottage was fast ;  
The heath, hushed in silence profound,  
Save the wind that rushed mournfully past ;  
When Claribel, lonely and sad,  
On the hearth saw the embers expire,  
And it brought to her mind the loved lad  
Who in battle had died with her sire !

Thrice the embers flashed bright through the room,  
Thrice the wind rushed impetuously by ;  
Thrice a form seemed to flit through the gloom,  
Thrice she fancied a low murmur’ing sigh !  
And she heard thrice a noise at the door,  
Thrice her name was repeatedly called ;  
She shrieked, as she sank on the floor,  
And fainted, with terror appalled !

#### THE PRAISE OF WOMAN.

(Mrs. Barbauld.)

THROUGH many a land and clime a ranger,  
With toilsome steps I’ve held my way,  
A lonely unprotected stranger,  
To all the stranger’s ills a prey.

While stealing thus my course precarious,  
My fortune still has been to find  
Men’s hearts and dispositions various,  
But gentle woman ever kind.

Alive to every tender feeling,  
To deeds of mercy ever prone ;  
The wounds of pain and sorrow healing  
With soft Compassion’s sweetest tone.

No proud delay, no dark suspicion  
Stints the free bounty of their heart ;  
They turn not from the sad petition,  
But cheerful aid at once impart.

Formed in benevolence of nature,  
Obliging, modest, gay, and mild,  
Woman’s the same endearing creature,  
In courtly town and savage wild.

When parched with thirst, with hunger wasted,  
Her friendly hand refreshment gave ;  
How sweet the coarsest food has tasted,  
What cordial in the simple wave !

Her courteous looks, her words caressing,  
Shed comfort on the fainting soul ;  
Woman’s the stranger’s general blessing,  
From sultry India to the Pole !

#### WHAT IS LOVE WHEN I AM DEAD.

(Dr. Houlton.)

LOVE’S a mighty pretty theme  
For a waking thought or dream ;  
Feel you master Cupid’s dart ?  
’Tis a theme to make one jolly,  
Serious, gay, or melancholy ;  
Have you got it in your heart ?  
But to get a *shot of lead*,—  
What is *love* when I am *dead* !

When awake Love merry plays  
With your heart a thousand ways ;  
Won’t you Cupid’s pranks allow  
And when winking, leering, sighing,  
And to sweetheart say you’re dying ;  
Don’t you feel you can’t tell how ?  
But to *feel a shot of lead*,—  
What’s a *sweetheart* when I’m *dead* !

In a dream, with humour droll,  
Love makes wise men play the fool ;  
Shade for substance how they take !  
Fancy sets them briskly wooing,—  
Toying, clasping, billing, cooing ;  
Disappointed how they wake !  
But to *clasp a shot of lead*,—  
Pretty *cooing* when I’m *dead* !

#### PAUVRE GENEVIEVE.

AH, mighty sir ! if e’er your breast  
Felt love’s delightful fire,  
If stern control your youth oppress,  
And bade Love’s flame expire,  
You then may guess how much I grieve,  
And pity—pauvre Genevieve.

Now fondly cherished in my heart,  
Hope fans Love’s trembling spark ;  
Ah ! should its beauteous light depart,  
’Twould leave the bosom dark !  
Then, mighty sir, my fears relieve,  
And pity—pauvre Genevieve.

#### HOLLO ! KEEP IT UP, BOYS, AND PUSH ROUND THE BOWL.

Air—“ *Lumps of Pudding.*”

HOLLO ! keep it up, boys, and push round the  
glass,  
Let each seize his bumper, and drink to his lass :  
Away with dull thinking—’tis madness to think !  
And let those be sober who’ve nothing to drink.  
Tal de ral, &c.

Silence that vile clock, with its iron-tongued bell,  
Of the hour that’s departed still ringing the knell ;  
But what is’t to us that the hours fly away ?  
’Tis only a signal to moisten the clay.  
Tal de ral, &c.

Huzza, boys ! let each take a bumper in hand,  
And stand—if there’s any one able to stand :

How all things dance round me! 'tis life, though,  
my boys!  
Of drinking and spewing how great are the joys!  
Tol de ral, &c.

My head! oh, my head!—but, no matter, 'tis  
life;  
Far better than moping at home with one's wife:  
The pleasures of drinking you're sure must be  
grand,  
When I'm neither able to think, speak, nor stand.

HOPE, LULL THOU MY CHILDREN.

(Dimond.)

FRIEND of the wretch, who claims no other friend,  
Lull thou my children, O! assuasive sleep!  
In stealing stillness on their couch descend,  
And bind those eyes which open but to weep.  
O'er their flushed cheeks, their fevered bosoms  
breathe,  
And steep the bitter cares in sweet repose,  
Then twine, in happy hour, thy poppy wreath,  
With Hope's white bud and Fancy's thornless  
rose!

To fairy climes in dreams transport my boys,  
And feign delights they ne'er as truths must  
know,  
Yet hold!—vain prayer—alas! to dream of joys  
But aggravates our sense of waking wo!  
So, the lorn lonely slave, whose dungeon's gloom  
Spreads round his vision a perpetual night,  
Mourns as he muses on his earlier doom,  
The vanished years of liberty and light!

IN YOUTH'S CHEERFUL SEASON, THE  
MORNING OF LIFE.

A DUET.

(Samuel Whyte.)

IN youth's cheerful season, the morning of life,  
Unclouded with care, and untroubled with strife;  
In dreams of amusement the night fleets away,  
And pleasure's gay sunshine illumines the day.

Though frail are the notions of joys ever new,  
The paths of discretion take heed to pursue;  
So time's fruitful harvest shall ne'er know de-  
crease,  
And virtue shall lead you to honour and peace.

THE BEST SORT OF SOUNDING IS  
SOUNDING THE BOWL.

(Dibdin.)

IF, my hearty, you'd not like a lubber appear,  
You must very well know how to hand, reef, and  
steer;  
Yet a better manœuvre 'mongst seamen is found,  
'Tis the tight little maxim to know how to sound;  
Which a sailor can tell, from a bay to a shoal,  
But the best sort of sounding is sounding the  
bowl.

I've sounded at land, and I've sounded at sea,  
I've sounded a-weather, and sounded a-lee,  
I've sounded my quine at the randivous house,  
And I've sounded my purse without finding a  
souze!

What then? we've a brother in each honest soul,  
And sailors can ne'er want for sounding the bowl

All men try for soundings whenever they steer,  
Your nabob, for soundings, strives hard in Cape  
Clear;  
And there is not a soul, from the devil to the pope,  
That could live but for sounding the *Cape of Good  
Hope*.  
No fear, then, nor danger, our hearts shall con-  
trol,  
Though at sea we're in soundings while sounding  
the bowl.

IN PITY, FOND BOSOM, LIE STILL.

(T. Moore.)

YES, now I shall think of that heart-broken maid  
Whom, in days of my childhood, I knew;  
All night she would weep in the cold willow shade,  
And her tears mingle warm with the dew!  
I have heard her exclaim, as she sadly reclined,  
'Mid the willows all dripping and chill,  
I have heard her exclaim, while she shrunk in the  
wind,

In pity, fond bosom, lie still!

The youth whom she loved had been torn from  
her arms,

By a fate too severely unkind,  
Thus withered, alas! was the rose of her charms,  
And clouded the beams of her mind!  
Sweet mourner! thy fortunes may haply be mine,  
And I feel in my heart that they will;  
Then sad shall I sing, with a sorrow like thine,  
In pity, fond bosom, lie still.

AN OLD SCOTCH MEDLEY.

(Rev. John Skinner.)

AN' thou wert mine ain thing,  
I'd o'er the hills and far awa';  
I'd o'er the hills and far awa'; for—  
My wife she drinks naething but sack and canary;  
O! gin my wife would drink—  
Water parted from the sea  
May increase the happy, happy pair—  
None but the brave, none but the brave,  
None but the brave deserves—  
The early horn salutes the morn, that gilds—  
The fearful midnight hour,  
When all were fast asleep—in *glided*  
Jolly Bacchus, god of wine,  
Crown the night with—Auld Rob Morris—  
He's sweeter than the new-blown rose,  
Or fragrance from the new-mown *close*,  
He's sweeter than the April morn—

In winter when the rain rains cauld,  
And frost and snaw on ilka hill—  
Despairing beside a clear stream,  
A shepherd forsaken was—swinging slow,  
With sullen roaring—swinging slow,  
With this same Katharine Ogie.

Ah! the poor shepherd's mournful fate  
When doomed to—

Cauld kail in Aberdeen, and castocs in Stra'bogie,  
Gin you meet a bonny lassie,  
Gi'e her a kiss, and let her gae;

But gin you meet a dirty hussy—  
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,  
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep;  
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep—  
And had awa' frae me, Donald—

This is a melancholy day!  
Hark, hark! I hear Apollo's team—

The carman 'gins to whistle—  
Chaste Diana bends her bow, and the boar begins  
to—

The lass of Peaty's mill,  
 Sae bonny, blithe, and gay,  
 In spite of all my skill,  
 She's stole—my doggie, and my little kit,  
 That held my wee soup—

Why thus perplex us, poor sons of A—pollo  
 Once finding fair Daphne alone, discovered his  
 —Awl, that he had in the world,  
 And to make away with himself was resolved;  
 He pierced through his body, instead of—

The bonny bruiokit lassie—she's  
 Blyth, blyth, blyth was she;  
 Blyth was she, butt and ben;

And well she loved a—  
 Push round the bowl, 'twill cherish the heart.  
 While thus we sit round on the grass:  
 The lover, who talks of his suff'rings and smart,  
 Deserves to be reckoned—

A free and an accepted mason;  
 For kings, dukes, and lords—  
 Fa wadna be in love wi' bonny Maggy Lauder?  
 A piper met her going to—Arms, to arms—  
 What had my youth with ambition to do?  
 Why left I Amynta, why broke my vow?  
 Give me a lass with a lump of land—  
 And I'll go no more a roving, boys,  
 So late into the night:  
 And I'll go no more a—

Roving with love, my fancy did move,  
 A round—the roast beef of Old England,  
 And O the old English roast beef.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn for—  
 The charge is prepared, the lawyers are met,  
 The judges all ranged, a terrible show—  
 With every man a can in's hand,  
 And a wench upon his knee—  
 But let them say, or let them do,  
 'Tis ane to me—for

The carle he came o'er the craft,  
 And his beard new shaven—  
 And I'll o'er the bogie wi' my love,  
 I'll o'er the bogie wi' him—for  
 Were I to paint the queen of love,  
 None else should sit but—

Honest auld John Ochiltree.  
 Will you come o'er the muir to me—and  
 Row me on a lee-rig, my ain kind deary O.  
 But now, alas! my spirits sink,  
 I'll raise them up with—Lillibulero, bullinala—

The modes of the court so common are grown,  
 That a true friend can hardly be met—  
 Upon the pier of Leith—  
 And saw my love come over the sea,  
 And he will bring gold and money to me:  
 And when he comes hame will mak me—  
 A jolly miller once lived on the river Dec:  
 He worked and sung from morn to night,  
 No lark more blithe than he:  
 And this the burden of his song for ever used to  
 be—

Oho! Mr. More, you're a son of a w—e;  
 I wish I had known your tricks—  
 Before the barn-door crowing,  
 The cock, by hens attended—  
 His eyes around him throwing,  
 Stands for a while suspended—  
 Till one he singles from the rest,  
 And cheers the happy hen with—

Lassie, lend me your braw hemp heckle,  
 And I'll lend you my thripling kame;  
 For fainness, deary, I'll gar you keckle—  
 On every hill, in every grove,  
 Along the margin of each stream;  
 Dear conscious scenes of—Harmless play,  
 And naething sure unmeet:  
 For, ganging hame, I heard—

Every man take his glass in his hand,  
 And drink a good health to the king:  
 Many years may he rule o'er this land,  
 May his laurels for ever fresh spring.  
 Let wrangling and jangling ever cease,  
 And every man strive for his country's peace.  
 Neither tory nor whig,  
 With their parties look big.  
 Here's a health to all honest men!

STEADY, PORT,—A LITTLE STEADY.

(Brewer.)

NIGHT had spread her heaviest glooms,  
 All but the watch were fast asleep;  
 When right a-head a vessel looms,  
 Ploughing fast the stilly deep.  
 The quarter-master 'tends the wheel,  
 And sings, as on the chase we steal,  
 Steady, port,—a little steady.

All hands are called, no seaman rests,  
 While the boatswain hoarsely cries,  
 Up all hammocks, down all chests,  
 While each man to his station flies.

The quarter-master, &c.

A few broadsides decide the fight,  
 Her colours struck, bespeak dismay;  
 The prize is ours, the helm we right,  
 And now for England bear away.

The quarter-master, &c.

And now, with love's sweet hope imprest,  
 Bill throws the lead with skilful hand;  
 He finds the soundings in his breast,  
 His Sally and his native land.

The quarter-master, &c.

THERE'S A GLANCE WHICH, 'MONG NUMBERS, CAN STEAL TO THIS HEART.

Air—"Meeting of the Waters."—(Miss Bryant.)

THERE'S a glance which, 'mong numbers, can  
 steal to this heart,  
 And its lingering feeling shall never depart;  
 There's a smile that glides with it, ah! sweetly  
 can please,  
 Like the zephyr of summer plays soft with the  
 trees.

But that glance now grows fainter, that smile's  
 nearly fled,  
 And both are retiring to rest with the dead;  
 While this bosom, in sorrow, slow marks their  
 decay,  
 And winter will soon take the zephyr away.

I weep, but 'tis useless, and hope often steals  
 To this breast,—till that pale cheek dark ruin re-  
 veals:

I turn from thy presence; but absence to me  
 Only paints the sad anguish unuttered by thee.

But thou'rt going, my dearest, to realms of the  
 blest,

And, heaven, no longer I'll mourn thy behest;  
 For thy spirit, too pure for a low mortal love,  
 Lingers, anxiously waiting for blisses above.

WHEN WISE MAN CLEAVETH TO  
 WOMAN'S SIDE.

(Pocock.)

WHEN wise man cleaveth to woman's side,  
 He always chuseth a wealthy bride;  
 Then, fat as mud, or thin as death,  
 He taketh her and marrieth.

Foddle de dol.

Oh! what is love that can't keep house?  
 Or, what's a spouse without a' spouse?  
 A rosy cheek it fadeth fast;  
 But England's Three Per Cents will last.  
 Foddle de dol, &c.

They talk of dimples, and what not,  
 A dimple boileth not the pot,  
 'Then let me read in woman's face  
 Some lines to Mr. Henry Hase.  
 Foddle de dol, &c.

THE HUNTSMAN IS WINDING HIS HORN.

DULL night leaves the sky, and the bright god of  
 day

Hath silvered the dews on the thorn,  
 The birds carol loud from the blossoming spray,  
 And the huntsman is winding his horn.

The chase calls us forth, let's no longer delay,  
 Now the sunbeams the valleys adorn;  
 Come, saddle your horses, brave boys, and away,  
 For the huntsman is winding his horn.

O'er heaths and o'er mountains we merrily bound  
 To rouse the wild fox or the deer,  
 The hounds in full cry make the forest resound,  
 No troubles nor dangers we fear.

The chase, &c.

Thus, in rural diversion, the huntsman does pass  
 His days in the fields with delight;  
 And the smiles of his wife, an old friend, and a  
 glass,  
 He enjoys with true pleasure at night.

The chase, &c.

CHERRY CHEEKED PATTY.

(C. Dibdin.)

DOWN in yon vale I live so snug, they call me  
 Giles, the ploughman's boy,  
 At the sound of the horn,

I rise in the morn,

And I whistle, I whistle, and whoop gee wo I cry,  
 My work being done, to the lawn then I fly,  
 Where the lads and the lasses all look very sly,  
 And I'ze deeply in love with a girl, it is true,  
 'Cause I knows what I knows, but I munna tell  
 you;

Then I'll whistle, I'll whistle, and of all the girls  
 I ever did see,

Oh! cherry-cheeked Patty for me.

The 'squire, though so great, so happy ma'n't be  
 as simple Giles, the ploughman's boy;

At the sound of the horn,

I rise in the morn,

And I whistle, I whistle, and whoop gee wo I cry;  
 There's cherry-cheeked Patty, who lives in the  
 vale,

That I help o'er the stile with her milking-pail,  
 And she has a right notion of me, it is true,

'Cause I knows what I knows, &c.

So able and strong, and willing to work, and when  
 the lark rises, off trudge I,

At the sound of the horn,

I rise in the morn,

And I whistle, and whistle, and whoop gee wo I  
 cry;

There's the lord of the valley, he tries in vain,  
 And does all he can my Patty to gain,  
 Let him do what he will, it never will do,

'Cause I knows what I knows, &c.

My Patty consented next week to be the wife of  
 Giles, the ploughman's boy;  
 Then my cows up I'll call,  
 And I'll harness old Ball,  
 And I'll whistle, I'll whistle, and whoop gee wo  
 I'll cry;

And when from the church we do trip it away,  
 Along with the old ones we'll spend the whole day,  
 But night coming on, we'll bid them adieu,  
 'Cause I knows what I knows, &c.

I FANCY A SAINT WITH A HARP FROM  
 ABOVE.

(Jesse Hammond.)

WHEN the sigh and the tear, sweet harper, betray  
 The anguish I would not discover,  
 How soft are thy tones, how melting the lay,  
 Thy harp's like the voice of a lover;

For each chord

Breathes a word

Of such sweetness and love,

That I fancy a saint with a harp from above!

When gently, sweet harper, I dare to complain,  
 And to show thee a heart thou hast riven,  
 How sad are thy notes, how solemn the strain,  
 It awes me like music from heaven!

For each string

Seems to sing

With such sweetness and love,

That I fancy a voice and a harp from above!

And while pensive I listen, sweet harper, to thee,  
 The tempest is hushed in my breast,  
 Thy tones are so touching, so soothing to me,  
 They lull the wild passions to rest;

And each chord

Breathes a word

Of such sweetness and love,

That I fancy a saint with a harp from above!

THERE'S NO JOY LIKE DRINKING.

(General Burgoyne.)

LET the Sultan Saladin  
 Play the rake in Palestine,  
 While he claims his subjects' duty,  
 He's himself a slave to beauty,  
 Wearing baser chains than they;  
 Well! well!

Every man must have his way;  
 But, to my poor way of thinking,  
 There's no joy like drinking.

Cœur de Lion loves the wars,  
 Richard's glory is blows and scars;  
 Conquered pagans fly before him,  
 Christian warriors all adore him;  
 Watching, marching, night and day;  
 Well! well!

Every man must have his way;  
 But, to my poor way, &c.

You, too, pilgrims, love your trade,  
 You recruit the bold crusade;  
 Making zealots cross the ocean,  
 In a fit of fierce devotion,  
 Pilgrims love to fast and pray;  
 Well! well!

Every man must have his way;  
 But, to my poor way, &c.

## STREPHON, OF THE HILL.

LET others Damon's praise rehearse,  
Or Colin's, at their will,  
I mean to sing, in rustic verse,  
Young Strephon, of the hill.  
As once I sate beneath a shade,  
Beside a purling rill,  
Who should my solitude invade  
But Strephon, of the hill?

He tapt my shoulder, snatched a kiss,  
I could not take it ill,  
For nothing, sure, is done amiss  
By Strephon, of the hill.

"Consent, O, lovely maid!" he cried,  
"Nor aim thy swain to kill;  
Consent this day to be the bride  
Of Strephon, of the hill.

Observe the doves on yonder spray,  
See how they sit and bill,—  
So sweet your time shall pass away  
With Strephon, of the hill."

We went to church with hearty glee,  
O, Love, propitious still,  
May ev'ry nymph be blest, like me,  
With Strephon, of the hill.

## WHEN LION RICHARD RULED.

A PARODY GLEE.

AIR—"When Arthur first in Court began."

(T. Dibdin.)

WHEN Lion Richard ruled, why, then  
The Saxons wore long robes,  
He entertained three serving-men,  
And all of them were rogues.  
The first he was a miller bold;  
The next he was a weaver;  
The third he was a tailor, good lack;—  
And they were all rogues together.  
The miller he stole grist from the mill;  
The weaver he stole yarn;  
The tailor he stole broadcloth,  
To keep the other rogues warm.  
But the miller got drowned in his mill-dam;  
The weaver got hung in his yarn;  
And tailor Dick went plump to Old Nick,  
With the broadcloth under his arm.

## HOME!

LOOK round the world—view high, view low,  
The peer, the peasant—all we know,  
Howe'er misled, abroad they roam,  
As thought recurs, still sigh for home:  
At home, where, through the circling year,  
Dear quiet dwells, with love sincere;  
At home, where every comfort steals  
The wearied mind from what it feels,  
Where days of toil are crowned with ease,  
And home's sweet partner smiles to please.

The peer may revel, riot, range,  
Possessed of wealth, may hourly change,  
But still within his troubled breast  
Will lurk the sigh for home and rest.  
At home, where, through, &c.

The peasant may forsake his cot  
To gossip with some ale-house sot;  
But still, *whene'er he thinks*, he'll own  
'Twas wiser to have staid with Joan.  
At home, where, through, &c.

Then, wander still through Folly's maze,  
Ye giddy throng, ten thousand ways;  
I envy not your chequered lot,  
Content with one true blissful spot.  
Domestic life's the life for me,  
Where home, though homely, home shall be:  
At home, where every comfort, &c.

FROM DUBLIN TO ENGLAND I LATELY  
COME OVER.

(Herbert.)

FROM Dublin to England I lately come over,  
In the land of sweet plenty myself lived in clover  
I lived on blackberries, and on turnips likewise,  
And at eating-shop-windows I feasted my eyes.  
Derry down, &c.

Like many more thousands, not a rap in my  
pocket,  
I found out a method—'twas pawning my jacket;  
My shirt was too dirty to raise any more,  
I lived on old Sheelah, and she marked up the  
score.

Derry down, &amp;c.

This Sheelah to me was a fifth or sixth cousin;  
As to my relations, she counted a dozen;  
There was Mooney, the coiner, and Peggy, his  
wife,  
And dasant Tim Farrel, went to New Wales for  
life.

Derry down, &amp;c.

Coining, said I, is a very fine calling,  
I wish they had stopped here, I needn't be crawl-  
ing;  
But then as my cousins to New Wales were sent,  
I'll go in their name, and get work in the Mint.  
Derry down, &c.

She mentioned O'Regan, O'Rourke, and O'Dee;  
Two died from the drop, and the last he got free;  
"Arrah, Sheelah," cried I, "that comes from  
good-nature,  
Many, my honey, died through drinking the crea-  
ture."

Derry down, &amp;c.

She told me Pat Daly, but much 'gainst his will,  
Was working, at Brixton, upon Cubit's mill.  
Said I, "then here goes it, I'll no longer here  
lurk,  
Pat will spake to the miller, and I will get work."  
Derry down, &c.

"Stop, Phelim," cried Sheelah, "there are more  
cousins still;  
Pat Daly's five sons went this day to the mill;  
You'll know things better when longer in town,  
The six went to Brixton for knocking folks down."  
Derry down, &c.

"Indeed," cries old Sheelah, "it gives me great  
grief  
To see you so ragged, you look like a thief."  
That moment a sarvant, with lace round his hat,  
Pushed me with his wattle, saying, "Move along,  
Pat!"

Derry down, &amp;c.

"Here goes to Brixton," said I, "with a thump,  
They called him a beetle, faith, his eye wore a  
bump;  
The people all round us they did heartily laugh,  
For I leathered him well, and I broke his long  
staff.

Derry down, &amp;c.

But soon I was trotted, and used like a Turk;  
Said I, this is one way to give people work;

Och! bless the dear honey, and guard him from  
ill,

The man, Mr. Worship, sent me off to the mill."  
Derry down, &c.

I had constant work, but no wages they gave,  
Said I to the foreman, "my wages I'll have."  
He laughed,—O! how modest!—and told me, so  
civil,  
"Be easy, my honey, you'll be paid by the  
devil."

Derry down, &c.

If they'd pay me at Brixton, faith, there I would  
stay,

But they turned me out on a cold winter's day;  
Now, breaking of stones, my heart's breaking with  
wo,

Or ramming of others, with a thump and a ho!  
Derry down, &c.

////////

SO WARMLY WE MET, AND SO FONDLY  
WE PARTED.

So warmly we met, and so fondly we parted,  
That which was the sweeter e'en I could not  
tell,—

That first look of welcome her sunny eyes darted,  
Or that tear of passion which blessed our farewell.  
To meet was a blessing, to part thus another,

Our smiles and our tears seemed two rivals in  
bliss;

Oh, Cupid's two eyes are not liker each other,  
In smiles and in tears, than that moment to  
this.

The first was, like day-break, new, sudden, de-  
licious,

The dawn of a pleasure scarce kindled up yet;  
The last was the farewell of daylight more precious.  
More glowing and deep as 'tis nearer its set.

Our meeting, though happy, was tinged by a sor-  
row,

To think that such happiness could not remain,  
While our parting, though sad, gave a hope that  
to-morrow

Would bring back the blest hour of meeting  
again.

////////

SIT YE DOWN HERE, MY CRONIES.

(Watson.)

SIT ye down here, my cronies, and gie me your  
crack,

Let the win' tak the care o' this life on its back;  
Our hearts to despondency we never will submit,  
For we've ay been provided for, and sae will we  
yet.

And sae will we yet, &c.

Let the miser delight in the hoarding of pelf,  
Since he has not the soul to enjoy it himself:  
Since the bounty of Providence is new ev'ry day,  
As we journey through life, let us live by the  
way.

Let us live by the way, &c.

Then bring us a tankard o' nappy good ale,  
For to comfort our hearts, and enliven the tale;  
We'll ay be the merrier the langer that we sit,  
For we've drank thegither monie a time, and sae  
will we yet.

And sae will we yet, &c.

Success to the farmer, and prosper his plough,  
Rewarding his eident toils a' the year through;  
Our seed time and harvest we ever will get,  
For we've lippeden ay to Providence, and sae will  
we yet.

And sae will we yet, &c.

Long live the king, and happy may he be,  
And success to his forces by land and by sea:  
His enemies to triumph we never will permit,  
Britons ay have been victorious, and sae will they  
yet.

And sae will they yet, &c.

Let the glass keep its course, and go merrily  
roun',

For the sun has to rise, though the moon it goes  
down;

Till the house be rinnin' roun' about, 'tis time  
enough to fit,

When we fell, we ay got up again, and sae wil  
we yet.

And sae will we yet, &c.

////////

I LOVE TO SEE AT EARLY MORN.

(Roscoe.)

I LOVE to see at early morn

The squirrel sit before my door;  
There crack his nuts, and hide his shells,  
And leap away to seek for more.

I love in hedge-row paths to see,  
The linnet glance from spray to spray;  
Or mark, at evening's balmy close,  
The redbreast hop across my way.

For, sure, when Nature's free-born train  
Approach with song and gambol here,  
Some secret impulse bids them feel  
The footsteps of a friend are near.

////////

THE GHOSTS;

OR, MRS. DUFFY AND MRS. CRUIKSHANKS.

Air—"Madam Fig's Gala."—(T. Dibdin.)

YOU'VE heard how, a few weeks ago,  
Von evening, as pitch black and dark,  
A voman, all viter than snow,  
Disappeared to a man in the Park;  
He knew her for von that vas dead,  
And with fear though his senses might fail,  
Yet her being without ne'er a head,  
Is a proof he was right in his tail.

Rum ti iddity, &c.

Some said, how this thing vat appeared,  
Vas, for sartain, the ghost of his wife,  
Who of spirits vas never afeard,  
Nor ashamed, in the course of her life,  
On her nose 'twas so easy to trace  
How oft the dear creature got snuffy,  
That nought but the vant of a face,  
From her husband disguised Mrs. Duffy.

Rum ti iddity, &c.

Mr. Duffy vonce lived in the Tower,  
Vere he kicked up a number of pranks,  
And at that time did all in his power,  
To beguile Mrs. Kitty Cruikshanks;  
Madam Duffy this matter vell knew,  
But ere she for the rival made vay,  
Mrs. Cruikshanks most likely died too,  
Because she vas buried von day.

Rum ti iddity, &c.

As he knew he'd been wicked to both,  
And on guard must be in a few nights.  
To go he vas devilish loth,  
For fear he should see both their sprites;  
At three, Mrs. Duffy, 'tis said,  
Came again, without pate, like a noddy,  
And at four, Mrs. Cruikshank's head,  
Came valking, with niver a boddy,

Rum ti iddity, &c.

*Mrs. Duffy*, kind soul, for her part,  
 Not a word to her husband had flung,  
 For she cou'dn't find in her heart  
 To talk without niver a tongue;  
*Mrs. Cruikshanks*, observing her cropt,  
 Regardless of any beholders,  
 Give a skip, step, and jump, and so popt  
 Her own head on *Mrs. D.'s* shoulders.  
 Rum ti iddity, &c.

Thus, *two* making head against *von*,  
 He thought it high time to be valking,  
 And bolder than he might have run,  
 Ven *von* voman for *two* was a talking;  
 With fear he was ready to drop,  
 Vat they talked of, he never yet told,  
 But he found even death couldn't stop  
 A voman detarmined to scold.

OH! TELL ME, MEMORY.

(Sir H. B. Dudley.)

OH! tell me, Memory! no more  
 What wo in banishment was mine—  
 What pain this lab'ring bosom bore,  
 Compelled its treasure to resign!  
 But tell me, Memory,—more kind,  
 The envied transports I regain;  
 Record them on thy grateful mind,  
 That not a sorrow may remain?

WHAT SHOULD A BACHELOR MILLER  
 DO WITH A WHIRLIGIG WIFE?

(Prince Hoare.)

A BACHELOR miller—so merry a life,  
 To marry would mend it but little, I doubt;  
 He humours the gale,  
 He reefs in his sail,  
 And prudently knows what his mill is about.  
 Though whirling and twirling, he lives without  
 strife,  
 He slackens his flies, if they make too much  
 rout;  
 But, what should he do with a whirligig-wife?  
 Who, blow high or low, carries all her sails out.  
 Whirling, twirling, &c.  
 The air whistles round him as keen as a knife,  
 He finds out its bearing, and round the mill  
 goes;  
 Let the wind shift at will,  
 He steadies his mill,  
 He has but to peep out, and follow his nose;  
 Though whirling and twirling, he lives without  
 strife,  
 He veers to the wind, and its changes he  
 knows;  
 But how should he steady a whirligig wife,  
 When the devil can't find out which way the  
 wind blows.  
 Whirling, twirling, &c.

WHAT CHEER, MY HONEST MESSMATES?

WHAT cheer, my honest messmates?  
 Ye're welcome all on shore,  
 We've done our duty bravely,  
 And ready to do more.

CHORUS.

We mount up a cliff, and we hazard a mine,  
 And we laugh at the turbulent sea,  
 Our king to defend by sea and land,  
 Our laws and liberty!

Whate'er we are commanded,  
 With courage we obey;  
 And when our foes are bashful,  
 We beckon them to stay.  
 We mount a cliff, &c.

When we are on the topmast,  
 And spy a sail in view,  
 We fire an eighteen-pounder,  
 In haste to bring her to.  
 No canvass we spare, but quickly come near,  
 In spite of the turbulent sea;  
 For our king we'll defend, &c.

When off our foes are stealing,  
 Like maggots in a nut,  
 We scorn such idle dealing,  
 Soon down we bear full butt.  
 No canvass we spare, but tip them a cheer,  
 And a prize she is sure to be,  
 For our king we'll defend, &c.

On shore we want no forming,  
 We're one united band;  
 The word being given for storming,  
 We fall to, cutlass in hand.  
 We mount up a cliff, &c.

At home, our peace preserving,  
 May our king happy reign;  
 New glory still deserving,  
 He will that peace maintain.  
 While doing his best, O may he be blest,  
 In subjects beloved and free;  
 This isle to defend, unto the world's end,  
 Our laws and liberty.

WHAT IS THERE IN THIS FOOLISH LIFE?

WHAT is there in this foolish life,  
 For which we vainly hope;  
 That mortal wights can call their own?  
 Riches!—are on a sudden flown,  
 And even our wives elope.

We cannot find that sought-for stone,  
 Nor yet life's grand elixir:  
 Beauty is frail;—and as for Fame,  
 She's grown so slippery a dame,  
 No soul on earth can fix her.

Health is unwilling long to stay,  
 And quacks themselves grow sick;  
 Honours but small distinctions make;  
 What odds, when footmen drink and rake,  
 And nobles run a-tick!

Some tell ye wise and virtuous souls  
 Have th' only certain good;  
 But, spite of philosophic rules,  
 Old age and crosses make us fools,  
 Temptations make us lewd.

Nay, when thou seest the blushing wine  
 Red sparkling in thy hand,  
 Thou'lt think, at least, this liquor's mine,  
 Though all the envious powers combine,  
 Yet this I dare command.

But, ah! a thousand things fall out  
 Betwixt the cup and lip;  
 With caution put the glass about,  
 The coming pledge hangs still in doubt,  
 Till you have drank it up.

But when, delicious, through the throat  
 We feel the stream run down,  
 We've found the mighty thing we sought,  
 That's ours indeed; that, that dear draught  
 We justly call our own.



Fie! fie! the old man's cry,  
Poppies like this, I own, are rare,  
And of such nightingale's songs beware.

**POPPIES ;**

OR, WHY ARE YOU WANDERING HERE, I PRAY ?

(Kenny.)

WHY are you wandering here, I pray ?  
An old man asked a maid one day.  
Looking for poppies, so bright and red,  
Father, said she, I'm hither led.

Fie! fie!

She heard him cry,  
Poppies, 'tis known to all who rove,  
Grow in the fields and not the grove.

Tell me again, the old man said;  
Why are you loitering here, fair maid ?  
The nightingale's song, so sweet and clear,  
Father, said she, I come to hear.

Fie! fie!

She heard him cry,  
Nightingales all, so people say,  
Warble by night and not by day.

The sage looked grave, the maiden shy,  
When Lubin jumped over the stile hard by ;  
The sage looked graver, the maid more glum,  
Lubin he twiddled his finger and thumb.

Fie! fie!

The old man's cry,  
Poppies like this, I own, are rare,  
And of such nightingale's songs beware.

\*\*\*\*\*

PAUL PRY'S NEW LONDON DIRECTORY  
FOR 1826.

Air—" Four-and-twenty Fiddlers all of a Row."

(Moncrieff.)

FOUR-AND-TWENTY tradesmen, all of a row,  
Four-and-twenty tradesmen, all of a row.

CHANT.

There's Hoby and Roby, and Cater and Prater,  
And Weston and Preston, and Hooper and Cooper ;  
84—VOL. III.

Hunter and Gunter, Brecknell and Cracknell ;  
Hatchett, the coachmaker, who lived in Long-Acre ;  
France and Banting, who'll furnish what's want-  
ing ;  
Epps, who is chief baron of ham and beef ;  
Nugee, of Saint James's, who suits every body  
complete ;  
And Tommy Dollman, too, in the opposite street ;  
Rundell and Bridge, who could (so we're told)  
Pave half London (if they liked it) with silver  
and gold ;  
Chappell and Sams, who in price never vary  
Because in all their dealings they're *stationary* ;  
Then there's the far-famed, liberal, and spirited  
Charles Wright,  
Who sells as good Champagne as any man in  
England, not almost but quite ;  
Dixon, of the Repository, who, in horse-matters  
all,  
Would, if he could, be thought the City Tattersall !  
Light and Flight, and Merry and Perry ;  
Hancock and Shepherd, in Waterloo-Place,  
Where no one should go who's ashamed to snow  
his face ;  
Humphrey, of St. James's Street, the caricaturist ;  
ay, and stop !  
Johnny Fairburn, of the Broadway, Ludgate-  
Hill, whose well-known shop,  
For caricatures and books, will make you laugh,  
and many a shilling drop ;  
Todds, the linen-draper, who, but no doubt you've  
read it,  
Deals for ready money only, and never gives a  
morsel of credit ;  
George Robins, of the Piazza, who's a very fair  
dealing fellow,  
And where, by the by, I popped in, the other  
day, and gave only three-and-sixpence for  
this beautiful umbrella !  
Besides Flint, the haberdasher, so famed for rib-  
bons and laces,

Who has shops in Fleet-street, Bond-street, Regent-street, Oxford-street, Lombard-street, and a thousand other places,  
Enough to fill a folio volume from the very top of the page to the bottom, down below,  
In this Paul Pry's Directory,  
To make the public merry!

Four-and-twenty new streets, all of a row,  
Four-and-twenty new streets, all of a row,

## CHANT.

There's Regent-street, that was built by Mr. Nash,  
For those who can pay a good rent and cut a dash;  
Dorington-street and Torrington-street;  
Arlington-street and Burlington-street;  
Belgrove-square, where the houses are very dear,  
And where you should have at least a couple of thousand a-year;  
The Colonnade and the Arcade, *neither of which, they say, has ever paid*;  
Cork-street and York-street, and Romer-street, and Cromer-street;  
Mornington-crescent, that is so very pleasant;  
Alpha-cottages, for old folks in their dotages;  
York-avenue, a better you never knew;  
Maida-vale, if the air you'd inhale;  
Lisson-grove, if you wish to rove;  
The North Bank and the South Bank,  
For your nabobs and folks of rank;  
Connaught-place and Cornwall-terrace;  
And then, I'd quite forgot it, there is  
The Piccadilly Quadrant, where is *owing a little odd rent*;  
And the New Mary-bone Bazaar, though it's somewhat too far;  
Besides Circles, ay, and Circuses, where half the houses are in carcasses,  
And have brought most of their builders, from the very top of the bricks and mortar, to the workhouses, down below.  
This is Paul Pry's Directory, &c.

Four-and-twenty exhibitions, all of a row,  
Four-and-twenty exhibitions, all of a row.

## CHANT.

There's the Apollonicon and Panharmonicon;  
The Cosmorama, the Ancient Armour;  
The Cigar Divan, where you may smoke, if you can;  
The Exhibition at the Royal Academy,  
Where many a shilling they've yearly had of me,  
Though Suffolk-street would have been more glad of me;  
Bullock's Museum, the Colliseum;  
The Piccadilly's Bronze Achilles;  
The Diorama, in Regency-Park,  
Where, as to *their lights*, we're *quite in the dark*;  
The Burmese state-carriage, which may the Lord Mayor's disparage;  
The famed Living Skeleton, who, for a fact they really tell it one,  
But, between you and me, (pray let it go no farther,)  
Wears nothing before but a very little apron on;  
The Eidoraneum, which is, partly, the work of Mr. Bartley;  
The Exhibition of Water-colours, done by very clever fellows;  
Miss Linwood's prime collection, too, of needle-work,  
There's none can say that her's is idle-work;  
The Infant Lyra, all admire her;  
The waxen Venus, which, between us, displays a great deal of *natural genius*;  
The Lady Godiva, which, by the by,  
Makes some of our old tabbies cry out "oh, fie!"  
The Automaton, which they say,  
Will beat human nature any day;

All offering their attractions to Hoby and Roby,  
Crater and Prater, &c. down below.  
This is Paul Pry's Directory, &c.

Four-and-twenty prime hotels, all of a row,  
Four-and-twenty prime hotels, all of a row.

## CHANT.

There's Long's and Fladong's, Batson's and Matson's, White's and Wright's;  
Honest John Lomas's, just over Westminster-bridge, which, they say,  
You'll find equal to any one in England, if you like to stay,  
And where you may have every thing in the family-way  
For so moderate a pay that you'll never wish to stray;  
The Clarendon, that's free for folks of every rank,  
That is if they have only plenty of money in the Bank;  
Stevens's and Evans's, the Worcester and the Gloucester;  
The Petersburg, in Dover-street,  
Where you must pay a guinea a mouthful for all you eat;  
Besides the famed Freemasons, where, if you take your dinner,  
Depend upon't you'll not grow any thinner;  
The Hummums which, if you would rest your head,  
Is just the place to get a bath and bed;  
The London, where nothing is left undone;  
Peels, where the lawyers kick their heels;  
And the Sablionere, where every thing that's there is served up in the *French* fashion, quite a-la-mode de Paris,  
And where, between you and I, though to tell it I grieve,  
(I had it from the landlord,) many of the customers have lately taken *French* leave;  
All offering their attractions to Hoby and Roby, &c.  
This is Paul Pry's Directory, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

## DEAR ENGLAND, THE HOME OF THE WORLD!

(O'Meara.)

[Music, Mayhew and Co. Old Bond-street.]

HAIL to thee, England!—blest isle of the ocean,  
Thy proud deeds awaken the fondest emotion;  
Whose name shall for ever live famous in story,  
The watch-word of freedom—the birth-place of glory;  
Thy sons they are brave, and are true to their duty,  
Thy daughters are fair, lovely emblems of beauty,  
The joys that surround  
But in England are found!  
In England—the home of the world.  
Couched is her lion—Britannia reposes,  
Encircled by laurels, and her bright roses;  
Her warriors at rest, and her banners all furled;  
Hail to thee, England!—blest isle of the ocean;  
The exile beholds thee with blissful emotion:  
The joys that surround  
In England are found!  
Dear England,—the home of the world!  
Ye who inveigh 'gainst the land of the stranger,  
Who would, by disunion, its blessings endanger;  
Go seek foreign climes for a country so glorious,  
As England, old England, for ever victorious;  
Her light was the beacon that guided to freedom,  
When nations opprest called on England to aid them.

Her clarion she blew,  
 Stood stedfast and true!  
 And spread her shield over the world!  
 Long may her navy, triumphantly sailing,  
 And her army still conquer, with courage un-  
 failing,  
 Their thunder for ever 'gainst tyrants be hurled;  
 Sail to thee, England!—blest isle of the ocean!  
 The exile beholds thee with blissful emotion.  
 The joys that surround  
 In England are found!  
 Dear England,—the home of the world!

THE BUMPKIN IN TOWN.

(Dibdin.)

WHAT thof I be a country-clown,  
 For all the fuss that you make,  
 One need not to be born in town,  
 To know what two and two make;  
 Squire Pop there thinks his empty pate  
 Worth all ours put together;  
 But how can that have any weight  
 That's only made of feather?  
 Then don't ye be so proud, d'ye see,  
 It e'nt a thing that's suiting,  
 Can one than t'other better be,  
 When both are on a footing?

Now here's a man, who seas and land  
 Has dreamt that he can cross over;  
 That all the world's at his command,  
 For he's a great philosopher:  
 That to each secret he no bars  
 E'er finds, but can unlock it,  
 And conjure down the moon and stars,  
 And put them in his pocket.  
 But when you've caught him, where's the prize,  
 So mighty to the getter?  
 For sartin, he may make us wise,  
 But can he make us better?

My lady there, because she's dressed  
 In lappets, frills, and flounces;  
 See, how with pride her flutt'ring breast  
 Throbs, heaves, and thumps, and bounces:  
 And then, 'tis said, they make a face,  
 New spick and span each feature,  
 As if they thought that a disgrace  
 That's ready made by Nature.  
 The money, for a head so high,  
 Such scollops and such carving,  
 Would keep an honest family  
 A month, or more, from starving.

As for the doctors, and their pill,  
 Odds wounds! I can't endure them;  
 For sartin they their patients kill  
 More oftener than they cure them.  
 And as for Master Poet here,  
 Who writes for fame and glory,  
 I think as he's a little queer,  
 Poor soul! in the upper story;  
 I've yet another wipe to spare,  
 For, wounds! I'll give no quarter,  
 Next time you find a fool, take care  
 You do not catch a Tartar.

THE MAID OF MARLIVAILE.

(T. Moore.)

WHERE is the nymph whose azure eye  
 Can shine through rapture's tear?  
 The sun has sunk, the moon is high,  
 And yet she comes not here,  
 Oh! maid of Marlivaile.

Was that her footstep on the hill,  
 Her voice upon the gale?  
 No, 'twas the wind, and all is still,  
 Oh! maid of Marlivaile.

Come to me, love, I've wandered far,  
 'Tis past the promised hour;  
 Come to me, love, the twilight-star  
 Shall guide thee to my bower,  
 Oh! maid of Marlivaile.

THE BOWL.

OH! come, thou rosy god of wine,  
 Chase all sorrow from my heart;  
 'Tis time enough, sure, to repine,  
 When the bowl and I shall part;  
 For, whilst in that such charms I find,  
 Care, I give thee to the wind;  
 When with hopeless love oppressed,  
 To thy shrine I oft repair,  
 There is found both peace and rest,  
 There I banish gloomy care:  
 Around my temples then entwine  
 The sweet enchanting heav'nly vine.

When duns and bailiffs tease my soul  
 With odious debt and odious jail,  
 Then I fondly clasp the bowl,  
 And in the bottom look for bail:  
 Nor look in vain, whilst there I find  
 Jovial spirits, free and kind.

For, when elated by their power,  
 No jail I fear, nor debts unpaid;  
 Jovial passes ev'ry hour,  
 'Till their magic spells are laid:  
 'Tis then, alas!—freed from the snare,  
 I lose my bowl, and find my care.

NEPTUNE'S REPROOF.

Air—“ *When Vulcan forged the Bolts of Jove.*”

WHEN Neptune, in his choral grot,  
 With Amphitrite reclined,  
 The cares of state, the world forgot,  
 For love employed his mind.  
 A message from his brother Jove  
 Required his 'tendance up above;  
 With hasty hand he seized the rein,  
 And rose its sovereign o'er the main.  
 The skies received the ocean's king,  
 Who paid the homage due,  
 When Jove a sight of poignant sting  
 Presented to his view;  
 ‘Is't thus,’ he cried, ‘the world you treat,  
 To let the puny Gallic fleet,  
 Like robbers, skulk the liquid plain,  
 When Britain's doomed to rule the main?’  
 ‘Enough,’ the indignant god replied,  
 ‘To Love this fault I owe,  
 But soon my vet'ran hero tried  
 I'll lead to meet the foe.  
 Yes, Nelson and her valiant sons  
 Shall speak my vengeance with their guns;  
 And soon the world shall own, with pain,  
 That Britons only rule the main.’

Swift from the starry plains he sped,  
 And Nelson thus bespoke,  
 ‘The foe too long my chief misled,  
 To end in harmless smoke;  
 Swift guide thy navy o'er the flood,  
 Haste, dye my ocean's foam with blood;  
 Let tell ambition rave in vain,  
 That still Britannia rules the main.’

The hero hastened to obey,  
 But, ere the fight began,—  
 ‘ England expects you’ll do, to-day,  
 Your duty, to a man.’  
 So spoke the chief; with cheers, each tar  
 Commence the dreadful thund’ring war;  
 But Fate had doomed his course was o’er—  
 The hero fell to rise no more.  
 He lived to hear the battle won,  
 Then clasped his hands, and died;  
 Brave Collingwood the fight led on,  
 Now slumb’ring by his side;  
 With glory crowned, they’ll mount on high,  
 And rise the fav’rites of the sky.  
 While Britain can like heroes claim,  
 Britannia still must rule the main.

////////

### UP, UP! MY BRAVE BOYS, TO THE CHASE!

UP, up! my brave boys, to the chase—to the chase!  
 Throw your sloth and your languor away;  
 See the health-breathing morning breaks on us  
 apace,  
 And foretels the delights of the day.  
 Come! mount your gay coursers, and tarry no  
 more,  
 Unkenel the mellow-toned hounds;  
 Now freed from restraint, their melodious roar  
 The gratified welkin resounds.  
 What music can equal the pack in full cry,  
 While on air borne the hoarse bugle floats?  
 To the deep-winding sound all the echoes reply,  
 And again swell the ravishing notes.  
 Hark, hark! now they open, now thunder along,  
 Now distance dull Care and his train;  
 Now descending, now climbing, the lab’ring  
 throng  
 Now skim, like the roebuck, the plain.  
 In vain the deep torrent opposes our course,  
 And death lurks in ev’ry wave:  
 What danger can stop the bold high-mettled  
 horse?  
 What danger wo’n’t Englishmen brave?  
 Let mistaken philanthropists envy and blame,  
 And call hunting a barbarous sport;  
 The cynic and rigid on hunting declaim,  
 What true Briton wo’n’t hunting support?  
 What amusement than hunting more transports can  
 yield?  
 Than the sportsmen who happier live?  
 What pleasures can equal the joys of the field?  
 What than exercise purer health give?  
 Tallyho! then away, tallyho! to the chase;  
 Pursue this so charming great pleasure;  
 And remember,—nor flag in the glorious race,—  
 Not the fox yours alone, but a treasure.  
 Long life and content you’ll with cheerfulness  
 find,  
 While you draw, as a mortal, your breath;  
 Past pleasures will soothe in affliction your mind,  
 And soften the pillow of death.

### BIRNIE BOUZLE.

O, WULL ye gang wi’ me, lassie,  
 To the braes of Birnie Bouzle?  
 Baith the earth and sea, lassie,  
 Wull I rob to feud ye;

I’ll hunt the otter and the brock,  
 The hart, the hare, the heather-cock,  
 An’ pu’ the limpats frae the rock,  
 To fatten and to feud ye.

An’ gin ye gang wi’ me, lassie,  
 To the braes of Birnie Bouzle,  
 Tull the day ye dee, lassie,  
 Ye sall aye hae plenty;  
 The peats I’ll carry in a skull,  
 The cad and ling wi’ lines I’ll pull,  
 And reave the eggs of mony a gull,  
 To make ye dishes daintie.

Sae cheerie wall ye be, lassie,  
 In the braes of Birnie Bouzle,  
 Donald Gunn and me, lassie,  
 Ever will attend ye;  
 Though we hae neither milk nor meal,  
 Nor mutton, lamb, or beef, or veal,  
 We’s fauk the porpie and the seal,  
 And that’s the way to feud ye.

And ye sall gang sae bra, lassie,  
 At the kirk of Birnie Bouzle,  
 Wi’ little brogues and a’, lassie,  
 Vow but ye’s be vauntie;  
 An’ ye sall wear, whan ye are wed,  
 The kirtle an’ the highland plaid,  
 An’ sleep upo’ the heather-bed,  
 Sae cozie an’ sae cautie.

Gin you marrie me, lassie,  
 At the kirk of Birnie Bouzle,  
 My chiefest aim will be, lassie,  
 Ever to content ye;  
 I’ll raw the boat, I’ll spread the sail,  
 I’ll bait the line, I’ll bear the pail,  
 An’ daud the clotters wi’ the flail,  
 To mak’ our taties plenty.

Then, come awa’ wi’ me, lass,  
 To the braes of Birnie Bouzle,  
 An’ sin’ ye are sae free, lassie,  
 Ye sall ne’er repent ye,  
 For ye sall hae baith tups and ewes,  
 An’ gauts, an’ swine, an stots, and caws,  
 An’ be the leddy o’ my house,  
 And that way wee content ye.

////////

### THE FAREWELL!

Air—“*Poor Tom*.”—(Jesse Hammond.)  
 FARE thee well, thou faithless Anna,  
 Yon star shall guide me on my way,  
 And, with the floating British banner,  
 Far from thee shall Henry stray;  
 But in battle should I perish,  
 Never more thy form to see,  
 Still within thy bosom cherish,  
 Though ’tis false, one thought on me.  
 Fare thee well, but bliss shall never  
 Blossom in my breast again;  
 Fondest hopes have fled for ever,  
 And affection breathes in vain.  
 But in battle, &c.  
 Fare thee well! my heart is broken;  
 Blighted love is all my lot;  
 Yet give, oh, give me one sad token  
 That I shall not be forgot.  
 And in battle, &c.

////////

### WHEN THIS OLD BRUSH WAS NEW.

WHEN this old brush was new  
 (’Tis thirty years and more)  
 The hair luxuriant grew  
 My pericranium o’er:

But now it makes me sad  
My naked pate to view,  
So bountifully clad  
When this old brush was new.

When this old brush was new  
(I then was twenty-one)  
The cares of life were few,  
And sorrows I had none :  
My youthful eye was bright,  
My locks of sable hue,—  
But black is changed to white  
Since this old brush was new.

My cheek was smooth and fair,  
Ere manhood's cares began,  
And on my chin the hair  
Was soft as down of swan ;  
And now my whiskered face  
Hath wrinkles not a few,  
But that was not the case  
When this old brush was new.

Then maiden, kind of heart,  
With tender hand, I trow,  
The waving locks would part  
That hid my polished brow,  
And softly sigh and smile,  
And swear to love me true,—  
I kissed her lips the while,  
When this old brush was new.

I see thy smile, my love !  
My lay, though simple, still  
Within thy breast can move  
A sympathetic thrill,  
It needs not minstrel art  
'To wake the feeling true  
That warmed thy gentle heart  
When this old brush was new.

No, darling ! ne'er forgot  
By thee are days of old,  
Nor that Arcadian spot  
Where love his transports told,  
While the propitious shade  
Of twilight paler grew ;—  
Thou wast a lovely maid  
When this old brush was new.

And lovely still appears  
Thy matron form to me ;  
I cannot think that years  
Have stolen aught from thee,  
For still thy heart can glow  
As it was wont to do,  
Some thirty years ago,  
When this old brush was new.

#### THE RUSTIC'S LOWLAND COT.

(T. Jones.)

BEHOLD yon gentle, rustic swain,  
Above all monarchs blest,  
No thoughts aspiring, thirst of gain,  
Assail his tranquil breast,—  
Contentment rules, serene and calm,  
And gilds his humble lot,  
And Friendship, to all woes a balm,  
Presides o'er lowland cot.

No cares of state disturb his breast,  
Nor battles won or lost,  
In peace he lays his head to rest,  
By no vexations crossed ;  
From want and pain by toil relieved,  
He seeks no happier spot,  
For golden wealth he never grieved,  
Content in lowland cot.

Ye lordlings, hence, then, cease to spurn  
The joys of humble life ;  
No more for golden lucre burn,—  
The source of human strife ;  
With this poor lowland cottage-swain  
Contrast your splendid lot,  
You'll find he's blest, and free from pain,  
Within his lowland cot.

#### THE MERRY SAILOR.

(Cross.)

As brisk and as merry a fellow  
As ever could hand, reef, and steer ;  
I on shore with my messmates get mellow,  
On board am a stranger to fear ;  
A stave I can troll, glibly patter,  
My timbers are all heart of oak,  
And, zounds ! let what will be the matter,  
I'm called a tight hand at a joke.  
With my fal lal, &c.

On the mast-head, a-top of his napper,  
Ned Nimble once whirled round and round ;  
Dared I for to try the same caper,  
'Cause why ? I wa'n't born to be drowned :  
I was capsized, 'twas nonsense to grumble,  
The rigging my fall kindly broke,  
So I axed him to try the same tumble,—  
No, dam'me, says he, you're in joke.  
With your whack, &c.

Oft times, I remember, in action,  
Quite cool, though the battle seemed warm,  
Just by way now of self-satisfaction,  
And meaning and thinking no harm,  
Alongside the foe hard a-plying,  
Our poppers so prettily spoke,  
We winged them before they were flying,  
And, dam'me, they *grinned* at the joke.  
With their whack, &c.

I've heard cannons roar, thunder rattle,  
Stemmed the surge in a cockle-shell boat,  
When *misfortin* or *sitch*-like gave battle,  
Kept always good-humour afloat ;  
In a snug birth at home how we swig it,  
My messmates and Poll I provoke  
To laugh, quaff, to caper, and jig it,  
Be alive till we die with the joke.  
With their whack, &c.

#### MY CHILDHOOD.

(Upton.)

WHEN first my eyes discovered day,  
And quite a senseless lump I lay,  
What did my wond'ring looks display ?  
My childhood.

When first alone I dared to go,  
With out-stretched arms and tott'ring toe,  
What did my trembling courage show ?  
My childhood.

When first I learned my A, B, C,  
And lisped them on a mother's knee,  
What was it fraught each face with glee ?  
My childhood.

When first the rattle charmed my ear,  
Or rod, but named, created fear,  
What was it caused the glist'ning tear ?  
My childhood.

When first the ball, or hoop, or kite,  
With speechless rapture pleased my sight,  
What was it kindled such delight ?  
My childhood.

When nurs'ry tales, 'bout " Bugaboo,"  
Have made me shrink and startle too,  
What made me think such nonsense true?  
My childhood.

What made me hail the close of day,  
And by the moon-beams, clam'rous, stray,  
With—" Girls and boys, come out to play?"  
My childhood.

In health or sickness, joy or wo,  
Or rich or poor, or high or low,  
Still wand'ring thought will fondly go  
To childhood.

When riper years reflection brings,  
And all must share life's cares and stings,  
Still mem'ry, with affection, clings  
To childhood.

-----

YOUNG WILL, OF THE BROOK, AND  
FAIR PEG, OF THE MOOR.

(G. S. Carey.)

YOUNG WILL, of the Brook, did fair Peggy adore,  
Who lived on the skirts of Old Bawtery Moor,  
Till once, at a wake, Will was sadly in fear,  
For she nodded at Tom, and at Robin would leer;  
He said she was false, and he bitterly swore  
That he'd straight take his leave of fair Peg, of  
the Moor.

She laughed and she jeered him for what he had  
spoke,  
And thought all his saying was nought but a joke,  
So kept up the frolic, her lover to tease,  
Until he grew frantic, at last, by degrees;  
She meant to have healed, but she opened the  
sore  
Which caused him to fly from fair Peg, of the  
Moor.

A drum and a fife roared aloud in his ears,  
And forth from the throng a gay sergeant appears;  
Will vowed for a soldier he'd instantly go,  
And so put an end to his love-kindled wo,  
Resolved to take leave of the maid evermore,  
And ne'er again think of fair Peg, of the Moor.

To the sergeant he went, and he told him his  
mind;  
The sergeant was pleased, and he spoke to him so  
kind;  
But while he was 'bout with the wag to enlist,  
Poor Peggy came, kneeling, and begged he'd de-  
sist:  
" Ah, will you," said she, " leave the lass you  
adore?  
Come, come, and enlist with your Peg, of the Moor.

His bosom, which late with resentment was filled,  
Relaxed of its heat, and his heart 'gan to yield;  
He lifted her up, and he kissed her with glee,  
Said, since you seem fearful of parting with me,  
Let the drummer beat up, in the morn, at my  
door,  
And tell that I'm listed to Peg, of the Moor.

-----

DRINK, OUT OF LOVE TO YOURSELF.

Air—" *Rumpty, bumpty, bo.*"—(P. T.)

PHILOSOPHERS bother their brains,  
Conning of morals so dry;  
Plumbers and glaziers take pines,  
I take a drop in my eye.  
Study alone how to drink,  
That is the study to please,

Sages, I really must think,  
Grow for the stuffing of geese.  
Tol de rol, &c.

If that a man be dead drunk,  
Morning will see him alive;  
Old undertaker, sad hunk,  
Thus of job we deprive.  
To be dead drunk is to be  
Without the under-ground journey,  
The only way that I can see  
Where we can die by attorney.  
Tol de rol, &c.

Then tittle away at the glass,  
P'r'aps you may see your own feature,  
And then young Narcissus surpass  
By taking a drop of the creature.  
Never yet lived such an ass,  
At least, I ne'er read of the elf,  
Who refused, when he looked in the glass,  
To drink, out of love to himself.  
Tol de rol, &c.

-----

WHEN HARMONY WAKENS EACH BOSOM  
TO JOY.

WHEN harmony wakens each bosom to joy,  
Gay artful lovers those moments employ,  
In dulcet notes sighing, in cadence dying,  
Each whispers, ah! can you those raptures deny?  
I only reply,  
Fal de ral, de ral de ra,  
Fal de ra, fal de ra,  
Fal de ral, de ral de ra.

The maze of the waltz for the lover has charms,  
It animates hope, it prudence disarms,  
Pursuing, then pressing, encircling, caressing,  
He sighs, ah! for ever repose in these arms!  
I only reply,  
Fal de ral, &c.

-----

FREEMASONS ARE THE HAPPIEST  
PHILOSOPHERS KNOWN.

Air—" *Hunting the Hare.*"

ALL ye who to Freemasonry are elevated,  
Who freely and jovially laugh, quaff, and sing;  
All ye as foes to dull paleness are noted,  
Attend, while some proofs I endeavour to bring,  
That Zeno, Pythag'rus,  
Eudoxus, Protag'rus,  
Hipparchus, Diag'rus,  
I short, all who are,  
For clearness of myst'ry,  
Recorded in hist'ry,  
With ancient Freemasonry none could compare.  
Sophistical sceptics, and cynics dogmatic,  
High-flying, Platonical metaphysicians,  
Rhetorical ranters, declaimers Socratic,  
And peripatetical, frothy logicians,  
Myster'ously gabbling,  
With scribbling and squabbling,  
And quibblingly babbling,  
Their thoughts vainly twisted,  
The true summum bonum  
To find, 'till 'twas shown 'em,  
By jolly Freemasons, wherein it consisted.

To those who sought after a state apathetic  
Freemasonry oft has freed them from cares;  
To those who fain mount Plato's phrenetic,  
'Tis proved they would send their brains past  
the five spheres,  
And to all in subjection,  
To grave circumspection,  
Of aqueous complexion,

We make it appear  
 That, spite of all grumbling  
 And phlegmatic mumbling,  
 Masons great as immortals are in idea.  
 By Aristotelian rules, curiously technic,  
 'Bout essence or substance, a vacuum or plenum,  
 Let Philomath's battle, with arms dialectic,  
 So fiercely, that few like to venture between  
 'em;  
 T' each other e'en mystic,  
 In form syllogistic,  
 Or mode rhapsodistic,  
 Most learnedly fine!  
 They'll ne'er gain the station,  
 Which, in flight Pegasian,  
 Freemasons have reached, who are surely divine!  
 Among moderns, let Hunt and Cobbett keep  
 squabbling  
 About rights of man,—they are all in the dark,  
 But Masons, while quaffing, are convinced, with-  
 out dabbling  
 In their works democratic, that we're nearer the  
 mark;  
 For while, with sage muttering,  
 Their disloyalty uttering,  
 Each declaimer sputtering,  
 They each other spatter,  
 Loyal Masons all merit,  
 So vast is their spirit,  
 If you're not Masons, nor loyal, you're lumps of  
 dull matter.  
 Though, not to detain you from off'ring oblations  
 To Anacreon's shrine, for, in truth, I grow  
 thirsty;  
 So here's to the first of all sects—the Freemasons!  
 Who, in humanity's cause, of all sects the first  
 be;  
 From which we may, surely,  
 Infer, most securely,  
 That, strictly and purely,  
 Freemasons alone,  
 No doctrine worth note is,  
 For Masonic vot'ries  
 Are the happiest and truest philosophers known.



THE SPARKLING TEAR OF GRATITUDE.

THERE is a tear from Beauty's eye  
 That makes us feel supremely blest,—  
 Offspring of Love and Sympathy,  
 It melts the cold and flinty breast.  
 There is a tear soft Pity gives,  
 Like dew-drop on the withering leaf;  
 Our heart the pearly gift receives—  
 It sheds a balm upon our grief.  
 But there's a tear that's far more bright,  
 Though flowing from a bosom rude,  
 Yielding ineffable delight—  
 The sparkling tear of Gratitude!



POOR LITTLE JOE.

Air—"Poor little Mo."—(Hudson.)

MY feyther kept a little farm, but hadn't much to  
 do,  
 So I got consent, and took my leave of he and  
 sister Sue;  
 My mother said, for certain, I need only show my  
 face  
 In London-town, and I'd be sure to get a tidy  
 place.

SPOKEN.] So I com'd up a top o'coach, and a  
 very civil gentleman he sot wi' me, and we got a'

talking in conversation together: says he, young  
 man, says he, you be going to that vile place  
 Lunnon, and I'd advise you to take care of your-  
 self. Oh, never fear, says I; I've gotten my  
 eyes about me, and I knows how many beans  
 make five. Ay, says he, I dare say you are a  
 cute lad, but take my advice, and always keep  
 your eyes open, or depend on it you'll be done.  
 When we got into Lunnon I wur stupified wi' the  
 noise, and the rumpus, and the rattle, and the  
 gas-light, and one thing and t'other; so the gen-  
 tleman bade me good night, and told me to take  
 care of mysen. Well, we got to White-Horse-  
 Cellar, and I got down and ax'd coachman for my  
 bundle. Your bundle? says he; your friend took  
 it, and said he should take care of it for you; for,  
 if he did not somebody would rob you of it. Oh,  
 dear! oh, dear! sure as a gun he has robbed me  
 himself: and so he had, for I never seed him  
 since.

I sought him up and down, and I wandered to and  
 fro,  
 But useless all the labour of poor little Joe.  
 Although I wur completely of my new clothes thus  
 bereft,  
 I still had, in my breeches-pocket, got a sovereign  
 left;  
 Next morn, to find a servants' office, had a pretty  
 race,  
 And axed the man within if he could tell me of a  
 place.

SPOKEN.] What sort of a place do you want,  
 young man? says he. O, says I, I bean't partiklar.  
 Says he, then I knows o' one that will  
 exactly suit you; 'tis at Mr. Tomkinson's. Mr.  
 Tomkinson! where may he live? Why, his town  
 residence is in London, but his country-house is at  
 Windsor-Castle: he wants just such a good-looking  
 lad as you: he gives twenty pounds per year, and  
 twelve shillings per week board wages: but you  
 must go directly. O, says I, I'll be off in a crack.  
 You'd better go by the coach, says he; but, be-  
 fore you go, you must give me ten shillings for in-  
 formation. To be sure, says I; but suppose the  
 place is gone? Then I'll get you another, never  
 fear. Well, I mounted coach, and soon got to  
 Windsor-Castle, and axed for Mr. Tomkison: no-  
 body could tell me; nobody know'd'n; he didn't  
 live there; and, after hunting all over the town,  
 somebody said I might depend on't I wur done out  
 of my ten shillings; so I walked up to Lunnon  
 again, went to office, and the man had the *im-  
 prence* to tell me he'd never seed me before in all  
 his born days.

Thus, robbed and cheated every way, oh, where  
 was I to go?  
 No one would take pity on poor little Joe.  
 The people laughed and jeered me so they put me  
 in a fright  
 For fear I'd be obliged to walk about the streets  
 all night;  
 Not knowing what to do, when a watchman kindly  
 said,

If I went up to St. Giles's I'd be sure to get a bed.

SPOKEN.] So I went there, and the landlady  
 made me pay three-pence for my lodging, and  
 showed me up stairs; there wur three beds in the  
 room, and all of them filled. I was very tired,  
 fell asleep, and never dreamed of what more bad  
 luck I wur to meet wi'. Well; I woke in the  
 morning. Dickens and daisies! somebody had  
 put on my leather breeches, and left me nought  
 but a ragged pair of trousers. Oh dear! oh dear.  
 says I, landlady, here's somebody stoled my lea-  
 ther-breeches. Young man, says she, don't you  
 kick up a row here, and ruin the 'spectability o'

my house; to the best of my recollection, when you came last night, you had not any breeches on. She turned me out, and I wandered up one street and down another till dinner-time, thinking o' how I should get my breakfast, when I seed a young man, selling matches, wi' my breeches on. Says I, young man, you've got my breeches on. Your breeches? says he. Yes, says I; you slept in St. Giles's last night, and run away wi' 'em this morning. Says he, if you'll believe me, I never was in St. Giles's in all my life. Oh dear! oh dear!

I've had enough of Lunnon town, but, 'ere down home I go,  
I've comed to tell the troubles sad of poor little Joe.

\*\*\*\*\*

O, MEMORY! THOU FOND DECEIVER.

(Goldsmith.)

O, MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,  
Still importunate and vain;  
To former joys recurring ever,  
And turning all the past to pain.

Thou, like the world, the oppressed oppressing,  
Thy smiles increase the wretch's wo!  
And he who wants each other blessing,  
In thee must ever find a foe.

\*\*\*\*\*

GIVE YOUR CARES TO THE WIND, AND  
DRINK TO EACH JOLLY BRAVE SOUL!

DRINK about, my dear friend,  
For, I pray, to what end  
Stands useless the full flowing bowl?  
Leave your sorrows behind,  
Give your cares to the wind,  
And drink to each jolly brave soul.

For Alcides, the famed,  
Who monsters all tamed,  
And bound the stout porter of hell;  
Though immortal his line,  
Had it not been for wine,  
Might, like them he conquered, have fell.

Though Achilles, the great,  
When he fought at such rate,  
He slew the great Hector of Troy;  
'Twas the grape's potent juice,  
Made him wonders produce,  
And Priam's whole race to destroy.

Neoptolemus, too,  
The same steps did pursue,  
And traced the famed heroes of yore;  
He'd in drinking relax,  
And then Pyrrhus's acts  
Were as great as his father's before.

And Ulysses, the sly,  
Had been drinking (for why?)  
When the Trojan Palladium he stole;  
For his subtle thoughts sprung,  
If e'er Ajax but sung  
The charms of a sparkling full bowl.

Since in drinking we find  
There's a charm for the mind,  
Let Bacchus then join in his train;  
Drink, my lads, drink about,  
Let us see the bowl out,  
And once more we'll fill it again.

LADY! LOVED SO WELL, SO TRUE.

(Dimond.)

LADY! loved so well, so true,  
Ruthless fortune bids us part—  
Take my long—my last adieu!  
Murmured from a breaking heart.

On sad eyes, that long for rest,  
Death a healing slumber sheds—  
Graves, with grass and wild flowers drest,  
Pale Despair calls pleasing beds.

Weep not, lady! hush that sigh—  
Hope, divorced from earthly state,  
Points her anchor to the sky,  
Points—and soars beyond our fate!

Whiter worlds and stormless spheres,  
Shall our mortal loss repair—  
Love, that sinks to sleep in tears,  
Wakes, and smiles in sunshine there!

\*\*\*\*\*

TANTIVY! SHE FOLLOWED THE  
ECHOING HORN.

A SWEET-SCENTED beau, and a simpering young  
cit,  
An artful attorney, a rake, and a wit,  
Set out in the chase in pursuit of her heart,  
Whilst Chloe, disdainfully, laughed at their art,  
And roused by the hounds to meet the sweet  
morn,  
Tantivy! tantivy! tantivy! she followed the echo-  
ing horn.  
The echoing horn—the echoing horn—the echo-  
ing horn!  
Tantivy! she followed the echoing horn!

Wit swore by his fancy, the beau by his face;  
The lawyer, with quibble, set out on the chase;  
The cit with exactness made up his account,  
The rake told his conquests, how vast the amount?  
She laughed at their follies, and, blithe as the  
morn,  
Tantivy! she followed the echoing horn,  
The echoing horn, &c.

Their clamorous noise raised a jolly young swain,  
Hark, forward! he cried, then bounced over the  
plain;  
He distanced the wit, cit, quibble, and beau,  
And won the fair nymph with hallo! hillo!  
Now together they sing a sweet hymn to the  
morn,  
Tantivy! they follow the echoing horn,  
The echoing horn, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

BEAUTY AND LOVE.

BEAUTY and Love once fell at odds,  
And thus reviled each other:  
Quoth Love, I am one of the Gods,  
And thou waitst on my mother;  
Thou hadst no power on man at all  
But what I gave to thee;  
Nor are you longer sweet or fair  
Than men acknowledge me.

Away, fond boy, then Beauty cried,  
We know that thou art blind;  
And men of nobler parts, when tried,  
Our graces better find.  
'Twas I begot the mortal snow,  
And kindled men's desires;  
I made thy quiver and thy bow  
And wings to fan thy fires.

Cupid in anger flung away,  
 And thus to Vulcan prayed,  
 That he would tip his shaft with scorn,  
 To punish this proud maid;  
 So, ever since Beauty has been  
 But courted for an hour;  
 To love a day is held a sin  
 'Gainst Cupid and his power.

////////

WHEN THE DRUM BEATS A SWEET  
 REVEILLEZ.

A DUET.

(Kenney.)

*He.*—How we shall pass our time?—I'll tell ye—  
 When the drum beats the sweet reveillez,  
 Merrily merrily beating.

*She.*—Soldiers then all briskly muster,  
 Muskets ring, and serjeants bluster,  
 Busily, busily meeting.

*He.*—Oft-times marching all the day,  
 While the drum still cheats the weary  
 way,

*Both.*— With a rub a dub, &c.

*He.*—Then how each heart is nobly bounding,  
 When the trumpet's loudly sounding,  
 Loudly to the battle!

*She.*—No repining, sinking, sighing,  
 Bravely conquering or dying,  
 While the cannons rattle!

*Both.*—But danger past, and vict'ry smiling,  
 Love and wine our cares beguiling;—  
 Double pleasure crowns the day,  
 While the drum still beats so brisk and  
 gay,  
 With a rub a dub, &c.

////////

TO LOVE TRUE, THOU MUST BEGIN  
 AGAIN, AND LOVE ANEW.

(Sir John Suckling, 1646.)

HONEST lover, whosoever,  
 If in all thy love there ever  
 Was one wavering thought; if thy flame  
 Were not still even—still the same,  
 Know this,  
 Thou lov'st amiss;  
 And to love true,  
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when she appears i' th' room,  
 Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb,  
 And in striving this to cover  
 Dost not speak thy words twice over,  
 Know this, &c.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,  
 And all defects for graces take;  
 Persuad'st thyself that jests are broken,  
 When she hath little or nothing spoken,  
 Know this, &c.

If when thou appearest to be within,  
 Thou lettest not men ask and ask again;  
 And when thou answerest, if it  
 To what was asked thee properly,  
 Know this, &c.

If, when thy stomach calls to eat,  
 Thou cutt'st not fingers, 'stead of meat;  
 And with much gazing on her face,  
 Dost not rise hungry from the place,  
 Know this, &c.

If, by this, thou dost discover  
 That thou art no perfect lover,  
 And, desiring to love true,  
 Thou dost begin to love anew,  
 Know this, &c.

////////

OF MIRTH BE BRIMFUL, AND RUN OVER  
 LIKE ME.

(Garrick.)

I LAUGH and I sing,  
 I am blithesome and free;  
 The rogue's little sting,  
 It can never reach me;  
 For with fal, lal, lal, la!  
 And ha, ha, ha, ha!  
 It can never reach me.

My skin is so tough,  
 Or so blinking is he,  
 He can't pierce my buff,  
 Or he misses poor me;  
 For with fal lal, &c.  
 He misses poor me.

O! never be dull  
 By the sad willow-tree;  
 Of mirth be brimful,  
 And run over like me;  
 For with fal lal, &c.  
 Run over like me.

////////

HAIL! LAND OF MY BIRTH, EVER  
 JOCUND AND GAY!

(J. M. Bartlett.)

HAIL! land of my birth,—ever jocund and gay,  
 How sweet are your valleys, your woodlands,  
 your spires!  
 But, my comrades, how many have mingled their  
 clay,  
 Far, far from the dust of their kindred and  
 sires!

Yet how proud was their course, and how glorious  
 their day,  
 Since it closed on the red field of conquest and  
 fame;  
 Their laurels shall blossom, unseared by decay,  
 And long be revered the last sleep of the  
 brave,  
 By the patriot, the lover, the maiden, the friend,  
 And still be the curse of the coward and slave,  
 To sigh for their glory—to envy their end!  
 Though the wild wintry blasts shall at intervals  
 rave,  
 'Midst the verdure that springs from their proud  
 trophied tomb,  
 Yet a halo of glory encircles their grave,  
 And flashes its rays through eternity's gloom.

////////

TAFFY AND WINNY.

A DUET.

(Lonsdale.)

*He.*—FOR woman's sake hur no more wil-  
 grieve,  
 For, look you, Winn is grown false-  
 hearted;

*She.*—When Taffy would his love deceive,  
 'Tis time that Taff and hur were parted.

*He.*—With all hur soul,—'tis in the mind,  
 Some otho' maiden to church to carry;

*She.*—'Tis ferry like, — when the tiffel goes  
plind,  
Winy and Taff, look you, then will  
marry.

*Both.*—With all hur heart, when the tiffel, &c.

*He.*—When pretty miss preaks her looking-  
glass,  
And nieces strive to please their nun-  
kies;

*She.*—When the wisest man is not an ass,  
And fops is men, in the stead of  
monkeys!

*He.*—When girls with ink, look you, paint their  
cheeks,  
And maids unwed contented tarry;

*She.*—When Welsh lovers leave off eating leeks,  
Winy and Taffy, look you, then shall  
marry.

*Both.*—When Welshmen, &c.

*She.*—When girls make nosegays of sprigs like  
these;

*He.*— When men pluck posies of stinging  
nettles;

*She.*—When jackdaws nestle in toasted cheese,

*He.*— And Nanny-goats live in copper-kettles;

*She.*—When onion-beds produce diamond-ore;

*He.*— When hearts-ease grows in a marble-  
quarry;

*She.*—When is change hur mind—and not be-  
fore,

Winy and Taff, look you, shall marry.

*Both.*—When is change hur mind, &c.

*He.*—When woman's heart is not made of  
stone,  
Cot knows hur own! it is full of wail-  
ings.

*She.*—When men let jealous whims alone!  
Cot pless us, sure, we have all our fail-  
ings.

*He.*—When pretty fishes in nets is caught;

*She.*— When birds is taken, though ne'er so  
wary;

*He.*—Why, look you here! when the ring is  
bought,

*Both.*— Winy and Taffy, indeed, will marry.

#### THE SEA-BOY'S GRATITUDE.

THE waves may cancel ev'ry trace  
They on the sea-sand find;  
But nought can e'er those marks efface,  
Deep printed on my mind.  
Though swiftly borne from Pole to Pole,  
This magnet, with benign control,  
O'er space exulting reigns;  
At ev'ry time, in ev'ry clime,  
Still Gratitude remains.

Though wafted to the Torrid Zone,  
Rocked by the stormy wind,  
The kindness which I here have known  
Shall beam upon my mind.  
Though swiftly, &c.

#### ALL IRISHMEN, HONEY, ARE COMICAL BOYS!

(K. O. B.)

ALL Irishmen, honey, are comical boys,  
They fuddle a little, without any noise;  
And work for a pittance, like so many slaves,  
Then hoards up a little, if any he saves.  
Derry down, &c.

So truly religious, they'll hear the blest mass,  
Then frugally steady, they will have a glass;  
Their conduct in all things is perfectly right,  
For when they keep sober, they seldom will  
fight.

Derry down, &c.

Some folks they will give them a very bad name,  
Who, at the same moment, are acting the same;  
The revenue hates them, so sober are they,  
For the little they drink, they are ready to pay.  
Derry down, &c.

One day Denny Murphy and Darby O'Foy,  
With Phelam O'Regan and Fergus Molloy;  
They would have a drop, and made themselves  
easy,

When in walked the blackguard, red Mrs. Casey.  
Derry down, &c.

She would not drink porter, she liked best the  
gin,—

It's not Irish custom,—a half-pint walks in;  
So each had their glass, it went off in a sup,  
It's this custom knocks a poor Irishman up.

Derry down, &c.

The next who walked in was Mrs. O'Daley,  
To look at her eyes, you could tell she was gaily;  
What will you drink, ma'am? she hemmed with a  
hum,  
Sir, if I drink any thing, it must be rum.

Derry down, &c.

A pint is now called for, and round goes the  
chat,  
'Bout cousins and gossips, and this thing and  
that;

When in comes fish Judy, so hoarse, short, and  
bandy,

By Paddy, says she, I'll drink nothing but  
brandy.

Derry down, &c.

Some how or todder, the whole group got mad,  
'Twas like a fair fight at sweet Bally-na-fad;  
The landlord he saved his quart-pot on his snout,  
He d—d Irish custom, and soon forced them  
out.

Derry down, &c.

All you jolly landlords unprejudiced reign,  
If Pats you dislike, sirs, why serve them again?  
Six days in the week, you must own, it is true,  
No men are more steady, if they don't see you.  
Derry down, &c.

Shut up your houses against such intruders,  
As mischief you dread, pray be not the brooders;  
At least, act more lenient, it's needless to tell  
ye,  
Their madness and folly give you a big belly.  
Derry down, &c.

#### BUY A BROOM, FAIR LADIES.

[Music, T. Williams, Strand.]

(S. S. Wilkinson.)

BUY a broom, buy a broom, buy a broom,  
Fair ladies, ah! do not refuse me;

The winter comes on very soon, very soon,  
 And *then*, you know, ladies, you lose me.\*  
 Buy a broom, buy a broom, buy a broom,  
 Like *he* bee, I have the same reason,  
 To lay up against winter's gloom,  
 For summer is my only season.  
 Buy a broom, buy a broom, buy a broom,  
 Fair ladies, &c.

Buy a broom, buy a broom, buy a broom,  
 Kate's a wanderer far from her nation;  
 Your bounty her heart will illumine, will illumine,  
 Who now at your door takes her station.  
 Buy a broom, buy a broom, buy a broom,  
 Dear ladies, ah, pity a stranger!  
 Buy one just to sprinkle your room,  
 Or chase flies, that your sweets may endanger.  
 Buy a broom, buy a broom, buy a broom,  
 Sweet ladies, &c.

JACK JUNK.

(Dibdin.)

'Twas one day at Wapping, our dangers o'er-  
 hauling,  
 Jack Junk cock'd his Jemmy, and broached a  
 full can;  
 When a posse of neighbours, of each different  
 calling,  
 Cried, only but hear what a marvellous man.  
 Avast, cried out Jack, what's there marvellous  
 in it,  
 When his time's come, the stoutest of hearts  
 must comply.

SPOKEN.] Why now you, Master Tallow-  
 Chandler, by way of throwing a little *light* on the  
 subject, don't you think it is better to be extin-  
 guished, when one's fighting in defence of one's  
 king and country, than to stay at home ling'ring,  
 and *go out* like the snuff of a candle?

Then, like men do your duty, we all have our  
 minute,  
 And, at sea or ashore, we shall live till we  
 die,  
 Hurraw, hurraw, hurraw, hurraw, boys,  
 Let's live till we die.

Why now you, Master Plumber, that marvels at  
 billows,  
 I shall founder at sea, and you'll die in your  
 bed;  
 What of that?—Some have sods, and some waves  
 for their pillows,  
 And 'tis likely enough we may both die of  
 lead.  
 And as for the odds, all the difference that's in  
 it,  
 I shall pop off at once, and you'll lingering  
 lie.

SPOKEN.] Why, smite my crooked timbers,  
 who knows but Master Snip there may slip his  
 cable, and break his back, with taking the ninth  
 part of a fall off the shopboard into his own hell?  
 Then like men, &c.

As for you, Master Bricklayer, to make out your  
 calling  
 A little like mine 'ent a matter that's hard;  
 Pray, mayn't you from a ladder or scaffold be  
 falling  
 As easy as I from a rattlin or yard?  
 Then for you its commission a tile may bring in  
 it,  
 As soon as a shot or a splinter for I.

SPOKEN.] As for Master Doctor, the Under-  
 taker, and Sexton, they don't want no wive from  
 me. They sends too many folks contented to their  
 long home, not to know how to go there content-  
 edly themselves.

Then like men, &c.

And when Captain Death comes the reck'ning to  
 settle,  
 You may clear ship for action as much as you  
 like,  
 And behave like a man; but, he's such weight of  
 metal,  
 At the very first broadside the bravest must  
 strike.  
 And, when you have said all you can, what's there  
 in it?  
 Who to scud 'gainst a storm but a lubber would  
 try?

SPOKEN.] For as to qualms of conscience, cheat-  
 ing customers, betraying friends, and such like,  
 bring a set of honest tradesmen; I dare say you  
 are perfectly easy about they sort of things.

Then like men, &c.

THE MANSION OF REST.

(Laura Sophia Temple.)

I TALKED to my fluttering heart,  
 And chided its wandering ways;  
 I told it from folly to part,  
 And husband the best of its days;  
 I bade it no more to admire  
 'The meteors that fancy had arest;  
 I whispered, 'twas time to retire,  
 And seek for a mansion of rest.

A charmer was list'ning the while,  
 Who caught up the tone of my lay;  
 "Oh! come, then," she cried, with a smile,  
 "And friendship shall point out your way."  
 I followed the witch to her home,  
 And vowed to be always her guest;  
 "Never more," I exclaimed, "will I roam  
 In quest of a mansion of rest."

But the sweetest of moments will fly,  
 Not long was my fancy beguiled;  
 And shortly I owned, with a sigh,  
 That friendship could stab while she smiled:  
 Yes,—coldly could stab the repose  
 Of the trusting and innocent breast,  
 And every fair avenue close,  
 That led to a mansion of rest.

Love next urged my footsteps to stray,  
 Through the wildering paths of romance;  
 But I started, and turned me away  
 From his bright and enamouring glance;  
 For reflection had taught me to know,  
 That the soul, by his sorc'ry possesset,  
 Might toss on the billows of wo,  
 But ne'er find a mansion of rest.

Still in search of the phantom, called Joy,  
 Stern Reason I met on my way;  
 I shrank from the beam of her eye,  
 Yet its lustre illumined my day.  
 "Behold," she exclaimed, "yonder grave,  
 With the flowers of the woodland bedrest,  
 Where darkly the cypresses wave:  
 Lo! that is the mansion of rest."

\* As winter approaches these poor women return to their own country.

## POUR THE RICH LIBATION HIGH.

(Mrs. Radcliffe.)

POUR the rich libation high ;  
The sparkling cup to Bacchus fill ;  
His joys shall dance in every eye.  
And chase the forms of future ill.

Quick the magic raptures steal  
O'er the fancy-kindling brain ;  
Warm the heart with social zeal,  
And song and laughter reign.

Then visions of pleasure shall float on our sight,  
While light bounding our spirits shall flow ;  
And the god shall impart a fine sense of delight,  
Which in vain *sober* mortals would know.

\*\*\*\*\*

## HENRY.

A SEQUEL TO CRAZY JANE.

Air—" *Crazy Jane.*"—(Rannie.)

A COWARD to love and manly duty,  
When Henry broke his vows and fled ;  
Without complaint, the rose of beauty,  
Unseen, the tear of sorrow shed ;  
With high-souled pride, love's gentle blossom,  
Concealed the grief which pierced her brain ;  
Nor burst the secret from her bosom,  
Till every mortal aid was vain.

When Henry, who in grief had wandered,  
Heart-burdened with remorse and love,  
Returned to where the brook meandered,  
Amid the dark and cheerless grove ;  
The well-known path, while fondly tracing,  
To see the much-wronged fair again,  
A witless wanderer craved his blessing,  
'Twas love's poor victim—Crazy Jane.

As looks the clouds, with lustre brightened,  
When Phœbus breaks the murky gloom,  
A transient smile her features heightened,  
To paint more deep her hapless doom ;  
She gazed, and while he stood before her,  
First monarch of her heart, and chief,  
The mem'ry of past joys stole o'er her,  
To pierce her soul with deeper grief.

Her words, though vague and wildly uttered,  
Of care and injured love complained,  
And smote her breast, while still she muttered,  
All perjured traitors she disdained ;  
He wept to find his hopes were fruitless.  
On sorrow and repentance built,  
And died—for all redress was bootless,—  
The victim of remorse and guilt.

\*\*\*\*\*

## PHELM O'NEIL.

(Bonner.)

MY name is tight Phelim, I'm come from the sod,  
By way of diversion I carry a hod ;  
I quitted sweet Dublin with other guess views,  
But all my mistake came from reading the news—  
It told me that here I'd be quite in the vogue ;  
I oiled my gray wig, and I brushed up my brogue,  
I kissed my old friends, and a prosperous gale  
To Liverpool blew little Phelim O'Neil.

With my hurro-roo-row, arrah, be easy,  
Paliluh-loo, I'm as nate as a dasy.

We Irish, to make it out, find many ways,  
We cry fine fat rabbits, and write pretty plays ;  
My gay master-mason no more I'm your man,  
I'll be master myself, I'm Sir Christopher Wren,

To the devil with your brick-bats and trowels, my  
dear ;  
And is that yourself with the barrel of beer ?  
But give him the drop, and, och hone, I'll be  
bail,  
To the knees up in mortar jumps Phelim O'Neil.  
With my hurro-roo-row, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

## FAITHLESS WILLIAM ;

OR, THE HOUR OF PROMISE.

Air—" *'Ere bright Rosina met my Eyes.*"

(E. J. B. Box.)

WITH anxious hope my heart now beats,  
My throbbing bosom still repeats  
The sigh that chides his long delay,  
This Love's neglect in William's stay.

Those sighs the painful fears reveal  
That Susan's heart would fain conceal,  
For 'tis to Love a task severe  
To think her William insincere.

Yet absence racks his Susan's mind  
With doubts that William, thus unkind,  
Upon another now bestows  
That love which he to Susan owes.

Foreboding fears her hopes pursue,  
Which still would paint her William true ;  
But, while her William is not here,  
Still Susan's hopes must yield to fear.

Be still, my heart! he comes not yet—  
Can he the *promised* hour forget ?  
Why thus does Love torment my breast,  
And rob my grief-wrung soul of rest ?

Can Susan bear the thought to part ?  
If William wear a faithless heart,  
And thus her fixed affection cross,  
'Tis William's crime—but Susan's loss.

\*\*\*\*\*

## THE SKYLARK.

(Upton.)

THE aerial lark, at dawn of morn,  
Prepares to leave the yellow corn,  
Shakes off the dew-drops from his wings,  
And, soaring high, in ether sings.

The bright expanse delights his eyes,  
And round and round the minstrel flies ;  
Each eye is raised, each tongue cries " hark !"  
It is the sweet song of the lark !"

The traveller stops, each strain to greet ;  
" It is the sweet song of the lark !"  
It is the skylark's grateful lay  
That welcomes in the new-born day!"

\*\*\*\*\*

## THE IRRESOLUTE MAIDEN.

Air—" *By the side of a murmuring Stream.*"

A WILLOW hung over a brook,  
Whose waters ran temptingly by,  
When Mary her comrades forsook,  
Though doubtful to *live* or to *die*.

Ah! William, why didst thou deceive—  
Impose on my too tender heart—  
Thy Mary for Rachel to leave ?  
With life I will instantly part!

A *dagger* shall do the sad deed !  
I will from yon willow suspend ;  
A *pistol* may surely succeed ;  
No matter which way my cares end.

She ran to the tree by the stream,  
 'Tis here I will die, Mary cried;  
 For *death*, the wise say, 's but a dream,  
 And maidens before me have died.

From her *knee* a silk garter she took,  
 But found 'twas so short 'twould not hold;  
 Then put her foot into the brook,  
 Alas! found the *water too cold*.

This *once* from the deed I'll refrain,  
 For *doubt* does resentment confound;  
 But, if *ever* I'm served so again,  
 Hung me if I will not be *drowned*.

\*\*\*\*\*

### POOR HENRY.

(T. Dibdin.)

A POOR unprotected and fatherless boy,  
 By the parish apprenticed was I;  
 No comfort in life did I ever enjoy,  
 Ne'er rose from my sleep but to sigh.  
 No learning, no friends, no strength to get through  
 The task they severely impose;  
 I struggle all day for the praise that's my due,  
 But at night they reward me with blows.  
 Heigho! poor Henry! poor boy!

I'm told, when an orphan, not thirteen months  
 old,  
 I was left by my parents to die!  
 At night in the streets, and had perished with  
 cold,

But was saved by Humanity's sigh.  
 My parents, my friends, may yet live, and not  
 think  
 Of poor Henry's misfortunes and woes;  
 Some angel direct them before I quite sink  
 Beneath such unmerciful blows!  
 Heigho! poor Henry! poor boy!

\*\*\*\*\*

### MERRY SHERWOOD.

OH! life's a gay forest, like merry Sherwood,  
 Tantara, my boys!  
 Abounding with fish, flesh, and fowl, that is good;  
 These are our joys!  
 When the soft mountain-roe  
 Is skipping—soho!  
 Or tripping—teigho!  
 It will happen so!

This—this is the time, if it's well understood,  
 For the sport of that forest,—dear merry Sher-  
 wood.

In such forests, where game will for ever arise,  
 Tantara, my boys!  
 We may chase every light-footed pleasure that  
 flies:  
 These are our joys!  
 Slily then mark the doe  
 That's skipping—soho!  
 Or tripping—teigho!  
 It will happen so!

For the well-flavoured ven'son, dear me, is good  
 That is shot by an arrow in merry Sherwood.

\*\*\*\*\*

### PEG OF MAPLEDOWN.

(Dibdin.)

AND did you hear what sad disaster  
 Poor Peg, of Mapledown, befel?  
 For love, that stoutest hearts can master;  
 Alas! that those who love so well,  
 In sorrow's train  
 Should mourn in vain;

Her story does such grief impel,  
 That wo is me the while I tell.

She loved a youth of honest kindred;  
 At church behold the happy pair,  
 And ask what 'twas their bliss that hindered,  
 For he was young and she was fair.  
 Accursed be wars  
 And party jars;  
 Why must the handsome danger share?  
 Alas! it fills me with despair.

Onward to his liege-lord's dwelling,  
 A rebel rout had cut their way,  
 What shrieks ensued! and what a yelling!  
 For he, a true man, must away.  
 He swore the fight  
 Would end ere night,  
 And he'd return with garlands gay,  
 Sweet trophies for his wedding-day.

Night came, and saw the youth returning;  
 Accursed be war's destructive knife;  
 She ran to clasp, with passion burning,  
 Her wedded lord—deprived of life!  
 Oh! cruel spite;  
 What! not one night!  
 Is not her tale with misery rife?  
 Ah! once a maiden and a wife.

\*\*\*\*\*

### STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

(Burns.)

THICKEST night o'erhangs my dwelling!  
 Howling tempests o'er me rave!  
 Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,  
 Still surround my lonely cave!

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,  
 Busy haunts of base mankind,  
 Western breezes softly blowing,  
 Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,  
 Wrongs injurious to redress,  
 Honour's war we strongly waged,  
 But the heavens denied success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,  
 Not a hope that dare attend!  
 The wide world is all before us—  
 But a world without a friend!

\*\*\*\*\*

### DAYS OF YORE.

WHEN I was a youngster, our women were pru-  
 dent,  
 Our spinsters demure, and our matrons sedate;  
 In economy's school every wife was a student,  
 And seldom contentions arose or debate;  
 By her own chimney side,  
 Sat the good thrifty bride,  
 At her rock, at her reel, at her books of the mar-  
 ket;  
 Then the family board,  
 Real joys could afford,  
 And, pleased, the fond husband sat by to remark  
 it.

[SPOKEN.] O, these were rare times, Master  
 Friendly, rare times, when doors were all barred,  
 and nothing to be heard but the loud tick of the  
 great kitchen clock by half-past ten at night; the  
 neat clean breakfast-cloth was spread by eight,  
 and rational amusements made the hours glide  
 pleasantly along till bed-time.

Then we'd laugh away.  
 Quaff away,  
 Age throw his staff away,

Health, ruddy health, on each countenance shone,  
Our girls, of their beauty  
Thought less than their duty,  
And fathers were certain these girls were their  
own.

Your quality misses, how different we find 'em,  
If vice is the fashion, they'd all be profane;  
And your quality wives not a whit are behind 'em,  
No powers can their profligate humours restrain,  
From assemblies to balls,  
Folly beckons and calls,

Hark! her summons, and see how they pant to  
obey it;  
While no longer uxorious,  
Their husbands notorious,  
God! it drives a plain man nearly mad to survey  
it.

SPOKEN.] And you like all this,—you like to  
see them take their morning drives at sun-set;  
sport rouleaus and reputations at the faro banks;  
swallow hot soups and boiling port at six i' the  
morning, and hide their heads between the bed-  
clothes at eleven; you like to see them

Dash away, splash away,  
Squander their cash away,  
Visiting twenty score friends of a night;  
With their harps, pipes, and tabors,  
Distracting their neighbours;  
Common Sense stands confounded, and Reason  
takes flight.

#### I'M HONEST JACK OF PLYMOUTH-DOCK.

I'm honest Jack of Plymouth-dock,  
To king and country true;  
So firm my heart, 'tis like a rock,  
For fear I never knew;  
Though breakers strike, the vessel reel,  
The planks begin to part;  
Though enemies a broadside deal,  
My timbers never start,  
For honest Jack of Plymouth-dock  
Is to his post sincere;  
He disregards the loudest shock,  
A stranger to all fear.

But when distress, that biting shark,  
Has laid a comrade low,  
The first am I, indeed, t' embark,  
And take the wretch in tow.  
And like a sail my heartstrings bend,  
For, ah! I cannot bear  
To see, perhaps, a bosom friend  
Begin to pipe a tear.  
No, honest Jack of Plymouth-dock  
Is to his friend sincere,  
By flattery he scorns to mock,  
With help he loves to cheer.

#### THE TINKLING GUITAR.

No more shall the Muses dance round in a ring,  
When charmed with Clarissa, her beauties I sing;  
But Phœbus shall stop the career of his car,  
Enraptured with the sound of my tinkling guitar.  
Oh! my guitar, my strumming, my thrumming,  
my tinkling guitar.

I sing not of battles, great monarchs between,  
'Tis no fault of mine if they fall out or in;  
Cease, then, ye loud trumpets and drums of the  
war,  
Ye drown the soft twang of my tinkling guitar.  
Oh! my guitar, &c.

When (buy my rare flounders) poor fishermen  
bawl,  
Or feminine singers go high with a squall;

Such ear-piercing sounds cannot rank on a par,  
With the ravishing sounds of my tinkling guitar.  
Oh! my guitar, &c.

Though pedants a proverb have taught in the  
schools,  
That far fought and dear bought are the fittest for  
fools;  
Yet, while with a tune, I can drive away care,  
I'll thrum and I'll strum to my tinkling guitar  
Oh! my guitar, &c.

#### HENRY AND EMMA.

(C. Dibdin.)

My Henry kissed, and cried ' adieu!  
Ah, soon to Emma I'll return.'  
I gazed, till he was lost to view,  
Then pensive, turned again to mourn;  
No more the brightest scenes are gay,  
When those we love are far away.

My love returned, no more to part!  
What transports in my bosom rise!  
Tell words the welcome of the heart?  
Ah! read it, Henry, in mine eyes.  
The dullest scenes will now be gay,  
My love no longer far away.

#### WINE RESTORES THE LAMP OF DAY.

(O'Keefe.)

LOVELY ladies, sprigs of fashion,  
Smile the youthful hour away;  
Welcome now the tender passion,  
In my sunshine I made hay;  
Musty age forbids soft wooing,  
What themselves are past the doing.  
But sage reason,  
To each season,  
Pleasures suiting,  
Age recruiting,  
By false glasses,  
Though life passes,  
Wine restores the lamp of day.

RECITATIVE.

The sun's love-potion  
Just hits my notion,  
To set in ocean,  
Next morn rise showing  
A broad face glowing;  
In youth my girl, in age a glowing flask,  
So live—so die—is all I ask.

#### THE PROMISE.

Air—" *Di Tanti Palpiti*."—(Miss Bryant.)

ROSES bloom and lilies fade,  
Violets breathe in silent shade,  
So, my modest lovely maid,  
Thy virtues bloom for ever;  
Though the world were all to me,  
Full of pleasure, full of glee,  
Still this heart would pine for thee,  
If fate should bid us sever.

Love may play a fickle part,  
Winning, but to break a heart,  
But the false envenomed dart,  
Should come from me—ah, never!  
For if heaven e'er could form  
Sweets like thee—to bear a storm,  
Be mine the lot to shield from harm  
Thy life, my love, for ever.

## KITTY, THE ANGEL, AND BILLY, THE GOD.

WOULD you know, my good friends, what the  
honey-moon is,  
How long in duration, how perfect in bliss?  
A proof may be found, and a sample may be  
seen,  
In some boarding-school couple just left Gretna-  
Green;

My dearest, my duck,  
My sweetest, my chuck,  
Miss Kitty's an angel—her Billy a god;  
Whips crack—glasses jingle,  
While sighs intermingle,  
And Cupid assents, and goes niddity nod,  
Niddity nod,—niddity nod!  
O'er Kitty, the angel, and Billy, the god.

Papa's and mama's surly tempers once past,  
Bright Bloomsbury-Square has the couple at last,  
In three weeks' possession, how pleasures will  
cloy,

Neglect hurts the lady, and time cools the boy;  
So, impatient to roam,  
Ma'am you're never at home,

A path so vexations no wife ever trod;  
My torment—my curse,  
You are bad—you are worse,  
While Cupid flies off from a quarrel so odd.

Niddity nod, &c.

To routs then the lady, to gambling goes master,  
To part from each other, ne'er couple went faster;  
While raking at night, and distraction at noon,  
Soon closes the joys of the sweet honey-moon,  
Bleeding hearts—aching heads,

Sep'rate tables and beds,  
Render wedlock's sweet countenance dull as a  
clod,

Then, hey! for a summons,  
From grey Doctors' Commons,  
While proctors and parchments go niddity nod,  
Niddity nod, &c.

////////

OH! WOULD 'TWERE MY LOT TO BRING  
BACK TO HIS BOSOM.

(Tobin.)

OH! would 'twere my lot to bring back to his  
bosom

The bliss that is sweetened by Sorrow's alloy;  
To watch on his pale cheek the roses re-blossom,  
And waken the string that re-vibrates to joy.

The heart long weighed down beats with pleasure,  
that heightened,

As gently it springs from the pressure of care;  
And the eye with the fulness of rapture is bright-  
ened

To feel that its spirits start forth with a tear.

////////

## THE HARMONY OF NATURE.

(Dibdin.)

WHILE woman, like soft music's charms,  
So sweetly bliss dispenses,  
Some favourite part each fair performs,  
In the concert of the senses.

Love, great first fiddle in the band,  
Each passion quells and raises,  
Exploring, with a master's hand,  
Nice modulation's mazes;

Till the rapt soul, supremely blessed,  
Beams brightly in each feature,  
And lovely woman stands confessed  
The harmony of nature.

Hark! with the pensive, in due,  
The sprightly how it mingles!  
The prude's the flute, and the coquette  
The lively harp that tinkles.  
One boldly sweeps the yielding strings,  
While plaintive t'other prates it;  
Like Cæsar, this to victory springs;  
Like Fabius, that awaits it.  
With various gifts, to make us blessed.  
Love skills each charming creature:  
Thus lovely woman stands confessed  
The harmony of nature.

Maids are of virginals the type,  
Widows the growling tymbal,  
Scolds are the shrill and piercing pipe,  
Flirts are the wiry cymbal.  
All wives piano-fortes are,  
The bass how old maids thump it,  
The bugle-horn are archers fair,  
An amazon's a trumpet.  
Thus, with rare gifts, to make us blessed,  
Love skills his favourite creature;  
And thus sweet woman stands confessed,  
The harmony of nature.

////////

YE GAY SONS OF BACCHUS REPLENISH  
THE BOWL.

YE gay sons of Bacchus replenish the bowl,  
'Tis the mirror that shows us mankind;  
Pride, envy, and malice, admit its control,  
And leave undisfigured the mind.

The sage who, of old, wished a window were placed  
To discover the haunts of the soul,  
Would have done full as well had he plied every  
guest

With the mystic contents of the bowl.

Round the heart that is honest, the gain it sup-  
plies

To cure every sorrow that basks,  
But to knaves and to slaves all its pleasure denies,  
And gradually steals off their masks.

Then let pedants and milk-sops our beverage dis-  
claim,

Its virtues they never can know:  
While we ply the bowl, 'tis an ocean of fame,  
And a speedy reliever of wo!

////////

## THE WORLD.

(Mrs. Robinson.)

IN this vain busy world, where the good and the  
gay,

By affliction and folly wing moments away;  
Where the false are respected, the virtuous be-  
trayed;

Where vice lives in sunshine and genius in shade;  
With a soul-sickened sadness all changes I see,  
For the world has no corner of comfort for me!

In cities where wealth loads the coffers of pride,  
Where talents and sorrow are ever allied;  
Where dullness is worshipped, and wisdom de-  
spised;

Where none but the empty and venal are prized;  
All scenes with disgust and abhorrence I see,  
For the world has no corner of comfort for me.

While pale Asiatics, encircled with gold,  
The sons of misfortune indignant behold;  
While the tithe-pampered churchman reviles at  
the poor,

And the lorn-sinking traveller faints at his door!  
While Religion dares sanction Oppression's decree,  
O! keep such hard bosoms, such monsters from  
me.

While the flame of a patriot expires in the breast,  
 With ribbon, and tinsel, and frippery drest ;  
 While the proud mock the children of want and  
 of care,  
 Give a sneer for each sigh, and a smile for each  
 prayer ;  
 Though they triumph a day—a short day it must  
 be ;  
 Heaven keep such cold tyrants ! O ! keep them  
 from me.

While the lawyer still lives by the anguish of  
 hearts,  
 While he wrings the wronged bosom, and thrives  
 as it smarts !  
 While he grasps the last guinea from Poverty's  
 heir !  
 While he revels in splendour, which rose from  
 despair ;  
 While the tricks of his office our scourges must be,  
 Ah ! keep the shrewd knave and his quibbles from  
 me.

O, earth ! thou vile earth ! how I tremble to trace  
 The anguish that hourly augments from thy race !  
 How I turn from the world, while I honour thee  
 best,  
 Th' enlightened adore and the venal detest ;  
 And, alas ! with what joy to the grave would I flee,  
 Since the world, the base world ! has no pleasure  
 for me !

THE SAILORS, BOLD, AT DANGERS  
 SMILE.

(Franklin.)

THE sailors, bold, at dangers smile,  
 With jocund note, each day are found,  
 To sing, amid their rudest toil,  
 Responsive to the storms around :  
 For, like the billows swell their hearts  
 With courage, as the compass true,  
 When, from the topmast, Jack imparts,  
 " A sail ! a sail ! now heaves in view."

No dangers dread that sailor's mind,  
 Who cheerful seeks an honest fame,  
 For he ALOFT a friend will find,  
 Whose country's good his deeds proclaim.  
 For, like the billows, &c.

FROM MY DEAR NATIVE VILLAGE.

Air—" *Lough Sheeling.*"—(J. Tighe.)

FROM my dear native village a long time away,  
 And I wished to review the loved haunts of my  
 play,  
 Where youth passed so fleeting, yet blissful the  
 while,  
 Ere the heart felt a pang from dark falsehood or  
 guile.

As my steps were bent homeward, how memory  
 flew  
 O'er the scenes and the names that my infancy  
 knew ;  
 In fancy the brook ran its winding way still,  
 And the sun-beams of noon falling bright on the  
 hill.

At length the green hill blest my long-wishing eye,  
 But its brook of soft murmurs was silent and dry ;  
 The wild brier tangled where rose-trees had been,  
 The village in ruins, and lonesome the green.

My heart sunk within me, and fast came my tears,  
 And I thought of the days of my joy-winged  
 years ;  
 No friends came to greet me, no children at play,  
 For the proud and the rich drove the humble  
 away.

HARVEST HOME.

COME, Roger and Nell, come, Simkin and Bell,  
 Each lad with his lass hither come,  
 With singing and dancing, in pleasure advancing,  
 To celebrate harvest home.

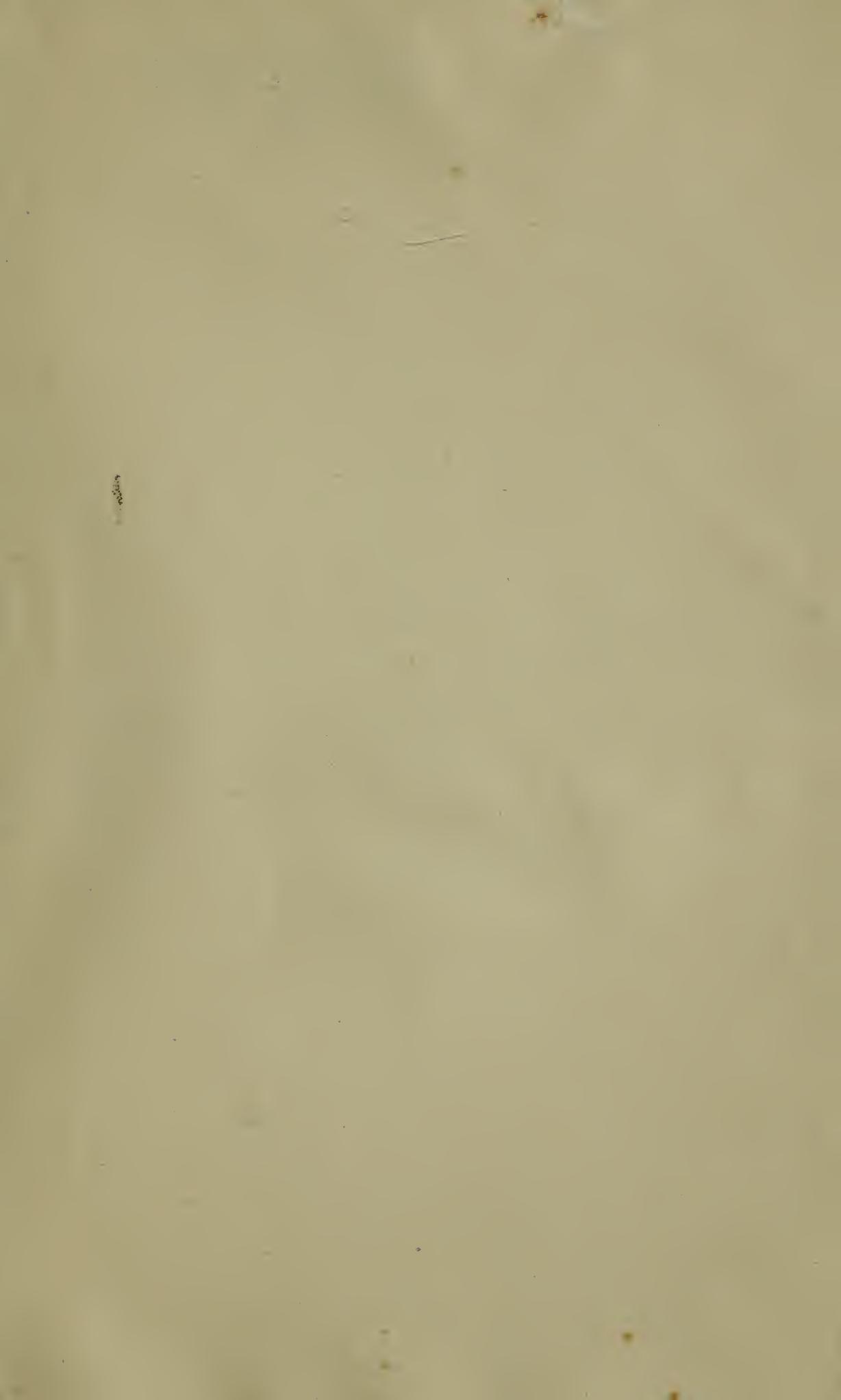
'Tis Ceres bids play to keep holiday,  
 To celebrate harvest home, harvest home,  
 To celebrate harvest home.

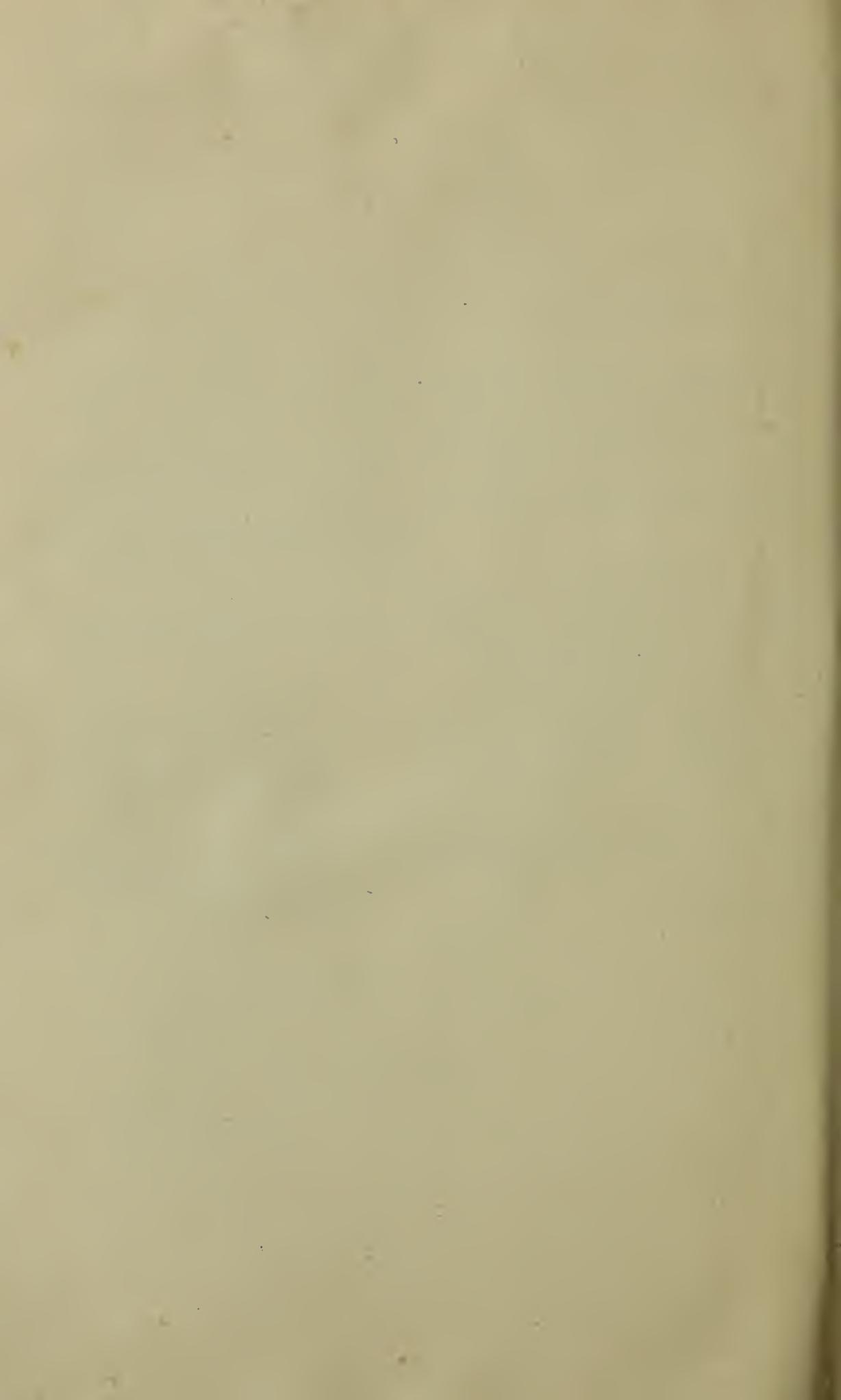
Our labour is o'er, our barns, in full store,  
 Now swell with rich gifts of the land ;  
 Let each man then take, for his prong and his  
 rake,  
 His can and his lass in his hand.

For Ceres, &c.

No courtier can be so happy as we,  
 In innocence, pastime, and mirth,  
 While thus we carouse with our sweetheart or  
 spouse,  
 And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth.

When Ceres, &c.





BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY



**3 1197 22945 8374**

