

CALLIOPE:

OR, THE

Vol. 2

MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

A SELECT COLLECTION

OF THE MOST APPROVED

ENGLISH, SCOTS, AND IRISH SONGS,

SET TO MUSIC.



L O N D O N:

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE Publisher of the following compilation having come by accident into the possession of the first 192 pages, which were printed off under the inspection of the Editor of the Musical Miscellany, (a collection published at Perth in 1786, and very favourably received by the Public), he immediately resolved to finish the volume on a more enlarged plan than that of the Musical Miscellany; of which, however, this may properly be considered as a new edition, although under a different title. Accordingly, no pains have been spared to render it as complete as possible. Every popular and fashionable song, whether English, Scots, or Irish, has been inserted; at least the Publisher hopes that very few, if any, have been omitted. How far the present Editor has succeeded must be determined by a candid Public.

It is presumed that no Collection of Songs with the Music, hitherto published in *Great Britain or Ireland*, of the same size and extent, has been afforded at so low a price as the present.

EDINBURGH, }
April 1788. }

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C A L L I O P E :

OR THE VOCAL ENCHANTRESS.



SONG I.

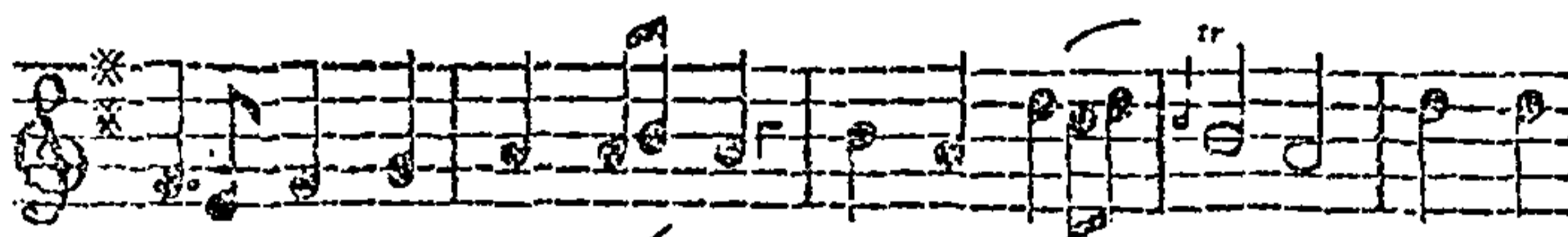
BANKS OF BANNA.



Shepherds, I have lost my love, have you seen my Anna?



pride of every shady grove, upon the banks of Banna.



I for her my home forsook, near yon misty mountain, left my

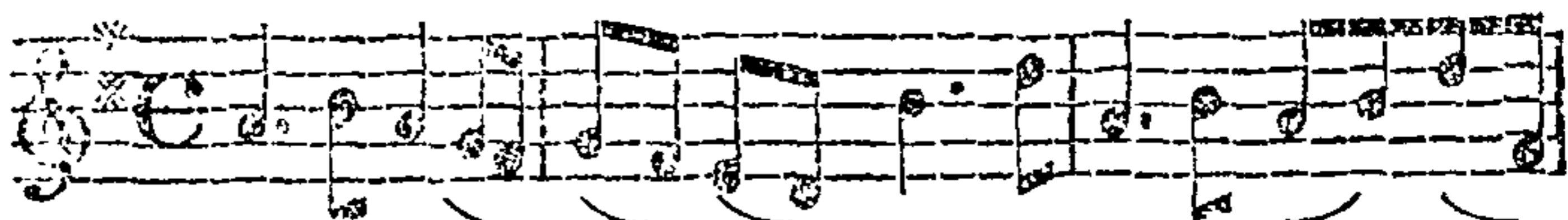


flock, my pipe, my crook, greenwood shade and fountain.

Never shall I see them more
Until her returning ;
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladness chang'd to mourning.
Whither is my charmer flown ?
Shepherds, tell me whither ?
Ah, woe for me, perhaps she's gone
For ever and for ever.

SONG II.

NANSY'S TO THE GREEN WOOD GANE.



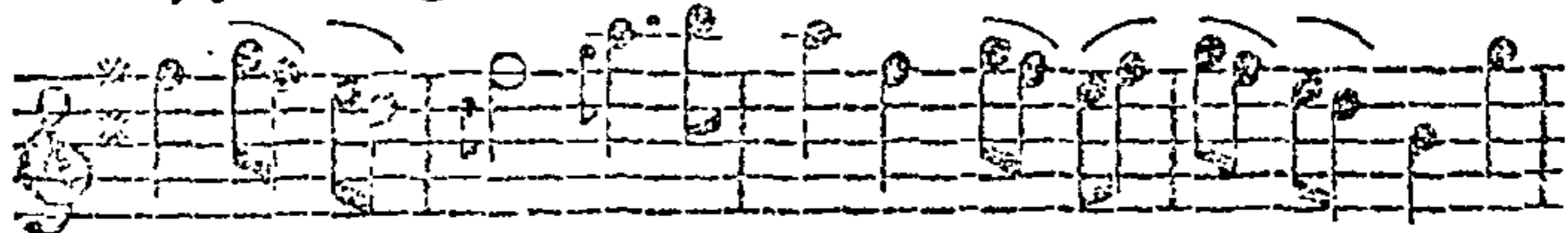
Nansy's to the greenwood gane, to hear the gowd--spink



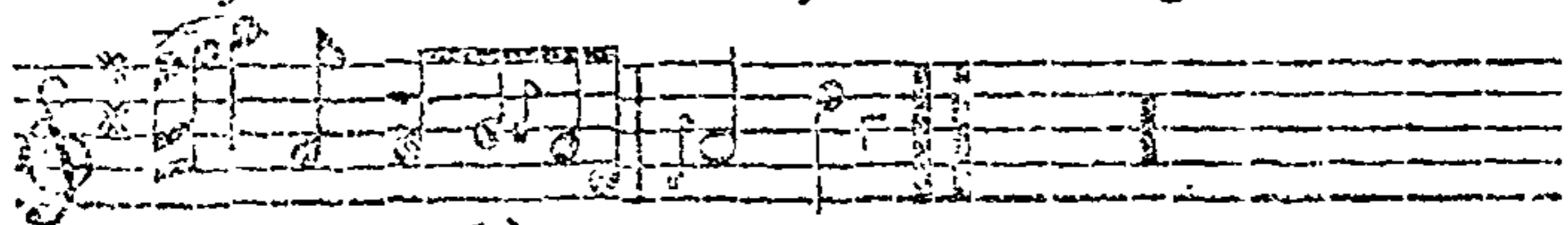
chatt'ring; and Willie he has follow'd her to gain her love



by flati'ring. But a' that he could say or do, she geck'd



and scorned at him, and ay when he be--gan to woo, she



bid him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
 My mummy, or my aunty?
 Wi' croudy-mowdy they fed me,
 Lang-kail and ranty-tenty:
 And bannocks of good barley-meal,
 Of thae there was right plenty.
 Wi' chapped stocks, fu' butter'd well,
 And was na' that right dainty?

Altho' my father was nae laird,
 'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
 He keepit ay a good kail-yard,
 A ha' house, and a pantry:

A good blue bonnet on his head,
 An o'erlay 'bout his craigy,
 And ay until the day he died,
 He rade on good thanks naigy.

Now wae and wonder on your snout,
 Wad ye hae bonny Nanfy?
 Wad ye compare yourself to me,
 A docken till a tanfy?
 I ha'e a wooer o' my ain,
 They ca' him souple Sandy,
 And well I wat his bonny mou'
 Is sweet like sugar-candy.

Wow, Nanfy, what needs a' this din,
 Do I na' ken this Sandy?
 I'm fure the chief of a' his kin
 Was Rab the beggar randy:
 His minny Meg upo' her back
 Bare baith him and his billy;
 Will ye compare a nasty pack
 'To me your winsome Willy?

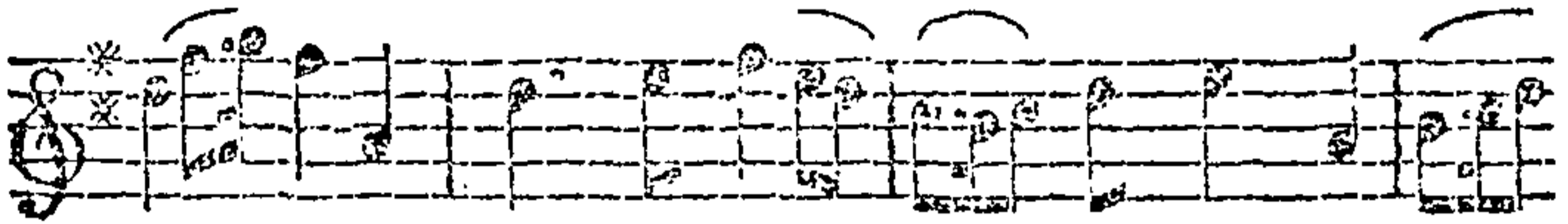
My gutchter left a good braid sword,
 Tho' it be auld and rusty,
 Yet ye may tak' it on my word,
 It is baith stout and trusty;
 And if I can but get it drawn,
 Which will be right uneasy,
 I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
 That he shall get a hezzy.

Then Nancy turn'd her round about,
 And said, Did Sandy hear ye,
 Ye wadna mis to get a clout,
 I ken he disna' fear ye:
 Sae had your tongue, and say nae mair,
 Set somewher else your fancy;
 For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
 Ye never shall get Nanfy.

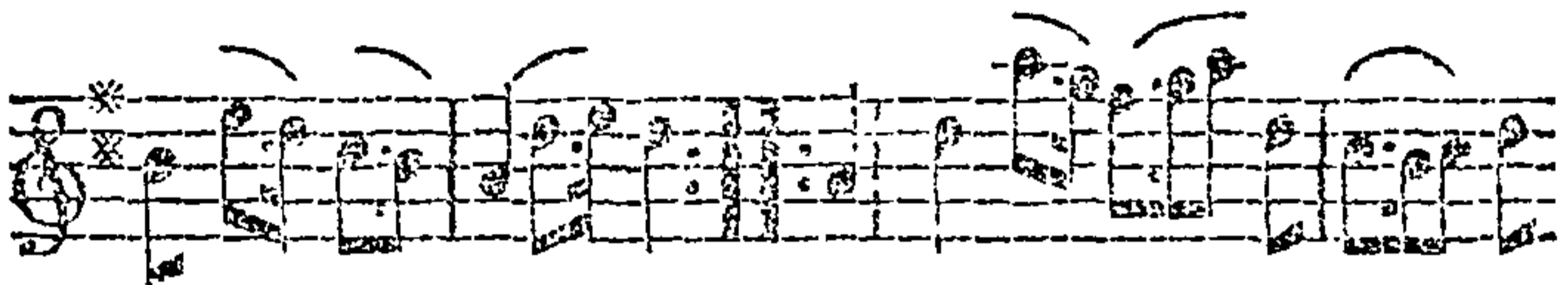
SONG III.
CORN RIGS.



My Patie is a lo--ver gay, his mind is ne--ver



muddy, his breath is sweeter than new hay, his face



is fair and rud--dy. His shape is handsome, middle



size, he's comely in his wa'k-ing, the shining of his een



surprise, 'tis heaven to hear him ta'king.

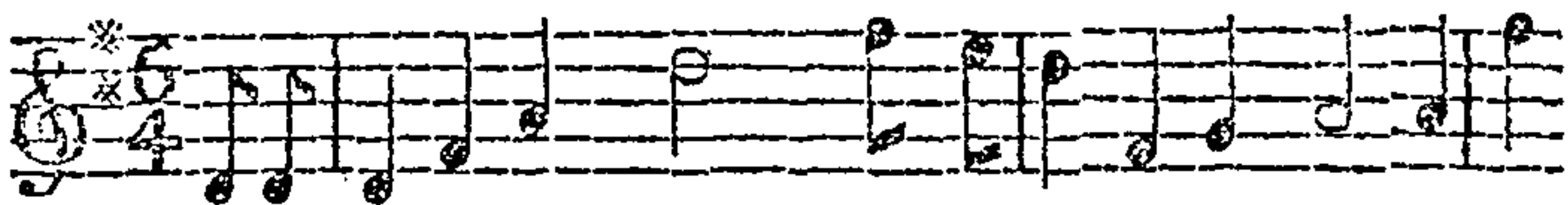
Last night I met him on a bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing:
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a-glowing.
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And lo'd me best of ony;
 That gars me like to sing finfyne,
 O corn rigs are bonny.

Let lasses of a filly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting!
 Since we for yeilding were design'd,
 We chastly should be granting.
 Then I'll comply, and marry PATE;
 And syne my cockernony
 He's free to touzel air or late,
 Where corn-rigs are bonny.



SONG IV.

TO ANACREON IN HEAVEN.



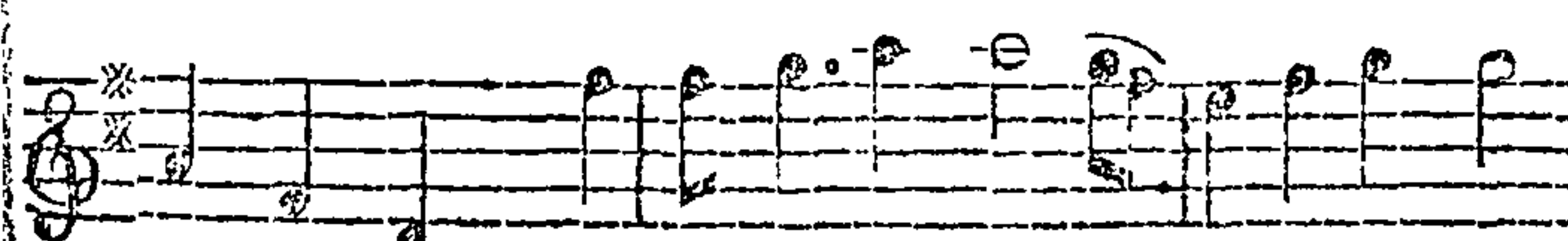
To Anacreon in heaven, where he sat in full glee, a few



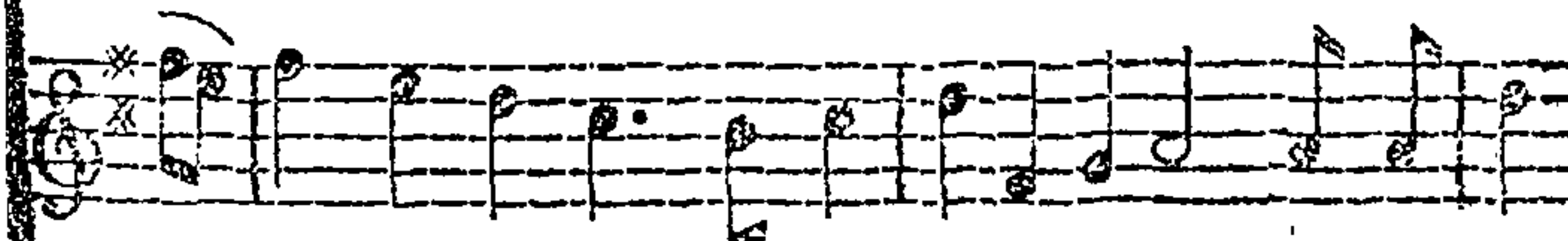
sons of harmony sent a petition, that he their inspirer and



patron would be; when this answer arriv'd from the jolly



old Grecian—Voice, fiddle, and flute, no longer be mute,



I'll lend you my name, and inspire you to boot; and besides,



I'll instruct you like me to entwine the myrtle of Venus with



Bacchus's vine. And besides I'll instruct you like me to en-



twine the myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

The news through Olympus immediately flew ;
 When Old Thunder pretended to give himself airs—
 “ If these mortals are suffer'd their scheme to pursue,
 “ The devil a Goddess will stay above stairs.
 “ Hark! already they cry,
 “ In transports of joy,
 “ Away to the sons of Anacreon we'll fly,
 “ And there with good fellows, we'll learn to entwine
 “ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.
And there with good fellows, &c.

“ The yellow-hair'd God, and his nine fusty maids,
 “ From Helicon's Banks will incontinent flee,
 “ Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,
 “ And the bi-forked hill a mere desert will be.
 “ My thunder, no fear on't,
 “ Shall soon do it's errand,
 “ And dam'me! I'll swinge the ringleaders, I warrant,
 “ I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine
 “ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.”
I'll trim the young dogs, &c.

Apollo rose up ; and said, “ Pr'ythee ne'er quarrel,
 “ Good king of the Gods, with my vot'ries below :
 “ Your thunder is useless”—then, shewing his laurel,
 Cry'd, “ *Sic evitable fulmen*, you know!
 “ Then over each head
 “ My laurels I'll spread ;
 “ So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall dread,

“ Whilst snug in their club room they jovially twine
 “ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus’s vine.

Whilst snug in their club-room, &c.

Next Momus got up with his risible phiz,
 And swore with Apoilo he’d chearfully join—

“ The tide of full harmony still shall be his,
 “ But the song, and the catch, and the laugh shall be mine.

“ Then Jove, be not jéalous

“ Of these honest fellows.”

Cry’d Jove, “ We relent, since the truth now you tell us ;

“ And swear, by Old Styx, that they long shall entwine

“ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus’s vine.”

And swear, by Old Styx, &c.

Ye sons of Anacreon, then, join hand in hand :

Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love ;

’Tis your’s to support what’s so happily plann’d :

You’ve the sanction of Gods, and the fiat of Jove.

While thus we agree,

Our toast let it be,

May our club flourish happy, united and free !

And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine

The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus’s vine.

And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine

The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus’s vine.

SONG V.

JOVE IN HIS CHAIR.



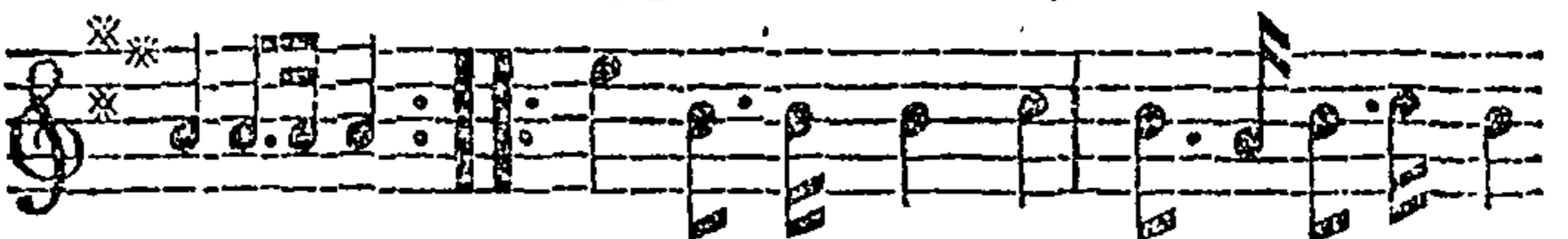
Jove in his chair of the sky lord mayor, with his nods



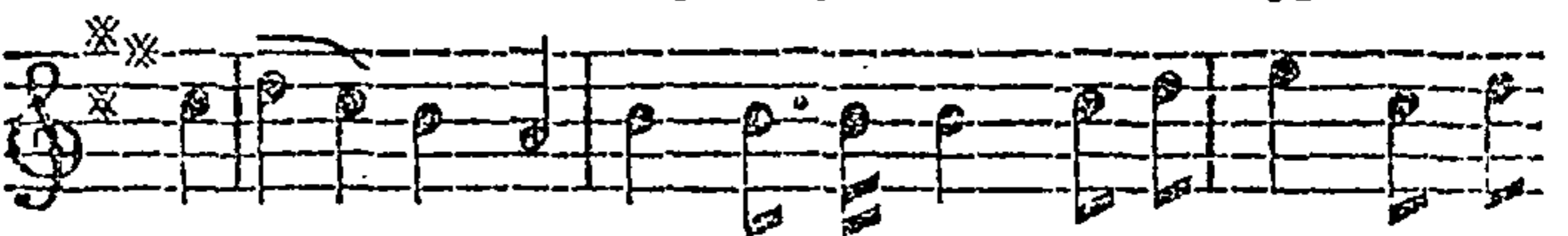
men and gods keep in awe ; when he winks heaven shrinks,



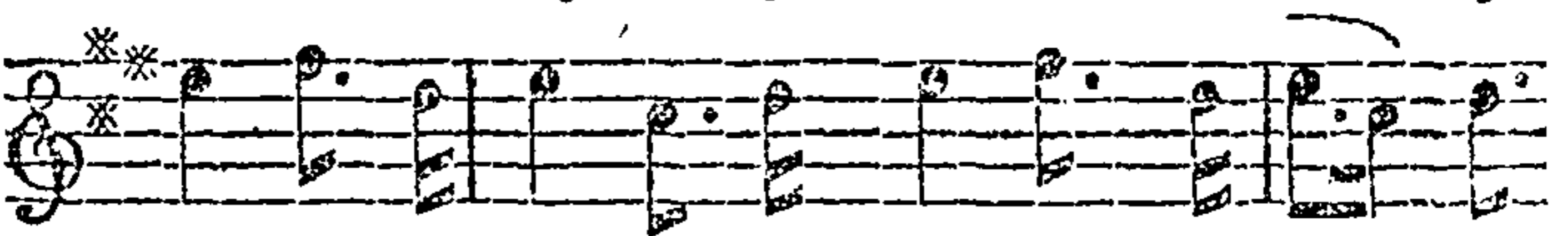
when he speaks hell squeaks, earth's globe is but his



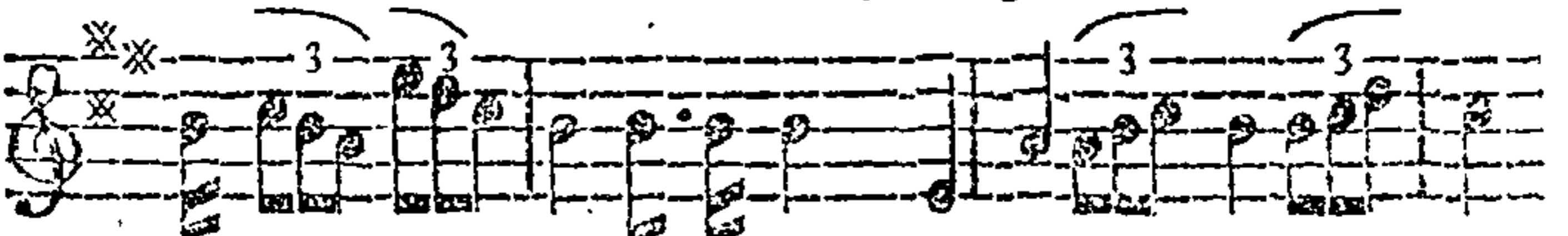
tawe. Cock of the school, he bears despotic rule,



his word tho' absurd must be law ; even Fate, tho' so



great, must not prate his bauld pate, Jove would cuff, he's



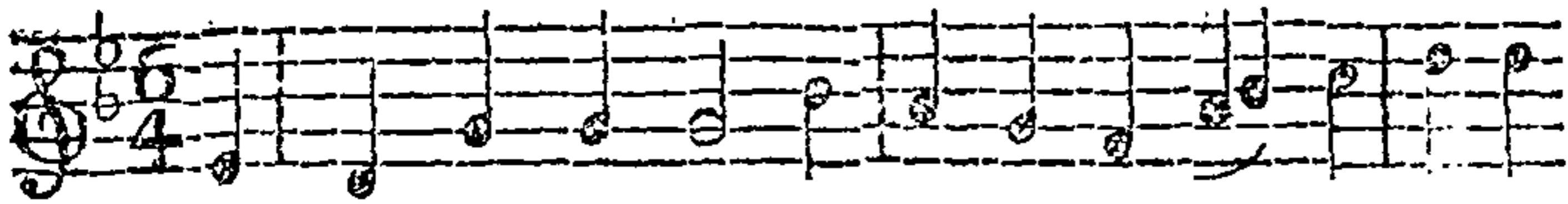
so bluff, for a straw ; cow'd de-i-ties, like miles



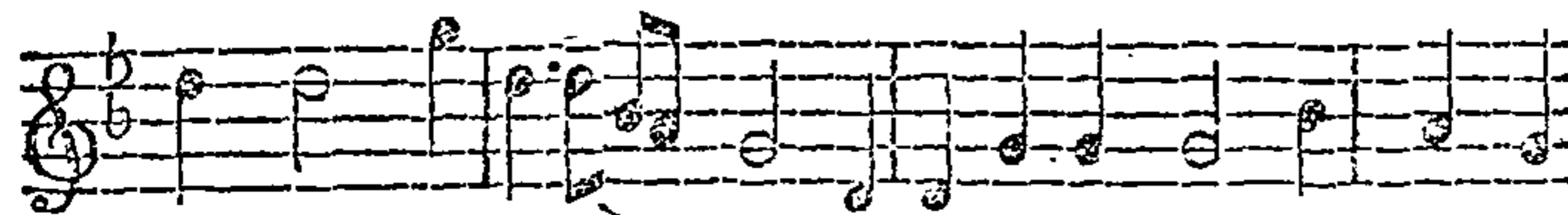
in cheese, to stir must cease or gnaw.

SONG VI.

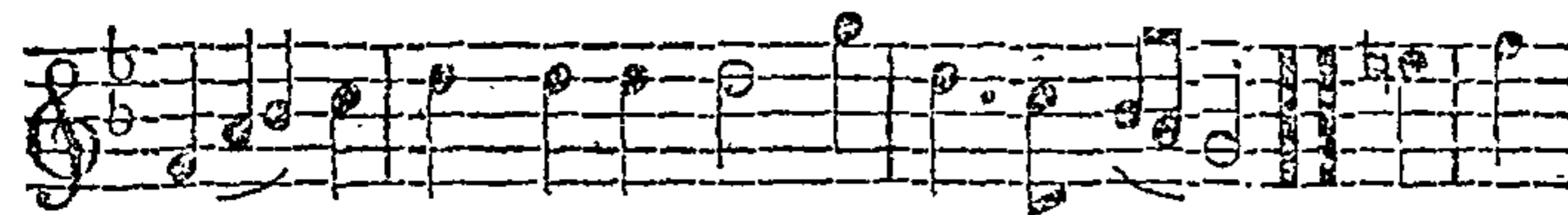
THE CHARGE IS PREPAR'D.



The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met, the judges



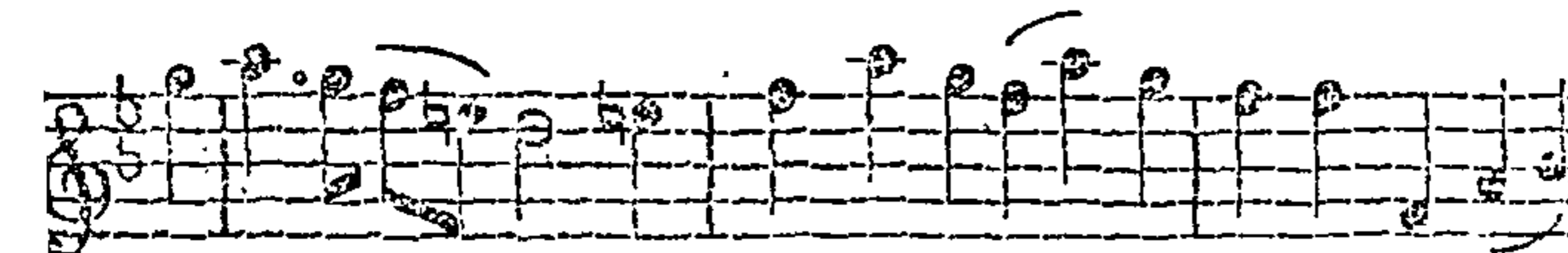
all rang'd, a terrible show, I go undismay'd, for death is



a debt, a debt on demand, so take what I owe. Then fare-



well my love, dear charmers, adieu! contented I die, 'tis



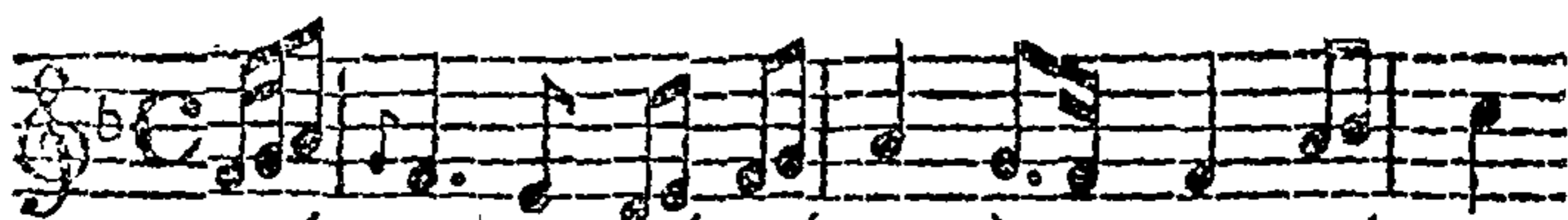
the better for you. Here ends all dispute the rest of our lives,



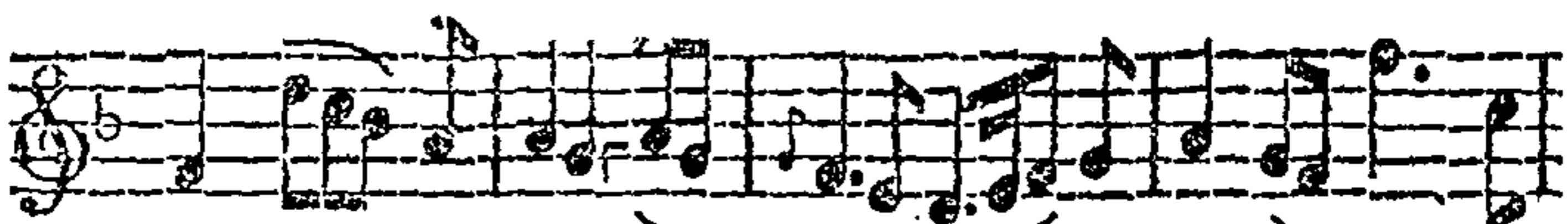
for this way at once I please all my wives.

SONG VII.

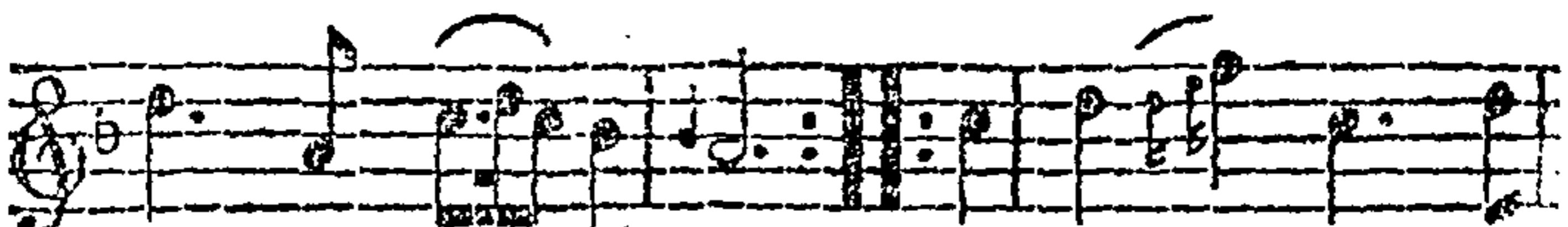
DOWN THE BURN DAVIE.



When trees did bud, and fields were green, and broom



bloom'd fair to see, when Mary was complete fifteen, and



love laugh'd in her e'e: blyth Davie's blinks her



heart did move to speak her mind thus free; gang down the



burn Davie love, and I will fol—low thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass
That dwelt on this burn side;
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride.

Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
Her e'en were bonny blue,
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like droping dew.

Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
 And nothing, sure, unmeet;
 For, ganging hame, I heard them say,
 They lik'd a walk so sweet.

Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

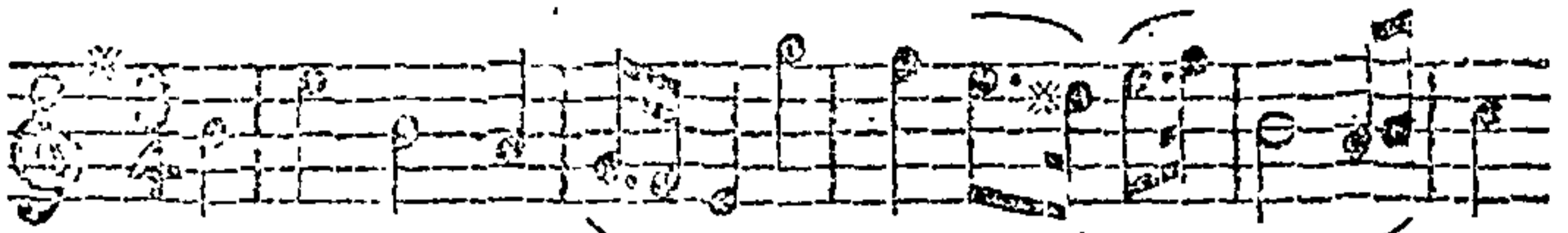
His cheeks to her's he fondly laid;
 She cry'd, "Sweet love be true;
 "And when a wife, as now a maid,
 "To death I'll follow you."

Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

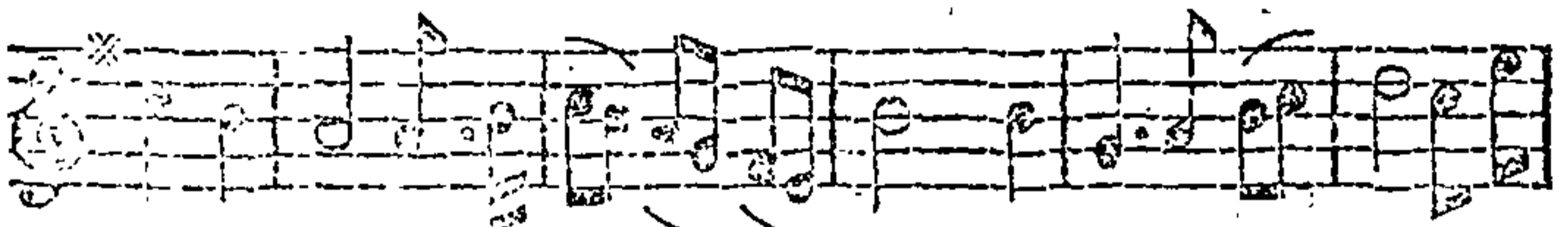
As fate had dealt to him a routh,
 Straight to the kirk he led her;
 There plighted her his faith and truth,
 And a bonny bride he made her.
 No more asham'd to own her love,
 Or speak her mind thus free;
 "Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
 "And I will follow thee."

SONG VIII.

MY TEMPLES WITH CLUSTERS.



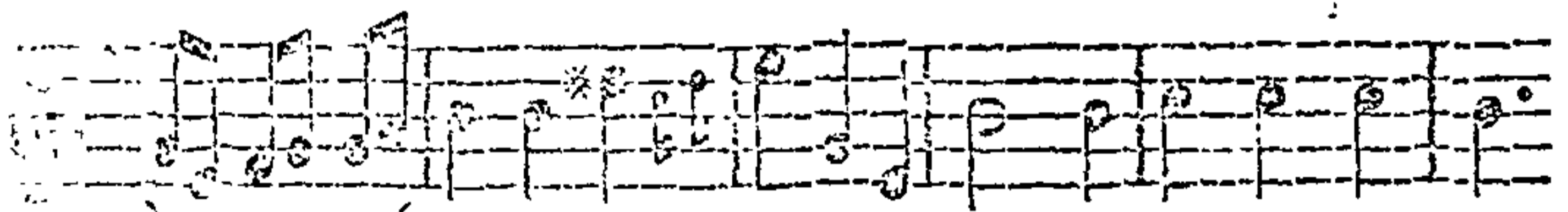
My temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine, and bar-



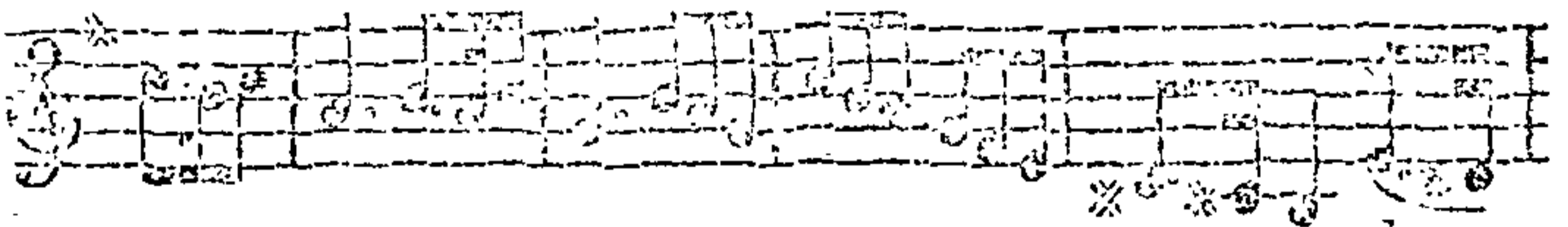
ter all joys for a goblet of wine, and barter all joys for a



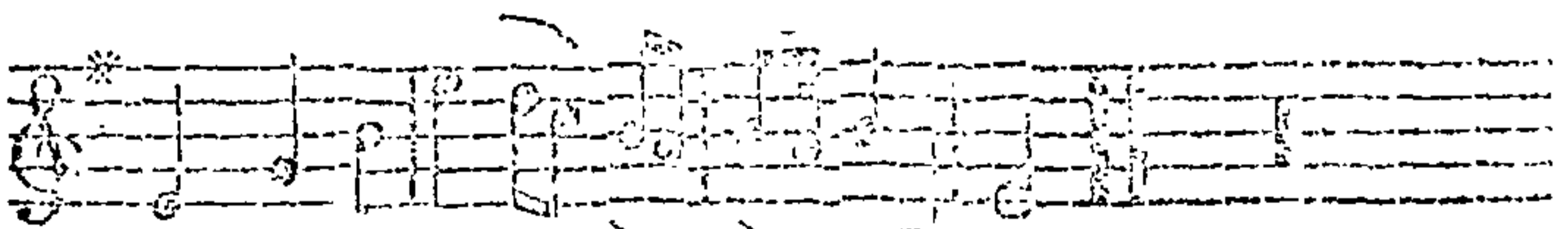
goblet of wine. In search of a Venus no longer I'll run, but



stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun; no longer I'll run,



but



stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

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

'Tis woman whose charms every rapture impart,
And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart;
The miser himself, so supreme is her sway,
Grows a convert to love, and resigns her the key.

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

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

SONG IX.

MY JO JANET.



O sweet sir, for your courtesie, when ye come by the



Bas, then, and for the love ye bear to me, buy me a keek-



ing glass, then. Keek into the draw-well, Janet, Janet,



and there ye'll see your bonny sell, my jo Janet.

Keeking in the draw-well clear,
 What if I shou'd fa' in, Sir?
 Syne a' my kin will say and fwear,
 I drown'd myself for sin, Sir.
 Had the better be the brae,
 Janet, Janet;
 Had the better be the brac,
 My jo Janet.

Good Sir, for your courtesie,
 Coming through Aberdeen, then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pair of sheen, then.
 Clout the auld, the new are dear,
 Janet, Janet,

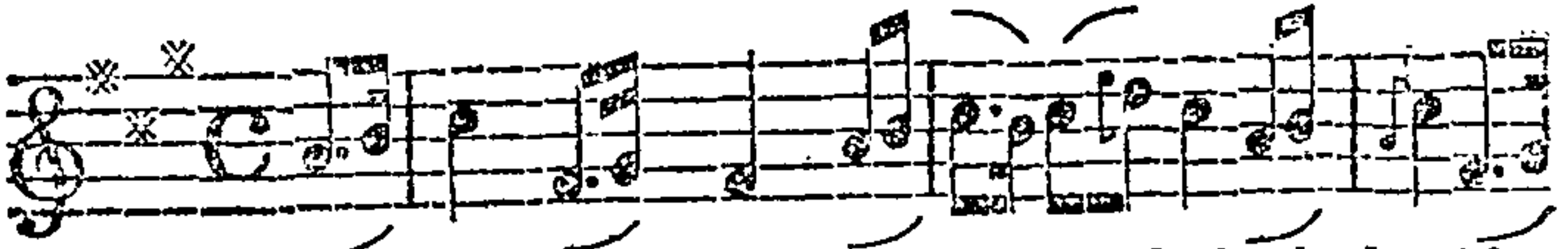
Ae pair may gain ye ha'f a year,
My jo Janet.

But what if dancing on the green,
And skipping like a mawkin,
If they should see my clouted sheen,
O' me they will be tawkin,
Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,
Janet, Janet,
Syne a' their fauts will no be seen,
My jo Janet.

Kind Sir, for your courtesie,
When ye gae to the cros, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacing horse, then.
Pace upo' your spinning wheel,
Janet, Janet,
Pace upo' your spinning wheel,
My jo Janet.

SONG X.

MARY'S DREAM.



The moon had climb'd the high-est hill which rises



o'er the source of Dee, and from the eastern sum-mit



shed her sil-ver 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 sa-



Mary, weep no more for me.

She from her pillow gently rais'd
 Her head to ask, who there might be.
 She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
 With visage pale and hollow eye;

" 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 tofs'd upon the raging main:
 " And long we strove our bark to save,
 " But all our striving was in vain.
 " Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,
 " My heart was fill'd with love for thee:
 " The storm is past, and I at rest,
 " So Mary, weep no more for me.

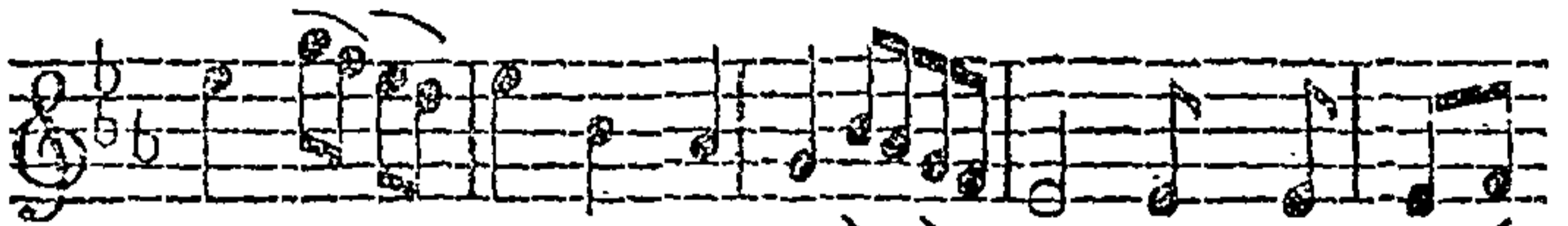
" O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
 " We soon shall meet upon that shore,
 " Where love is free from doubt and care,
 " And thou and I shall part no more."

Loud crow'd the cock; the shadow fled,
 No more of Sandy could she see;
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 " Sweet Mary, weep no more for me."

SONG XI.
HAD NEPTUNE.



Had Neptune, when first he took charge of the sea, been as



wise, or at least been as merry as we, he'd have thought



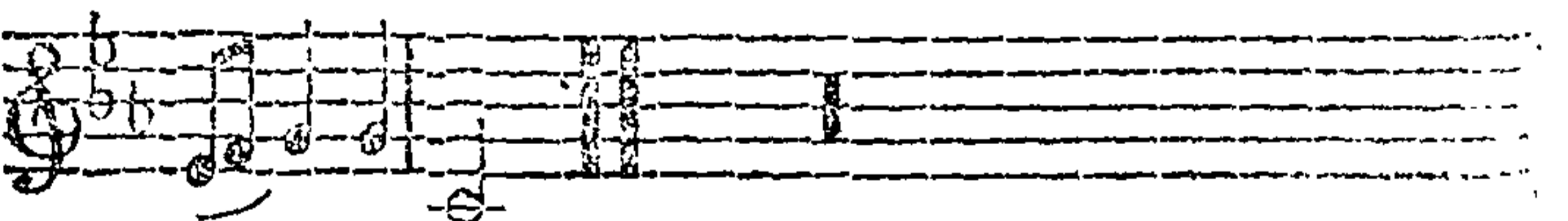
better on't, and instead of the brine, would have fill'd the



vast ocean with generous wine.



. would have fill'd the vast ocean with



generous wine.

What trafficking then would have been on the main,
For the sake of good liquor, as well as for gain,
No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking,
The fishes ne'er drown that are always a-drinking.

The hot thirsty sun would drive with more haste,
Secure in the evening of such a repast ;
And when he'd got tipsey, wou'd have taken his nap,
With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine,
Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine,
What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high,
To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.

How happy us mortals, when blest with such rain,
To fill all our vessels, and fill 'em again,
Nay even the beggar that has ne'er a dish,
Might jump in the river and drink like a fish.

What mirth and contentment, on every one's brow,
Hob as great as a prince, dancing after his plough
The birbs in the air as they play on the wing,
Altho' they but sip would eternally sing.

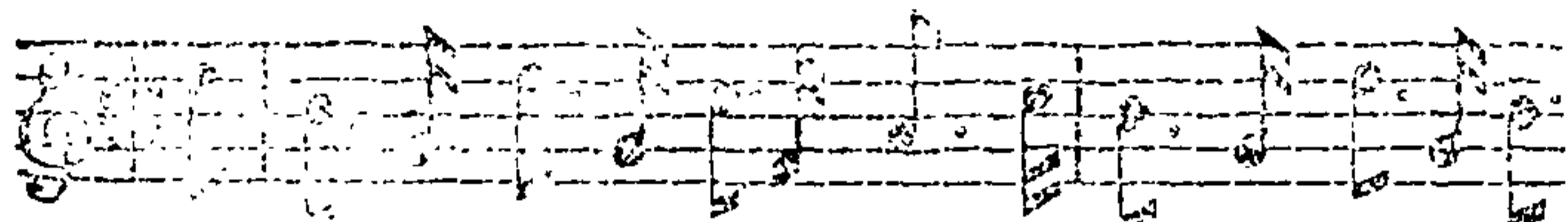
The stars, who I think, don't to drinking incline,
Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine ;
And merrily twinkling would soon let us know,
That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the case, what had we enjoy'd,
Our spirits still rising our fancy ne'er cloy'd ;
A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,
To slip like a fool, such a fortunate hour.

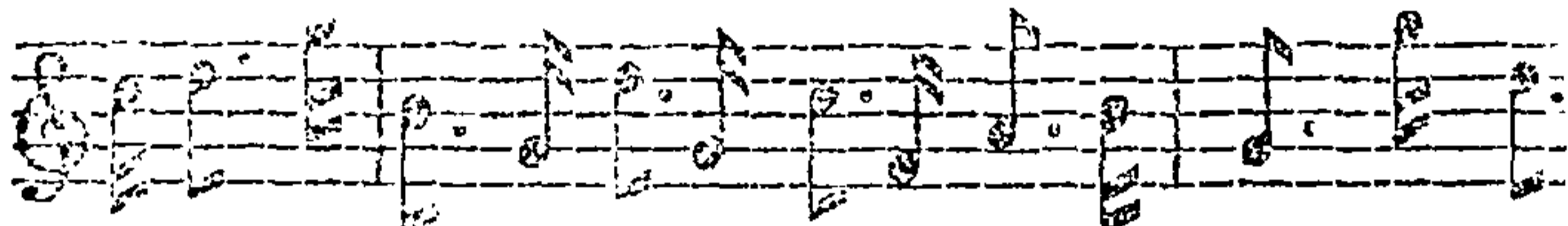
SONG XII. TULLOCHGORUM.

Fillers, your pins in temper fix,
And reset well your fiddle-sticks;
But banish ye Italian tricks
Ere ye set your quorum:
Now for us wi' piano mix,
Gie's Tullochgorum.

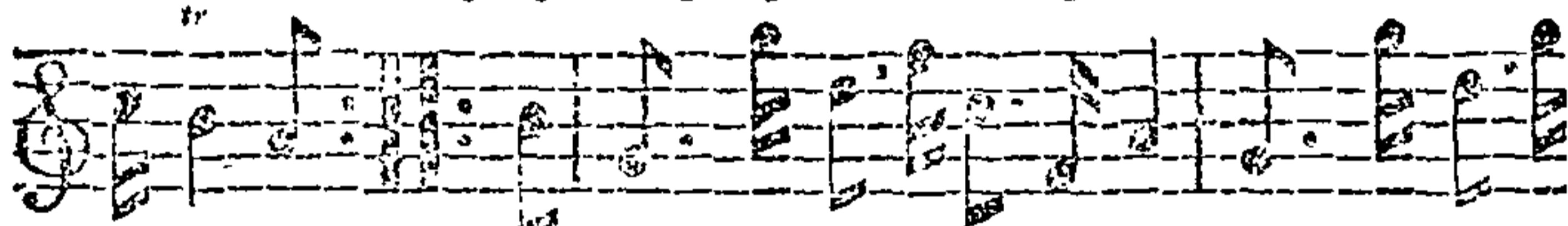
FERGUSON.



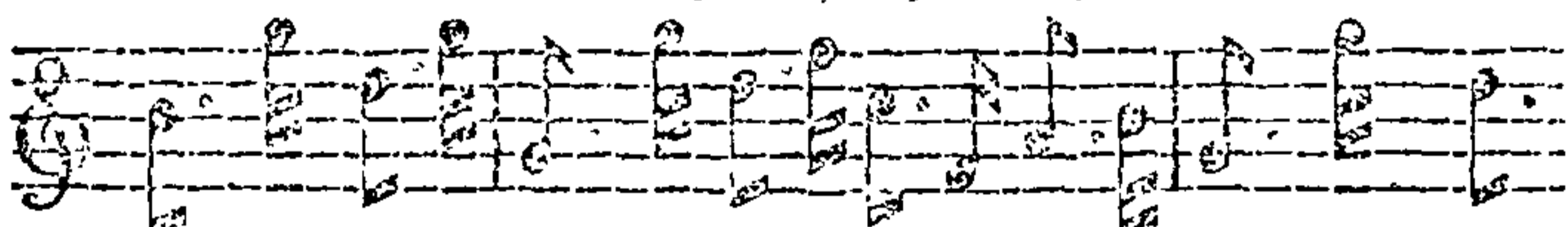
Come gie's a sang the lady cry'd, and lay your disputes all



aside, what nonsense is't for folk to chide for what's been done



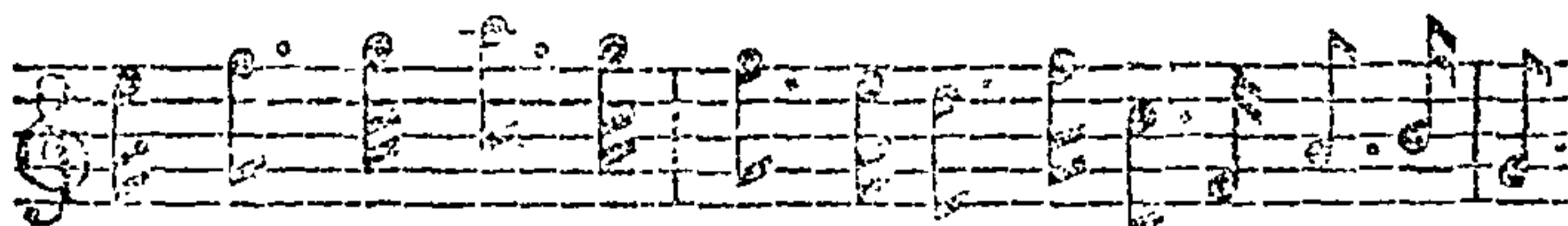
before them. Let whig and tory all agree, whig and tory,



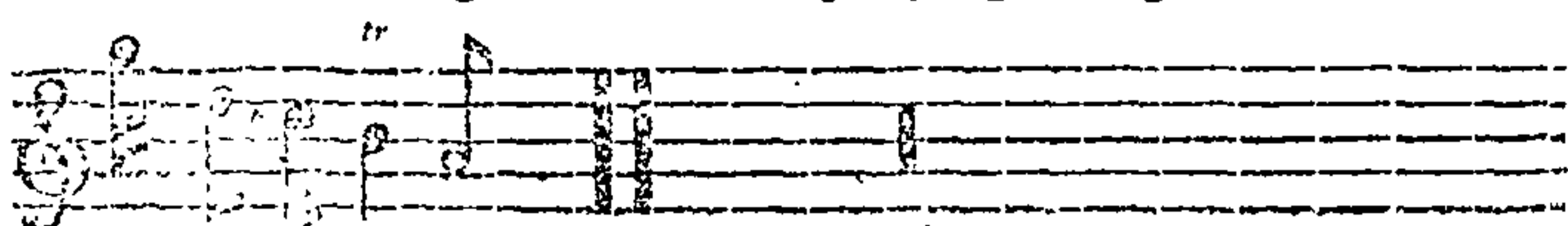
whig and tory, whig and tory all agree, to drop their whig-



memorum, Let whig and tory all agree, to spend the night



wi' mirth and glee, and chearfu' sing along wi' me, the reel



of Tullochgorum.

'Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite,
 And ony sumph that keeps up spite;
 In conscience I abhor him,
 Blithe and merry we's be a',
 Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
 Blithe and merry we's be a',
 To make a chearf' quorum.
 Blithe and merry we's be a',
 As lang's we ha'e a breath to draw,
 And dance till we be like to fa',
 The reel of 'Tullochgorum.

'There needs na' be so great a phrase
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays
 I wadna gi'e our ain Strathspeys
 For half a hundred score o'm.
 They're dowff and dowie at the best,
 Dowff and dowie, dowff and dowie,
 They're dowff and dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' there variorum.
 They're dowff and dowie at the best,
 Their allegro's, and a' the rest,
 They cannot please a Highland taste,
 Compar'd wi' 'Tullochgorum.

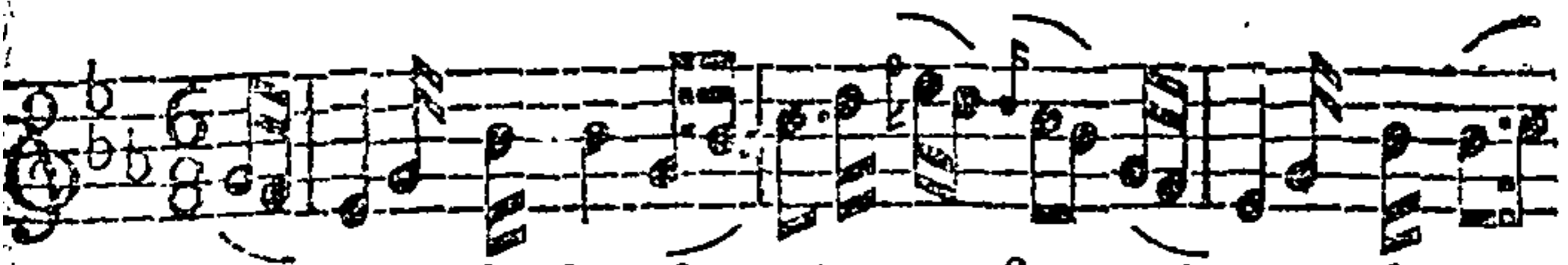
Let warldly minds themselves opprefs
 Wi' fear of want, and double cefs,
 And silly fauls themselves distrefs
 Wi' keeping up decorum.
 Shall we fae four and fulky fit,
 Sour and fulky, four and fulky,
 Shall we fae four and fulky fit,
 Like auld Philosophorum?
 Shall we fae four and fulky fit,
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
 And canna rise to shake a fit
 At the reel of 'Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings still attend
 Each honest-hearted open friend,
 And calm and quiet be his end,
 Be a' that's good before him!
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties a great store o'm!
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Unstain'd by any vicious blot?
 And may he never want a groat
 That's fond of Tullochgorum.

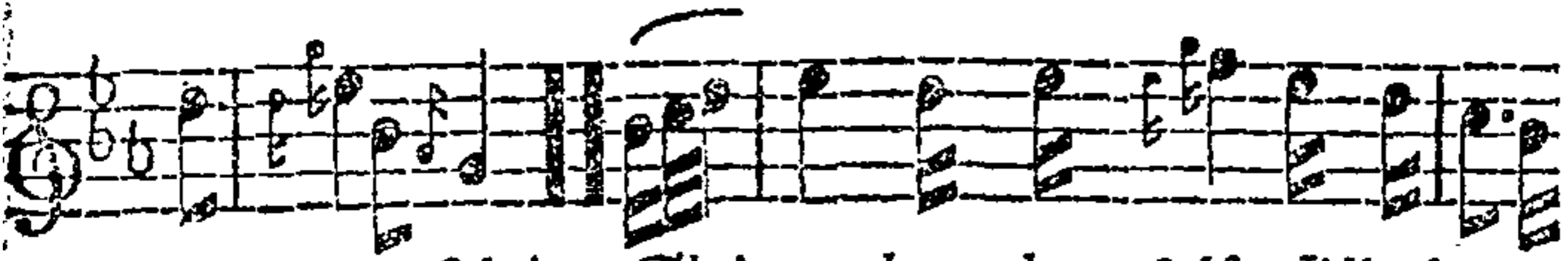
But for the discontented fool,
 Who wants to be oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And blackest fiends devour him!
 My dole and sorrow be his chance,
 Dole and sorrow, dole and sorrow,
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,
 And honest souls abhor him!
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,
 And a' the ills that come frae France
 Whoe'er he be that winna dance
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

SONG XIII.

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH.



It's open the door some pity to show, it's open the door



to me, Oh! Tho' you have been false, I'll always



prove true, So open the door to me, oh!

Cold is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But colder your love unto me, Oh!

Though you have, &c.

She's open'd the door, she's open'd it wide,
She sees his pale corps on the ground, Oh!

Though you have, &c.

My true love, she cry'd, then fell down by his side,
Never, never to shut again, Oh!

Though you have, &c.

SONG XIV.

RUSSEL'S TRIUMPH.

Moderato.



Thursday in the morn, the nineteenth of May, recorded



for ever the famous ninety two, brave Russel did discern



by break of day the lofty sails of France advancing too. All



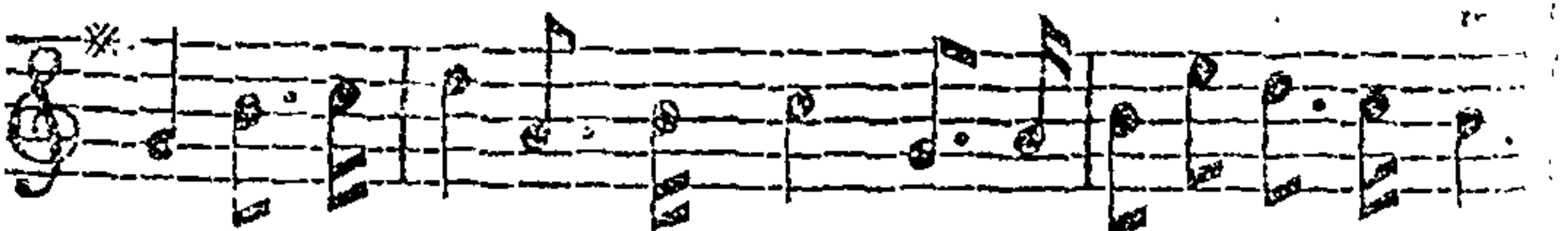
hands aloft, they cry, let British valour shine, let fly a cul-



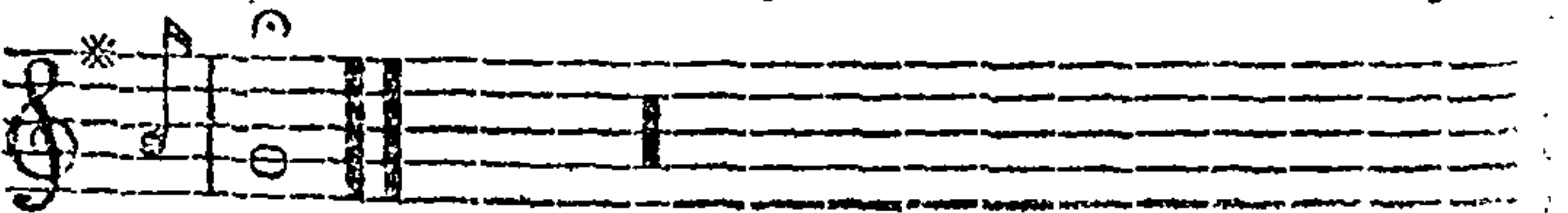
verine, the signal of the line, let ev'ry man supply his gun,



follow me, you shall see, that the battle it will soon be



won, follow me, you shall see, that the battle it will soon



be won.

Tourville on the main triumphant rowl'd,
 To meet the gallant Ruffel in combat on the deep;
 He led a noble train of heroes bold.

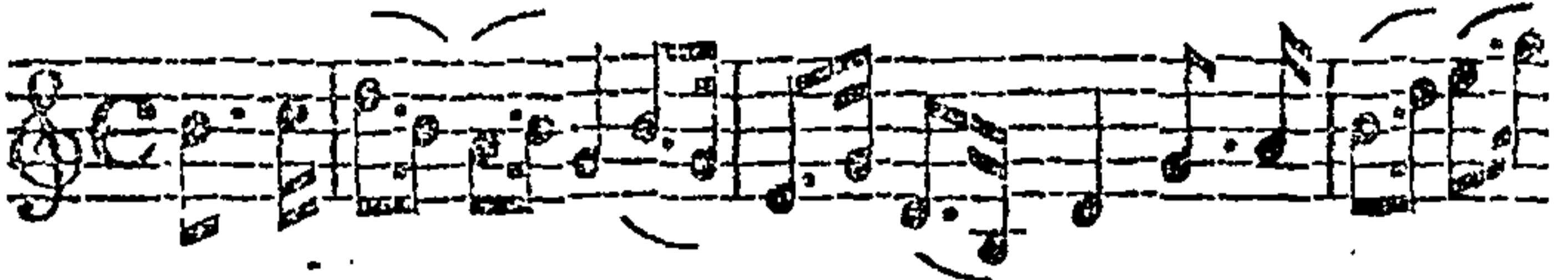
To sink the English Admiral at his feet.
 Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,
 The bloody fight's begun, the sea is all on fire;
 And mighty fate stood looking on,
 Whilst a flood all of blood,
 Fill'd the scuppers of the rising sun.

Sulphur, smoak, 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 and die,
 British colours ride the vanquish'd main.

See they fly, amaz'd, thro' rocks and sands,
 One danger they grasp at to shun the greater fate,
 In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands,
 The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate.
 For evermore adieu, thou dazzling rising 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 British Tar.

SONG XV.

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh.



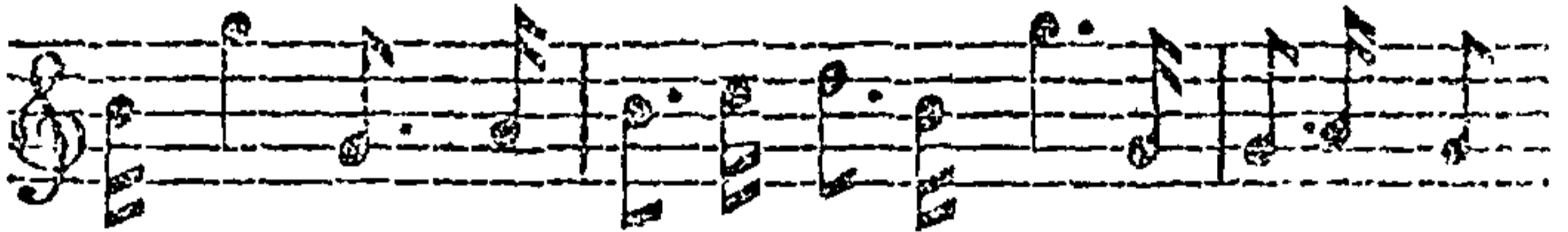
'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town, in the ro-sy



time of the year, when flowers were bloom'd and grass was



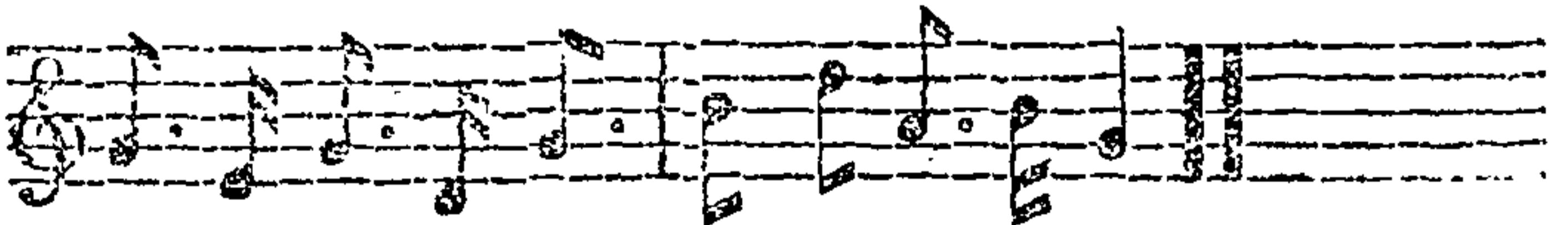
down, and each shepherd woo'd his dear, bonny focky blyth



and gay, kiss'd sweet fenny making hay, the lassie blush'd,



and frowning said, no, no, it wounot do, I cannot, can-



not, wounot, wounot, nannot buckle too.

O Jocky was a wag, that never wou'd wed,
Though long he had followed the las,
Contented she work'd, and eat her brown bread,
And merrily turn'd up the gras.

Bonny Jocky blyth and gay,
Won' her heart right merrily,
But still she blush'd and frowning said,
I cannot, &c.

But when that he vow'd he wou'd make her his bride,
Tho' his herds and his flocks were not few,
She gave him her hand and a kifs besides,
And vow'd she'd for ever be true.

Bonny Jocky blyth and gay,
Won her heart right merrily,
At church she no more frowning said,
I cannot, &c.

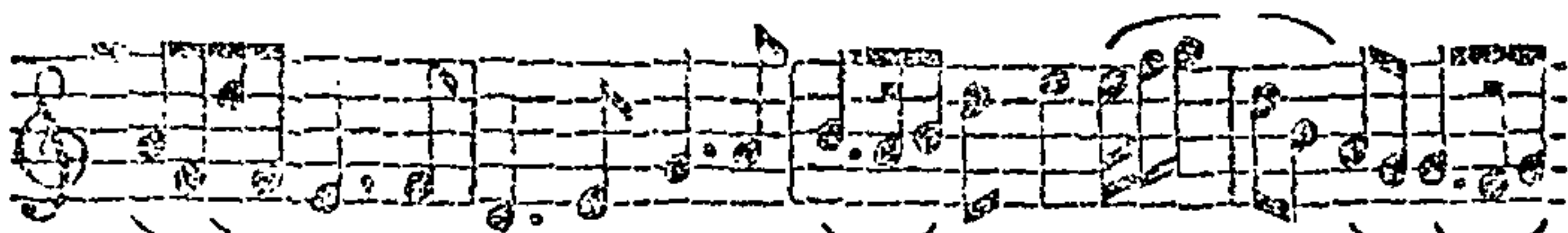
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SONG XVI.

THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.



My love was once a bonny lad, he was the flow'r of



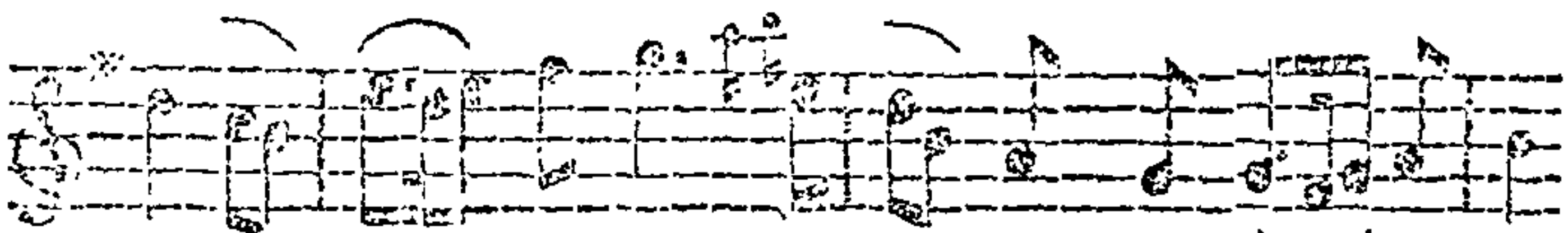
all his kin, the absence of his bon-ny face, has rent my ten-



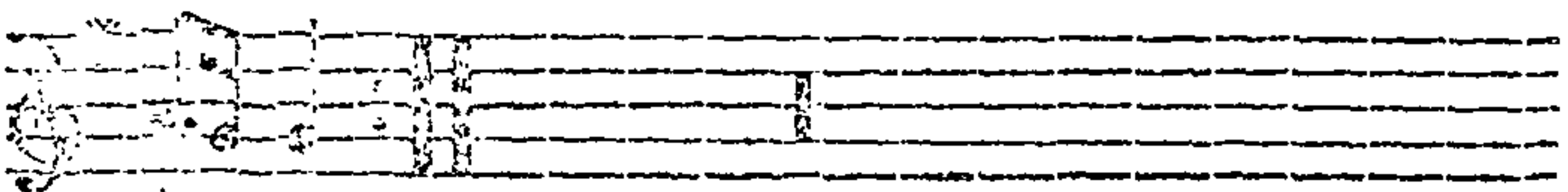
der heart in twain. I day nor night find no de-



light, in si--lent tears I still complain, and exclaim' gainst



these my ri--val foes, that hae ta'en from me my dar-



ling swain.

Despair and anguish fills my breast,
 Since I have lost my blooming rose;
 I sigh and moan while others rest,
 His absence yields me no repose.

To seek my love I'll range and rove,
 Thro' ev'ry grove and distant plain;
 Thus I'll ne'er cease, but spend my days,
 T' hear tidings from my darling swain.

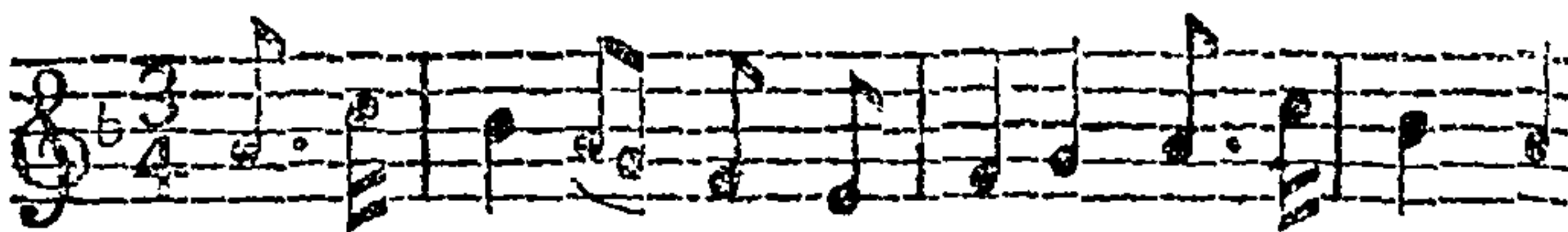
There's nothing strange in nature's change,
 Since parents shew such cruelty;
 They caus'd my love from me to range,
 And knows not to what destiny.
 The pretty kids and tender lambs
 May cease to sport upon the plain;
 But I'll mourn and lament, in deep discontent,
 For the absence of my darling swain.

Kind Neptune, let me thee intreat,
 To send a fair and pleasant gale;
 Ye dolphins sweet, upon me wait,
 And do convey me on your tail.
 Heav'ns bless my voyage with success,
 While crossing of the raging main,
 And send me safe o'er to that distant shore,
 To meet my lovely darling swain.

All joy and mirth at our return
 Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay;
 The bells shall ring, and sweet birds sing,
 To grace and crown our nuptial day.
 Thus bless'd with charms in my love's arms,
 My heart once more I will regain,
 Then I'll range no more to a distant shore,
 But in love will enjoy my darling swain.

SONG XVII.

THE STORM.



Cease rude Boreas, blust'ring railer, list, ye landsmen



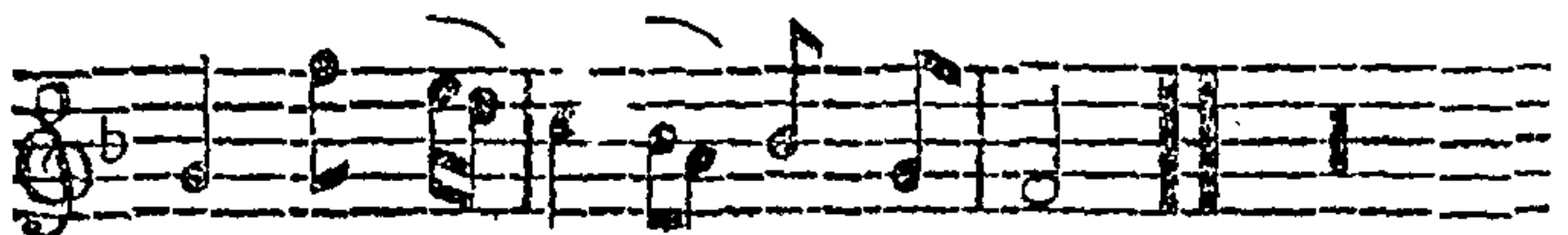
all to me, messmates, hear a brother sailor sing the dan-



gers of the sea, from bounding billows first in motion, when



the distant whirlwinds rise; to the tempest troubled



cean, where the seas contend with skies.

Lively.

Hark! the boatwain hoarsely bawling,—

By topsail sheets, and haulyards stand!

Down top-gallants quick be hauling!

Down your stay-fails, hand, boys, hand!

Now it freshens, set the braces;

Quick the topsail sheets let go;

Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces!

Up your topsails nimbly clew!

Slow.

Now all you on down-beds spotting,
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
 Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
 Free from all but love's alarms,—
 Round us roar the tempest louder;
 Think what fear our mind enthral:—
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder;
 Now again the boatswain calls:

Quick.

The topfail-yards point to the wind, boys!
 See all clear to reef each course!
 Let the fore-sheets go; don't mind, boys,
 Though the weather should be worse.
 Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get;
 Reef the mizen; see all clear:
 Hand up! each preventer-brace set;
 Man the fore-yard; cheer, lads, cheer!

Slow.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring!
 Peals on peals contending clash!
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring!
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash!
 One wide water all around us,
 All above us one black sky!
 Diff'rent deaths at once surround us.
 Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

Quick.

The foremast's gone, cries every tongue out,
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck.
 A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out;
 Call all hands to clear the wreck.
 Quick the lanyards cut to pieces!
 Come, my hearts be stout, and bold!
 Plumb the well, the lake increases;
 Four feet water in the hold!

Slow.

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

Quick.

O'er the lee-beam is the land boys ;
 Let the guns o'er-board be thrown ;
 To the pump come every hand, boys ;
 See our mizen-mast is gone,
 The leak we've found ; it cannot pour fast :
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;
 Up, and rig a jury fore-mast ;
 She rights, she rights, boys ! wear off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
 Since kind fortune spar'd our lives ;
 Come the cann, boys, let's be drinking
 To our sweethearts and our wives.
 Fill it up, about ship wheel it ;
 Close to th' lips a brimmer join.
 Where's the tempest now ; who feels it ?
 None ! our danger's drown'd in wine !

SONG XVIII.

IN LOVE SHOULD THERE MEET.



In love should there meet a fond pair, untutor'd by fa-



shion or art, whose wishes are warm, are warm and sin-



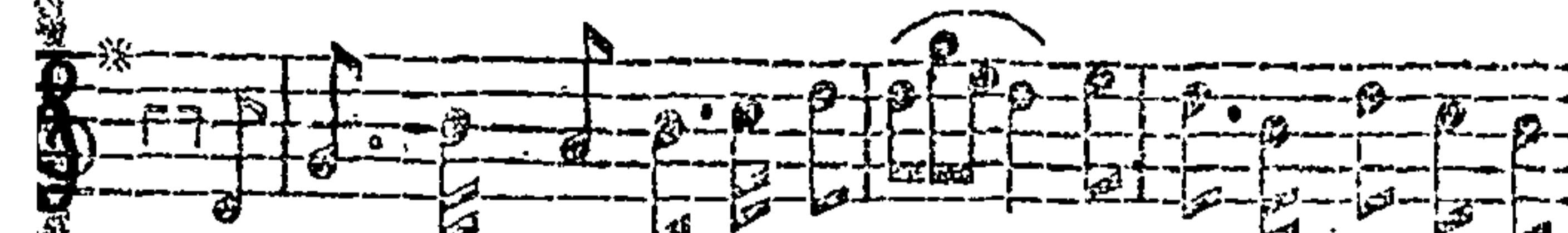
cere, whose words are th' excess of the heart, - - - -



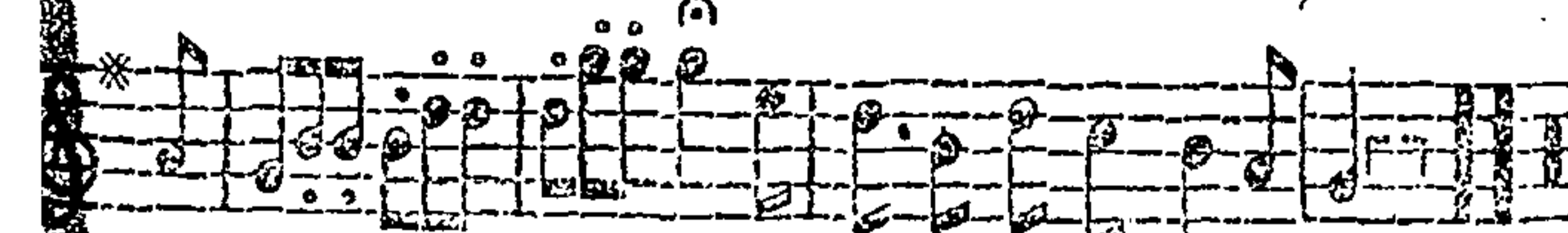
- whose words are th' excess of the heart: If ought



of substantial de-light on this side the stars can be found,



'tis sure when this couple u-nite, and Cupid by Hymen



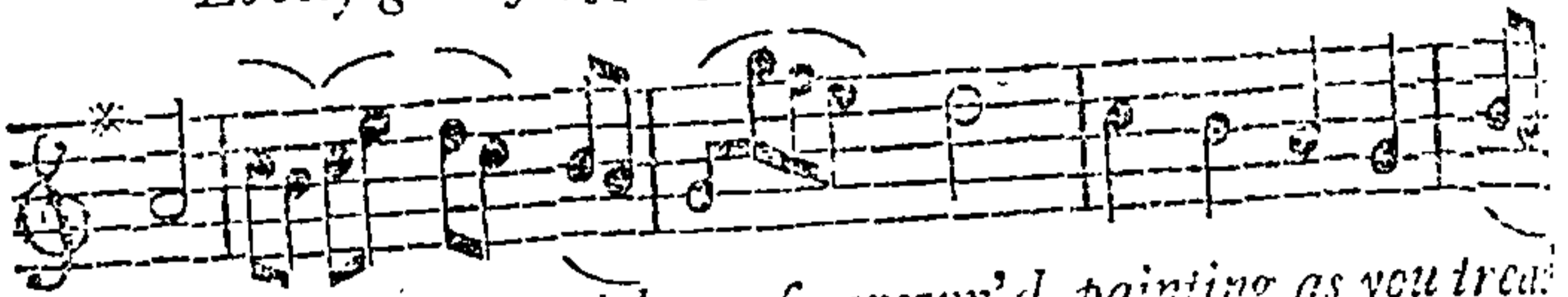
is crown'd - - - - and Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

SONG XIX.

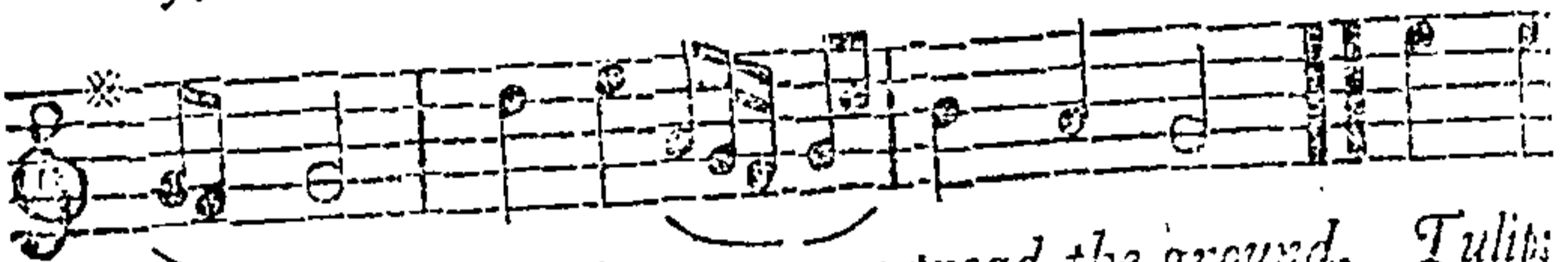
LOVELY GODDESS.



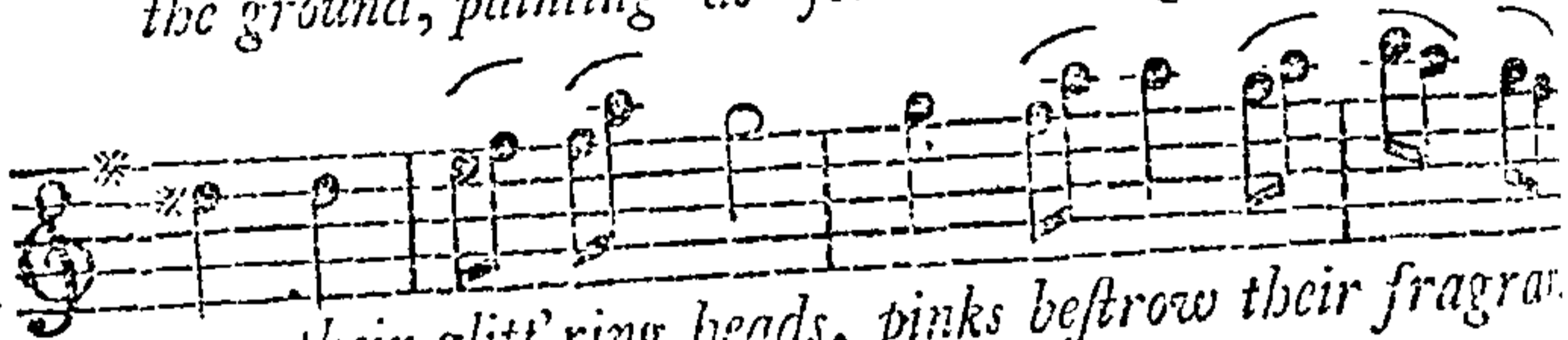
Lovely goddess, sprightly May, fairest daughter of the



day, hither come with ro-ses crown'd, painting as you tread



the ground, painting as you tread the ground. Tulips



rear their glitt'ring beads, pinks bestrow their fragran



beds, woodbines spangled o'er with dew, deck their



correts for you, deck their ar-bo—rets for you.

Hear the birds around thee sing,
 In the gardens of the spring;
 Ev'ry bush and ev'ry tree
 Warbles forth it's joy to thee.
 Nature's songsters all are gay
 At the lov'd approach of May;

All, great Queen, thy praises sing,
Thine, great Empress of the spring.

Goddeſs, in thy veſt of green;
Goddeſs, with thy youthful mein;
Haſte and bring thy mines of wealth,
Gladneſs, and her parent, health;
Bring with thee thy chearful train,
Chacing care, and chacing pain,
See, the lovely graces, all
Throng obedient to thy call.

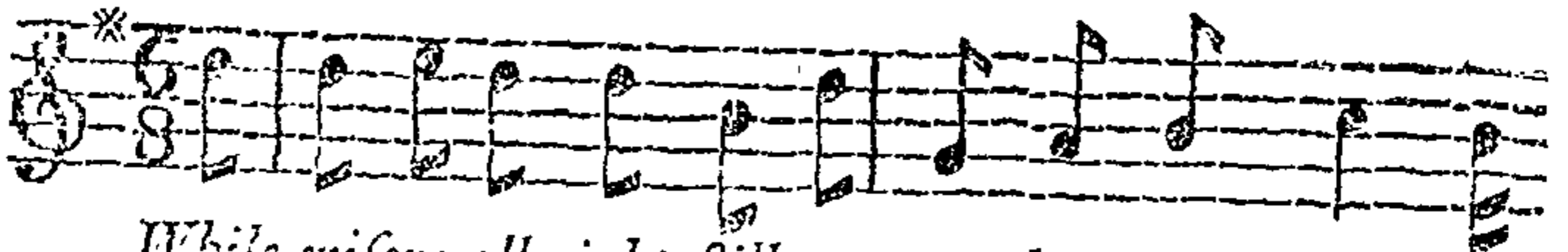
Goddeſs, haſte, and bring with thee
Virtue's child, fair liberty;
For, if liberty's away,
Who can taſte the month of May?
Here he comes, I hear the ſound
Of the merry ſongſters round:
Here he comes all freſh and gay,
Paying homage to thee, May.

Goddeſs, who perfum'ſt the air,
Who haſt deck'd the earth ſo fair:
Thou, with gladneſs by thy ſide
Still'ſt the raging of the tide;
Bid'ſt the winds forbear to roar,
And ſtern winter ſeen no more;
Meads and groves their echos ring,
Love himſelf is on the wing.

Lovely nymph, divin'eſt May,
Thou to whom this verſe I pay:
O! thy healing warmth impart
To the miſtreſs of my heart;
Ev'ry day with gladneſs crown,
By her health, preſerve my own:
Blooming nymph, of heavenly birth,
Goddeſs, thou, of health and miſth.

SONG XX.

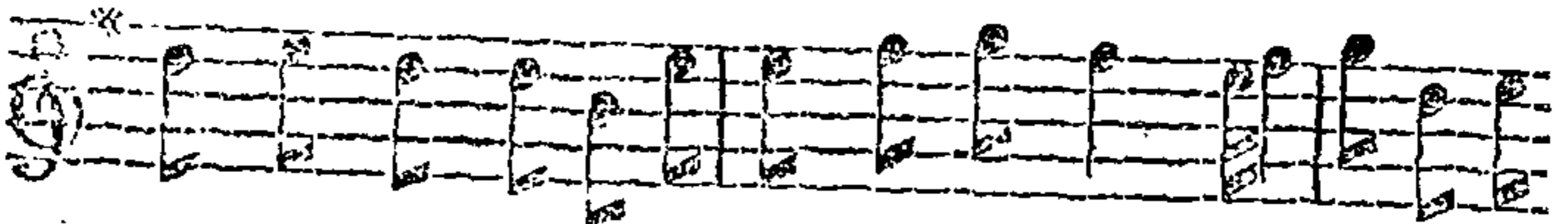
WHILE MISERS ALL NIGHT.



While misers all night still are watching their stores, and



all day sternly drive the distress'd from their doors, while



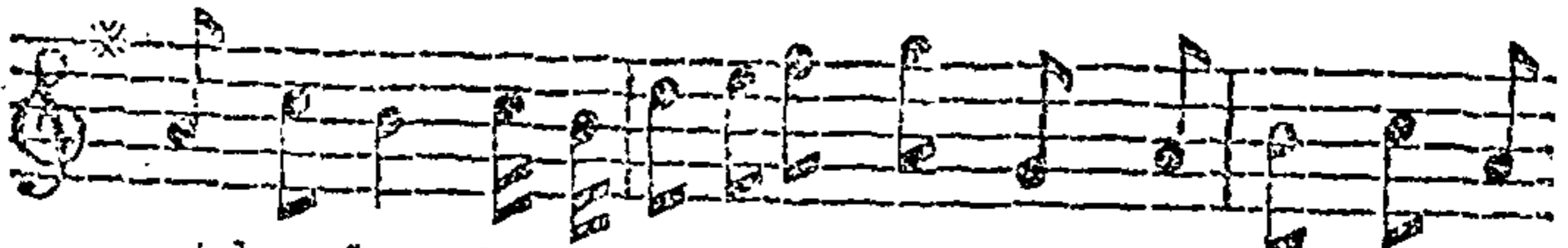
courtiers each other subvert in the state, and obstinate



churchmen new maxims create, we are frugally gen'rous,



ner each other wrong, but enjoy us at night, then conclude



with a song, but enjoy us at night then conclude with a



song.

Let sharpers attempt by false arts to ensnare,
Till at length they receive their long merited fare,
Let spendthrifts consume till too late they repent,
The loss of their riches so lavishly spent,
While with honest industry we live the day long,
And enjoy us at night, then conclude with a song.

Tho' drunkards in claret such rapture express,
They'd find it more sov'reign, were they to drink less :
Tho' rakes say in women is center'd our bliss,
They've reason sometimes to regret a close kiss.
Such diff'rent extremes then to us don't belong,
And yet women and wine are the life of our song.

Yet toppers and rakes, would ye lead happy lives,
Be mod'rate in drinking and chuse modest wives,
Let churchmen with churchmen, and courtiers be friends,
For on friendship all earthly enjoyment depends.
And when ye're united thus lasting and strong,
Like us you'll be jovial, and end with a song.

SONG XXI.

SWEET ANNIE.



Sweet Annie frae the sea-beach came, where Jocky spel'd



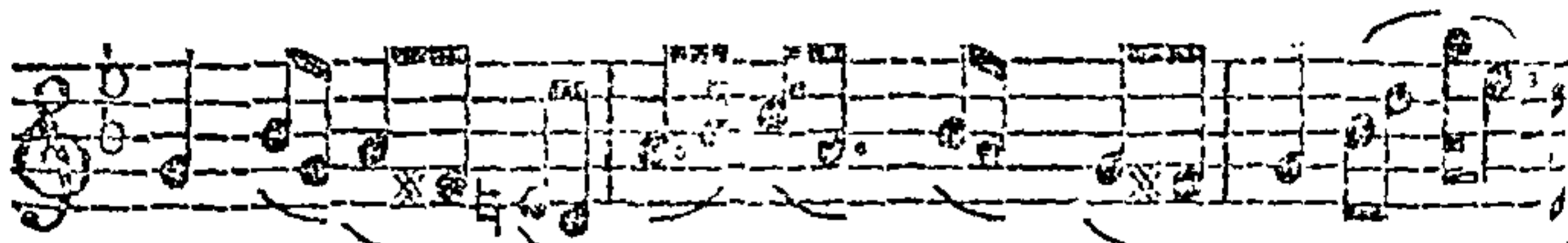
the vessel's side, ah! wha can keep their heart at bame,



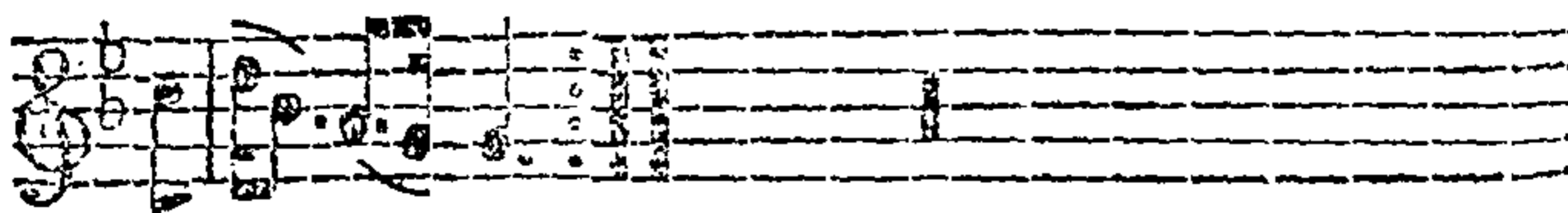
when Jocky's tost aboon the tide. Far aff to distant



realms he gangs, yet I'll prove true as he has been; and



when ilk lass a—bout him thrangs, he'll think on Annie



his faithful ane.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,
 Wi' gou'd in hand he tempted me,
 He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
 And made a brag of what he'd gi'e.

What tho' my Jocky's far away,
Toft up and down the ansome main,
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jocky may return again.

Nae mair, false Jamie, fing nae mair,
And fairly caft your pipe away ;
My Jocky wad be troubled fair,
To see his friend his love betray :
For a' your songs and verfe are vain,
While Jocky's notes do faithful flow ;
My heart to him shall true remain,
I'll keep it for my constant jo.

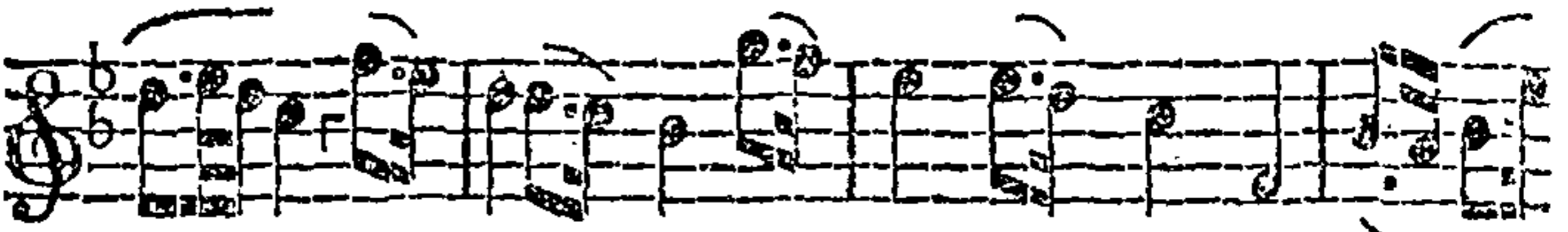
Blaw faft, ye gales, round Jocky's head,
And gar your waves be calm and ftill ;
His harneward fail with breezes fpeed,
And dinna a' my pleasure spill.
What tho' my Jocky's far away,
Yet he will braw in filler fhine ;
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jocky may again be mine.

SONG XXII.

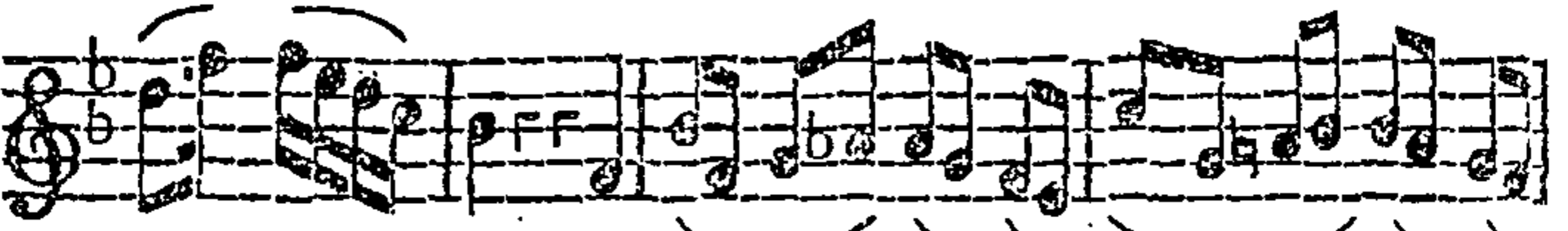
TOPSAILS SHIVER IN THE WIND.



The topsails shi-ver in the wind, the ship she casts to



sea; but yet my soul, my heart, my mind, are, Mary,



moor'd with thee. For, tho' thy sailor's bound a-far, still



love shall be his leading star; for tho' thy sailor's bound a-



far, still love shall be his lead-ing star.

Should landmen flatter when we're fail'd,
 O doubt their artful tales;
 No gallant failor ever fail'd,
 If love breath'd constant gales;
 Thou art the compass of my soul
 Which steers my heart from pole to pole,

Sirens in every port we meet,
More fell than rocks or waves
But such as grace the British fleet,
Are lovers and not slaves :
No foes our courage shall subdue,
Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares, but if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The pow'r of France and Spain :
Now England's glory rests with you,
Our sails are full, sweet girls, Adieu!

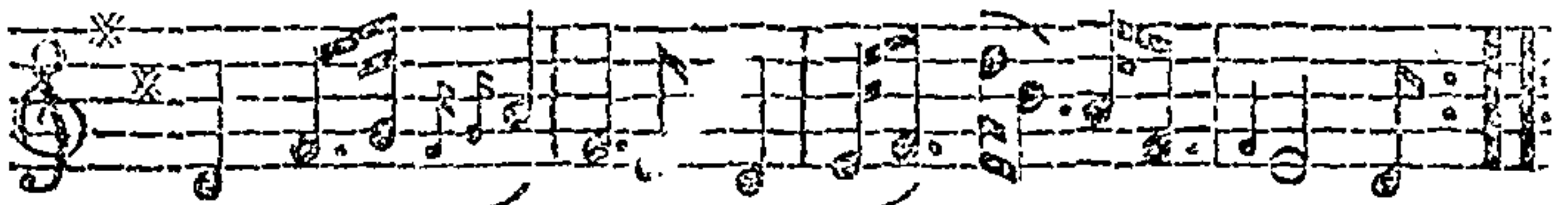
F

SONG XXIII.

I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.



One day I heard Mary say, how shall I leave thee?



stay, dearest A--donis, stay, why wilt thou grieve me?



Alas, my fond heart will break, if thou should leave me,



I'll live and die for thy sake, yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say,
 Has Mary deceiv'd thee?
 Did e'er her young heart betray
 New love to grieve thee?
 My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
 Thou may believe me;
 I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
 And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
 What can relieve thee?
 Can Mary thy anguish soothe,
 This breast shall receive thee.

My passion can ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee :
Delight shall drive pain away,
Pleasure revive thee.

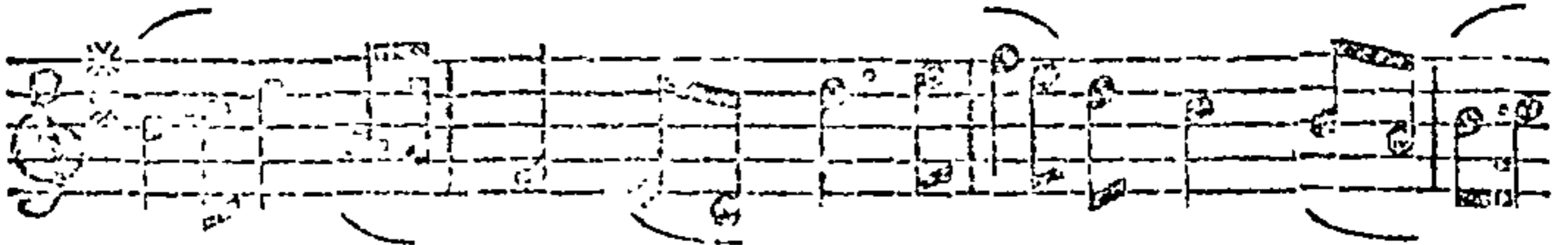
But leave thee, lad, leave thee, lad,
How shall I leave thee?
O! that thought makes me sad ;
I'll never leave thee.
Where would my Adonis fly?
Why does he grieve me?
Alas! my poor heart will die,
If I should leave thee.

SONG XXIV.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.



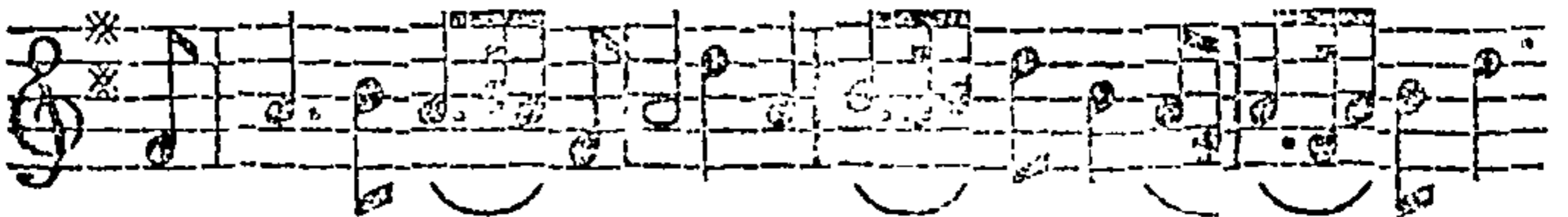
The last time I came o'er the muir, I left my love be-



hind me; ye pow'rs, what pain do I endure, when soft



i—de-as mind me. Soon as the ruddy morn display'd,



the beaming day ensuing, I met betimes my love-ly maid,



in fit re-treats for wooing.

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

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

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

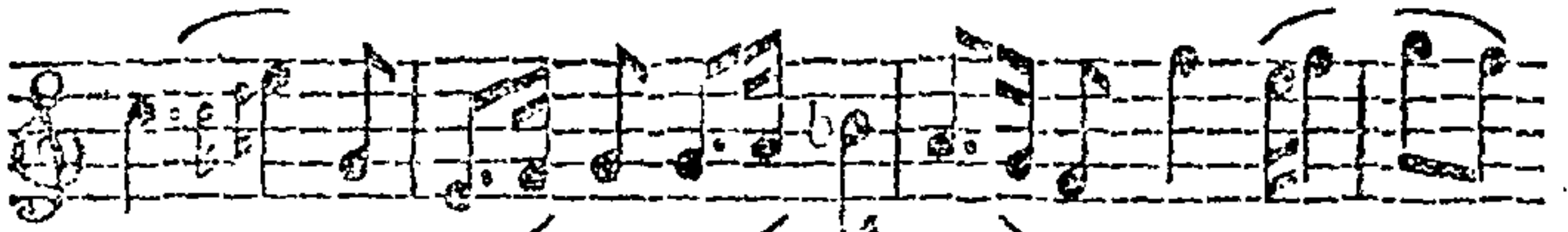
The next time I gang o'er the muir,
She shall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me.
Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom;
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

SONG XXV.

BESSEY BELL AND MARY GRAY.



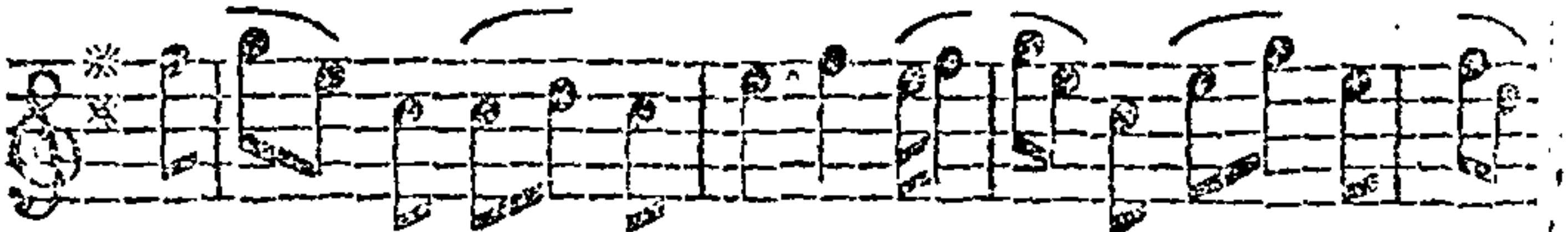
O Bes-sy Bell and Mary Gray they were twa bonny



las-ses, they bigg'd a bow'r on yon burn brae, and theek'd



it o'er wi' rashes. Fair Bessey Bell I loo'd ye-streen,



and thought I ne'er cou'd alter; but Mary Gray's twa paw-



ky e'en they gar my fancy faulter.

Now Bessey's hair's like a lint-tap;
 She smiles like a May morning,
 When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
 The hills with rays adorning:
 White is her neck, fast is her hand,
 Her waist and feet's fu' genty;
 With ilka grace she can command;
 Her lips, O vow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a crow,
Her een like diamonds glances :
She's ay say clean, redd up, and braw,
She kills whene'er she dances :
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is ;
And guides her airs fae gracefu' still,
O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.

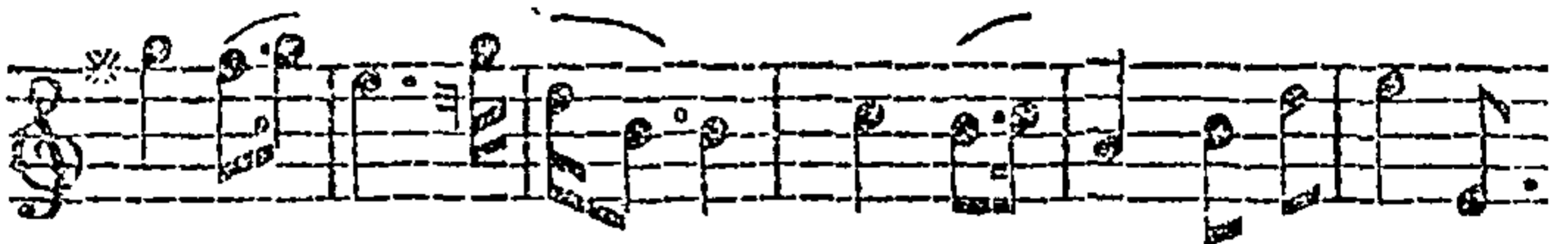
Dear Befsey Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco fair opprefs us ;
Our fancies jee between you tway,
Ye are sic bonny lasses :
Waes me ; for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're stented ;
Then I'll draw cuts and tak my fate,
And be with ane contented.

SONG XXVI.

EWE-BUGHTS MARION.



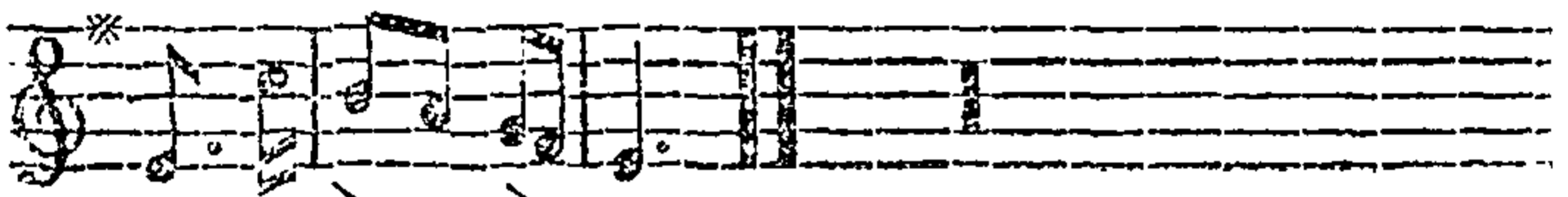
Will ye go to the ewe-bughts Marion, and wear in the



sheep wi' me? The sun shines sweet my Marion, but nae half



sae sweet as thee. The sun shines sweet my Marion, but nae



half sae sweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonny lass,
 And the blyth blinks in her ee';
 And fain wad I marry Marion,
 Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's goud in your garters, Marion,
 And silk on your white haufs-bane;
 Fu' fain wad I kifs my Marion,
 At e'en when I come hame.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion;
 A cow and a brawny quey,
 I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
 Just on her bridal day.

And ye's get a green fey apron,
And wastecoa't of the London brown,
And yow but ye will be vap'ring,
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion;
Nane dances like me on the green;
And gin ye forsake me Marion,
I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kyr'tle of the cramasie!
And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
I shall come west, and see ye.

G

SONG XXVII.

ETRICK BANKS.



On Etrick banks, ae summer's night, at gloming when



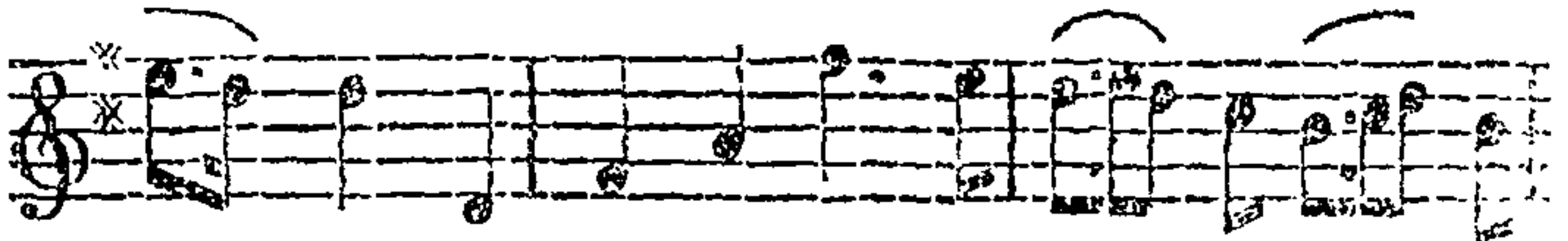
the sheep drave hame, I met my lassie braw and tight,



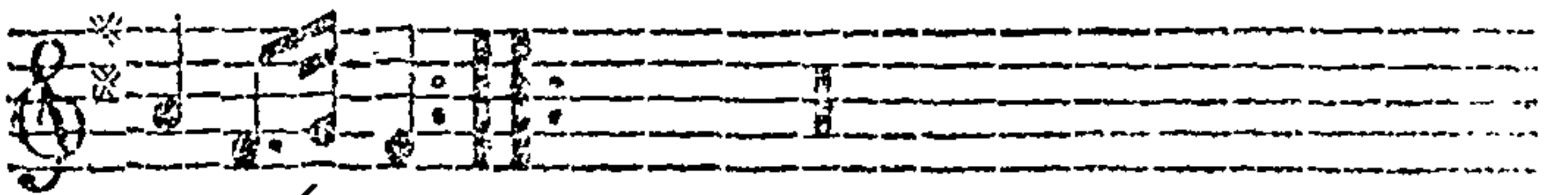
came wading barefoot a' her lane; my heart grew light, I



ran, I flang my arms about her li--ly neck, and kiss'd



and clapp'd her there fu' lang, my words they were na



mony feck.

I said, My lassie, will ye go
 To the Highiand hills, the Earle to learn.
 I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ew,
 When ye come to the brigg of Earn.

At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
And herring at the Broomielaw;
Chear up your heart, my bonny lais,
There's gear to win we never faw.

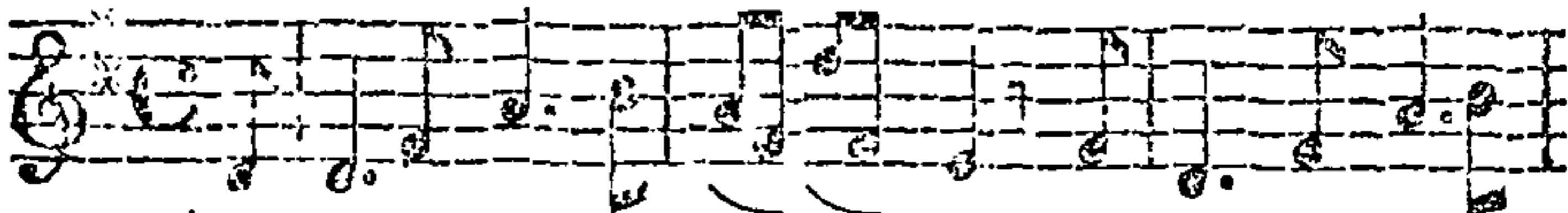
All day when we have wrought enough,
When winter, frost and snaw begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At night when ye sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes and play a spring:
And thus the weary night we'll end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lais amang the broom,
And lead you to my summer shield.
Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
That make the kindly hearts their sport,
We'll laugh and kifs, and dance and sing,
And gar the langest day seem short.

SONG XXVIII.

FRIEND AND PITCHER.

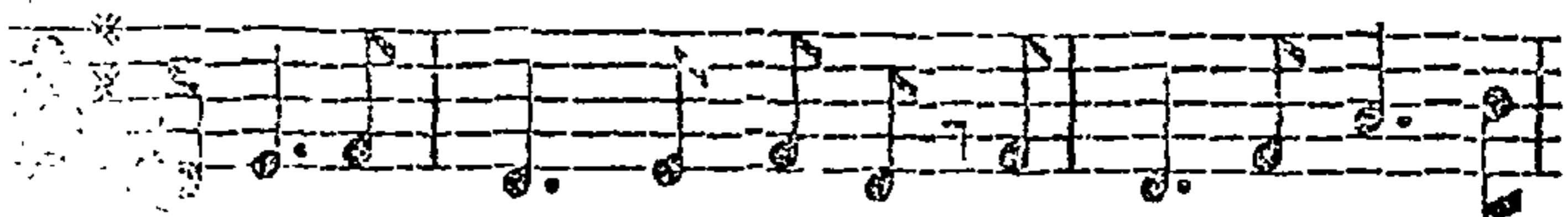
Moderato.



The wealthy fool with gold in store, will still desire to



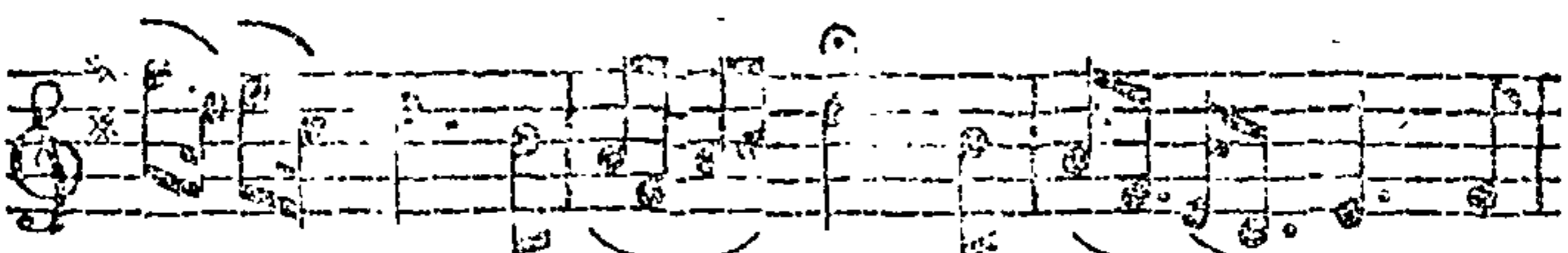
*grow richer, give me but these, I ask no more, my charm-
Chorus.*



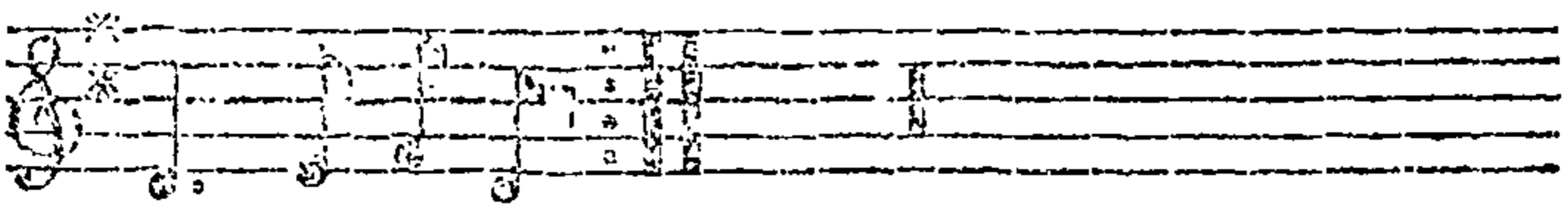
ing girl, my friend, and pitcher. My friend so rare, my



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.

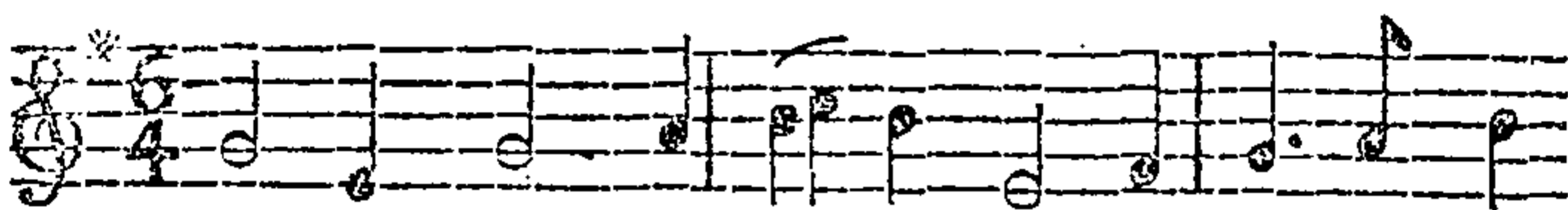
From morning fun I'd never grieve
 To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
 If that when I come home at eve,
 I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
 My friend so rare, &c.

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



SONG XXIX.

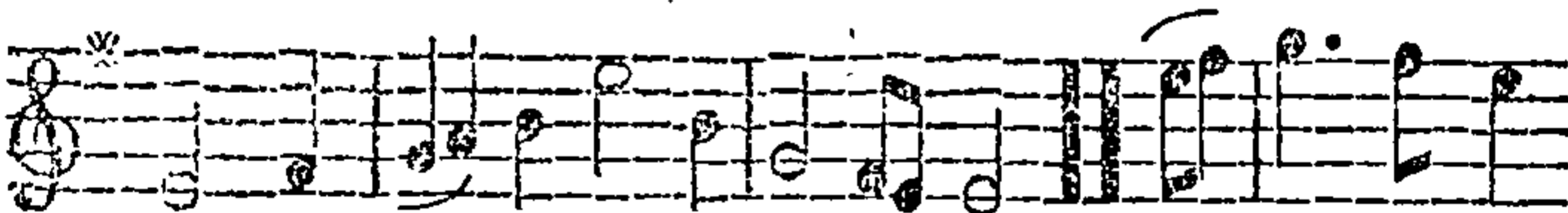
MAN MAY ESCAPE.



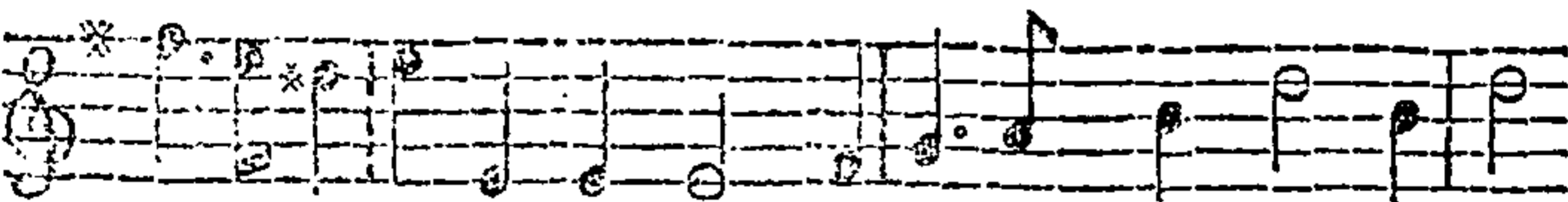
Man may escape from rope or gun, nay some have out-



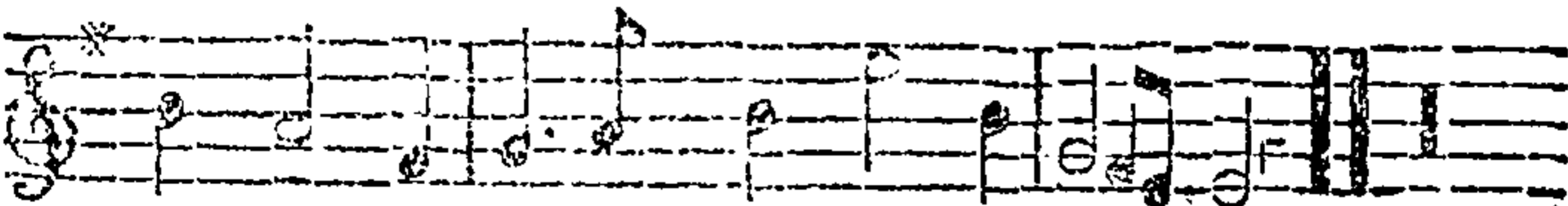
liv'd the doctor's pill ; who takes a woman must be un-



done, that ba-si-lisk is sure to kill. The fly that sips



treacle is lost in the sweets, so he that tastes woman, wo-



MAN, woman, he that tastes woman ruin meets.

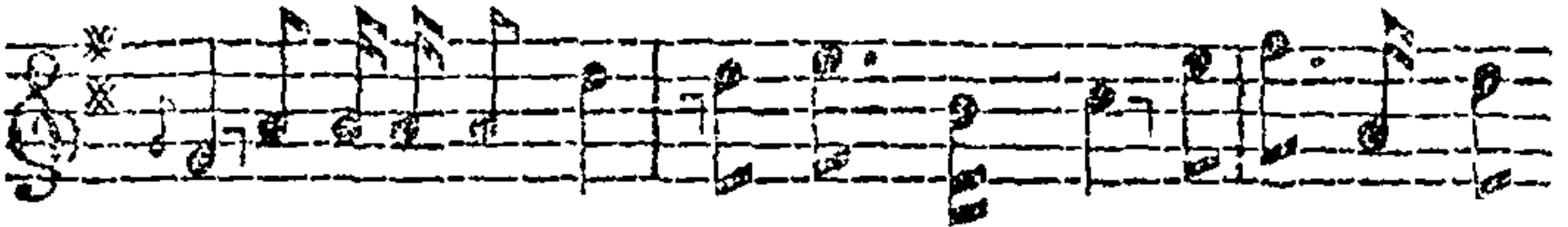
SONG XXX.

NOW PHŒBUS GILDS.

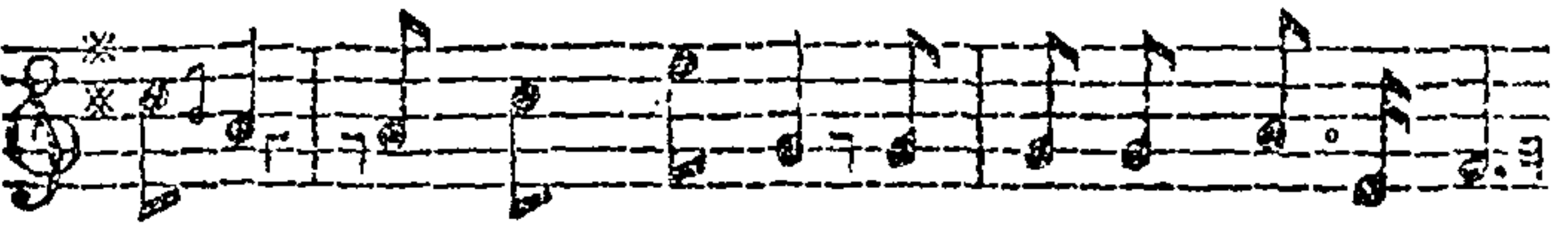
Recit.



Now Phœbus gilds the orient skies, the lark begins the



lay, the sonorous horn bids sportsmen rise, to hail the new-



born day: the hounds are out, their chearful notes resound,



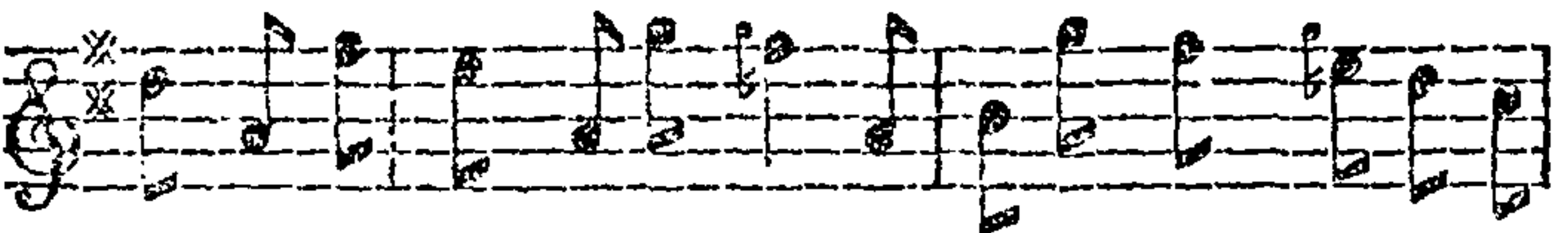
while distant hills return it all around. O'er hill and



o'er dale, over ditches, o'er pale, as swift as the wind we



pur-sue, as swift as the wind we pur--sue, the fox or the



bare, or the swift footed deer, no matter what sport is in



view, no mat-



ter what sport is in view.

Health waits on the chace,
 Paints with blushes the face,
 Spleen and vapours are left in the rear.
 The brooks and the floods,
 And the deep embrown'd woods,
 Delightful around us appear.

To the sports of the field
 All others must yield,
 For hunting's of ancient renown;
 Kings and princes, of old,
 Have this pastime extoll'd,
 Royal hunters have sat on the throne.

Hills and vallies o'erpass,
 Now homeward we haste,
 And our mistresses hearty embrace:
 New strength we obtain,
 By our sports on the plain,
 For strength still attends on the chace.

Now the bowl comes in view,
 Which with glee we pursue,
 And thus happily finish the day:
 To the huntress divine,
 To Diana we join,
 While each chorus loudly huzzza.

SONG XXXI.

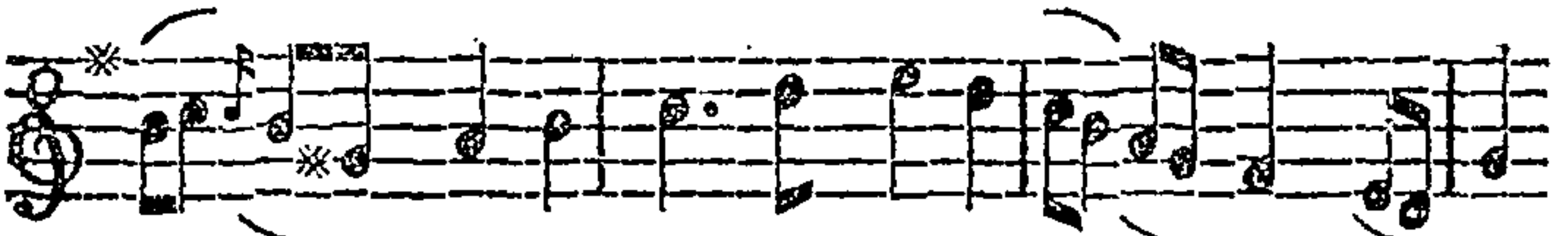
THE YOUNG MAN'S WISH.



Free from the bustle care and strife, of this short va-



rie--ga--ted life, O let me spend my days in rural sweetness,



with a friend, to whom my mind I may unbend, nor cen-



sure heed or praise, nor censure heed or praise.

Riches bring cares—I ask not wealth,
 Let me enjoy but peace and health,
 I envy not the great:
 'Tis these alone can make me blest;
 The riches take of east and west,
 I claim not these or state.

Tho' not extravagant nor near,
 But through the well spent checker'd year,
 I'd have enough to live;
 To drink a bottle with a friend,
 Assist him in distress, ne'er lend,
 But rather freely give.

I too would wish, to sweeten life,
A gentle, kind, good natur'd wife,
 Young, sensible and fair :
One who could love but me alone,
Prefer my cot to e'er a throne,
 And soothe my every care.

Thus happy with my wife and friend,
My life I cheerfully would spend,
 With no vain thoughts oppress'd ;
If heav'n has bliss for me in store,
O grant me this, I ask no more,
 And I am truly blest.

SONG XXXII.

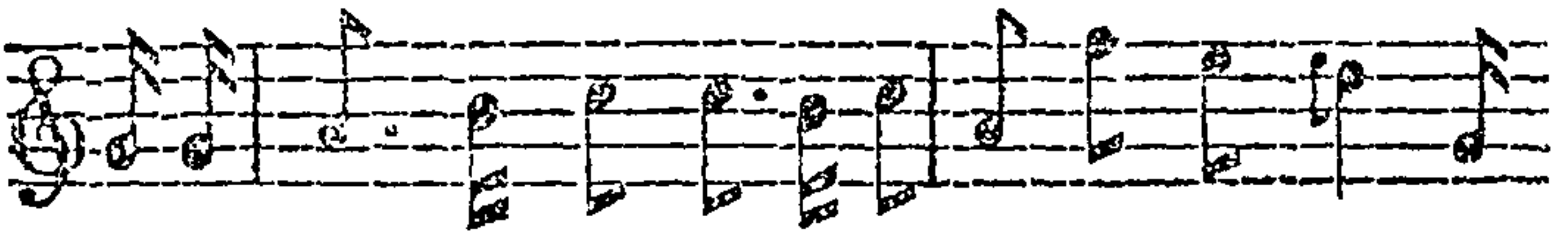
THE MATRON'S WISH.



When my locks are grown hoary, and my visage looks pale,



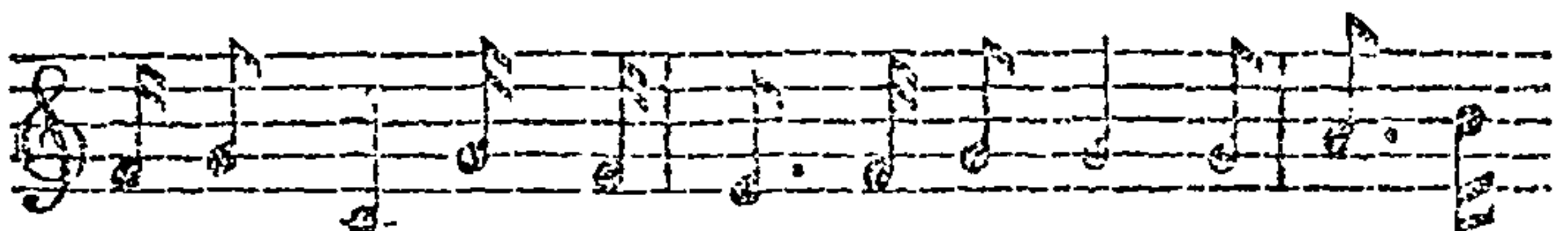
when my forehead has wrinkles, and mine eye-sight does fail,



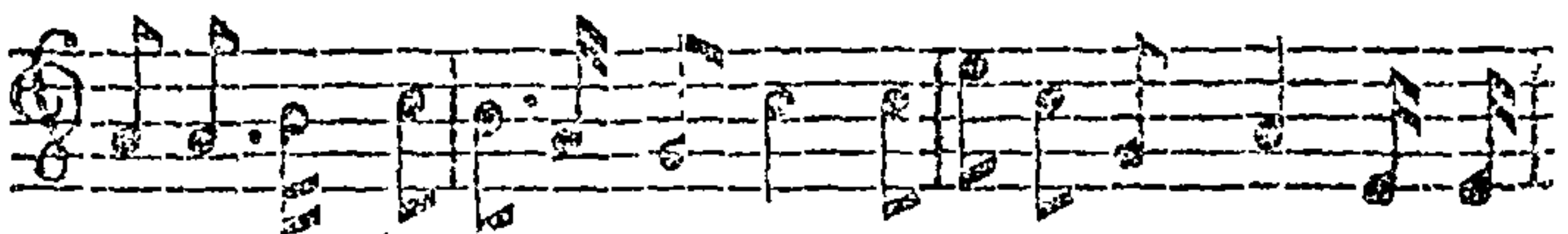
may my words and mine actions be free from all harm, may
Chorus.



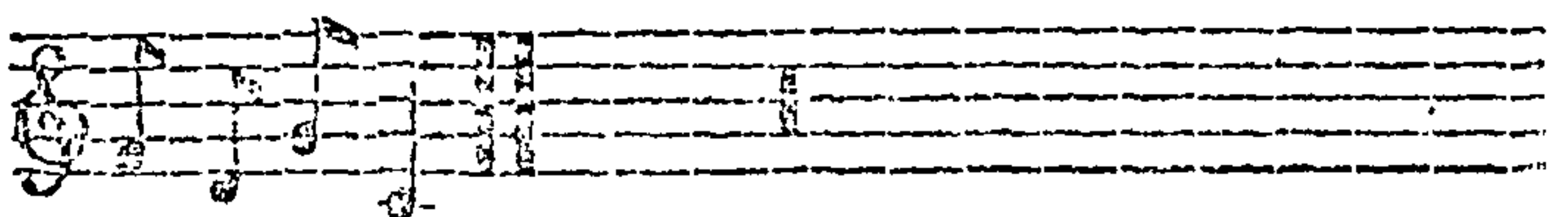
I have a good husband to keep my back warm. O the plea-



ures of youth, they are flow'rs but of May, our life's but



a vapour, our bodies but clay, yet let me live well, tho' I



live but a day.

With a sermon on Sunday, and a Bible of good print ;
With a pot on the fire, and good viands in't ;

With ale, beer, and brandy, both winter and summer,
 To drink to my gossip, and be pledg'd by my cummer.
 The pleasures of, &c.

With pigs and with poultry, and some money in store
 To purchase the needful, and to give to the poor ;
 With a bottle of Canary, to sip without sin,
 And to comfort my daughter whene'er she lies in.
 The pleasures of, &c.

With a bed soft and easy to rest on at night,
 With a maid in the morning to rise with the light,
 To do her work neatly, and obey my desire,
 To make the house clean, and blow up the fire.
 The pleasures of, &c.

With health and content, and a good easy chair ;
 With a thick hood and mantle, when I ride on my mare.
 Let me dwell near my cupboard, and far from my foes,
 With a pair of glass eyes to clap on my nose.
 The pleasures of, &c.

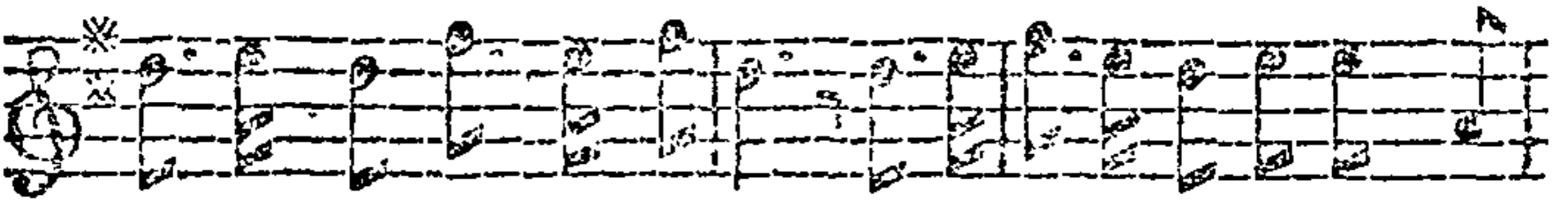
And when I am dead, with a sigh let them say,
 Our honest old cummer's now laid in the clay :
 When young, she was chearful, no scold, nor no whore ;
 She assisted her neighbours, and gave to the poor.
Tho' the flow'r of her youth in her age did decay,
Tho' her life like a vapour evanish'd away,
She liv'd well and happy unto her last day.

SONG XXXIII.

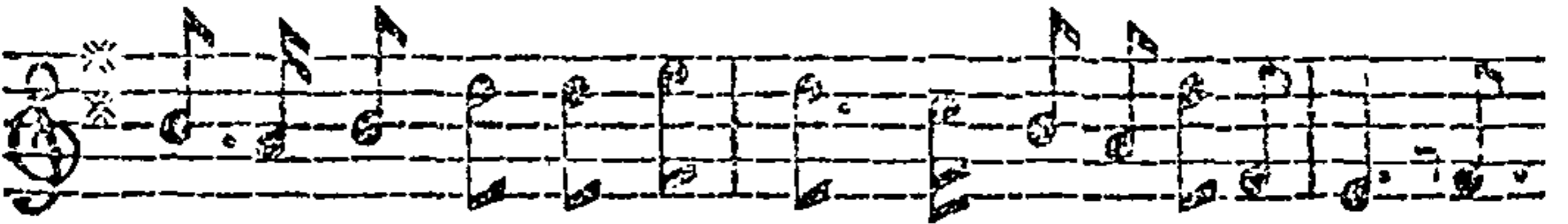
THE VICAR AND MOSES.



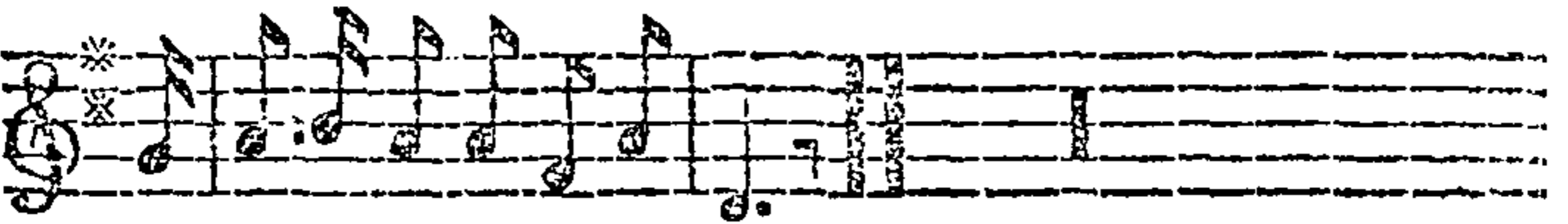
At the sign of the horse, old Spintext of course, each



night took his pipe and his pot, o'er a jorum of nappy, quite



pleasant and happy, was plac'd this canoni-cal sot, Tol



de rol de rol ti dol di dol.

The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,
 With reverence due and submission;
 First strok't his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,
 And bowing, preferr'd his petition.

I'm come, Sir, says he, to beg, look d'ye see,
 Of your reverend worship and glory,
 To inter a poor baby, with as much speed as may be,
 And I'll walk with the lanthorn before you.

The body we'll bury, but pray where's the hurry?
 Why Lord, Sir, the corpse it does stay:
 You fool hold your peace, since miracles cease,
 A corpse, Moses, can't run away.

Then Moses he smil'd, saying, Sir, a small child
 Cannot long delay your intentions ;
 Why that's true, by St Paul, a child that is small,
 Can never enlarge it's dimensions.

Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some, d'ye hear,
 I hate to be call'd from my liquor :
 Come, Moses, the King, 'tis a scandalous thing,
 Such a subject should be but a Vicar.

Then Moses he spoke, Sir 'tis past twelve o'clock,
 Besides there's a terrible shower ;
 Why Moses, you elf, since the clock has struck twelve,
 I'm sure it can never strike more.

Besides, my dear friend, this lesson attend,
 Which to say and to swear I'll be bold,
 That the corpse, snow or rain, can't endanger, that's plain ;
 But perhaps you or I may take cold.

Then Moses went on, Sir the clock has struck one,
 Pray Master look up at the hand ;
 Why it ne'er can strike less, 'tis a folly to press
 A man for to go that can't stand.

At length, hat and cloak old Orthodox took,
 But cram'd his jaw with a quid ;
 Each tipt off a gill, for fear they should chill,
 And then stagger'd away side by side.

When come to the grave, the clerk hum'd a stave,
 Whilst the surplice was wrapt round the Priest ;
 Where so droll was the figure of Moses and Vicar,
 That the parish still talk of the jest.

Good people, let's pray, put the corpse t'other way,
 Or perchance I shall over it stumble ;
 'Tis best to take care, tho' the sages declare,
 A *mortuum caput* can't tremble.

Woman that's born of a man, that's wrong, the leaf's torn;
 A man, that is born of a woman,
 Can't continue an hour, but is cut down like a flow'r;
 You see, Moses, death spareth no man.

Here, Moses, do look, what a confounded book,
 Sure the letters are turn'd upside down.
 Such a scandalous print, sure the devil is in't,
 That this Basket should print for the Crown.

Prithee, Moses, you read, for I cannot proceed,
 And bury the corpse in my stead.

(Amen. Amen.)

Why, Moses, you're wrong, pray hold still your tongue,
 You've taken the tail for the head.

O where's thy sting, Death! put the corpse in the earth,
 For, believe me, 'tis terrible weather.
 So the corpse was interr'd, without praying a word,
 And away they both stagger'd together,
 Singing *Tol de rol de rol ti dol di dol.*

SONG XXXIV.

SWEET ENGAGER.

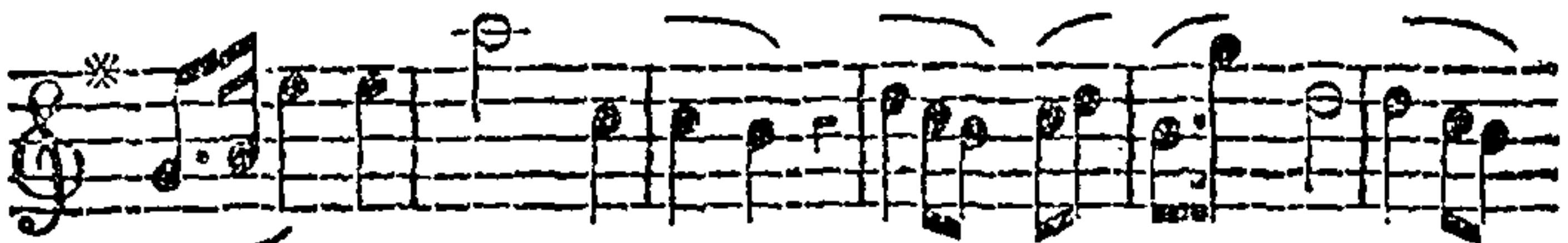
Pia.



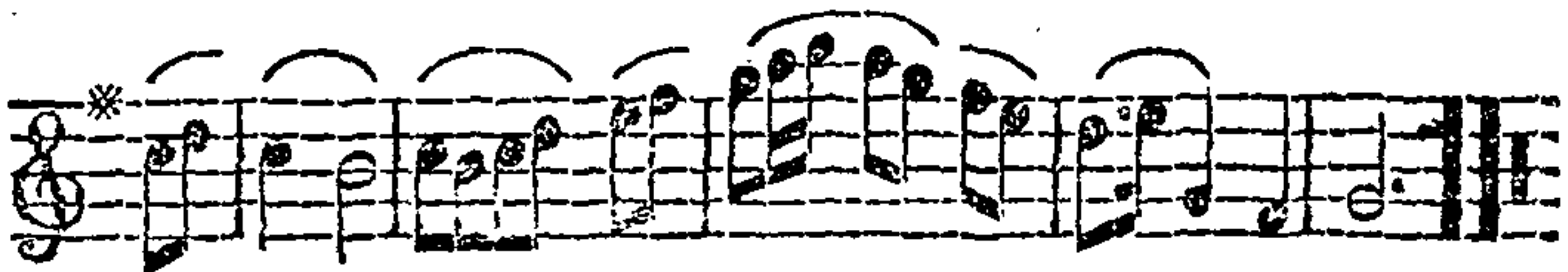
Sweet en-ga-ger of my heart, gentle as the zephyr's



wing, Na-ture's beauty void of art, hear me



while thy praise I sing, hear me while thy praise



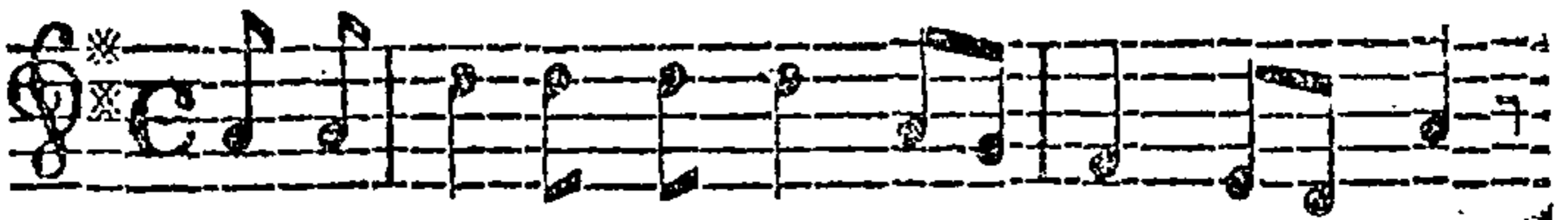
I sing, hear me while thy praise I sing.

If I call the lilly fair,
 If the rose can shed perfume,
 The lillies on thy bosom are,
 And the rose is in thy bloom.

Beauty and good-humour too,
 Sense and reason to thy aid ;
 Ever kind and ever true,
 Polly is a lovely maid,

SONG XXXV.

CLUB YOUR FIRELOCKS.



Club your firelocks, my lads, let us march to the coasts,



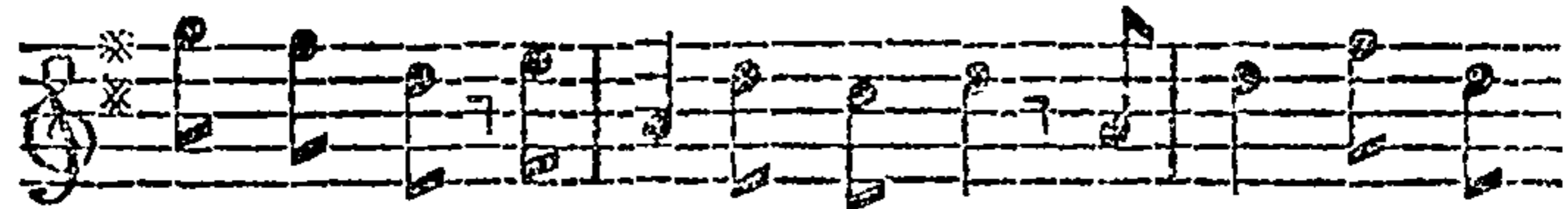
to try whether Monsieur will stick to his boasts, for Par-



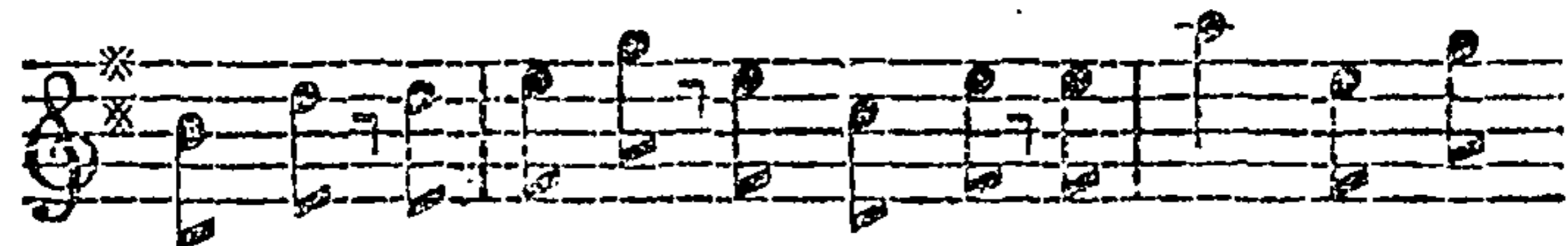
blew! he cries, we will Britain invade, but Monsieur



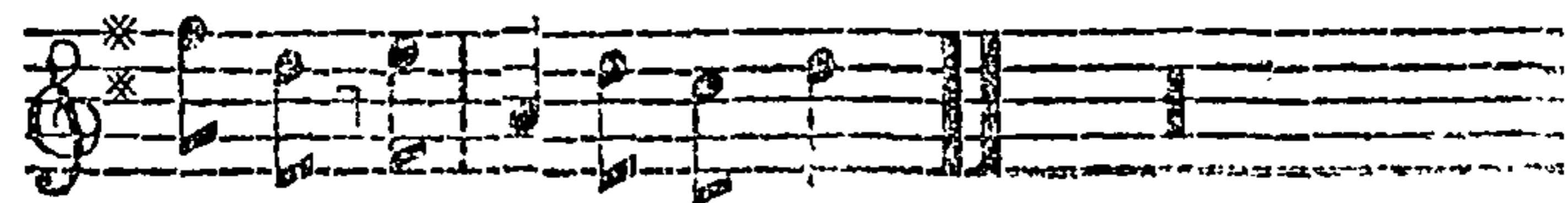
deals largely, deals largely, deals largely, but Monsieur



deals largely, and fibbing's his trade, but Monsieur deals



largely, deals largely, deals largely, but Monsieur deals



largely, and fibbing's his trade.

What signifies all this confusion and pother,
Their routs and their marches from one place to to'ther,
Their transports to carry, their navies to fight
When learnt they that Frenchmen bold Britons could fright.

We'll remind them (if haply their mem'ries are bad)
What drubbings and dressings they formerly had,
When Britain's rous'd Lion stretch'd forth his strong paw,
To the Gallic Baboon he could always give law.

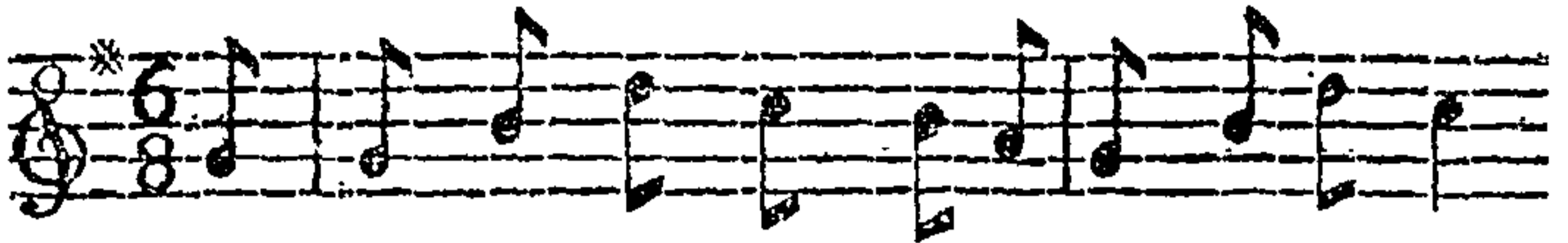
Can ye Frenchmen forget (still as friends we'll address ye)
The basting ye got at Poictiers and Cressy?
But should ye reject this as quite an old story,
The fall of last war is still recent before ye.

Cross quickly the channel! why all this delay,
We long to return you the visit you pay,
In us you will find of politeness no lack,
Will receive you so well that you'll never go back.

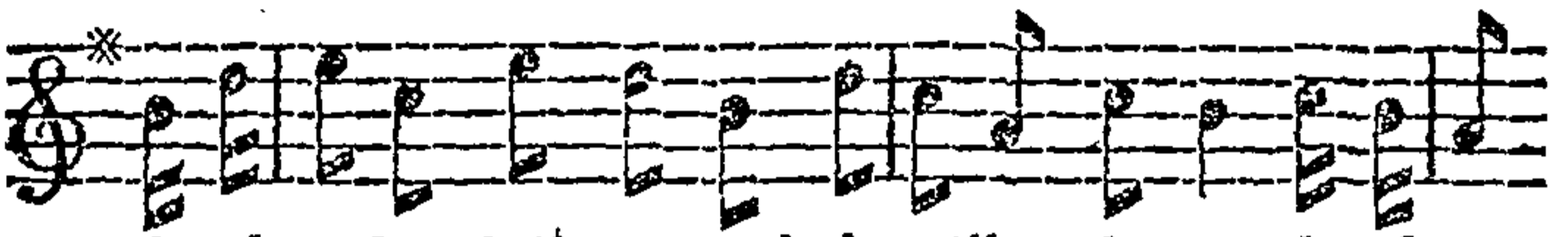
What tho' the dull Spaniard has join'd the French friskers,
His Donship will find we can pull his grave whiskers:
The Havannah we'll put in our pockets again,
And blow both the Bourbons quite out of the main.

SONG XXXVI.

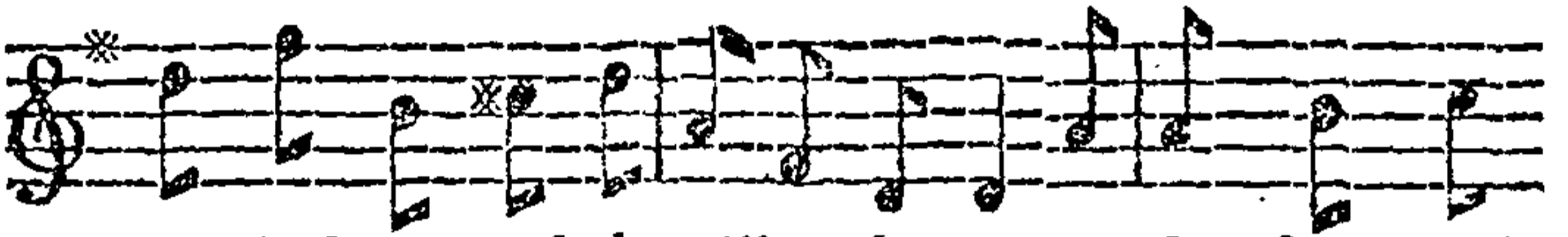
RALPH AND SUE.



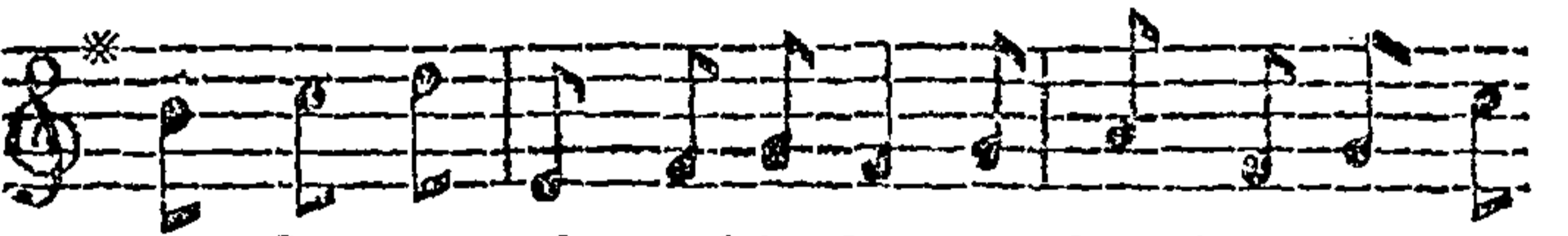
Leave neighbours your work, and to sport and to play;



let the tabor strike up and the village be gay, let the ta-



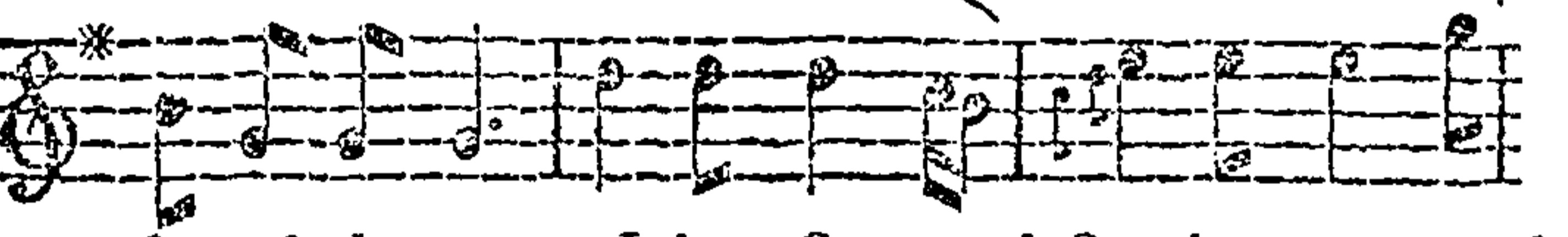
bor strike up and the village be gay: no day through the



year shall more chearful be seen, for Ralph of the mill



marries Sue of the green, 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 marry'd to-day, and to-morrow be cloy'd :
My body is stout, and my heart is as found,
And my love, like my courage, will never give ground.
I love Sue, &c.

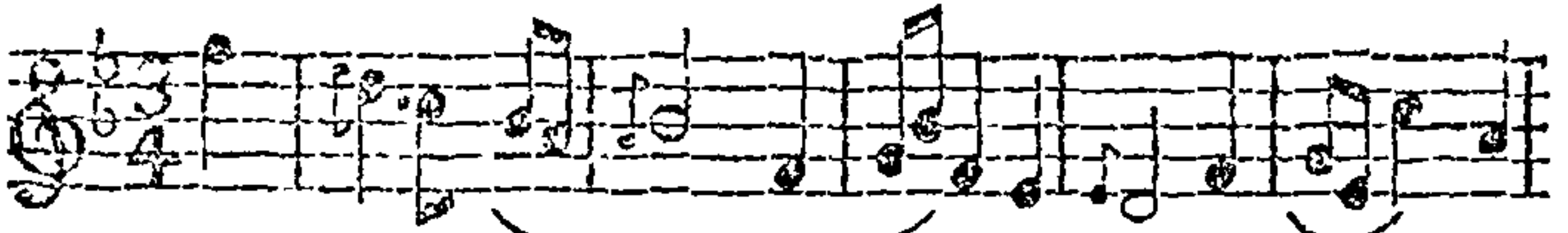
Let ladies of fashion the best jointures wed,
And prudently take the best bidders to bed ;
Such signing and sealing's no part of our blifs,
We settle our hearts, and we seal with a kifs.
I love Sue, &c.

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

While thus I am able to work at my mill,
While thus thou art kind, and thy tongue but lies still,
Our joys shall continue, and ever be new,
And none be so happy as Ralph and his Sue.
I love Sue, &c.

SONG XXXVII.

WHEN MORN HER SWEETS.



When morn her sweets shall first unfold, and paint the



flee—cy clouds with gold, on tuft--cd green O let



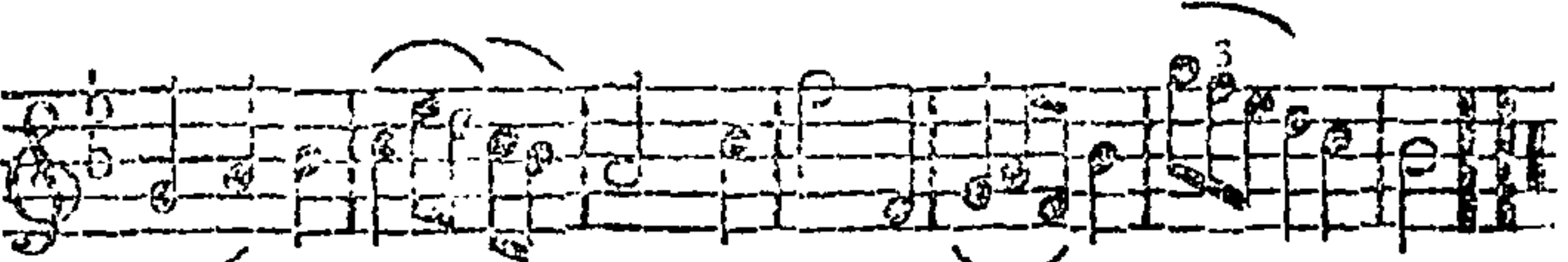
me play, and welcome up the jo—cund day. Wak'd



by the gen-tle voice of love, a-rise my fair, a--rise



and prove the dear delights fond lovers know, the best of



bleffings here be-low, the best of bleffings here be-low.

To some clear river's verdant side,
Do thou my happy footsteps guide;
In concert with the parling stream,
We'll sing, and love shall be the theme:

E'er night assumes her gloomy reign,
When shadows lengthen o'er the plain ;
We'll to the myrtle grove repair,
For peace and pleasure wait us there.

The laughing god there keeps his court,
And little loves incessant sport ;
Around the winning graces wait,
And calm contentment guards the feat.
There lost in extasies of joy,
While tenderest scenes our thoughts employ,
We'll bless the hour our loves begun,
The happy moment made us one.

CALLIOPE: OR THE
SONG XXXVIII.
HARK THE HORN.



Hark the horn from the valley how lively it peals, and



beats from the caverns around to the hills, how sweetly



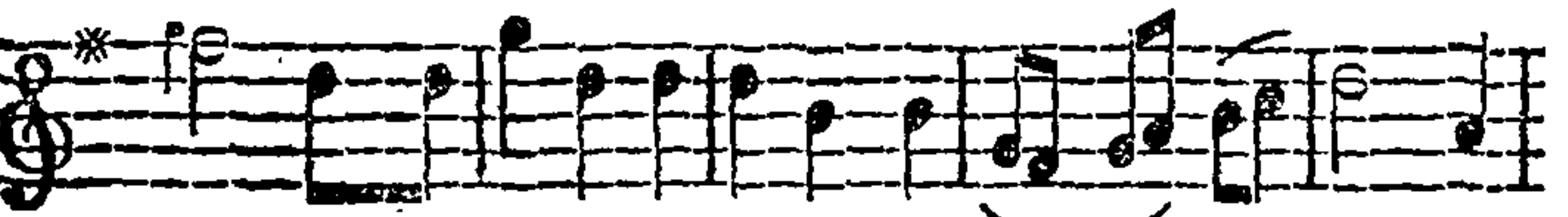
does Echo repeat her own mocks, how melting the mur-



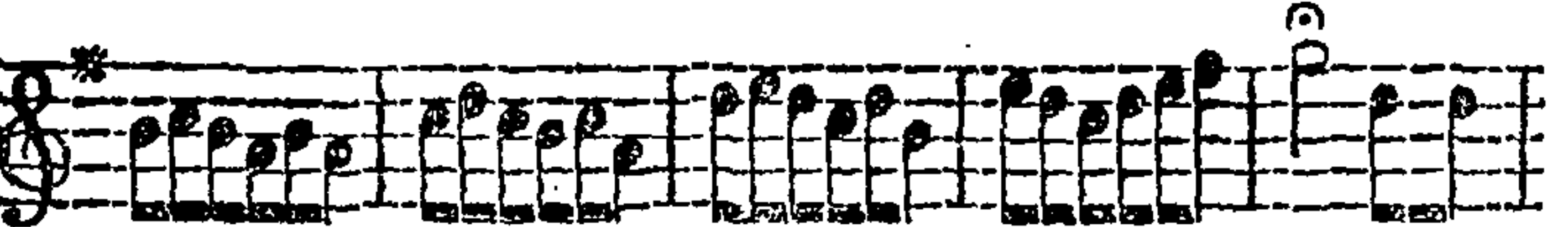
mur that dies in the rocks. Each note is a warning to



join the career, each note is a warning to join the ca-



reer, and a signal inviting the sun to appear, each



no- - - - - te is a



signal inviting the sun to appear.

Behold in the east, the clouds fever'd with light,
How glorious the prospect that bursts on the sight;
A tumult of gladness plays round the warm heart,
And the spirit of extacy throbs in each part;
The air courts the sense as it steals o'er the field,
Enrich'd with the fragrance the rose-thickets yield.

On his roost the shrill cock, early herald of morn,
Flaps his wings and proclaims the sun's welcome return.
The lark mounting sings, and the sweet-warbling thrush
Her dulcet song carols from low hawthorn bush:
For the op'ning the courses impatiently pant,
And the deep-scented hound longs the onset to chant.

But see from his covert, the fox slowly creep,
And steal leering backward along the woods steep.
That holla proclaims him discover'd! he sees
Flight's the refuge remaining, and runs with the breeze:
Away in pursuit!—we'll his vestages trace
And mix with the clamours that chorus the chace.

SONG XXXIX.

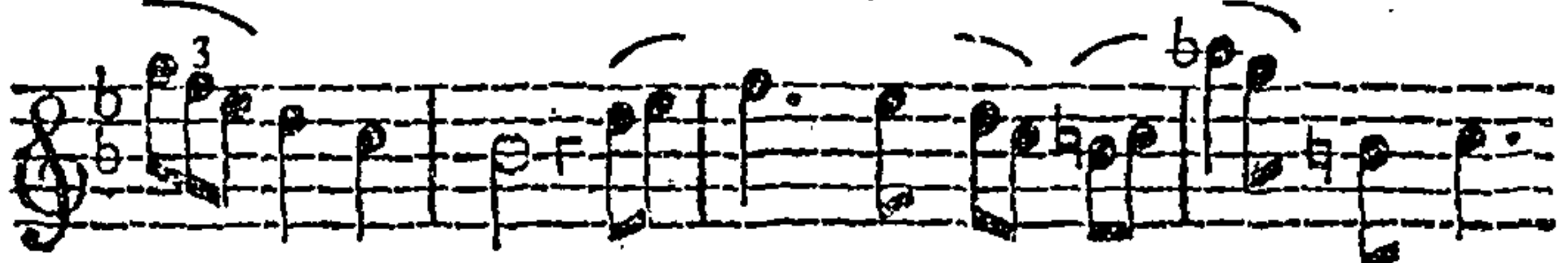
AH WHY MUST WORDS.



Ah why must words my flame reveal, what needs my



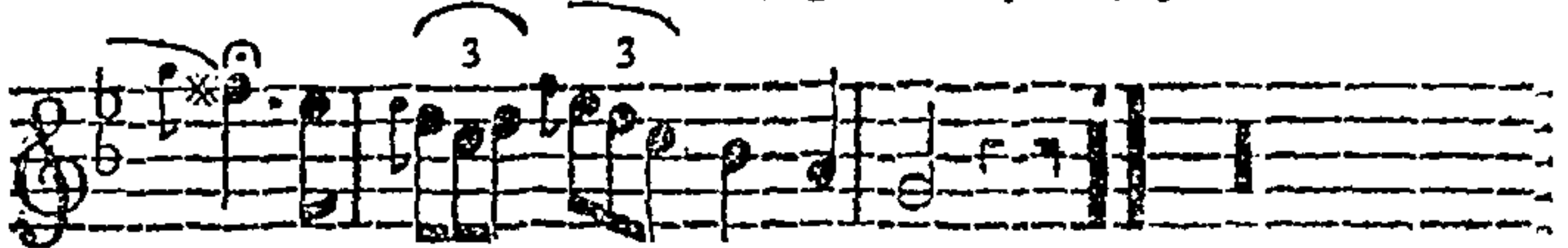
Damon bid me tell what all my actions prove, what all



my actions prove. A blush whene'er I meet his eye,



whene'er I hear his name a sigh betrays my secret love,



- - be-trays my secret love.

In all their sports upon the plain
 My eyes still fix'd on him remain,
 And him alone approve;
 The rest unheeded, dance or play,
 He steals from all my praise away,
 And can he doubt my love.

Whene'er we meet my looks confess
 The pleasures which my soul possess,
 And all it's cares remove.

Still, still too short appears his stay,
i frame excuses for delay,
Can this be ought but love?

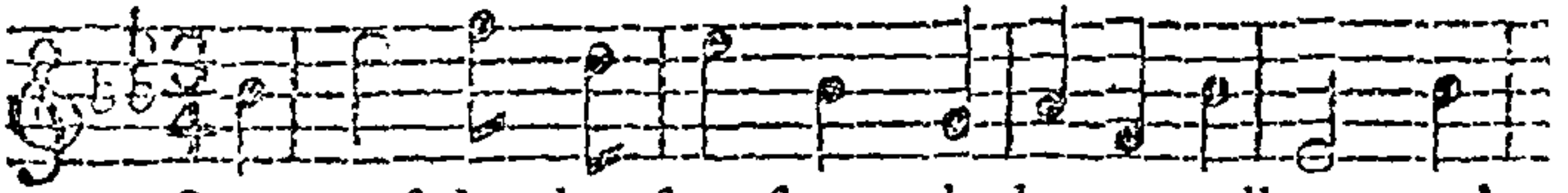
Does any speak in Damon's praise,
How pleas'd am I with all he says,
And ev'ry word approve ;
Is he defam'd, tho' but in jest,
I feel resentment fire my breast,
Alas, because I love.

But O what tortures tear my heart,
When I suspect his looks impart,
The least desire to rove.
I hate the maid who gives me pain,
Yet him I strive to hate in vain,
For ah ! that hate is love.

Then ask not words but read my eyes,
Believe my blushes, trust my sighs,
All these my passion prove :
Words may deceive, may spring from art,
But the true language of my heart
To Damon must be love.

SONG XL.

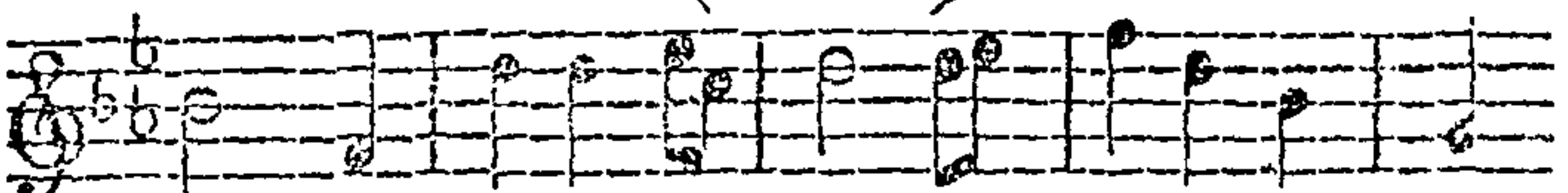
COME ROUSE BROTHER SPORTSMAN.



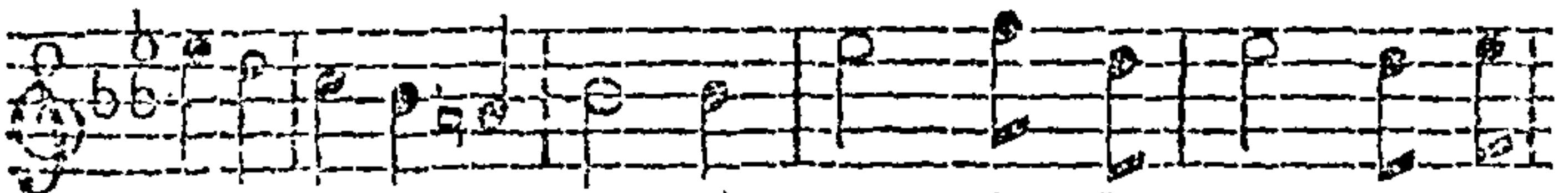
Come rouse brother sportsman, the hunters all cry, we've



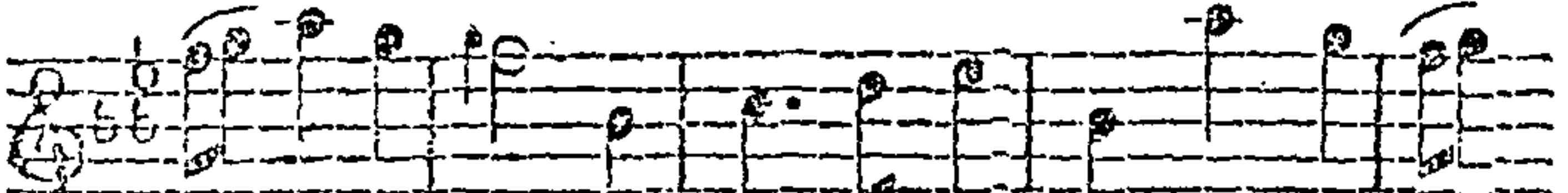
got a strong scent and a favouring sky, we've got a strong



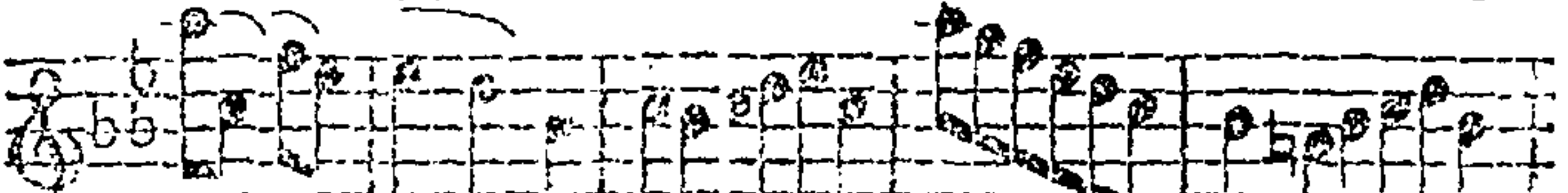
scent, we've got a strong scent, we've got a strong scent



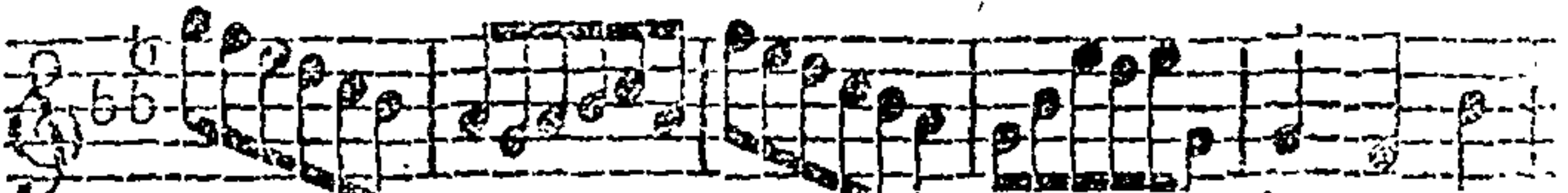
and a favouring sky. The horn's sprightly notes, and the



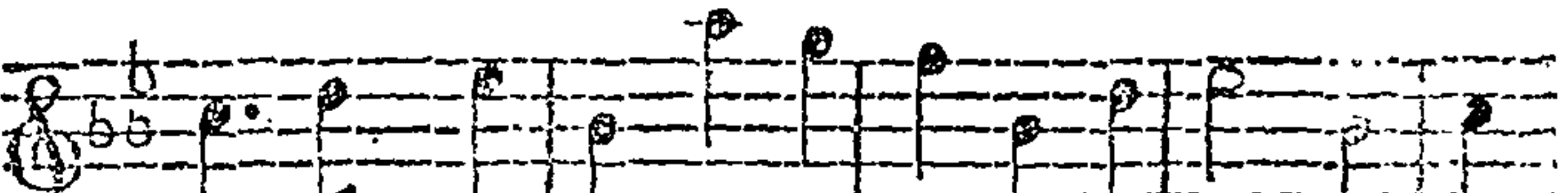
lark's early song will chide the dull sportsman for sleep-



ing so long, will chide



will



chide the dull sportsman for sleeping so long, will chide



the dull sportsman for sleeping so long.

Bright Phoebus has shewn us the glimpse of his face,
Peep'd in at our windows, and call'd to the chace,
He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,
And makes the fields blush with the beams of his ray.

Sweet Molly may teaze you perhaps to lie down,
And if you refuse her perhaps she may frown,
But tell her sweet love must to hunting give place,
For as well as her charms, there are charms in the chace.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I spy,
At his brush nimbly follows brisk Chanter and Fly,
They seize on their prey, see his eye-balls they roll,
We're in at the death, now return 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.

by Ramsay, at London. SONG XLI.

THE LASS OF PEATIE'S MILL.



The lass of Peatie's mill so bonny blyth and



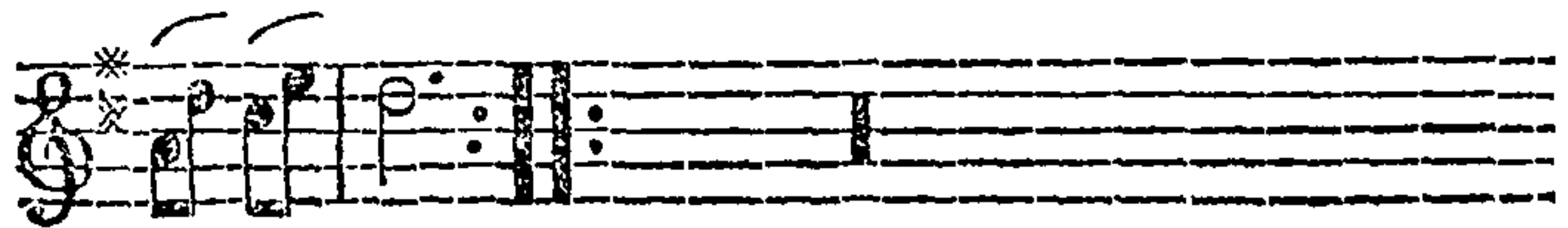
gay, in spite of all my skill, bath stole my heart



away. When tedding of the hay, bare-head-ed on



the green love midst her locks did play, and wan-ton'd



in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth;
 Breasts rising in their dawn;
 To age it would give youth,
 To press them with his hand.
 Through all my spirits ran
 An extasy of blifs,
 When I such sweetness fand,
 Wrapt in a balmy kifs.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
Her sweets she did impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd
Her looks, they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd ;
I wish'd her for my bride.

O! had I all that wealth
Hoptouns high mountains fill,
In sur'd long life and health,
And pleasure at my will ;
I'd promise, and fulfil,
That none but bonny she,
The lass of Peatie's mill,
Should share the same with me.

SONG XLII.

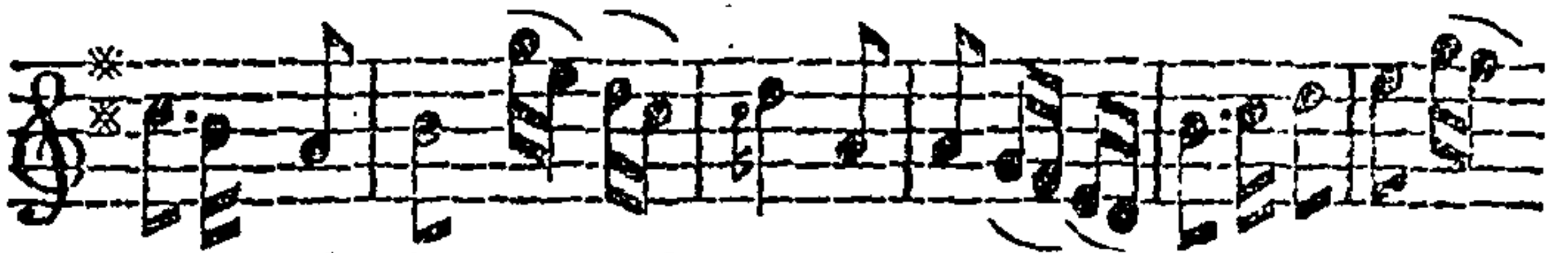
AWAY TO THE FIELD.



Away to the field see the morning looks grey, and sweet-



ly be-dapled forebodes a fine day; the hounds are all



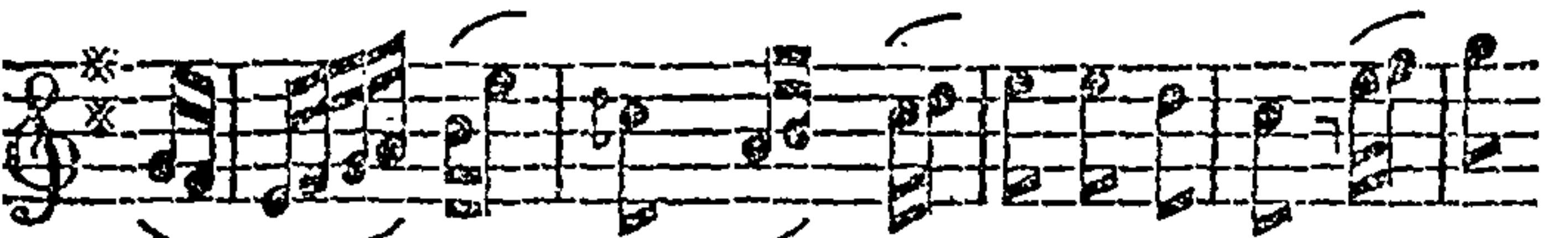
eager the sport to embrace, and carol aloud to be led to



the chace, and carol aloud to be led to the chace. Then



hark in the morn to the call of the horn, and join with



the jo—vial crew, while the season invites with all



it's delights, the health-giving chace 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,
 There mattins they chant as they merrily quest.
 Then hark in the morn, &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 in the morn, &c.

See how the brave hunters with courage elate,
 Fly hedges and ditches, or top the barr'd gate;
 Borne by their bold courfers, no danger they fear,
 And give to the winds all vexation and care.
 Then hark in the morn, &c.

Ye cits for the chace, 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 in the morn, &c.

SONG XLIII.

THE BLUSH OF AURORA.



The blush of Au-ro-ra now tinges the morn, and dew-



drops be-spangle the sweet scented thorn; then sound bro-



ther sportsman sound, sound the gay horn, till Phæbus a-



wakens the day, till Phæbus a-wakens the day: and see



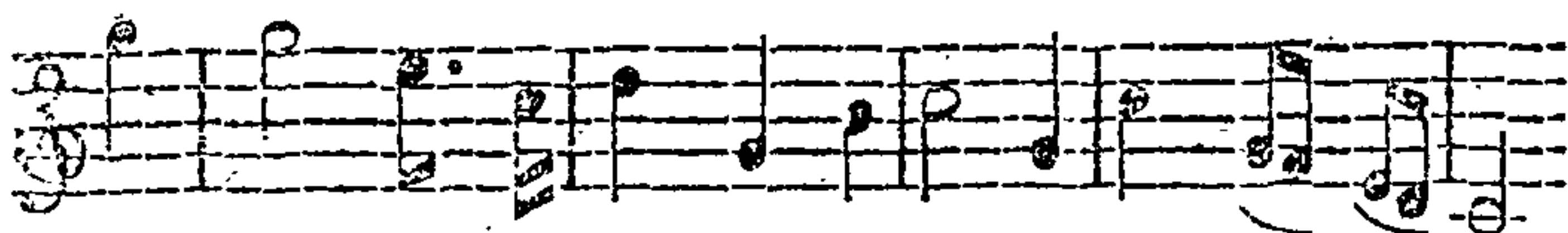
now he rises! in splendor how bright! IO Pe an!



IO Pe an for Phæbus, for Phæbus the god



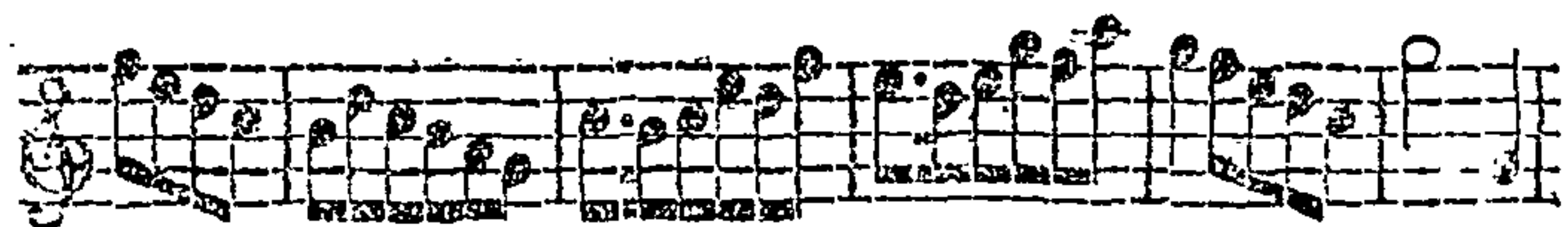
of delight, all glorious in beauty now ba-nish-es night:



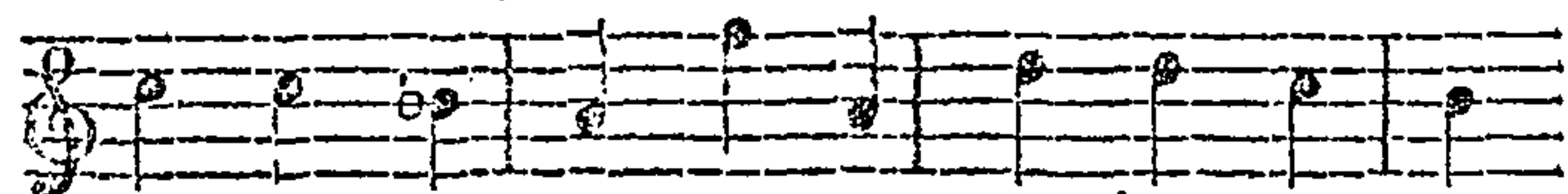
then mount, boys, to horse and away, to horse and a--way,



to horse and away, a--way - - - - -



- - - - - then



mount boys, then mount boys, then mount boys, then mount



boys, then mount boys, to horse and away.

What raptures can equal the joys of the chace!
 Health, bloom, and contentment appear in each face,
 And in our swift courfers what beauty and grace,
 While we the fleet stag do pursue;
 While we, &c.

At the deep and harmonious sweet cry of the hounds,
 Wing'd by terror, wing'd by terror,
 Wing'd by terror, he bursts from the forest's wide bounds,
 And tho' like the light'ning he darts o'er the grounds,
 Yet still, boys, we keep him in view.

We keep him in view, we keep him in view, in view,
 And tho' like the light'ning, &c.

When chac'd till quite spent, he his life does resign,
Our victim we'll offer at Bacchus's shrine;
And revel in honour of Nimrod divine,
That hunter so mighty of fame,
That hunter, &c.

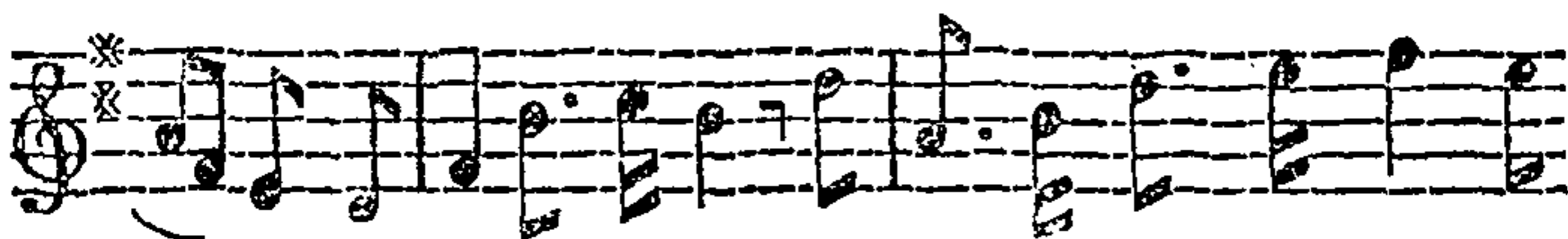
Our glasses then charge to our country and king,
Love and beauty ; love and beauty ;
Love and beauty we'll fill to, and jovially sing ;
Wishing health and success, till we make the house ring,
To all sportsmen and sons of the game.
And sons of the game ; and sons of the game ; the game ;
Wishing health and success. &c.

SONG XLIV.

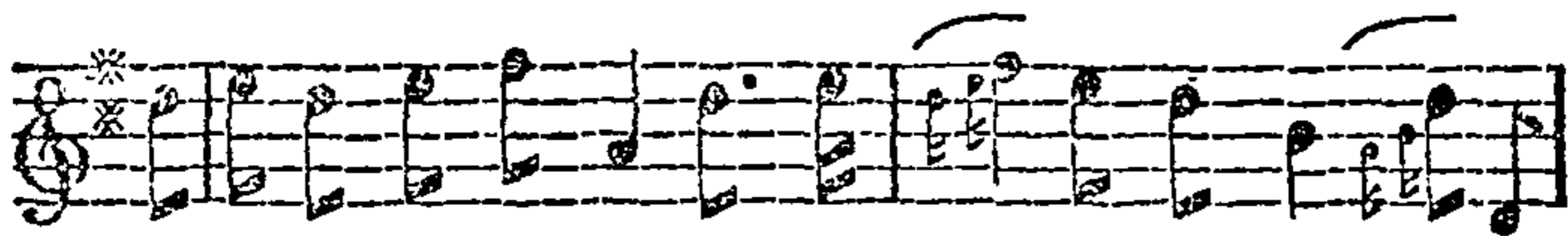
THE BLATHRIE O'T.



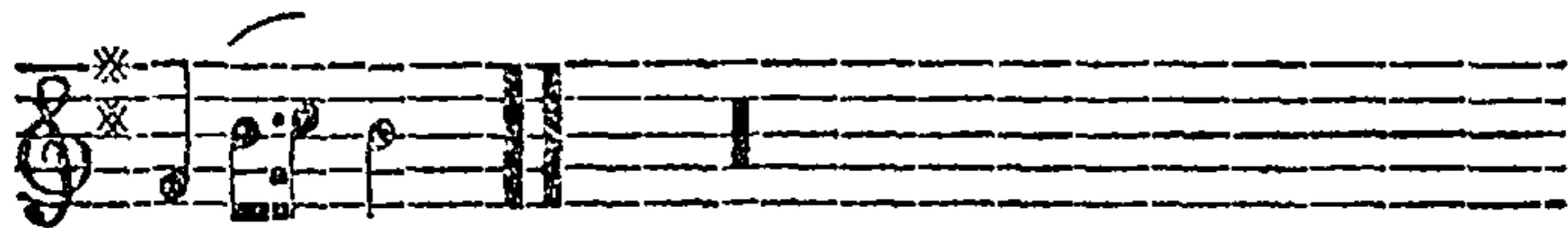
When I think on this world's pelf, and the little wi'



share I have o't to myself, and how the lass that wants it



is by the lads forgot, may the shame fa' the gear and the



blathrie o't.

Jockie was the laddie that held the pleugh,
 But now he's got gowd and gear eneugh;
 He thinks nae mair of me that wears the plaiden coat;
 May the shame, &c.

Jenny was the lassie that mucked the byre,
 But now she is clad in her silken attire,
 And Jockie says he loes her, and swears he's me forgot;
 May the shame, &c.

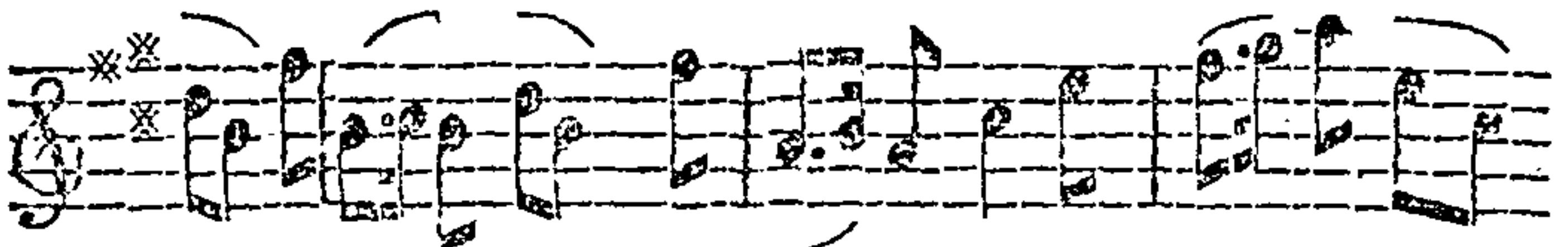
But all this shall never danton me,
 Sae lang as I keep my fancy free:
 For the lad that's sae inconstant, he is not worth a groat;
 May the shame, &c.

SONG XLV.

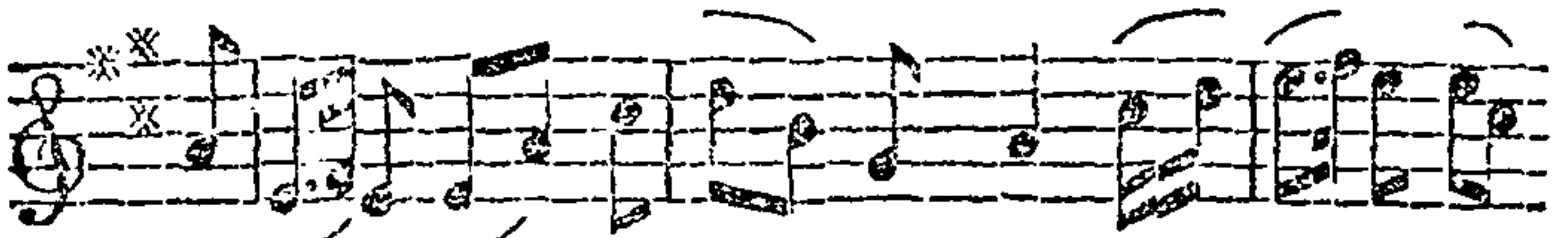
THE BRAES OF YARROW.



The sun just glancing through the trees, gave light and



joy to ilk--a grove, and pleasure in each southern breeze



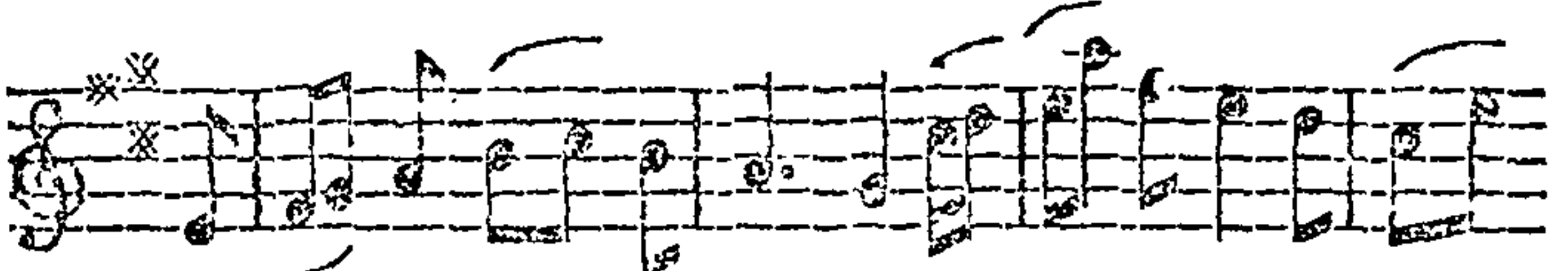
a-waken'd hope and slumb'ring love. When Jenny sung



with hearty glee to charm her winsome marrow my bon-



ny laddie, gang wi' me, my bonny laddie, gang wi' me,



we'll o'er the braes of Yarrow, my bonny laddie, gang



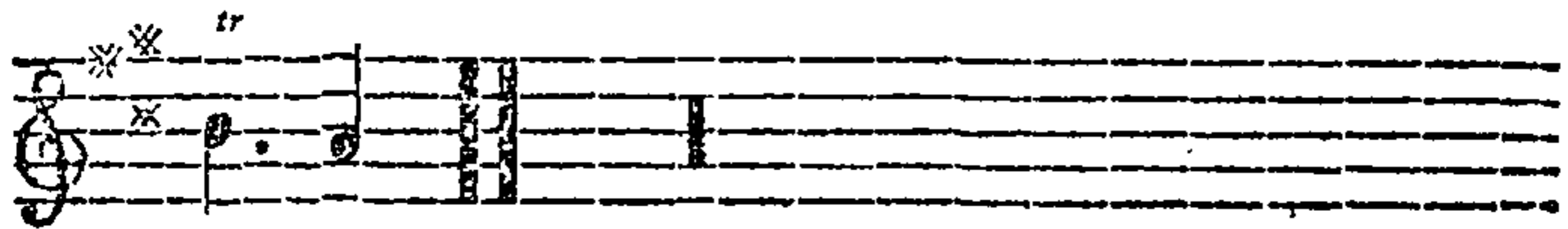
wi' me, we'll o'er the braes of Yarrow, we'll o'er the



braes of Yarrow, we'll o'er the braes of Yarrow, my



bonny laddie gang wi' me, we'll o'er the braes of



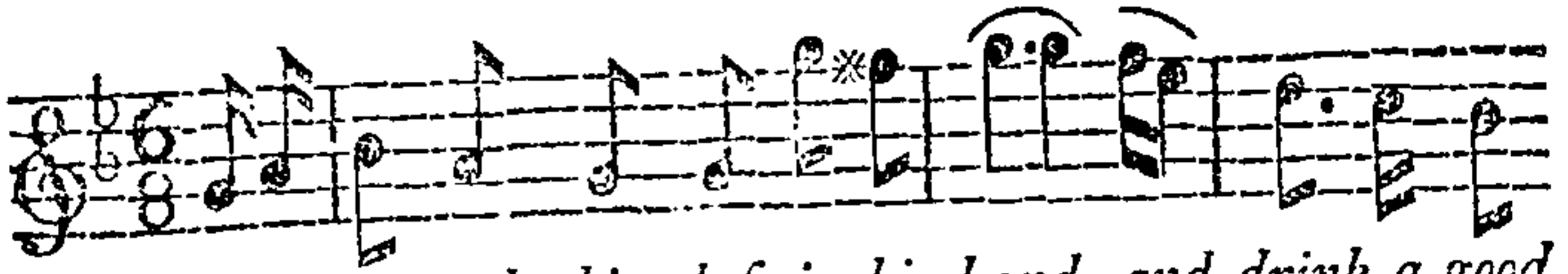
Yarrow.

Young Sandy was the blythest swain
 That ever pip'd on bonny brae ;
 Nae lass could ken him free frae pain,
 Sae graceful, kind, fae fair and gay.
 And Jenny fung, &c.

He kifs'd and lov'd the bonny maid,
 Her sparkling een had won his heart,
 No lass the youth had e'er betray'd :
 No fear had she, the lad no art.
 And Jenny fung, &c.

SONG XLVI.

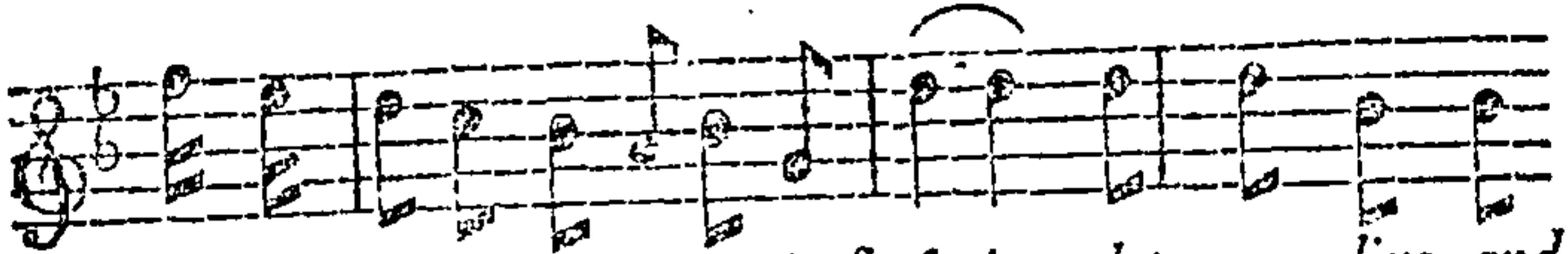
EVERY MAN TAKE HIS GLASS.



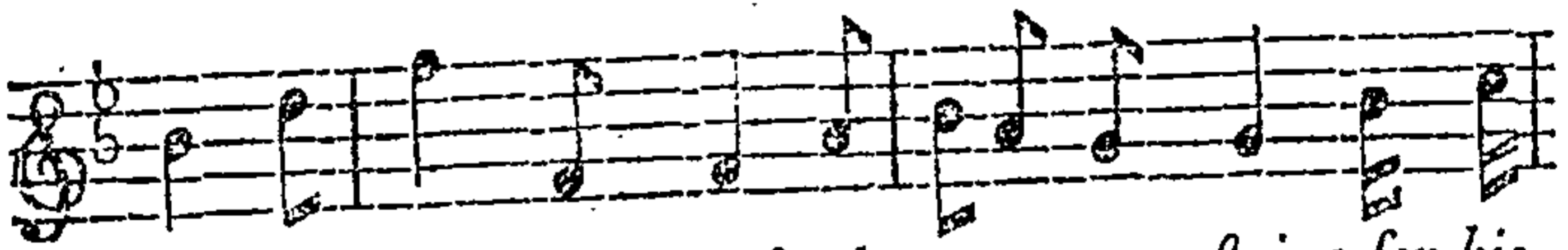
Ev'ry man take his glass in his hand, and drink a good



health to our king: many years may he rule o'er this land;



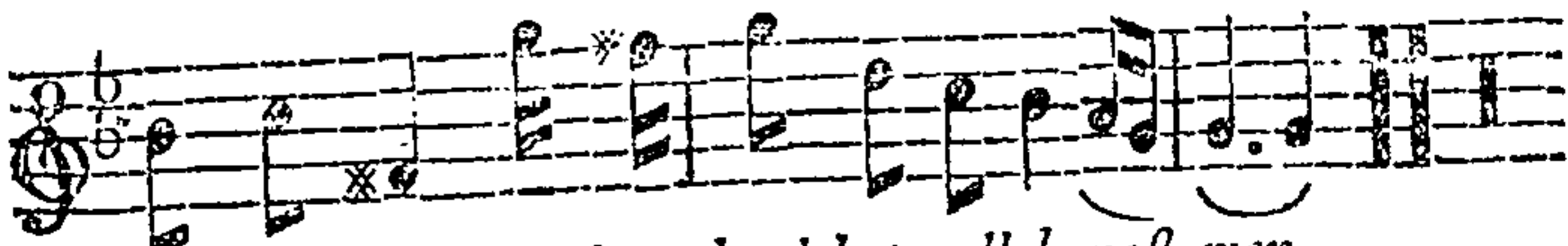
may his laurels for ever fresh spring, let wrangling and



jangling straightway cease; let every man strive for his



country's peace; neither tory nor whig, with their par-



ties look big: here's a health to all honest men.

'Tis not owning a whimsical name
 That proves a man loyal and just:
 Let him fight for his country's fame;
 Be impartial at home, if in trust.

'Tis this that proves him an honest soul :
His health we'll drink in a brim-full bowl.
Then let's leave off debate,
No confusion create ;
Here's a health to all honest men.

When a company's honestly met,
With intent to be merry and gay,
Their drooping spirits to whet,
And drown the fatigues of the day—
What madness is it thus to dispute,
When neither side can his man confute ?
When you've said what you dare,
You're but just where you were.
Here's a health to all honest men.

Then agree, ye true Britons, agree,
And ne'er quarrel about a nick-name ;
Let your enemies trembling see
That a Briton is always the same.
For our king our laws, our church, our right,
Let's lay by all feuds, and straight unite :
Then who need care a fig
Who's a tory or a whig ?
Here's a health to all honest men.

SONG XLVII.

NOBODY.



If to force me to sing, it be your intention, some one I



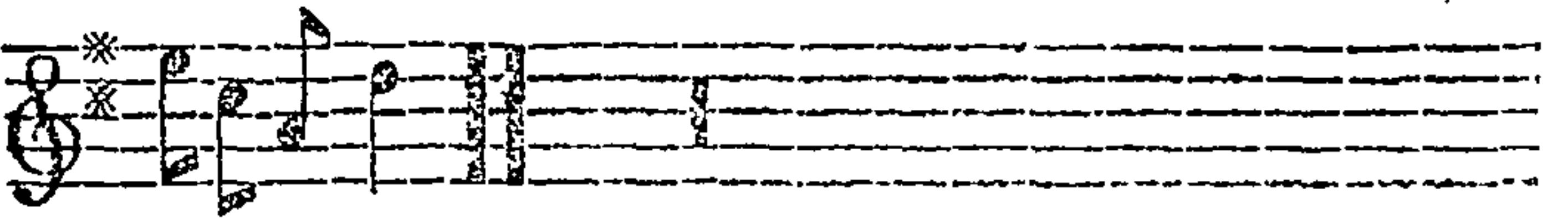
will hint at, yet nobody mention, nobody you'll cry, pshaw,



that must be stuff, at singing I'm no-bo-dy, that's the



first proof. No, no-bo-dy, no, no-bo-dy, no-bo-dy, nobody,



nobody, no.

Nobody's a name every body will own,
 When something they ought to be aham'd of have done;
 'Tis a name well applied to old maids and young beaux,
 What they were intended for nobody knows.

No, nobody, &c.

If negligent servants should china-plate crack,
 The fault is still laid on poor nobody's back;
 If accidents happen at home or abroad,
 When nobody's blam'd for it, is not that odd?

No, nobody, &c.

Nobody can tell you the tricks that are play'd,
 When nobody's by, betwixt maister and maid:
 She gently crys out, Sir, there'll some body hear us,
 He softly replies, my dear, no body's near us.

No, no body, &c.

But big with child proving, she's quickly discarded,
 When favours are granted, nobody's rewarded;
 And when she's examined, crys, mortals, forbid it,
 If I'm got with child, it was nobody did it.

No, nobody, &c.

When by stealth, the gallant, the wanton wife leaves,
 The husband's affrighten'd, and thinks it is thieves;
 He rouses himself, and crys loudly Who's there?
 The wife pats his cheek, and says, nobody, dear.

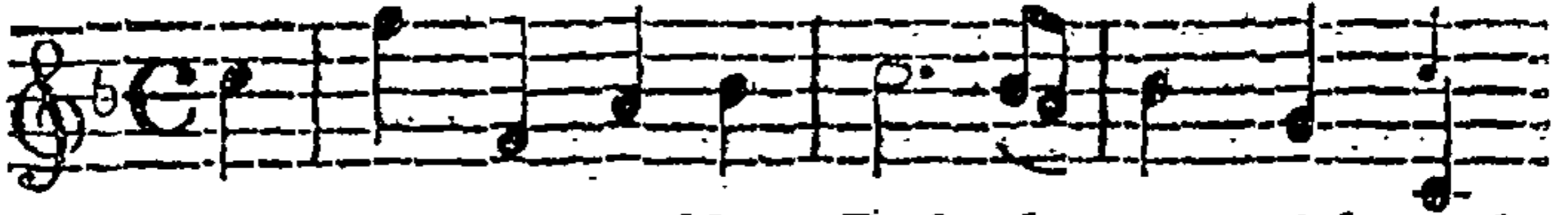
No, nobody, &c.

Enough now of nobody, sure has been sung,
 Since nobody's mention'd, nor nobody's wrong'd;
 I hope for free speaking, I may not be blam'd,
 Since nobody's injur'd, nor nobody's nam'd.

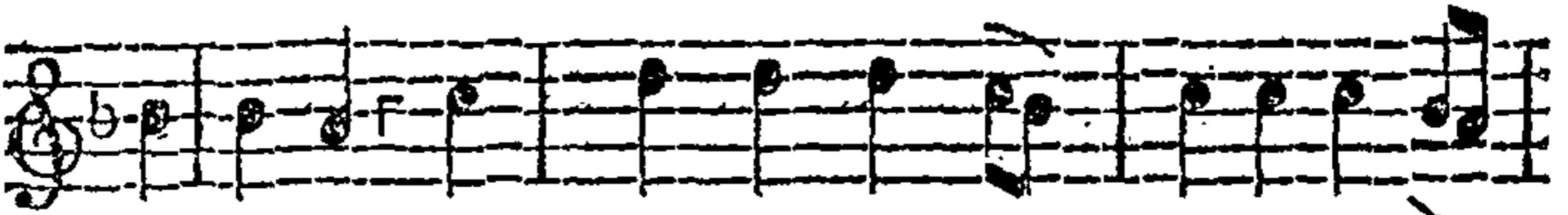
No, nobody, &c.

SONG XLVIII.

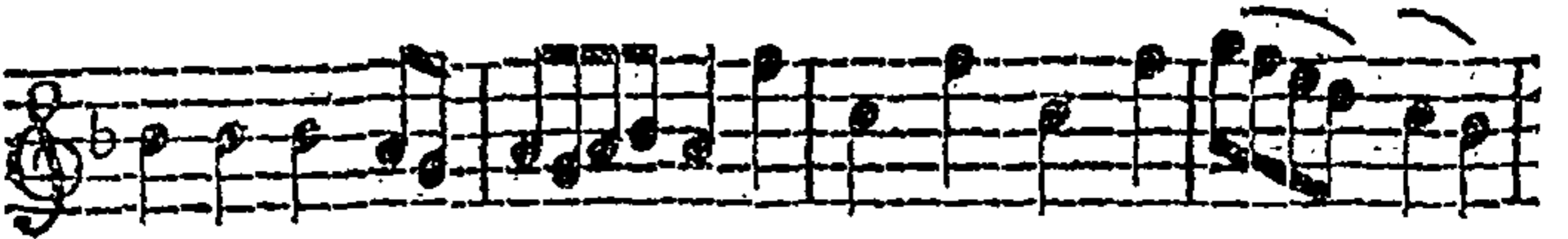
HAPPY DICK.



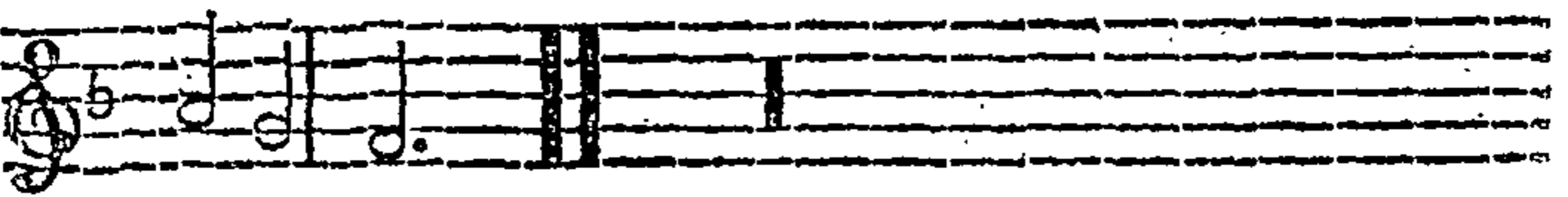
Whence comes it, neighbour Dick, that you with youth



uncommon, have served the girls this tri - - - - -



- - - - - ck and weded an old wo—man,



Happy Dick!

Each belle condemns the choice
 Of a youth so gay and sprightly;
 But we, your friends, rejoice,
 That you have judg'd so rightly:
 Happy Dick!

Though odd to some it sounds,
 That on threescore you ventur'd,
 Yet in ten thousand pounds
 Ten thousand charms are center'd:
 Happy Dick!

Beauty, we know, will fade,
 As doth the short liv'd hour:

Nor can the fairest maid
 Insure her bloom an hour :
 Happy Dick !

Then wisely you resign,
 For sixty, charms so transient ;
 As the curious value coin
 The more for being ancient :
 Happy Dick !

With joy your spouse shall see
 The fading beauties round her,
 And she herself still be
 The same that first you found her :
 Happy Dick !

Oft is the married state
 With jealousies attended ;
 And hence, through foul debate,
 Are nuptial joys suspended :
 Happy Dick !

But you, with such a wife,
 No jealous fears are under ;
 She's yours alone for life,
 Or much we all shall wonder :
 Happy Dick !

Her death would grieve you fore,
 But let not that torment you ;
 My life she'll see fourscore,
 If that will but content you :
 Happy Dick !

On this you may rely,
 For the pains you took to win her,
 She'll ne'er in child-bed die,
 Unless the d—l's in her :
 Happy Dick !

Some have the name of hell
 To matrimony given:
 How falsely you can tell,
 Who find it such a heaven:
 Happy Dick!

With you each day and night
 Is crown'd with joy and gladness;
 While envious virgins bite
 Their heated sheets for madness:
 Happy Dick!

With spouse long share the bliss
 Y'had miss'd in any other;
 And when you've bury'd this,
 May you have such another:
 Happy Dick!

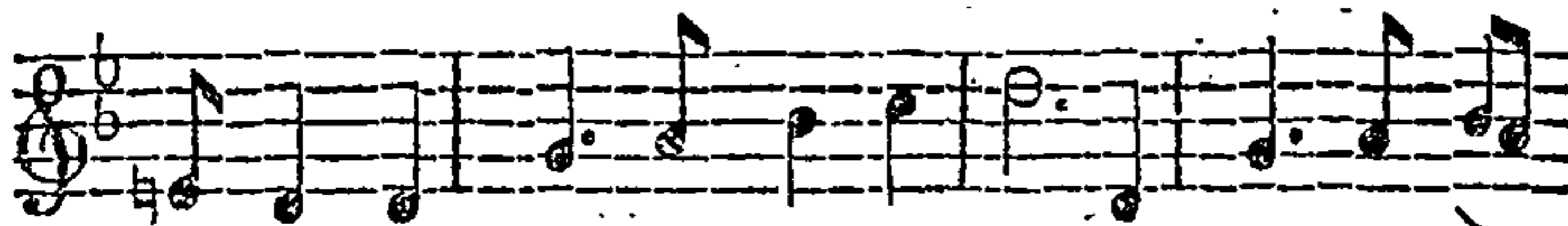
Observing hence, by you,
 In marriage such decorum,
 Our wiser youth shall do
 As you have done before 'em:
 Happy Dick!

SONG XLIX.

HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?



How stands the glass around? for shame! ye take no care



my boys, how stands the glass around? let mirth and wine



a—bound. The trum—pets sound, the colours they are



flying, boys, to fight, kill, or wound, may we still be found



content with our hard fate, my boys, on the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why,
 Shou'd we be melancholy, boys?
 Why, soldiers, why?
 Whose business 'tis to die!
 What, fighting? fie!
 Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!
 'Tis he, you, or I!
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
 We're always bound to follow, boys,
 And scorn to fly!

'Tis but in vain,—
 I mean not to upbraid you, boys,—
 'Tis but in vain
 For soldiers to complain,
 Should next campaign
 Send us to him who made us, boys,
 We're free from pain!
 But if we remain,
 A bottle and kind landlady
 Cure all again.



SONG L.

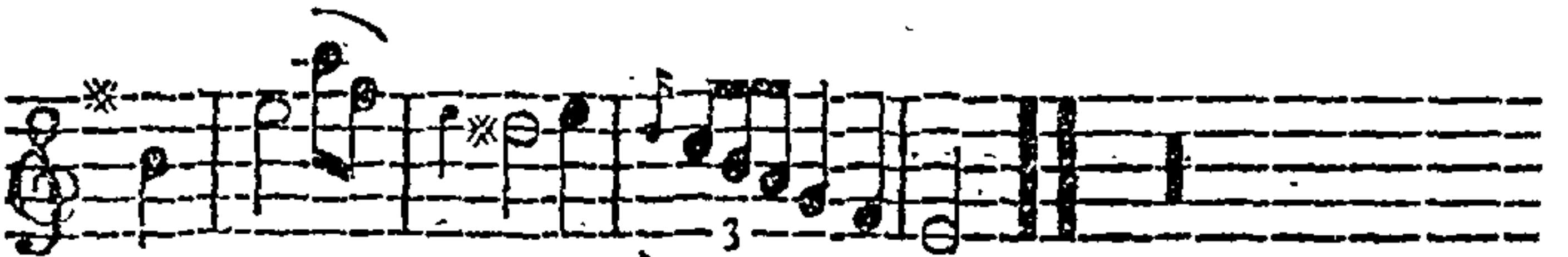
FIDÈLE'S TOMB.



To fair Fi--de--le's glas-sy tomb soft maids and village



hinds shall bring each op'ning sweet of earliest bloom,



and ri--fle all the breath-ing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And tender virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew;

But female fays shall haunt the green,
And deck thy grave with pearly dew.

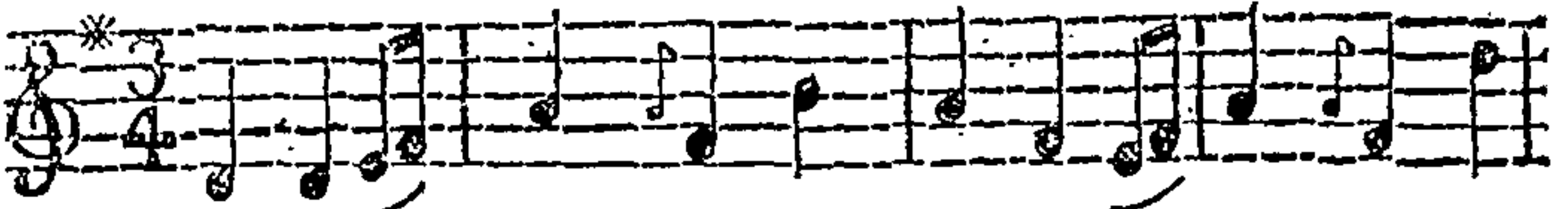
The red-breast oft at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend it's little aid,
With hoary mofs and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain,
In tempest shake the Sylvian cell,
Or midst the chace upon the plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

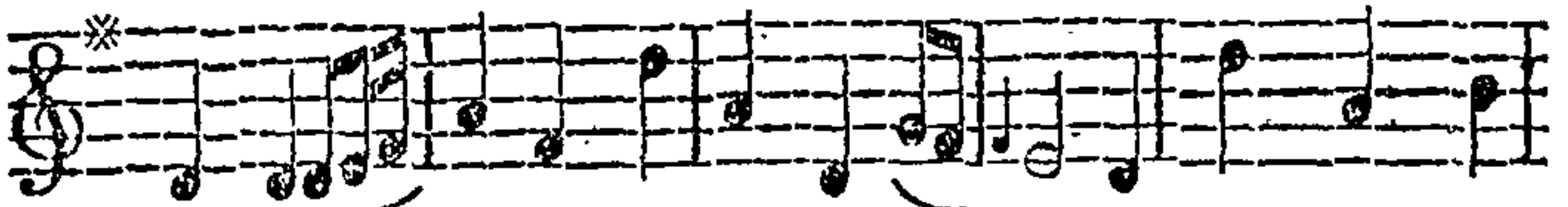
Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be daily shed.
Belov'd till life could charm no more,
And mourn'd till pity's self is dead.

SONG LI.

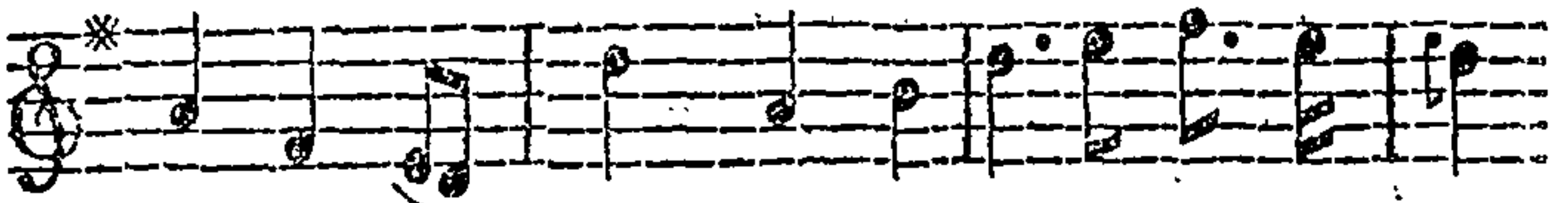
DONNEL AND FLORA.



When merry hearts were gay, careles of ought but play,



poor Flora slipt away, sad'ning to Mora, loose flow'd her



coal-black hair, quick heav'd her bosom bare, and thus



to the troubled air she vented her sorrow.

“ Loud howls the northern blast,

“ Bleak is the dreary waste ;—

“ Haste then, O Donnel haste,

“ Haste to thy Flora.

“ Twice twelve long months are o'er,

“ Since in a foreign shore,

“ You promis'd to fight no more,

“ But meet me in Mora.

“ Where now is Donnel dear ?

“ Maids cry with taunting sneer,

“ Say, is he still sincere

To his lov'd Flora.

“ Parents upbraid my moan,

“ Each heart is turn'd to stone—

“ Ah Flora! thou'rt now alone,

“ Friendless in Mora.

“ Come, then, O come away,

“ Donnel no longer stay ;

“ Where can my rover stray

“ From his dear Flora,

“ Ah sure he ne'er could be

“ False to his vows to me.

“ O heav'n, is not yonder he

“ Bounding in Mora.”

“ Never, O wretched fair,”

(Sigh'd the sad messenger)

“ Never shall Donnel mair

“ Meet his lov'd Flora.

“ Cold, cold beyond the main

“ Donnel thy love lies slain ;

“ He sent me to soothe thy pain

“ Weeping in Mora.

“ Well fought our gallant men,

“ Headed by brave Burgoyne ;

“ Our heroes were thrice led on

“ To British glory.

“ But ah ! tho' our foes did flee,

“ Sad was the loss to thee,

“ While every fresh victory

“ Drown'd us in sorrow.”

“ Here, take this trusty blade,”

(Donnel expiring, said)

“ Give it to yon dear maid

“ Weeping in Mora.

“ Tell her, O Allan, tell,

“ Donnel thus bravely fell,

“ And that in his last farewell,

“ He thought on his Flora.”

Mute stood the trembling fair,

Speechless with wild despair,

Then striking her bosom bare,

Sigh'd out “ Poor Flora !

“ Oh Donnel ! O welladay !”

Was all the fond heart could say :-

At length the sound died away,

Feebly in Mora.

SONG LI.

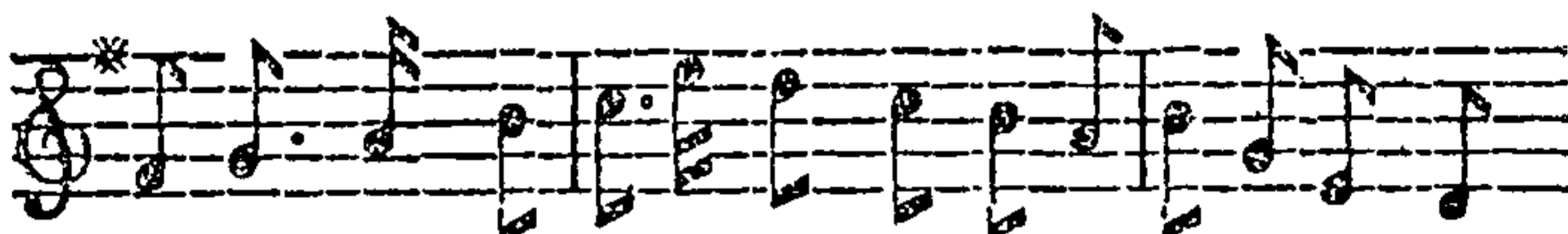
THE BANKS OF THE DEE.



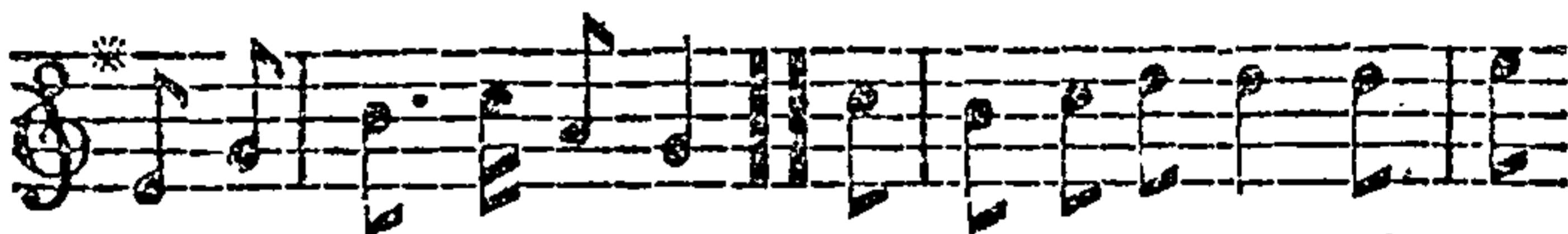
'Twas summer and softly the breezes were blowing, and



sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree, at the foot of



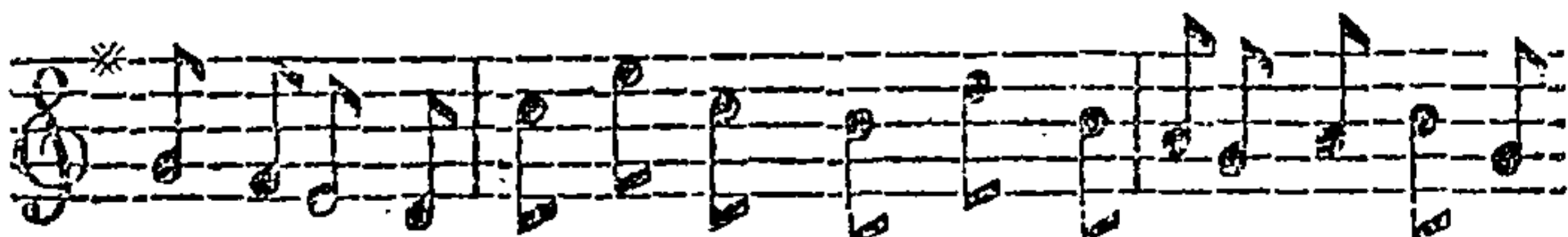
a rock where the river was flowing, I sat myself down



on the banks of the Dee. Flow on lovely Dee, flow on



thou sweet river, thy banks, purest stream shall be dear to



me ever; for there I first gain'd the affection and favour



of Jamie the glory and pride of the Dee.

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

But time and my prayers, may perhaps yet restore him,
 Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me;
 And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er him;
 He never shall leave the sweet Banks of the Dee.
 The Dee then shall flow, all it's beauties displaying;
 The lambs on it's banks shall again be seen playing;
 While I, with my Jamie, am carelessly straying,
 And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

ADDITIONS BY A LADY.

THUS sung the fair maid on the banks of the river,
 And sweetly re-echo'd each neighbouring tree;
 But now all these hopes must vanish for ever,
 Since Jamie shall ne'er see the Banks of the Dee.
 On a foreign shore the sweet youth lay dying,
 In a foreign grave his body's now lying;
 While friends and acquaintance in Scotland are crying
 For Jamie the glory and pride of the Dee.

Mis-hap on the hand by whom he was wounded;
 Mis-hap on the wars that call'd him away
 From a circle of friends by which he was surrounded,
 Who mourn for dear Jamie the tedious day.
 Oh! poor hapless maid, who mourns discontented,
 The loss of a lover so justly lamented;
 By time, only time, can her grief be contented,
 And all her dull hours become chearful and gay.

'Twas honour and bravery made him leave her mourning,
From unjust rebellion his country to free;
He left her, in hopes of his speedy returning
To wander again on the Banks of the Dee.
For this he despised all dangers and perils;
'Twas thus he espoused Britannia's quarrels,
That when he came home he might crown her with laurels,
The happiest maid on the Banks of the Dee.

But fate had determin'd his fall to be glorious,
Though dreadful the thought must be unto me;
He fell like brave Wolf where the troops were victorious,
Sure each tender heart must bewail the decree:
Yet, though he is gone, the once faithful lover,
And all our fine schemes of true happiness over,
No doubt he implored his pity and favour
For me he had left on the Banks of the Dee.

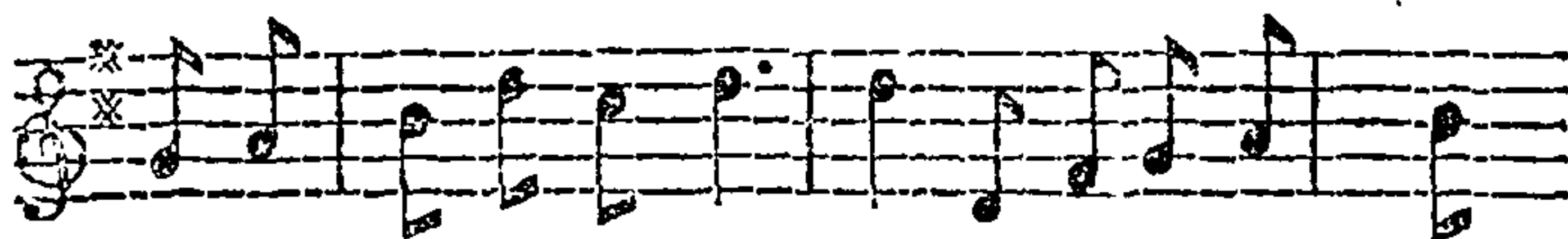
SONG LIII.

SONGS OF SHEPHERDS.

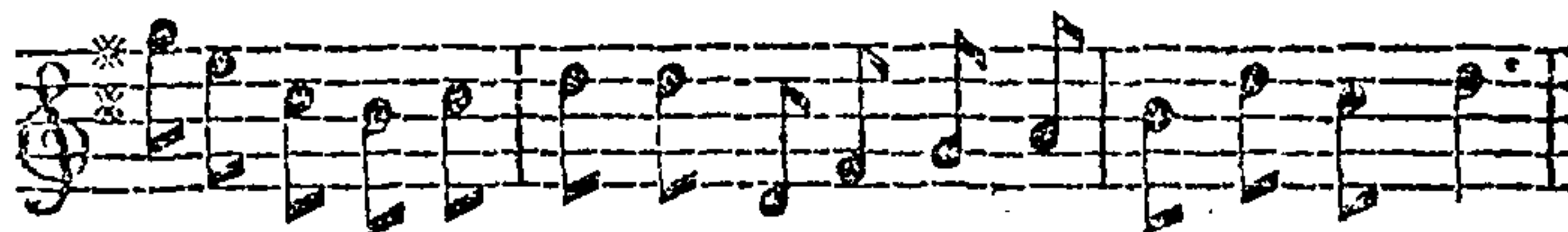
Not too fast.



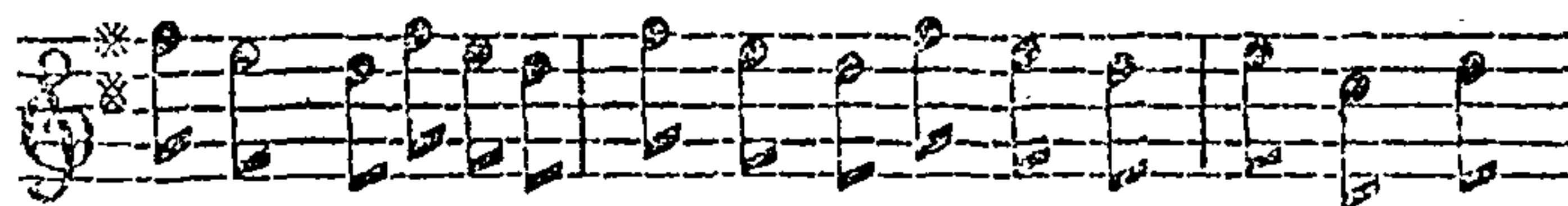
Songs of shepherds in rustical roundelays, form'd in fan-



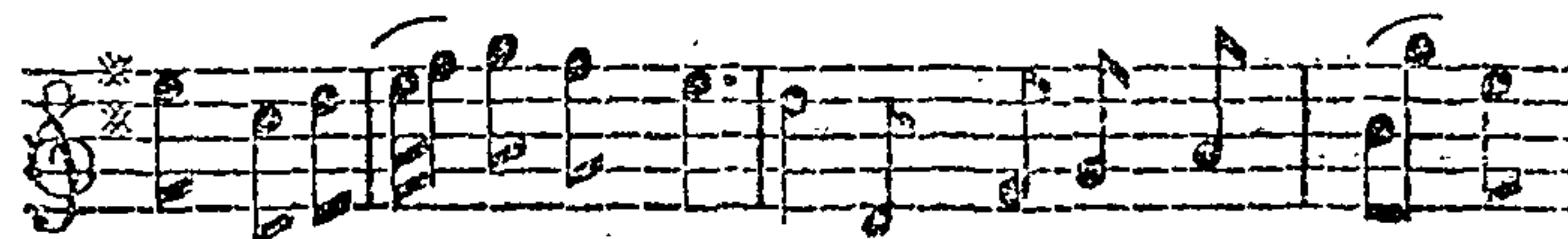
cy, and whistl'd on reeds, sung to solace young nymphs



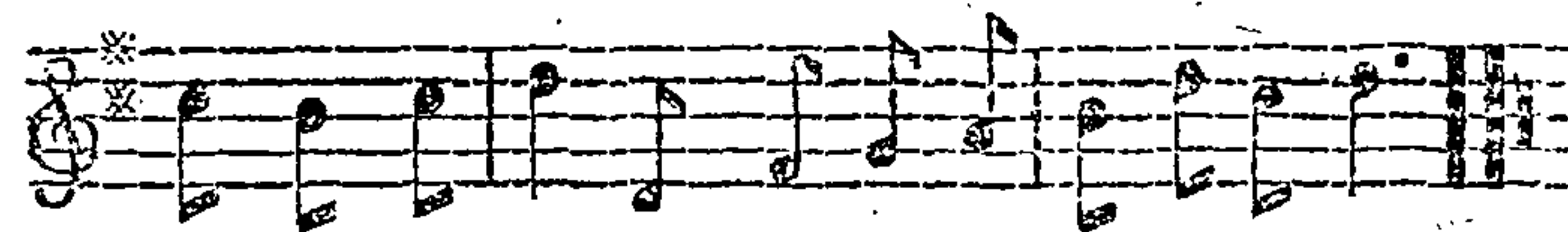
upon holidays, are too unworthy for wonderful deeds.



Sottish Silenus to Phæbus the genius was sent by dame



Venus, a song to prepare, in phrase nicely coin'd, and verse



quite refin'd, how the states divine hunted the hare.

Stars quite tired with pastimes Olympical,
 Stars and planets that beautiful shone,
 Could no longer endure that men only should
 Revel in pleasures, and they but look on.
 Round about horned Lucina they swarmed,
 And quickly inform'd her how minded they were,

Each god and goddess to take human bodies,
As lords and ladies to follow the hare.

Chaste Diana applauded the motion,
And pale Proserpina sat down in her place,
To guide the welkin, and govern the ocean,
While Dian conducted her nephews in chace.
By her example, their father to trample,
The earth old and ample, they soon leave the air :
Neptune the water, and wine Liber pater,
And Mars the slaughter, to follow the hare.

Young god Cupid was mounted on Pegasus,
Borrow'd o' the muses with kisses and prayers ;
Stern Alcides upon cloudy Caucasus
Mounted a centaur that proudly him bears.
The postilion of the sky, light-heeled fir Mercury,
Made his swift courser fly fleet as the air ;
While tuneful Apollo the pastime did follow,
To whoop and to hollow, boys, after the hare.

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

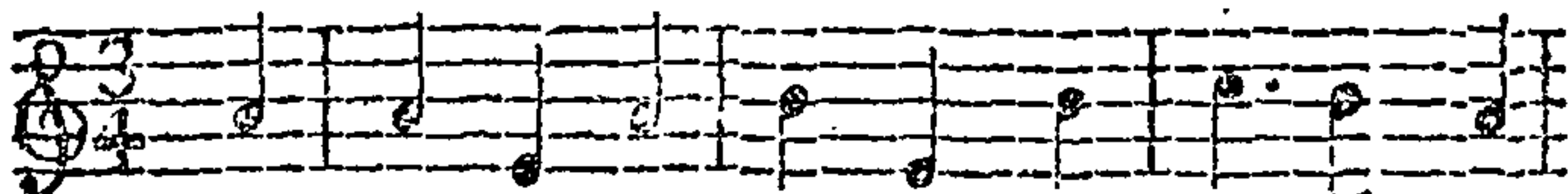
Grave Hymen ushers in lady Astrea.
The humour took hold of Latona the cold.
Ceres the brown, too, with bright Cytherea,
And Thetis the wanton, Bellona the bold ;
Shamefac'd Aurora, with witty Pandora,
And Maria with Flora did company bear ;
But Juno was staid too high to be mated,
Although, Sir, she hated not hunting the hare.

Three brown bowls of Olympical nectar
 The Troy-born boy now presents on his knee;
 Jove to Phœbus now carouses in nectar,
 And Phœbus to Hermes, and Hermes to me:
 Wherewith infused, I piped and mused,
 In language unused, their sports to declare,
 Till the vast house of Jove like the bright spheres did move.
 Here's a health, then, to all that love hunting the hare.

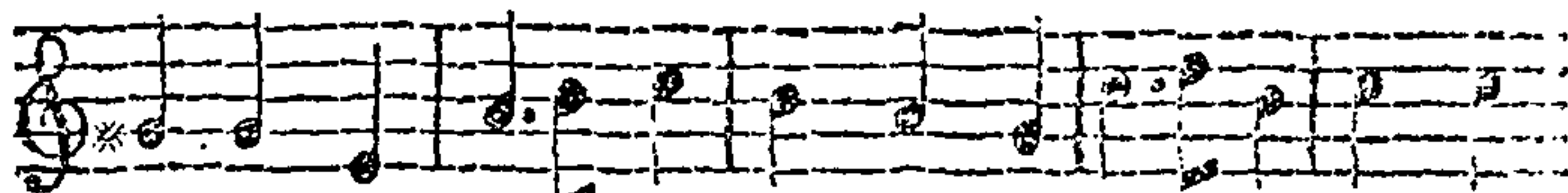


SONG LIV.

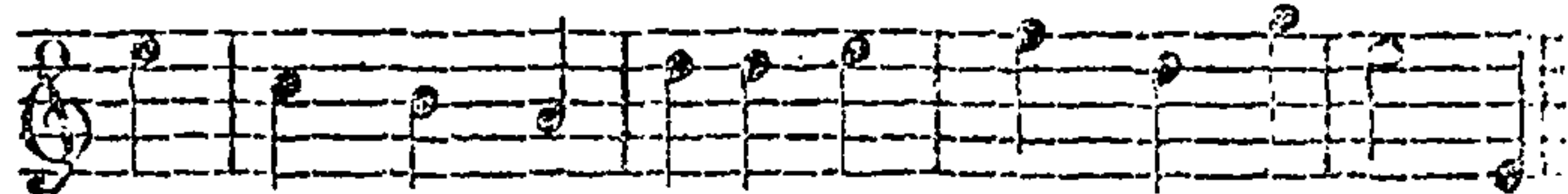
SINCE THERE'S SO SMALL DIFFERENCE.



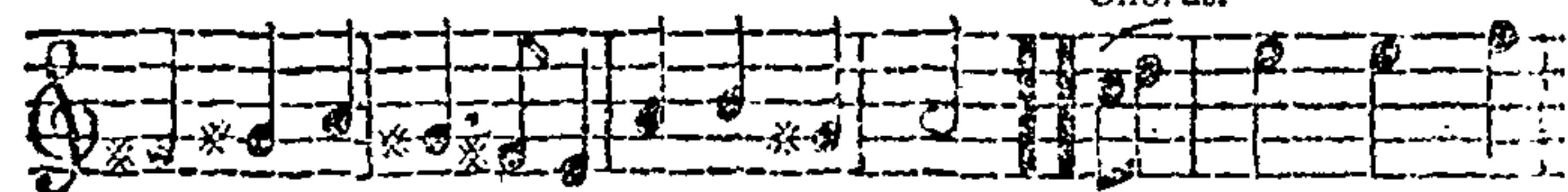
Since there's so small difference 'twixt drowning and



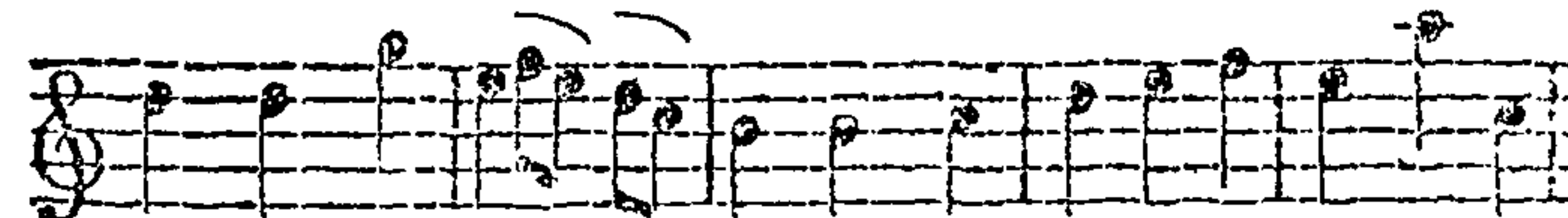
drinking, we'll tittle and pray too, like mariners sinking.



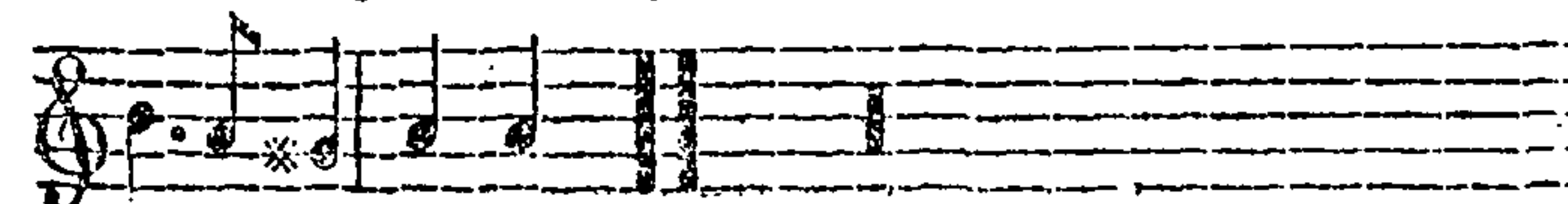
While they drink salt water, we'll pledge them in wine, and
 Chorus.



pay our devotion at Bacchus's shrine. Oh! Bacchus, great



Bacchus, for ever defend us, and plentiful store of good



Burgundy send us.

SONG LV.

DO YOU HEAR BROTHER SPORTSMAN,



Do you hear brother sportsman, the sound of the horn,



and yet the sweet pleasure decline? For shame, rouse



your senses, and e'er it be morn, with me the sweet me-lo-dy



join, with me the sweet me--lo--dy join.



Thro' the wood and the valley, how the traitor we'll rally,



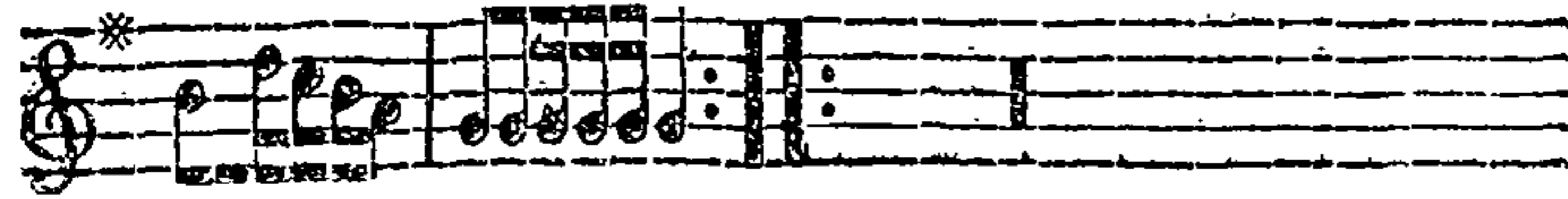
nor quit him till panting he lies, nor quit him till parting



he lies. While hounds in full cry, thro' hedges shall fly.



and chace the swift hare till he dies, and chace the swift

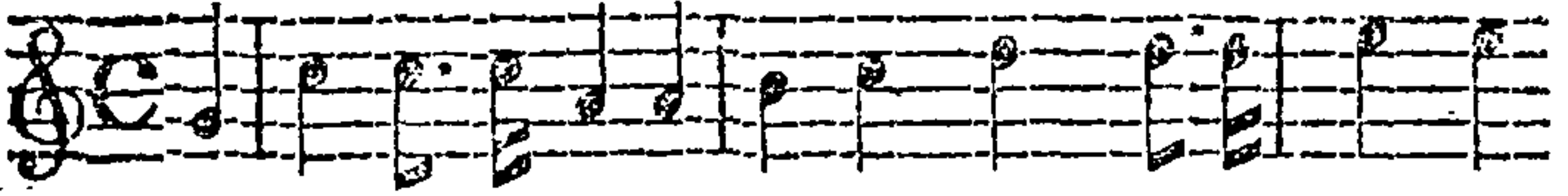


hare till he dies.

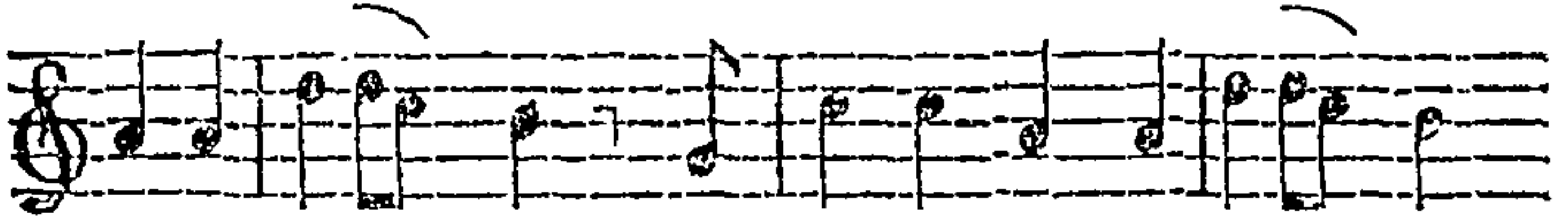
Then saddle your steed, to the meadows and fields,
 Both willing and joyous repair ;
 No pastime in life greater happiness yields,
 Than chacing the fox or the hare.
 Such comforts my friend,
 On the sportsman attend,
 No pleasure like hunting is found ;
 For when it is o'er,
 As brisk as before,
 Next morning we spurn up the ground.

SONG LVI.

FAL DE RAL TIT.



'Twas I learnt a pretty song in France, and I brought it



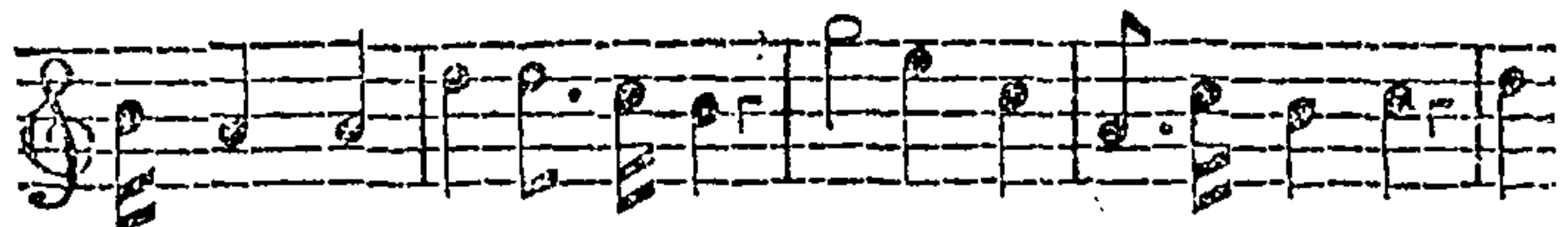
o'er the sea by chance; and then in Wapping I did dance,



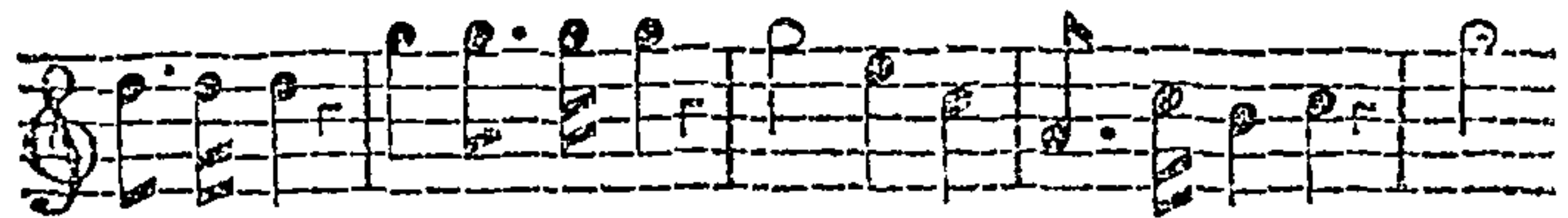
Oh the like was never seen, for I made the music loud for



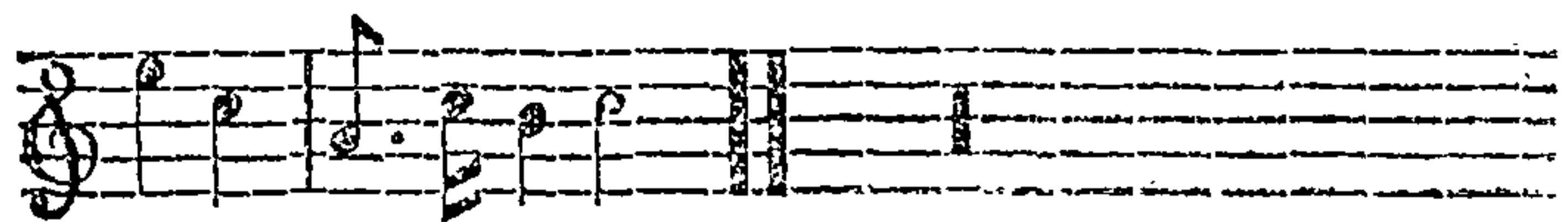
to play, all for to pass the dull hours away, and when I



had nothing left for to say, then I sung Fal de ral tit, tit



fal de ral, tit fal de ray, then I sung fal de ral tit, then



we sung fal de ral tit.

As I was walking down Thames street,
 A ship mate of mine I chanc'd for to meet,
 And I was resolv'd him for to treat,
 With a cann of grog, gillio!
 A cann of grog they brought us strait,
 All for to pleasure my ship mate,
 And fatisfaction give him strait,
 Then I fung Fal de ral tit, &c.

The macaronies next came in,
 All drest so neat, and look'd so trim,
 And thinking for to strike me dum,
 There was half a score or more.
 Some was short, and some was tall,
 But 'tis very well known that I lick'd them all,
 For I dous'd their heads against the wall,
 Then I fung Fal de ral tit, &c.

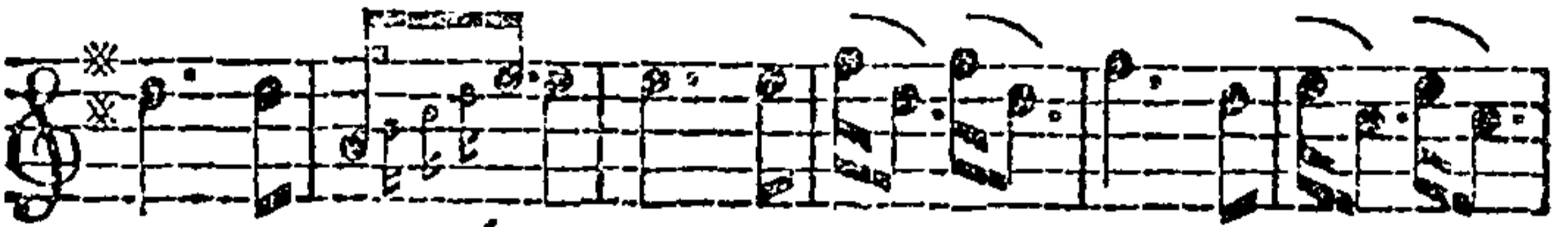
The landlord then aloud did say,
 As how he wish'd I wou'd go away;
 And if I 'tempted for to stay,
 As how he'd take the law.
 Lord d—me, says I, you may do your worst,
 For I've not scarcely quench'd my thirst,
 All this I said, and nothing worse,
 Then I fung Fal de ral tit, &c.

It's when I've crost the raging main,
 And be come back to Old England again,
 Bringing home plenty of gold from Spain,
 Of grog I'll dring galore;
 With a pretty girl for to sit by my side,
 And for her costly robes I'll provide,
 So that she shall be satisfied,
 Then I'll sing Fal de ral tit, &c.

SONG LVII.
HIGHLAND QUEEN.



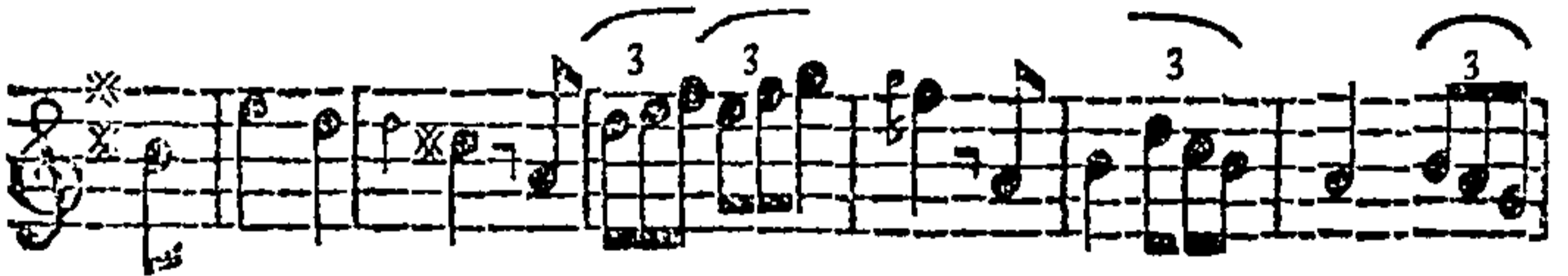
No more my song shall be, ye swains, of purl-ing



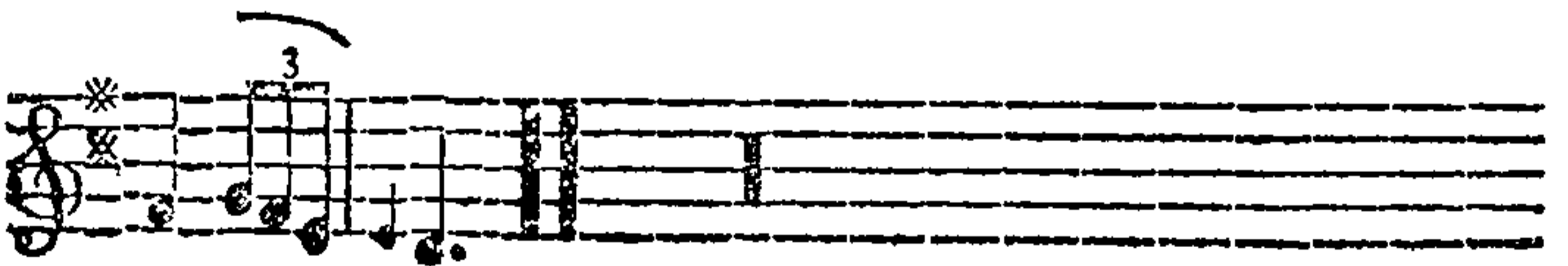
streams, or flow'ry plains; more pleasing beauties now in-



spire, and Phæbus tunes the warbling lyre; divinely aid-



ed, thus I mean to ce—le—brate to ce—le—brate my



Highland Queen.

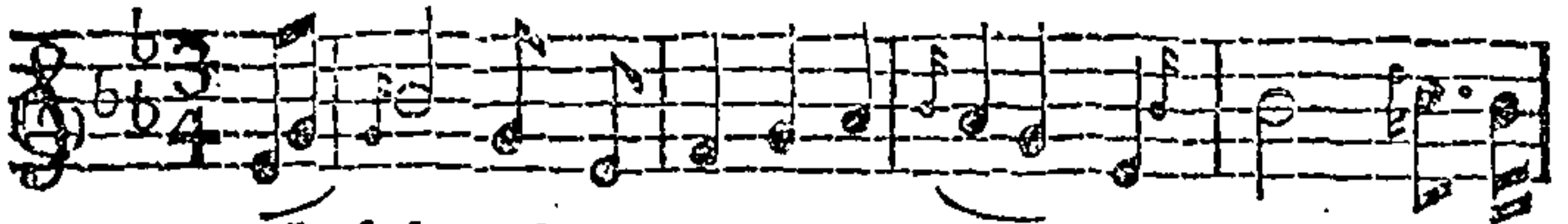
In her, sweet innocence you'll find,
With freedom, truth, and beauty join'd;
From pride and affectation free,
Alike she smiles on you and me,
The brightest nymph that trips the green,
I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

No fordid wish, or trifling joy,
Her settled calm of mind destroy;
Strict honour fills her spotless soul,
And adds a lustre to the whole;
A matchless shape a graceful mein,
All center in my Highland Queen.

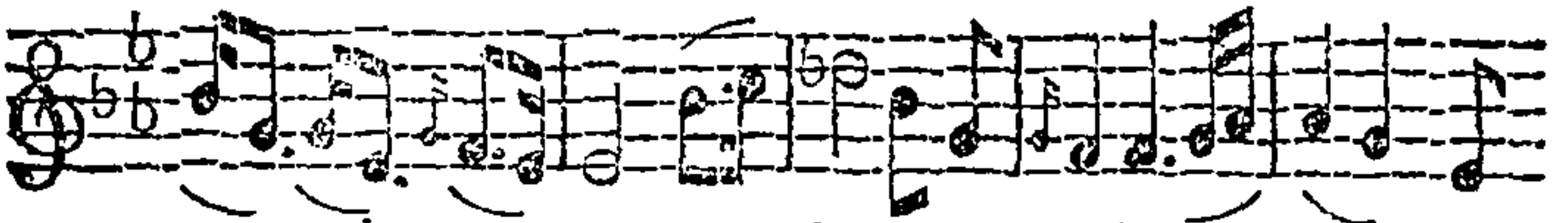
How blest that youth, whom gentle Fate
Has destin'd for so fair a mate;
Has all these wond'rous gifts in store,
And each returning day brings more:
No youth so happy can be seen,
Possessing thee, my Highland Queen.

SONG LXVII.

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.



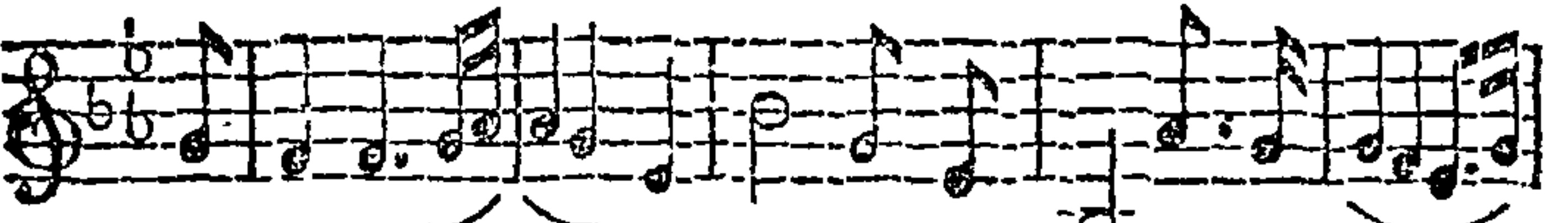
I sigh and lament me in vain, these walls can but



e—cho my moan, a—las it increases my pain, when



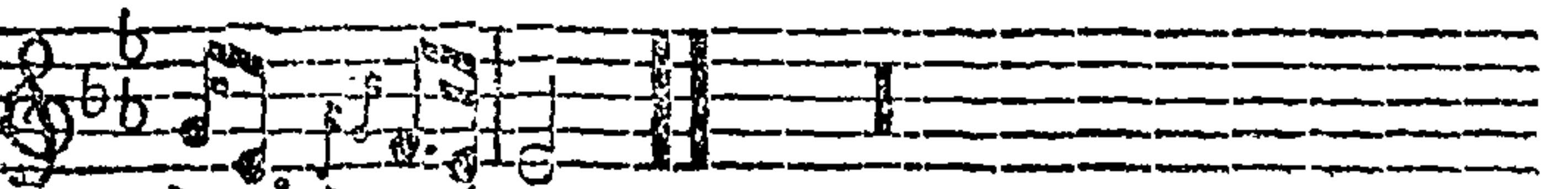
I think of the days that are gone, thro' the grate of



my prison, I see the birds as they wanton in air, my



heart how it pants to be free, my looks they are wild



with de—spair.

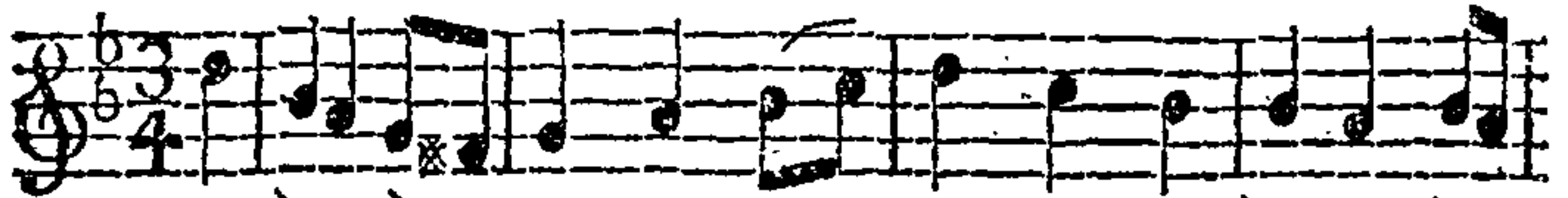
Above tho' opprest by my fate,
 I burn with contempt for my foes,
 Tho' fortune has alter'd my state
 She ne'er can subdue me to those;

False woman in ages to come,
Thy malice detested shall be
And when we are cold in the tomb
Some heart still will sorrow for me.

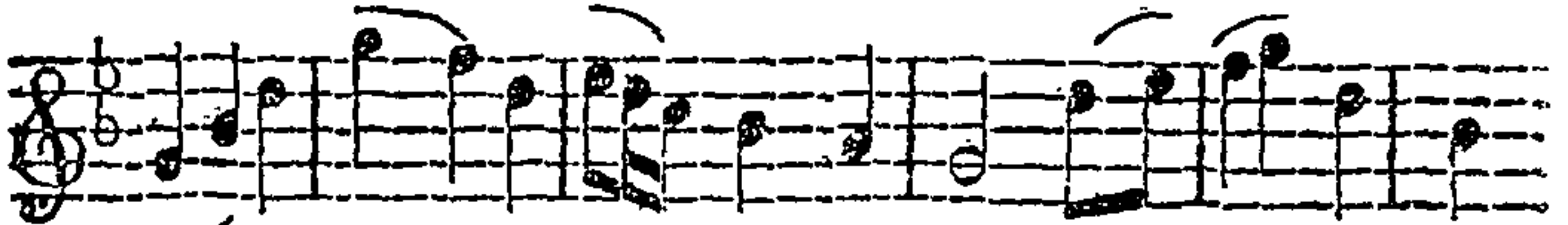
Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay,
With silence and solitude dwell,
How comfortless passes the day,
How sad tolls the evening bell;
The owls from the battlements cry,
Hollow wind seems to murmur around,
O Mary, prepare thee to die,
My blood it runs cold at the sound.

SONG LIX.

QUEEN MARY'S FAREWELL TO FRANCE.



O! thou lov'd country, where my youth was spent, dear



golden days all past in sweet content, where the fair morn-



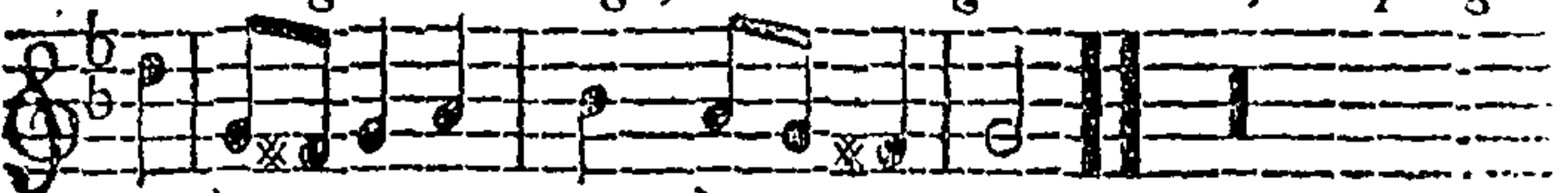
ing of my clouded day shone mildly bright, and tempe-



rately gay, dear France, adieu, a long and sad farewell;



no thought can image, and no tongue can tell, the pangs



I feel at that drear word farewell!

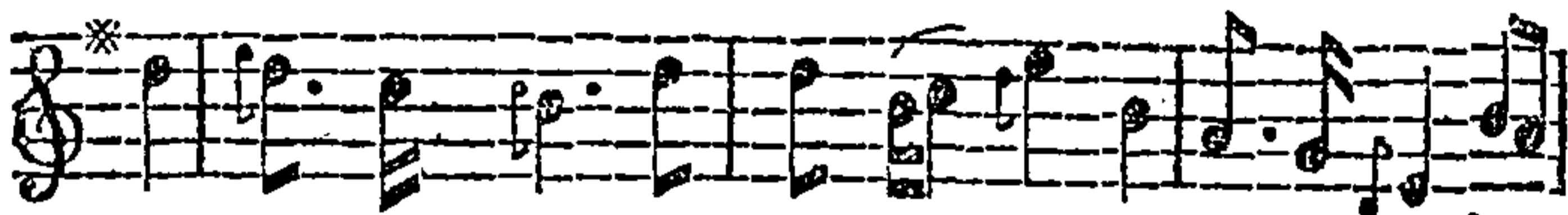
The ship that wafts me from my friendly shore,
 Conveys my body, but conveys no more.
 My soul is thine, that spark of heav'nly flame,
 That better portion of my mingled frame,
 Is wholly thine, that part I give to thee,
 That in the temple of thy memory,
 The other ever may enshrined be.

SONG LX.

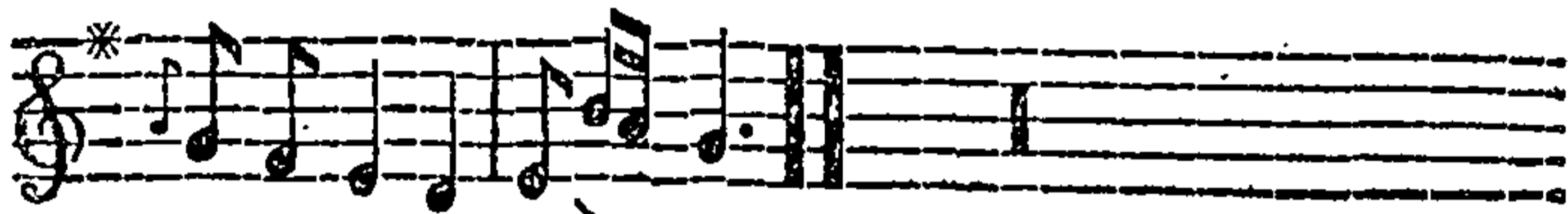
OSCAR'S GHOST.



O see that form that faintly gleams, 'tis Oscar come



to cheer my dreams, on wings of wind he flies away, O



stay my lovely Oscar, stay.

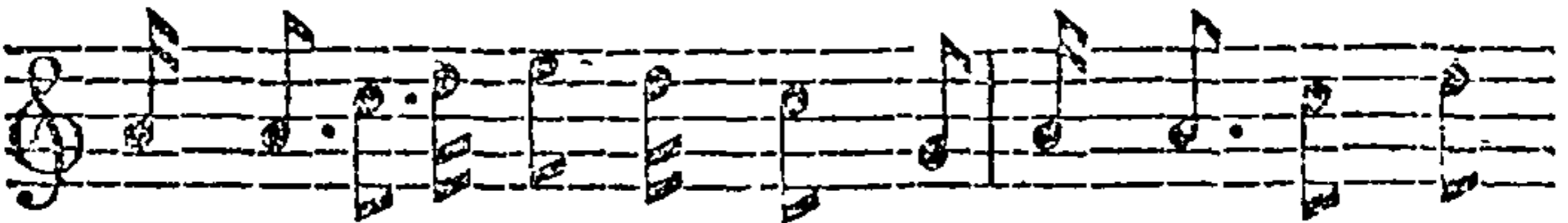
Wake Ossian, last of Fingal's line,
 And mix thy tears and sighs with mine.
 Awake the Harp to doleful lays,
 And soothe my soul with Oscar's praise.
 The Shell is ceas'd in Oscar's Hall,
 Since gloomy Kerbar wrought the fall,
 The Roe on Morven lightly bounds,
 Nor hears the cry of Oscar's hounds.

SONG LXI.

JOHN O'BADENYON.



When first I came to be a man, of twenty years or so, I



thought myself a handsome youth, and fain the world would



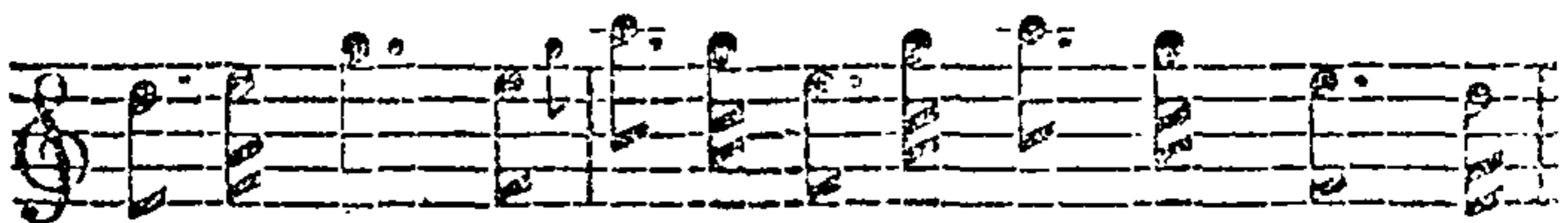
know, in best attire I stept abroad, with spirits brisk and



gay, and here and there, and ev'ry where, was like a morr



in May. No care I had, nor fear of want, but rambled



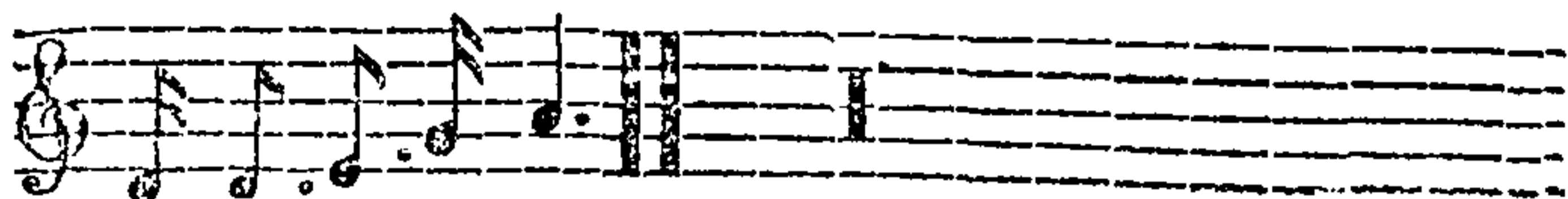
up and down, and for a beau I might have pass'd, in



country or in town; I still was pleas'd where'er I went, and



when I was alone, I tun'd my pipe, and pleas'd mysell wi'



John O'Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime,
 A mistress I must find;
 For love they say, gives one an air,
 And even improves the mind:
 On Phillis fair, above the rest,
 Kind fortune fix'd my eyes,
 Her piercing beauty struck my heart,
 And she became my choice:
 To Cupid then, with hearty pray'r,
 I offer'd many vow,
 And danc'd, and fung, and sigh'd and swore,
 As other lovers do:
 But when at last I breath'd my flame,
 I found her cold as stone;
 I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe
 To John of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd,
 With foolish hopes and vain,
 To friendship's port I steer'd my course,
 And laugh'd at lovers' pain;
 A friend I got by lucky chance,
 'Twas something like divine;
 An honest friend's a precious gift,
 And such a gift was mine:
 And now whatever might betide,
 A happy man was I,
 In any strait I knew to whom
 I freely might apply:

A strait foon came, my friend I try'd,
 He laugh'd and spurn'd my moan:
 I hy'd me home, and pleas'd myself
 With John of Badenyon.

I thought I should be wiser next,
 And would a patriot turn;
 Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes,
 And cry up Parson-Horne:
 Their noble spirit I admir'd,
 And prais'd their manly zeal,
 Who had with flaming tongue and pen,
 Maintain'd the public weal;
 But 'ere a month or two was past,
 I found myself betray'd;
 'Twas self and party after all,
 For all the stir they made.
 At last I saw these factious knaves
 Insult the very throne;
 I curs'd them all, and tun'd my pipe
 To John of Badenyon.

What next to do I mus'd a while,
 Still hoping to succeed,
 I pitch'd on books for company,
 And gravely try'd to read;
 I bought and borrow'd ev'ry where,
 And study'd night and day;
 Nor mist what dean or doctor wrote,
 That happen'd in my way:
 Philosophy I now esteem'd
 The ornament of youth,
 And carefully, thro' many a page,
 I hunted after truth:
 A thousand various schemes I try'd,
 And yet was pleas'd with none:
 I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe
 To John of Badenyon.

And now, ye youngsters, every where,
Who want to make a show,
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope
For happiness below ;
What you may fancy pleasure here,
Is but an empty name ;
For girls, and friends, and books are so,
You'll find them all the same.
Then be advis'd, and warning take,
From such a man as me ;
I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal,
Nor one of low degree,
You'll find displeasure ev'ry where :
Then do as I have done,
E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself
With John of Badenyon.

SONG LXII.

MAGGY'S TOCHER.



The meal was dear short syne, we buckled us a the gither,



and Maggy was just in her prime when Willy made court-



ship till her. Twa pistols charg'd beguets to gie the court-



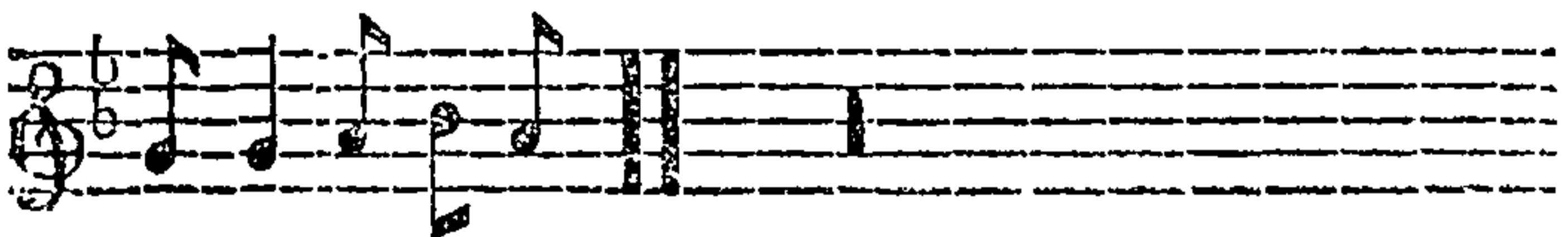
ing shot, and syne came ben the lafs wi' swats drawn frae



the butt. He first speer'd at the guidman, and syne at



Giles the mither, an ye wad gie's a bit land, wi'd buckle



us e'en the gither.

My doughter ye shall hae,
 I'll gi' you her by the hand ;
 But I'll part wi' my wife by my fae,
 Or I part wi' my land.
 Your tocher it shall be good,
 There's nane fall hae it's maik,
 The las' bound in her snood,
 And Crummie wha kens her stake :
 With an auld bedden o' claihs,
 Was left me by my mither,
 They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,
 Ye may cuddle in them the gither.

Ye speak right well guidman,
 But ye maun mend your hand,
 And think o' modesty,
 Gin ye'll not quat your land :
 We are but young ye ken,
 And now we're gawn the gither :
 A house is but and ben,
 And Crummie will want her fother,
 The bairns are coming on,
 And they'll cry, O their mither !
 We have nouth' pat nor pan,
 But four bare legs the gither.

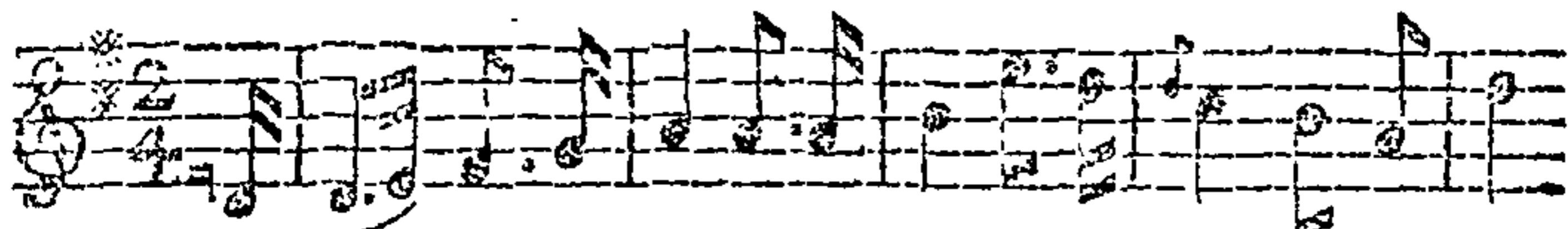
Your tocher's be good enough
 For that you need nae fear,
 Twa good stilts to the pleugh,
 And ye yoursell maun steer :
 Ye shall hae twa good pocks
 That ane's were o' the tweel,
 The t'ane to had the grots,
 The ither to had the meal :
 With an auld kist made of wands,
 And that fall be your coffer ;
 Wi' aiken woody bands,
 And that may had your tocher.

Consider well guidman,
 We hae but borrowed gear,
 The horse that I ride on
 Is Sandy Wilfon's mare :
 The saddle's nane of my ain :
 And thae's but borrow'd boots,
 And when that I gae hame,
 I maun tak to my koots :
 The cloak is Geordy Watt's,
 That gars me look fae crouse ;
 Come fill us a cogue of fwats,
 We'll make nae mair toom rufe.

I like you well young lad,
 For telling me fae plain.
 I married when little I had
 O' gear that was my ain :
 But fyne that things are fae,
 The bride she maun come furth,
 Tho' a' the gear she'll hae,
 It'll be but little worth.

A bargain it maun be,
 Fy cry on Giles the mither :
 Content am I quo' she,
 E'en gar the hiffy come hither.
 The bride she gade till her bed,
 The bridgroom he came till her ;
 The fidler crap in at the fit,
 And they cuddl'd it a' the gither.

SONG LXIII.
THE GRAY COCK.



O saw ye my father, or saw ye my mother, or saw



ye my true love John? I saw not your father, I



saw not your mother, but I saw your true love John.

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

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

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

SONG LXIV.
WHEN ONCE THE GODS.



When once the gods like us below, to keep it up de-sign,



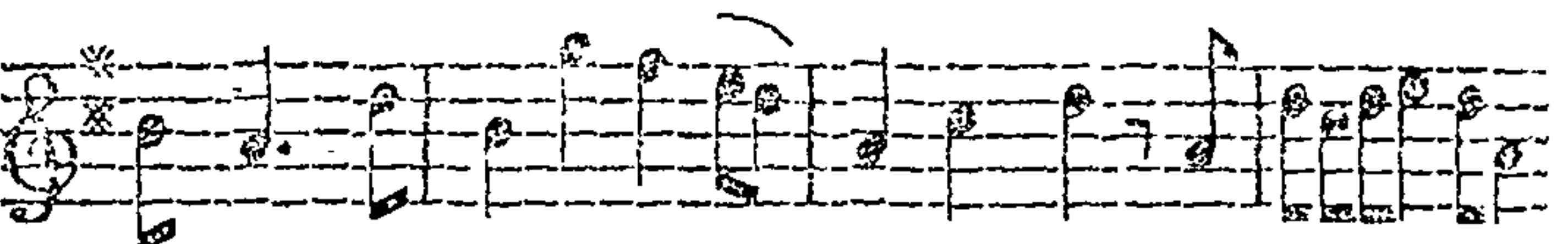
their goblets with fresh nectar flow, which makes them



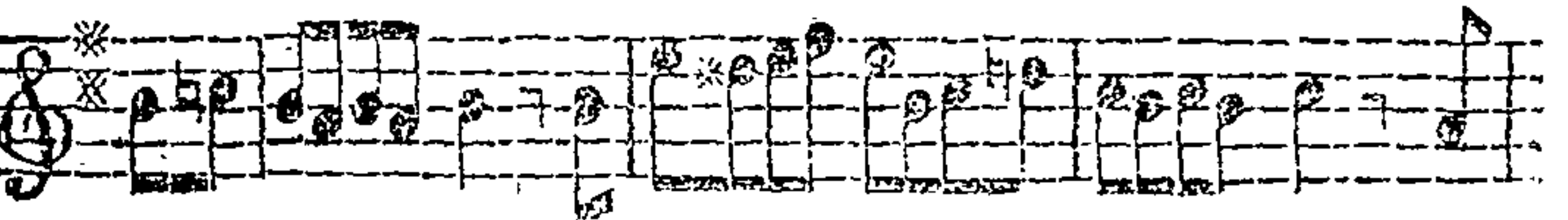
more divine. Since drinking de-i-fies the soul, let's push



a-bout the flowing bowl, since drinking de-i-fies



the soul, let's push about the flowing bowl. A flow-



- - - ing bowl, A flow- - - - - ing bowl, since



drinking de-i-fies the soul, let's push about the flowing bowl.

The glittering star and ribbon blue,
 That deck the courtier's breast,
 May hide a heart of blackest hue,
 Though by the king carefs'd.
 Let him in pride and splendor roll;
 We'er happier o'er a flowing bowl.
 A flowing bowl, &c.

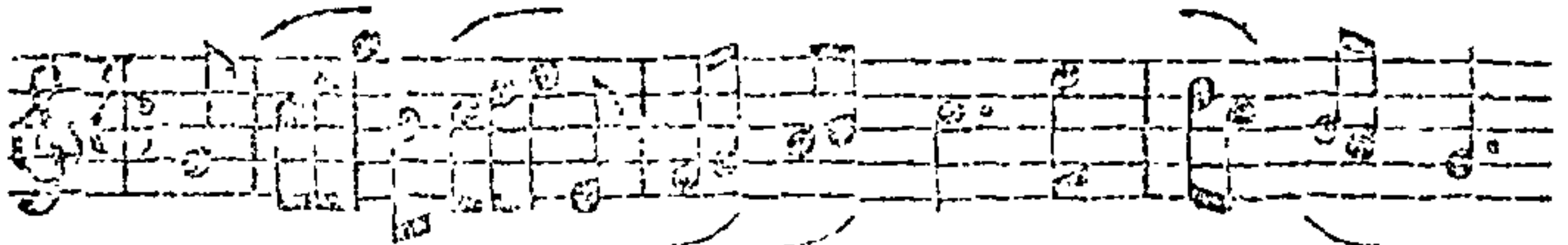
For liberty let patriots rave,
 And damn the courtly crew,
 Because, like them, they want to have
 The loaves and fishes too.
 I care not who divides the cole,
 So I can share a flowing bowl.
 A flowing bowl, &c.

Let Mansfield Lord-chief-justice be,
 Sir Fletcher speaker still;
 At home let Rodney rule the sea,
 And Pitt the treasury still:
 No place I want, throughout the whole,
 I want an ever-flowing, bowl.
 A flowing bowl, &c.

The son wants square-toes at old Nick,
 And miss is mad to wed;
 The doctor wants us to be sick;
 The undertaker dead.
 All have their wants from pole to pole;
 I want an ever-flowing bowl.
 A flowing bowl, &c.

SONG LXV.

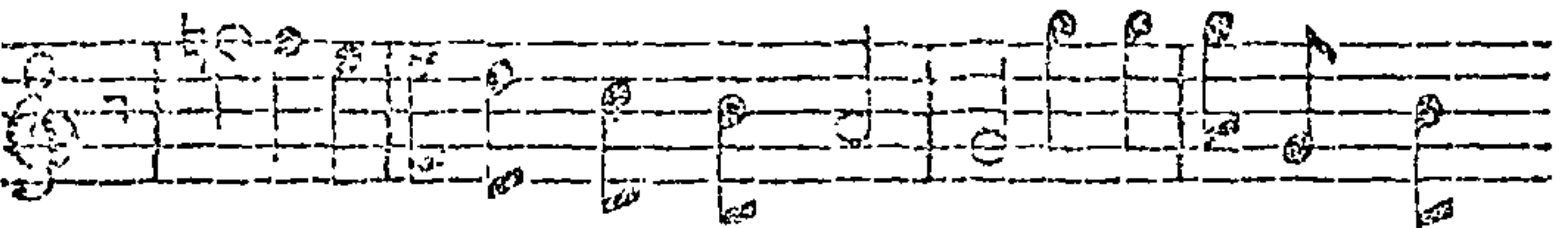
O GREEDY MIDAS.



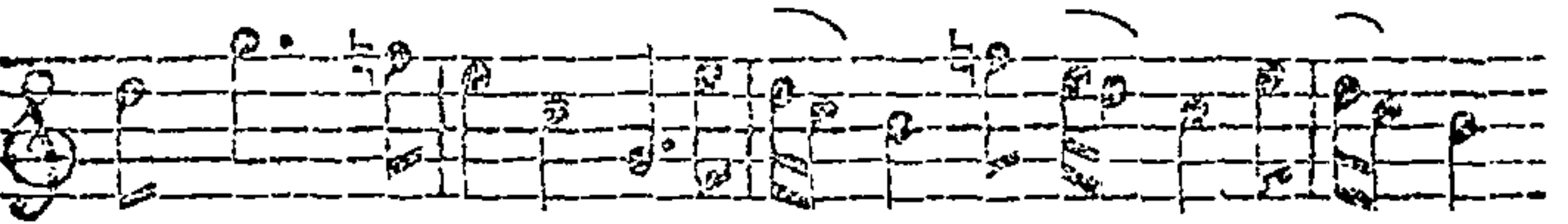
O greedy Midas, I've been told, that what you touch



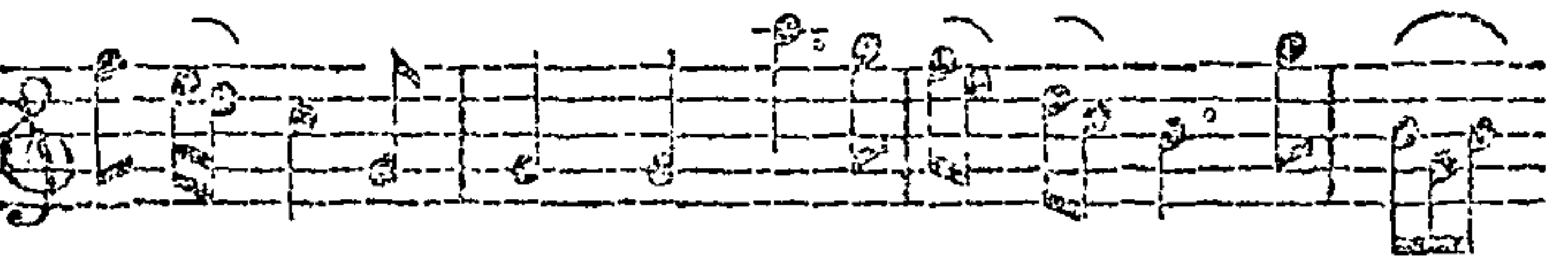
you turn to gold, that what you touch you turn to gold.



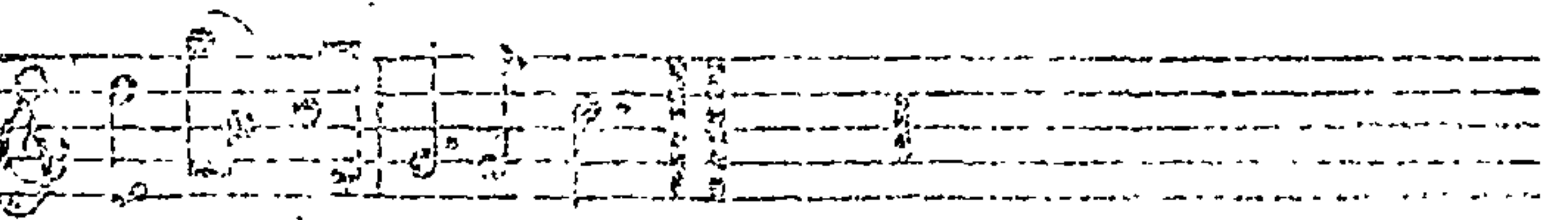
O had I but a pow'r like thine, O had I but a pow'r



like thine, I'd tu- - - - -



- - - rn, I'd turn what'er I touch to wine. I'd turn



what'er I touch to wine.

Each purling stream shou'd feel my force,
Each fish my fatal power mourn,
Each fish, &c.

And wond'ring at the mighty change,
And wond'ring, &c.

Shou'd in their native regions burn,
Shou'd in, &c.

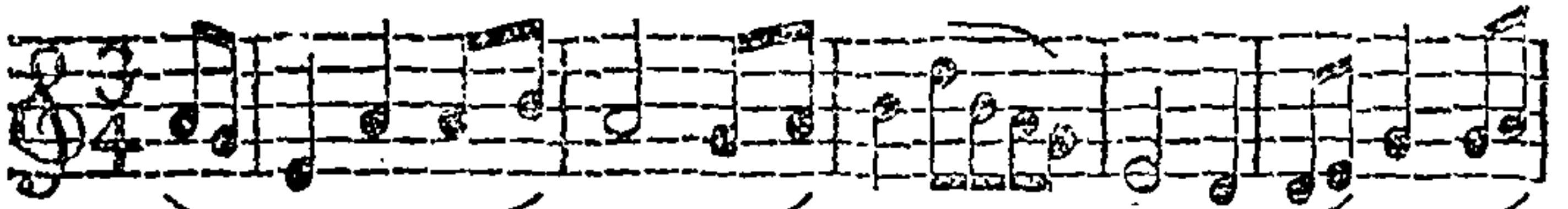
Nor shou'd there any dare t' approach
Unto my mantling sparkling shrine,
Unto my, &c.

But first shou'd pay their vows to me,
But first, &c.

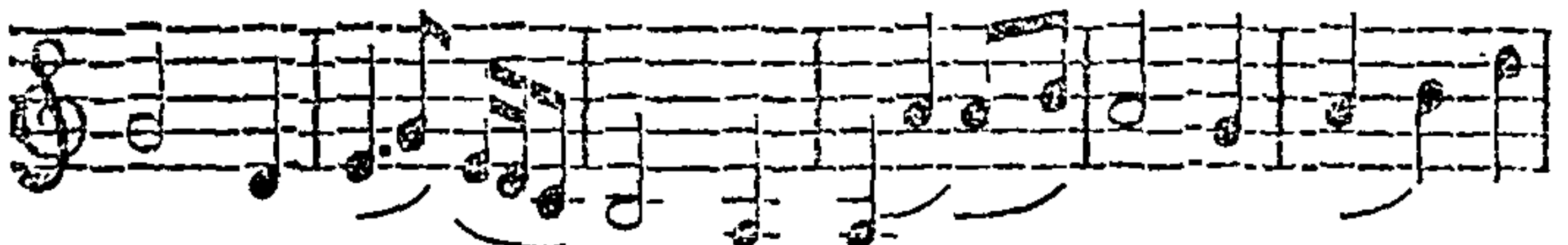
And stile me only god of wine,
And stile, &c.

SONG LXVI.

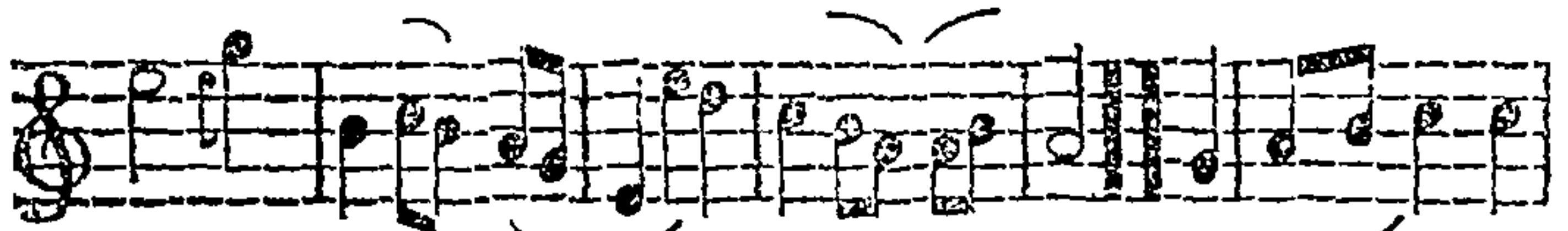
THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.



The pawky auld carle came o'er the lee, wi' mony good-



eens and days to me, saying goodwife, for your cour-te-



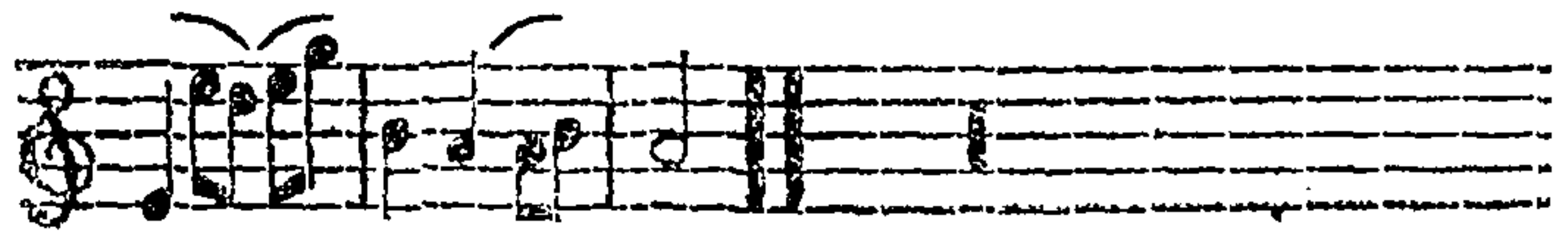
sie, will ye lodge a sil-ly, silly poor man? The night was



sauld, the carle was wat, and down ayont the ingle he



sat; my daughter's shoulders he gan to clap, and cadgily



sadgi-ly ranted and sang.

O vow! quo' he, were I as free,
As first when I saw this country,
How blyth and merry wad I be!

And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty, and she grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir flee twa together were say'ng,
When wooing they were fae thrang.

And O! quo' he, ann ye were as black
As e'er the crown of my dady's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,

And awa' wi' me thou shou'd gang.
And O! quo' she, ann I were as white,
As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
I'd clead me braw and lady-like,
And awa' wi' thee I would gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raise a wee before the cock,
And wilyly they shot the lock,

And fast to the bent are they gane.
Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure put on her claife;
Synce to the servants bed she gaes,
To speer for the silly poor man.

She gac'd to the bed where the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld, he was away,
She calpt her hands, cry'd, walladay!

For some of our gear will be gane.
Some ran to coffers, and some to kists,
But nought was stown that con'd be mist,
She danc'd her lane, cry'd praise be blest!
I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
The kirk's to kirk, and milk to earn,
Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.

The servant gade where the daughter lay,
 The sheets was cauld, she was away,
 And fast to her goodwife did say,
 Shè's aff wi the gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride and fy gar rin,
 And haste ye find these traytors again;
 For she's be burnt, and he's be flain,
 The wearifu' gaberlunzie-man.
 Some rade upo' horse, some ran a foot,
 The wife was wood, and out o' her wit;
 She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
 But ay she curs'd and she bann'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the lee,
 Fu' snug in a glen where nane could see,
 The twa with kindly sport and glee,
 Cut fra a new cheese a whang:
 The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
 To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith,
 Quo' she to leave thee I will be laith,
 My winsom gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
 Ill-fardly wad she crook her mou',
 Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
 After the gaberlunzie-man.
 My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
 And ha' nae learn'd the beggars tongue,
 To follow me frae town to town,
 And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
 And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
 Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
 To carry the gaberlunzie on.
 I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
 And draw a black clout o'er my eye,
 A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
 While we shall be merry and sing.

SONG LXVII.

TWINE WEEL THE PLAIDEN.



O I hae lost my silken snood, that tied my hair



so yel-low, I've gi'en my heart to the lad I



lo'ed, he was a gallant fellow. And twine it weel



my bonny dow, and twine it weel the plaiden, the lassie



lost her silken snood in pu'ing of the bracken.

He prais'd my e'en fae bonny blue,
 Sae lilly white my skin, O,
 And fyne he prie'd my bonny mou',
 And swore it was nae fin, O.
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow;
 And twine it weel the plaiden;
 The lassie lost her silken snood,
 In pu'ing of the bracken.

R

But he has left the lass he loo'd,
 His ain true love forsaken,
 Which gars me fair to greet the snood,
 I lost among the bracken,
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
 And twine it weel the plaiden ;
 The lassie lost her filken snood,
 In pu'ing of the bracken.

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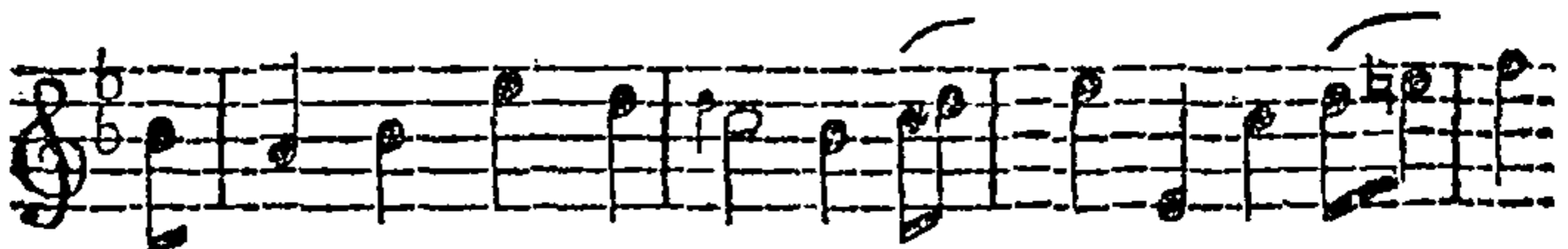
SONG LXVIII.
 GALLANT SAILOR.



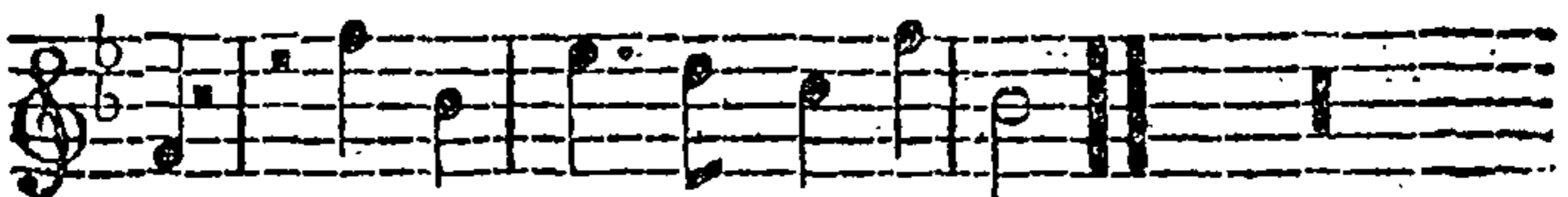
Gallant sailor, oft you told me that you'd ne'er leave



your love. To your vows I now must hold you, now's



the time your love to prove, to your vows I now must hold



you, now's the time your love to prove.

S A I L O R.

Is not Britain's flag degraded,
 Have not Frenchmen brav'd our fleet?
 How can sailors live upbraided,
 While the Frenchmen dare to meet;

How can sailors live upbraided,
While the Frenchmen dare to meet.

N A N.

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

S A I L O R.

Though this flow'ry season woes you
To the peaceful sports of May,
And love sighs so long to loose you,
Love to glory shall give way ;
Love to glory, love to glory,
Love to glory, must give way.

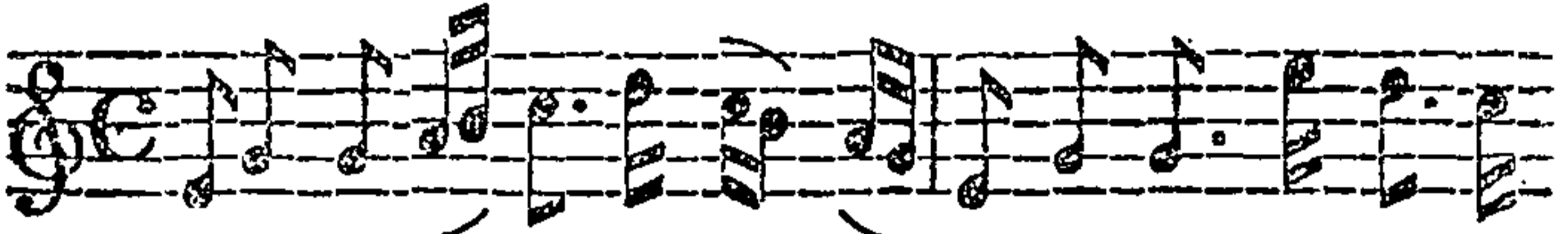
Can the sons of Britain fail her,
While her daughters are so true ;
Your soft courage must avail her,
We love honour loving you ;
We love honour, we love honour,
We love honour loving you.

B O A T S W A I N.

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

SONG LXIX.

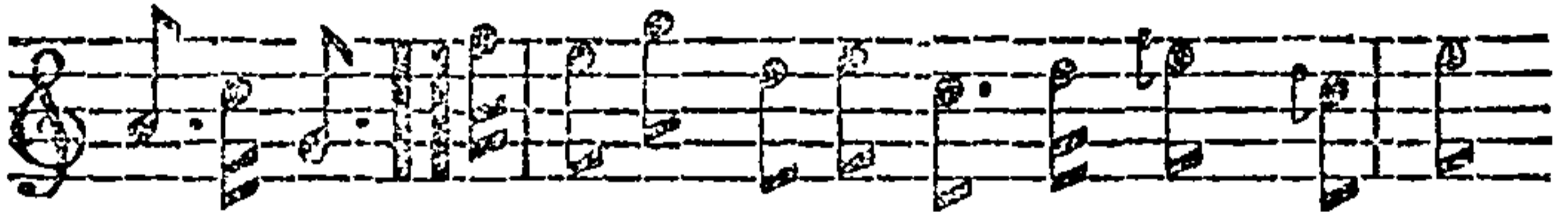
WILLY WAS A WANTON WAG.



Willy was a wanton wag, the blythest lad that e'er I



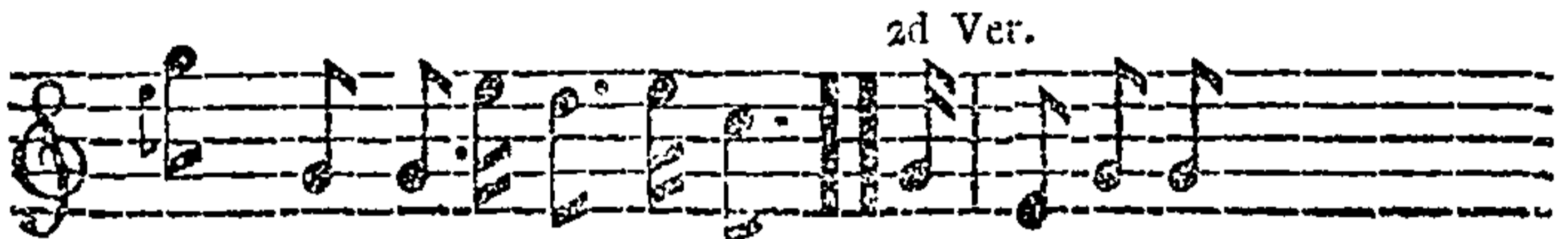
saw, at bridals still he bore the brag, and carried ay the



gree awa. His doublet was of Zetland shag, and vow!



but Willy he was braw; at his shoulder hang a tag that



pleas'd the lassies best of a'. He was a man

He was a man without a clag,
 His heart was frank without a flaw:
 And ay whatever Willy said,
 It was still hadden as a law.
 His boots they were made of the jag,
 When he went to the weapon-shaw;
 Upon the green nane durst him brag
 The fiend a ane amang them a'.

And was not Willy well worth gowd,
 He wan the love of great and sma';
 For after he the bride had kifs'd,
 He kifs'd the lasses hale-fale a'.
 Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
 When by the hand he led them a',
 And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
 By virtue of a standing law.

And was na Willy a great lown,
 As shyre a lick as e'er was feen?
 When he danc'd with the lasses round,
 The bridegroom speer'd where he had been.
 Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,
 With bobbing, faith, my shanks are fair.
 Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
 For Willy he dow do na mair.

Then rest ye, Willy, I'll gae out,
 And for a wee fill up the ring;
 But shame light on his souple snout,
 He wanted Willy's wanton fling.
 Then straight he to the bride did fare,
 Says, well's me on your bonny face;
 With bobbing, Willy's shanks are fair,
 And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance,
 And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
 Unless, like Willy, ye advance;
 (O! Willy has a wanton wag:)
 For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
 And foremost ay bears up the ring;
 We will find nae sick dancing here,
 If we want Willy's wanton fling.

SONG LXX.

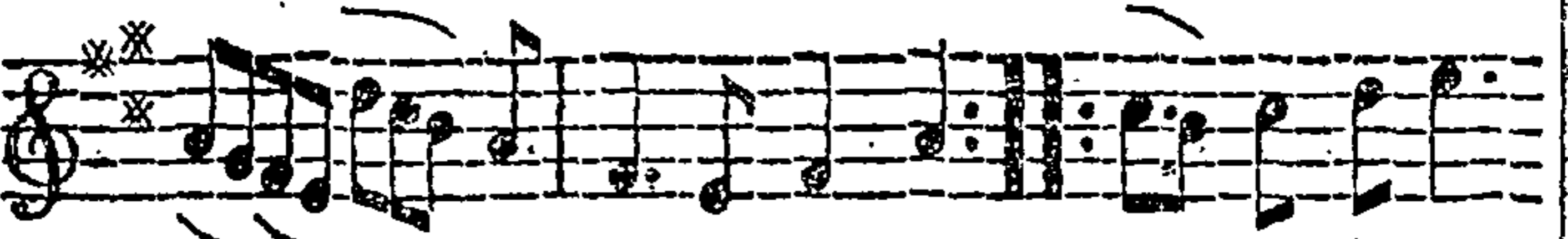
BUSK YE, BUSK YE.



Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride, busk ye busk ye my



winsome marrow, busk ye, busk ye my bonny bride, and



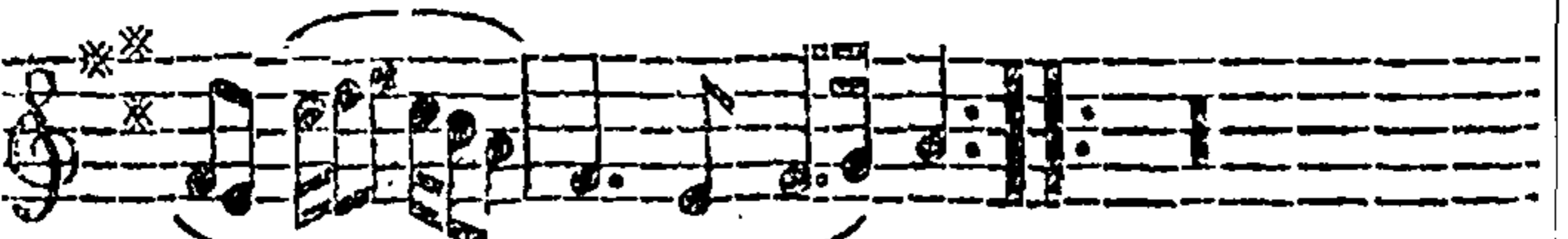
let us to the braes of Tarrow. There will we sport



and gather dew, dancing while lav' rocks sing in the



morning: there learn frae turtles to prove true, O Bell



ne'er vex me with thy scorning.

To westlin breezes Flora yields,
And when the beams are kindly warning,
Blythness appears o'er all the fields,
And nature looks mair fresh and charming.
Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
Tho' on their banks the roses bloffom,
Yet hastylie they flow to Tweed,
And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny Bell,
Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee;
With free consent my fears repel;
I'll with my love and care reward thee.
Thus sang I fastly to my fair,
Wha rais'd my hopes with kind relenting,
O queen of smiles, I ask nae mair
Since now my bonny Bell's consenting.

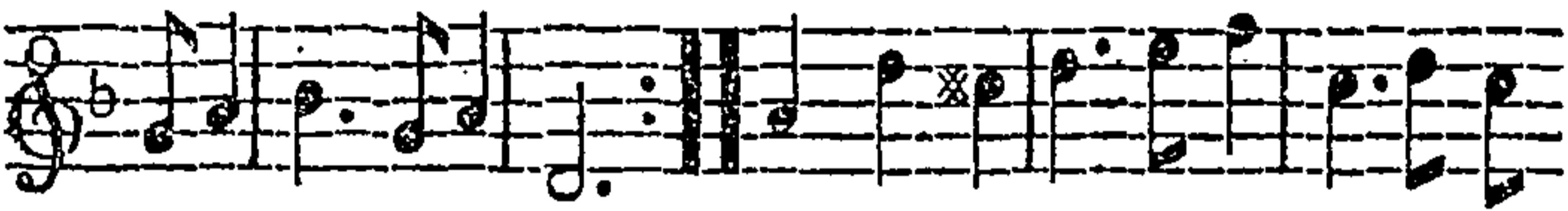
SONG LXXI.

HERE AWA, THERE AWA.

Plaintive.



Here awa, there awa, here awa Willy, here awa, there



awa, here awa, hame. Lang have I sought thee, dear have



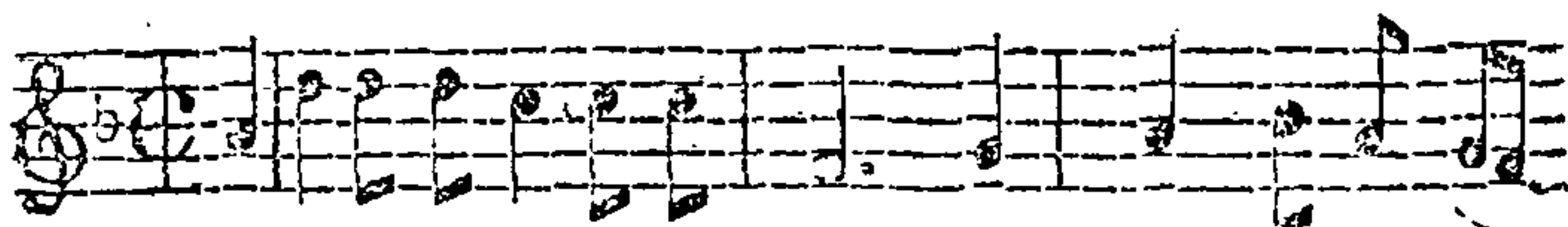
I bought thee, now I have gotten my Willy again.

Through the lang muir I follow'd my Willy,
 Through the lang muir I follow'd him hame,
 Whate'er betide us, nought shall divide us;
 Love now rewards all my forrow and pain.

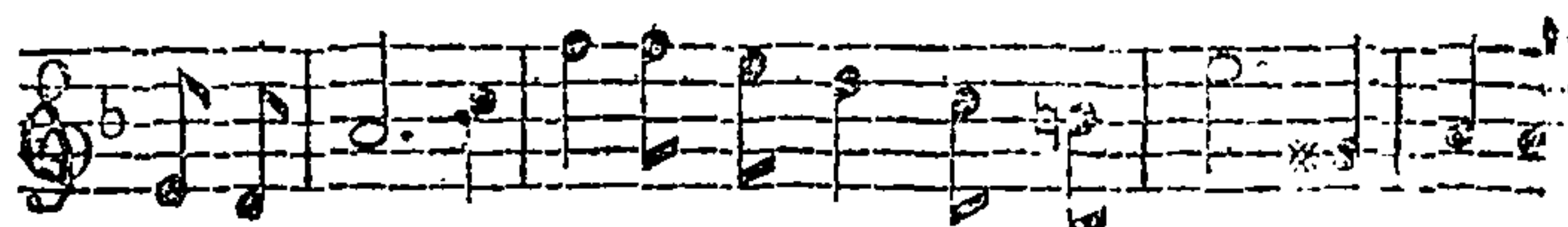
Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willy:
 Here awa, there awa, here awa hame;
 Come love, believe me, naething can grieve me,
 Ilka thing pleases while Willy's at hame.

SONG LXXII.

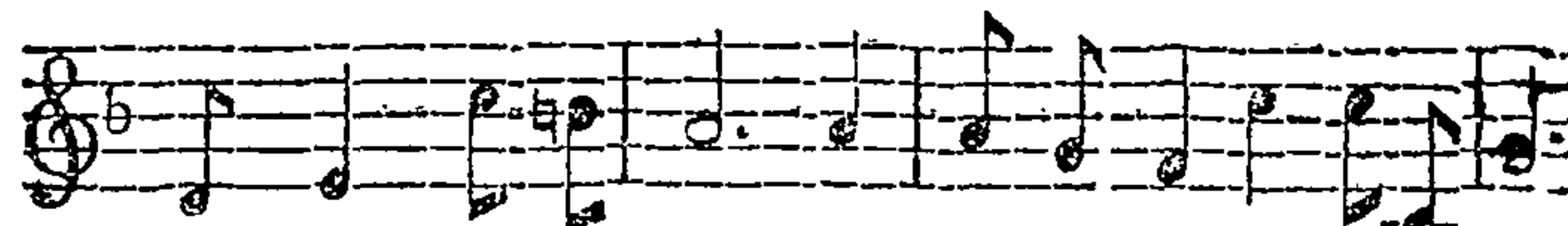
DIOGENES SURLY AND PROUD.



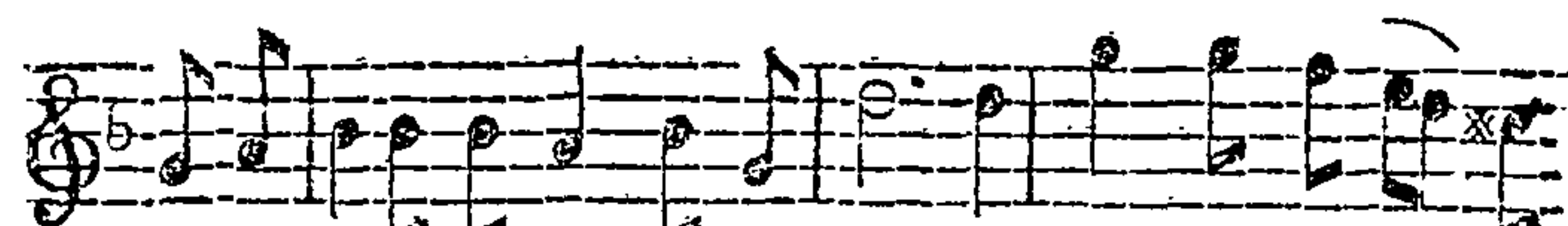
Di-o-ge-nes surly and proud, who snarl'd at the Ma-



cedon youth, delighted in wine that was good, because in



good wine there is truth; but growing as poor as a Jol-



and un-a-ble to purchase a flask, he chose for his mansion



a tub, and liv'd by the scent of the ca- - - - -



- - - - sk, and liv'd by the scent of the cast.

Heraclitus would never deny

A bumper to cherish his heart;

And, when he was maudlin, would cry,

Because he had empty'd his quart:

S

Though some were so foolish to think
 He wept at men's folly and vice,
 When '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 stor'd,
 His liquor he'd merrily quaff;
 And, when he was drunk as a lord,
 At those that were sober he'd laugh.

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

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

When Pyrrho had taken a glass,
 He saw that no object appear'd
 Exactly the same as it was
 Before he had liquor'd his beard;
 For things running round in his drink,
 Which sober he motionless found,

Occasion'd the sceptic to think
There was nothing of truth to be found.

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

S ij

SONG LXXIII.

WHEN INNOCENT PASTIME.



When innocent pastime our pleasure did crown, u-pon a



green meadow, or under a tree, e'er Anny became a fine



la--dy in town, how lovely and loving and bonny was



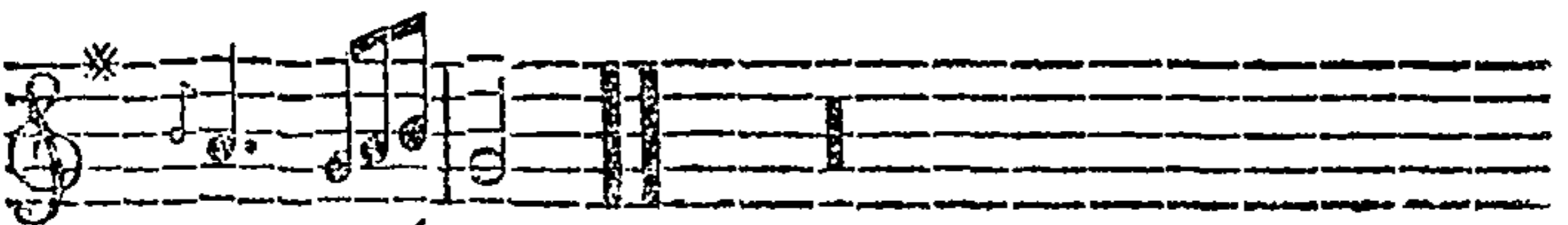
she! Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Anny, let ne'er



a new whim ding thy fan--cy a--jee: O as thou art



bonny, be faithful and canny, and favour thy Jamie, who



deats u--pon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give Anny the spleen?
 Can tynning of trifles be uneasy to thee?
 Can lap-dogs, or monkies, draw tears from these een,
 That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me!
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Anny,
 And dinna prefer a paroquet to me:
 O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny,
 And think upon Jamie wha doats upon thee.

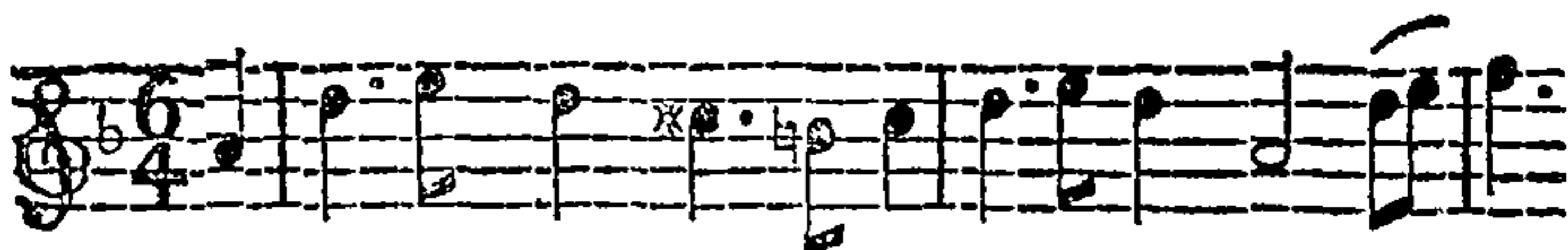
Ah! should a new mantua, or Flanders-lace head,
 Or yet a wee cotty, tho' never fae fine,
 Gar thee grow forgetful, or let his heart bleed,
 That anes had some hope of purchasing thine?
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Anny,
 And dinna prefer your fleegaries to me:
 O! as thou art bonny, be solid and canny,
 And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a Paris-edition of new-fangled Sawny,
 Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
 By adoring himself he admir'd by fair Anny,
 And aim at those bennifons promis'd to me:
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Anny,
 And never prefer a light dancer to me:
 O! as thou art bonny, be constant and canny,
 Love only thy Jamie wha doats upon thee

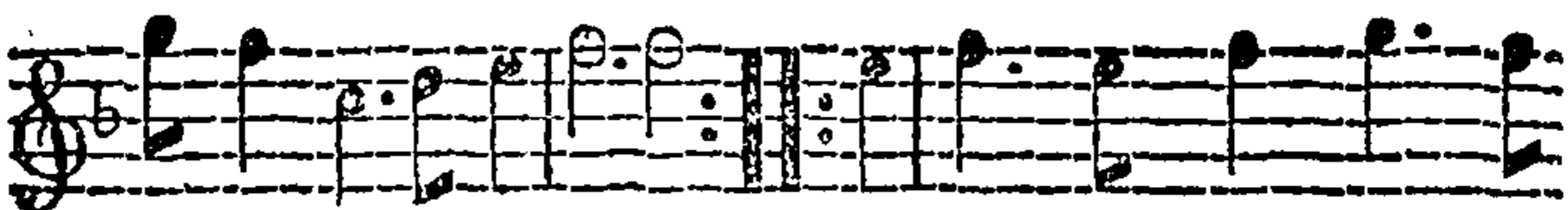
O think, my dear charmer, on ilka sweet hour,
 That slade awa' fastly between thee and me,
 'Ere squirrels, or beaux, or fopp'ry, had pow'r
 To rival my love, or impose upon thee.
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Anny,
 And let thy desires be a' center'd in me:
 O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
 And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

SONG LXXIV.

COME ON MY BRAVE TARS.



Come on my brave tars, let's away to the wars, to ho-



nour and glory advance; for now we've beat Spain, let



us try this campaign, to humble the pride of old France,



my brave boys, to humble the pride of old France.

See William, brave prince,
 A true blue ev'ry inch,
 Who will honour th' illustrious name:
 May he conqueror be
 O'er our empire the sea,
 And transmit British laurels to fame,
 My brave boys, &c.

There heroes combin'd,
 When the Dons they could find,
 Vied who should be foremost in battle;
 By no lee shore affrighted,
 Altho' they're benighted,
 They made British thunder to rattle,
 Brave boys, &c.

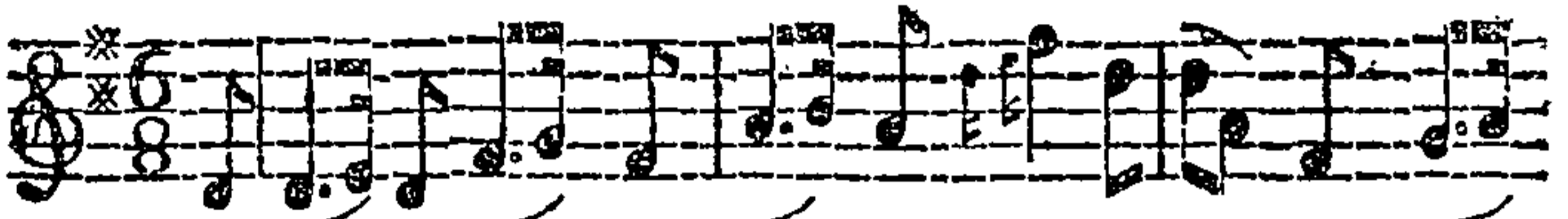
See Dalrymple, Prevost,
Gallant Barrington too,
And Farmer who gloriously fell :
With brave Pearson, all knew
That the hearts of true blue,
Once rous'd, not the world could excel,
My brave boys, &c.

With such heroes as those,
Tho' we've numberless foes,
British valour resplendant shall shine :
And we still hope to show
That their pride will be low,
In eighty, as fam'd fifty-nine,
My brave boys, &c.

Then brave lads enter here,
And partake of our cheer,
You shall feast and be merry and sing :
With the grog at your nose,
Drink success to true blues,
Huzza ! and say God save the king,
My brave boys, &c.

SONG LXXV.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.



The lawland lads think they are fine, but oh they're vain



and idly gawdy; how much unlike the gracefu' mein,



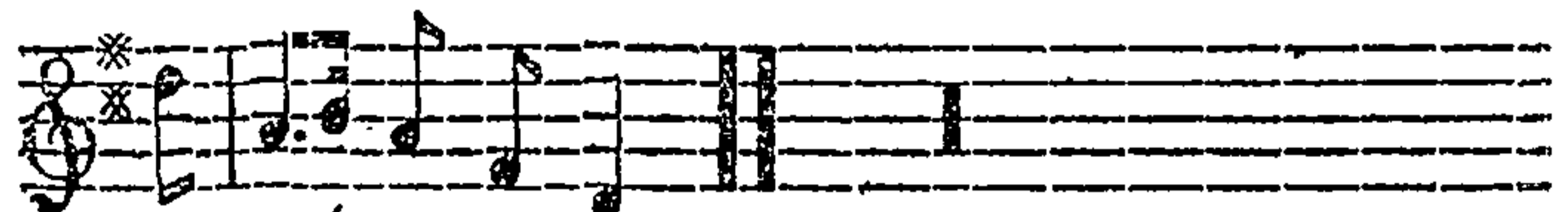
and manly looks of my Highland laddie. O my bonny High-



land laddie, my handsome smiling Highland laddie, may



heaven still guard, and love reward, the lawland lads and



her Highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse
 To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
 I'd take young Donald without trews,
 With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in borough's-town,
 In a' his airs, with art made ready,
 Compar'd to him, he's but a clown;
 He's finer far in's belted plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hills with him I'll run,
 And leave my lawland kin and daddy;
 Frae winter's cauld and summer's fun,
 He'll screen me with his Highland plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

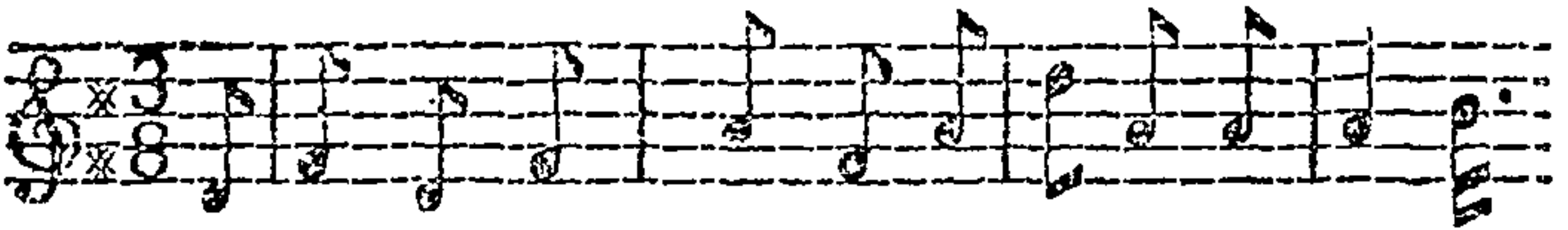
A painted room, and filken bed,
 May please a lawland laird and lady;
 But I can kiss, and be as glad,
 Behind a bush in's Highland plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
 I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
 And he ca's me his lawland lass,
 Syne rows me in beneath his' plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

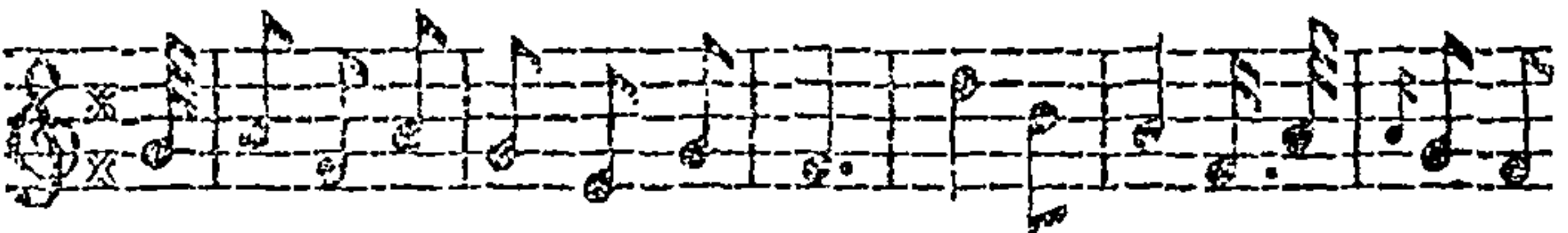
Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While heaven preserves my Highland laddie.
 O my bonny, &c.

SONG LXXVI.

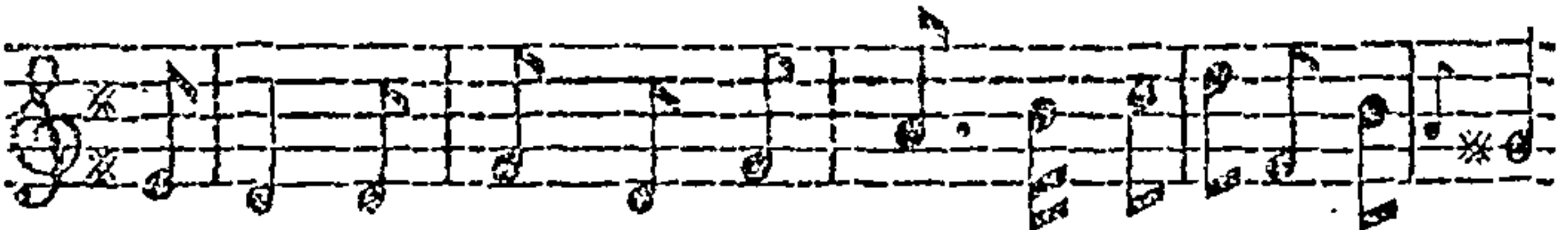
YE SPORTSMEN DRAW NEAR.



Ye sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen too, who



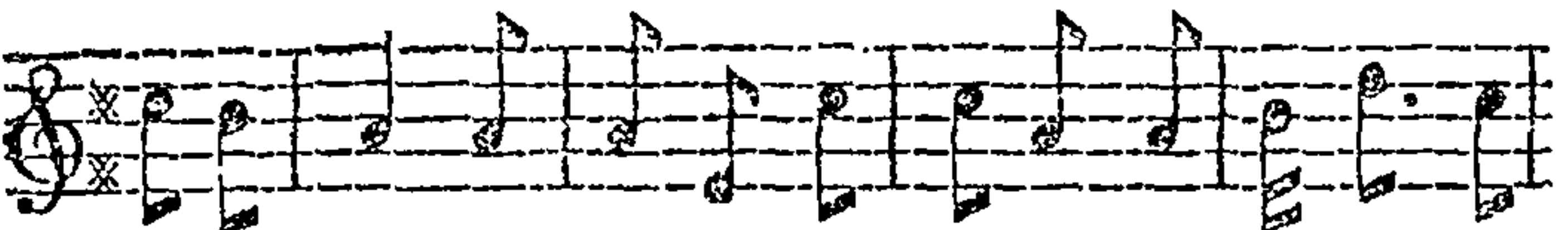
delight in the joys of the field, who delight in the joys of



the field. Mankind, tho' they blame, are all eager as you,



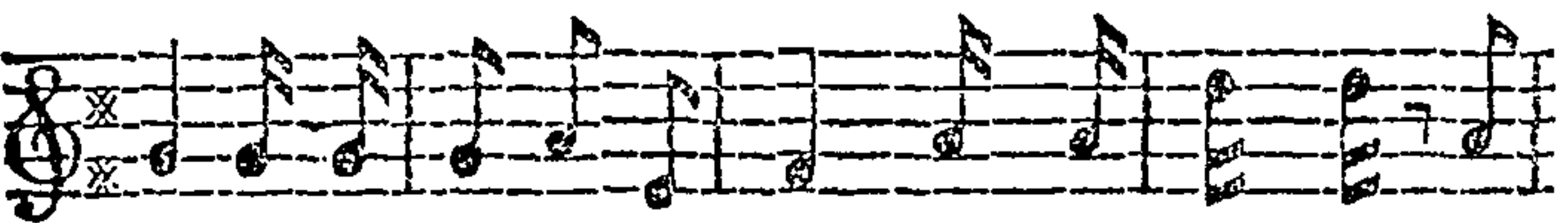
and no one the contest will yield, - - - and no one the con-



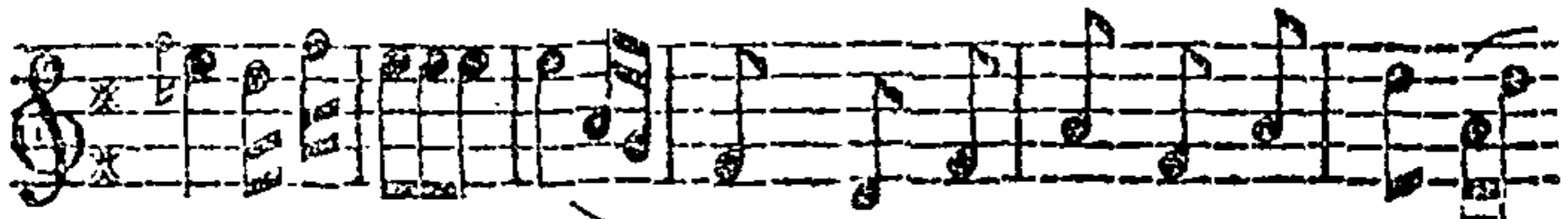
test will yield. His lordship, his worship, his honour, his



grace, a hunting con—ti-nual-ly go, all ranks and de-



grees are engag'd in the chace, with hark forward, hur-



za, tally ho, - - - all ranks and degrees are engag'd in



the chace, hark forward, huzza, tally ho, - - - tally ho,



tally ho, tally ho, tally ho, tally ho, tally ho, tally ho, - -



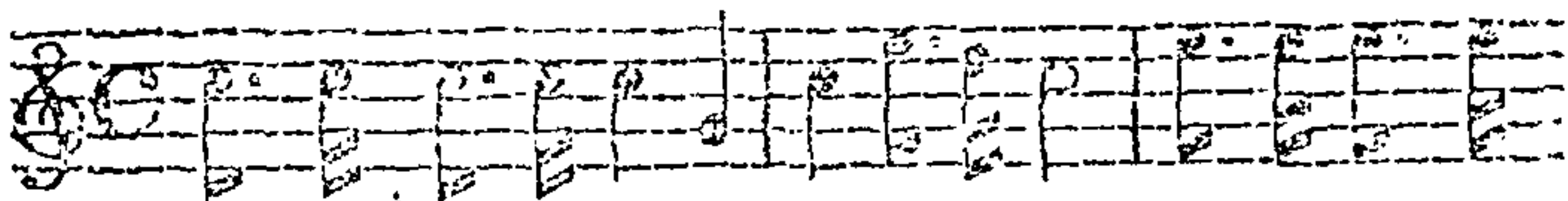
- hark forward, huzza, tally ho - - -.

The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn
 To hunt for a mortgage or deed ;
 The husband gets up at the sound of the horn
 And rides to the commons full speed ;
 The patriot is thrown in pursuit of the game ;
 The poet too often lays low,
 Who, mounted on Pegasus, flies after fame,
 With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

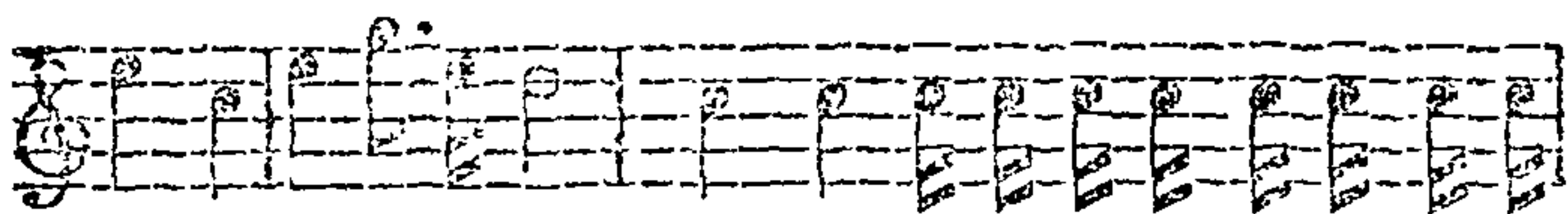
While fearless o'er hills and o'er woodlands we sweep
 Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown,
 How oft do they Decency's bounds overleap
 And the fences of Virtue break down ?
 Thus public, or private, for pension, for place,
 For amusement, for passion, for shew,
 All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
 With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

SONG LXXVII.

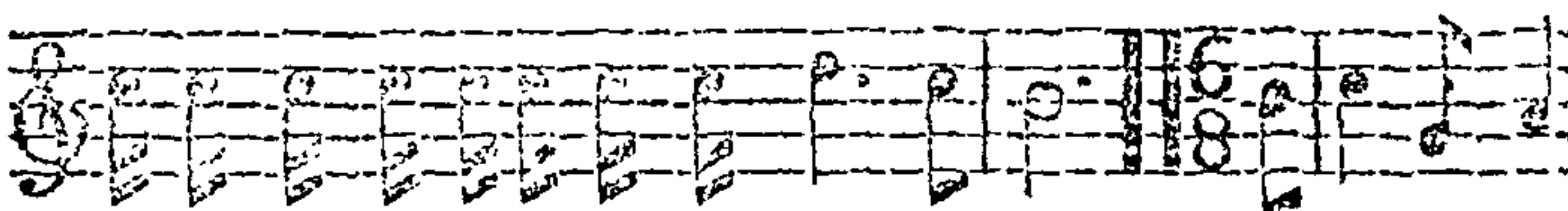
FOUR AND TWENTY FIDDLERS.



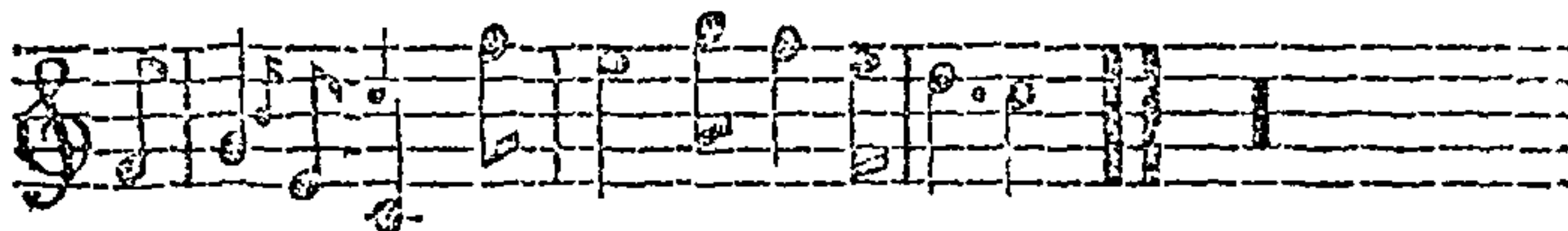
Four and twenty fiddlers all on a row, four and twenty



fiddlers all on a row, there was fiddle faddle fiddle, and my



double damme semi quibble, down below. It is my la-



dy's holiday, therefore let us be merry.

- 2 Four and twenty drummers all on a row, there was hey rub a dub, ho rub a dub, fiddle faddle, &c.
- 3 Four and twenty trumpeters all on a row, there was tantara rara, tantara rera, hey rub a dub, &c.
- 4 Four and twenty cobblers all on a row, there was stab awl and cobbler, and cobbler and stab awl, tantara rera, &c.
- 5 Four and twenty fencing masters all on a row, there was push carte and tierce, down at heel, cut him across, stab awl and cobbler, &c.
- 6 Four and twenty captains all on a row, there was Oh! d—n me, kick him down stairs, push carte and tierce, &c.
- 7 Four and twenty parsons all on a row, there was Lord have mercy upon us! O! d—n me, kick him down stairs, &c.

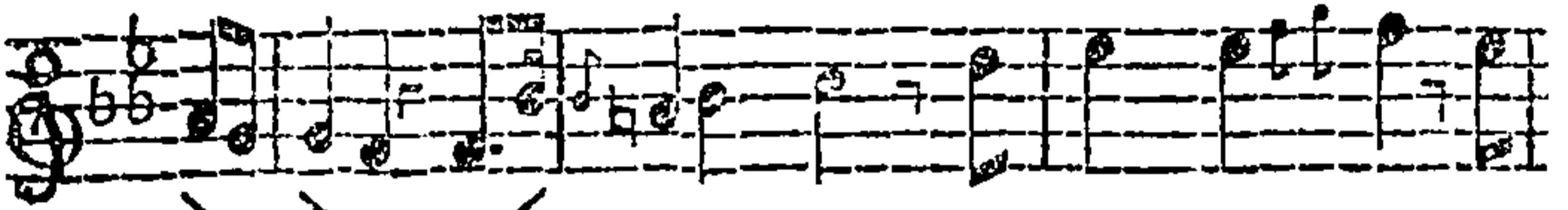
- 3 Four and twenty taylors all on a row, one caught a louse, another let it loose, and another cried knock him down with the goose, Lord have mercy upon us, &c.
- 9 Four and twenty barbers all on a row, there was bag whigs, short bobs, toupees, long ques, shave for a penny, Oh d--n'd hard times two ruffles and ne'er a shirt, one caught a louse, &c.
- 10 Four and twenty quakers all on a row, there was Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob, and Jacob peopled the twelve tribes of Israel, with bag wigs, short bobs, toupees, long quees, shave for a penny, Oh d--n'd hard times two ruffles and ne'er a shirt, one caught a louse, another let it loose, and another cried knock him down with the goose, Lord have mercy upon us, Oh d--n me kick him down stairs, push carte and tierce, down at heel, cut him across, stab awl and cobbler, and cobbler stab awl, tantara rara, tantara rera, hey rub a dub, ho rub a dub, fiddle faddle fiddle and my double damme semi quibble down below, It is my lady's holiday therefore let us be merry.

SONG LXXIX.

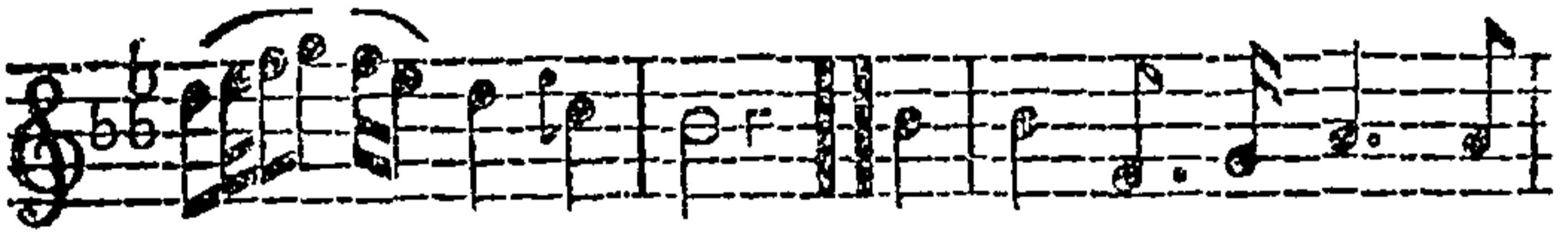
WINTER.



A-dieu, ye groves, adieu ye plains, all nature mourn-



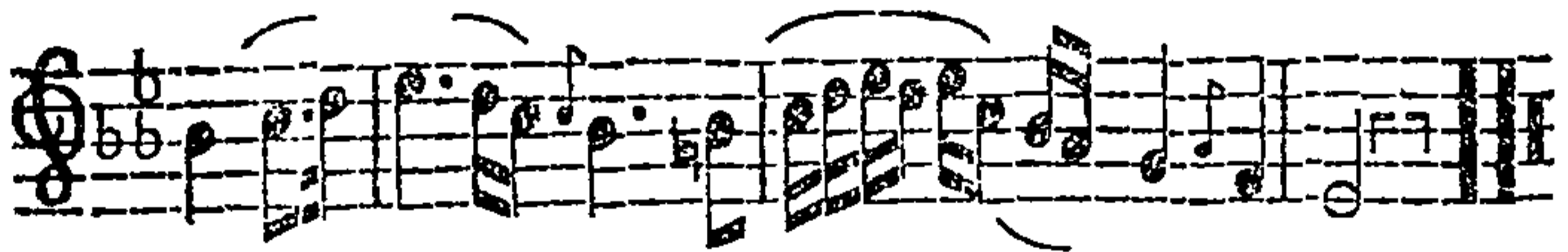
ing lies. See gloomy clouds, and thick'ning rains ob-



scure the lab'ring skies. See, see, from a-far, th' im-



pend-ing storm with sullen haste ap-pear, see win-ter



comes a dreary form, to rule . . the falling year.

No more the lambs with gamesome bound,
 Rejoice the gladen'd fight:
 No more the gay enamell'd ground,
 Or Silvan scenes delight.
 Thus lovely Nancy, much lov'd maid,
 Thy early charms must fail;
 Thy rose must droop the lilly fade,
 And winter soon prevail.

Again the lark, sweet bird of day,
May rise on active wing,
Again the sportive herds may play,
And hail reviving spring.
But youth, my fair, fees no return,
The pleasing bubble's o'er,
In vain it's fleeting joys you mourn,
They fall to bloom no more.

Haste, then, dear girl, the time improve,
Which art can ne'er regain,
In blissful scenes of mutual love,
With some distinguish'd swain;
So shall life's spring, like jocund May,
Pass smiling and serene;
Thus summer, autumn, glide away,
And winter soon prevail.

SONG LXXIX.
BIRKS OF INVERMAY.



The smiling morn, the breathing spring in—vite the



tuneful birds to sing, and while they warble from each



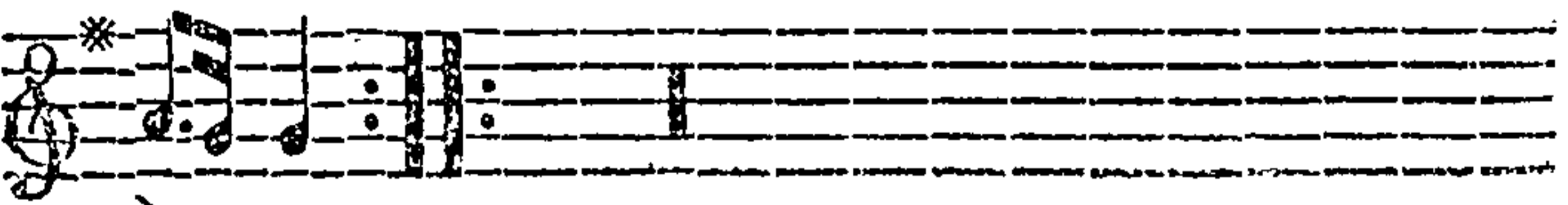
spray, love melts the u--ni-ver-sal lay. Let us A-man-da,



time—ly wise, like them improve the hour that flies, and



in soft raptures waste the day, among the birks of In-



vermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade;

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

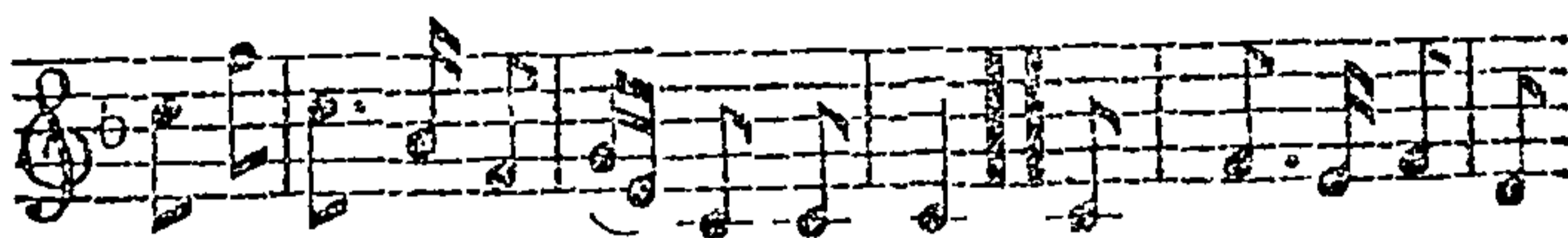
Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
'The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,
Gambol and dance about their dams;
The busy bees with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice;
Let us like them, then sing and play
About the birks of Invermay.

Hark, how the waters as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladness call;
The wanton waves sport in the beams,
And fishes play throughout the streams;
The circling sun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance:
Let us as jovial be as they
Among the birks of Invermay.

SONG LXXX.
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 ho-spi-ta-



li-ty o--pens the door, and friendship detains us for



one bottle more, one bottle more, arra, '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 remain'd in our store,
We have generous hearts, to give that bottle more.

In Candy's, in Church-street, I'll sing of a fidd
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.

Our bill being paid, we were loath to depart,
For friendship had grappled each man by the heart ;
Where the least touch you know makes an Irishman roar
And the whack from shilella, brought six bottles more.

Slow Phœbus had shone thro' our window so bright,
Quite happy to view his blest children of light.
So we parted, with hearts neither sorry nor fore,
Resolving next night to drink twelve bottles more.

SONG LXXXI.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.



In April, when Primro-ses paint the sweet plain, and



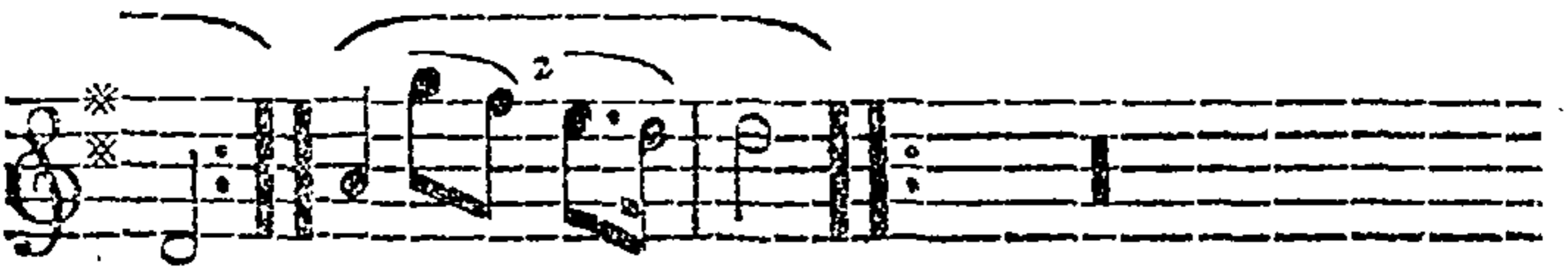
summer ap-proach-ing re—joi-ceth the swain. joiceth



the swain, the yellow-haird laddie would of-ten--times



go, to wilds and deep glens where the hawthorn trees



grow. hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom, he sung his loves, evening and morn.
 He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That Sylvans and Fairies, unseen, danc'd around.

The shepherd thus fung : tho' young Maddie be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful, proud air :
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing ;
Her breath, like the breezes, perfum'd in the spring.

That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon, was inconstant, and never spoke truth :
But Susie was faithful, good humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.

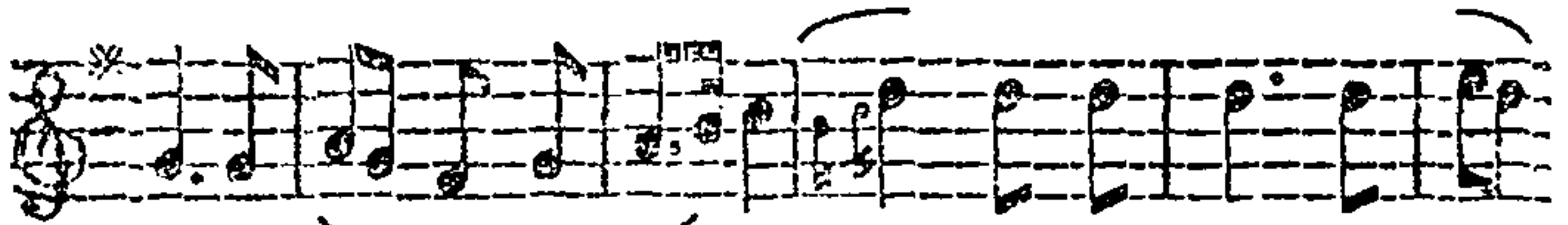
That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour :
Then, sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
The witty, sweet Susie, his mistress might be.

SONG LXXXII.

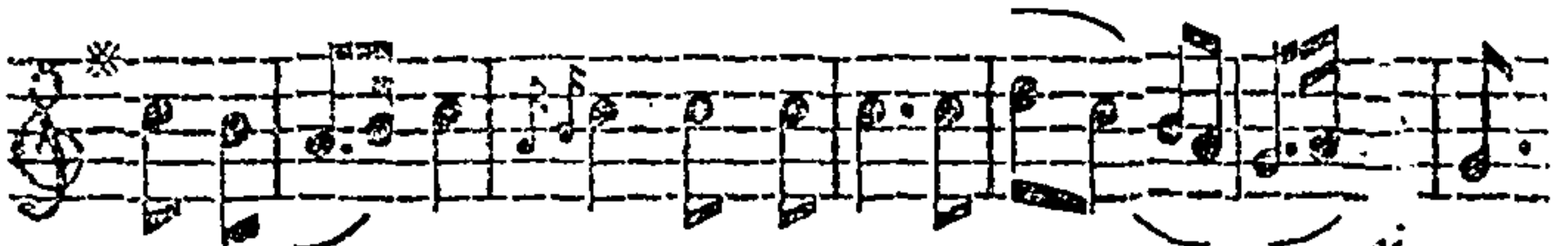
ALLY CROAKER.



There lived a man in Ba-le-no--cra-zy, who wanted a



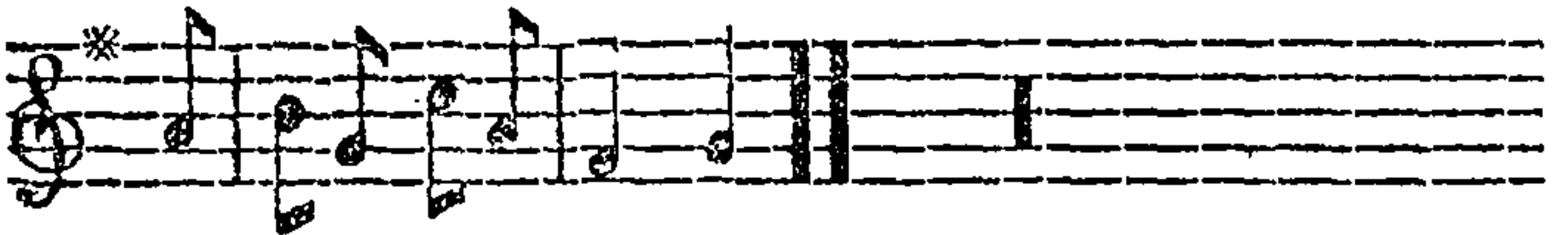
wife to make him un-ea-sy, Long he had sigh'd for dear



Al-ly Croaker, and thus the gentle youth bespoke her, Will



you marry me, dear Al-ly Croaker, will you marry me



dear Al-ly Al-ly Croaker.

This artless young man, just come from his schoolery,
 A novice in love, and all it's foolery ;
 Too dull for a wit, too grave for a joker,
 And thus the gentle youth bespoke her,
 Will your marry, &c.

He drank with the father, he talk'd with the mother,
 He rompt with the sifter, he gam'd with the brother ;

He gam'd till he pawn'd his coat to the broker,
Which lost him the heart of his dear Ally Croaker,
Oh! the fickle, fickle Ally Croaker,
Oh! the fickle Ally, Ally Croaker.

To all ye young men who are fond of gaming,
Who are spending your money, whilst others are saving,
Fortune's a jilt, the de'il may choke her,
A jilt more inconstant than dear Ally Croaker,
Oh! the inconstant Ally Croaker,
Oh! the inconstant Ally, Ally Croaker.

SONG LXXXIII.

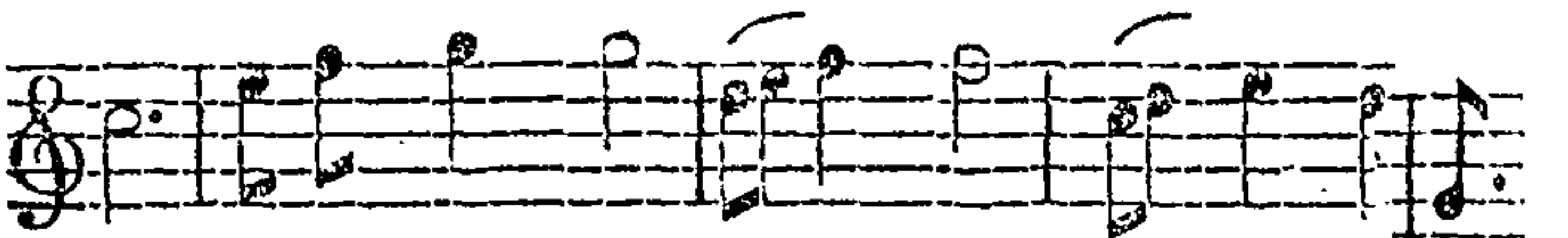
LET A SET OF SOBER ASSES.



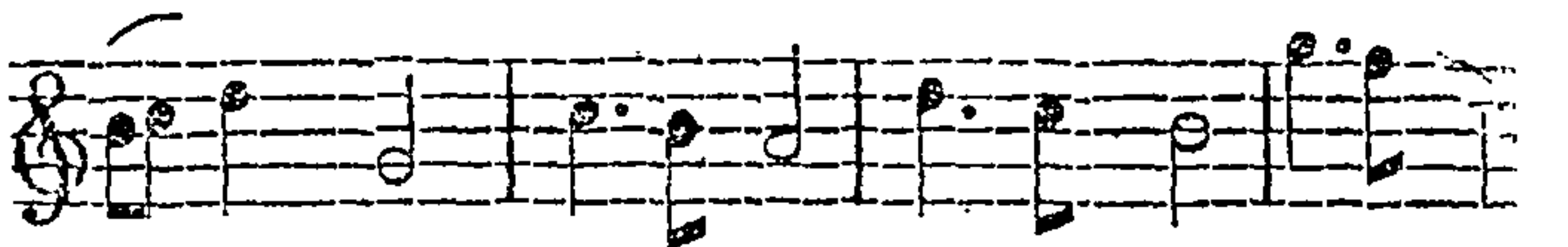
Let a set of sober asses, rail against the joys of drinking,



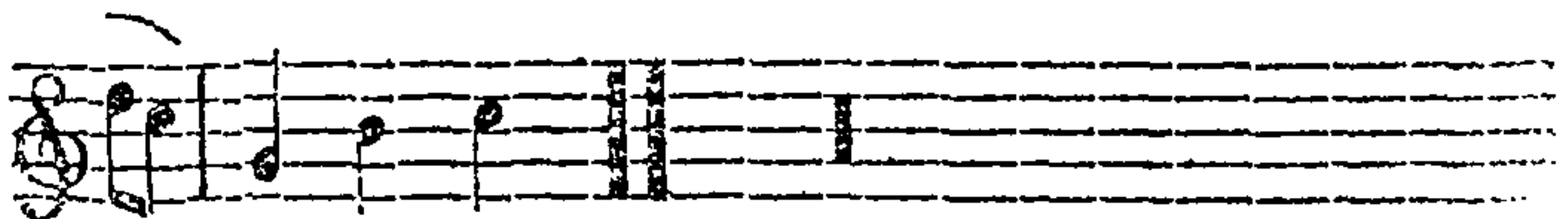
while water, tea, and milk agree to set cold brains a-think-



ing. Power, and wealth, beauty, health, wit, and n. Will



wine are crown'd. Joys abound, pleasure's found only where



the glass goes round.

The ancient sects on happiness
 All differ'd in opinion;
 But wiser rules
 Of modern schools
 In wine fix her dominion.
 Power and wealth, &c.

Wine gives the lover vigour,
 Makes glow the cheeks of beauty;

Makes poets write,
 And foldiers fight,
 And friendship do it's duty.
 Power and wealth, &c.

Wine was the only Helicon
 Whence poets are long-liv'd so ;
 'Twas no other main
 Than brisk champaign
 Whence Venus was deriv'd too.
 Power and wealth, &c.

When heaven in Pandora's box
 All kinds of ill had sent us,
 In a merry mood
 A bottle of good
 Was cork'd up to content us.
 Power and wealth, &c.

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

Wine sets our joys a-flowing,
 Our care and sorrow drowning.
 Who rails at the bowl,
 Is a Turk in's soul,
 And a Christian ne'er should own him.
 Power and wealth, &c.

SONG LXXXIV.
 BONNY CHRISTY.



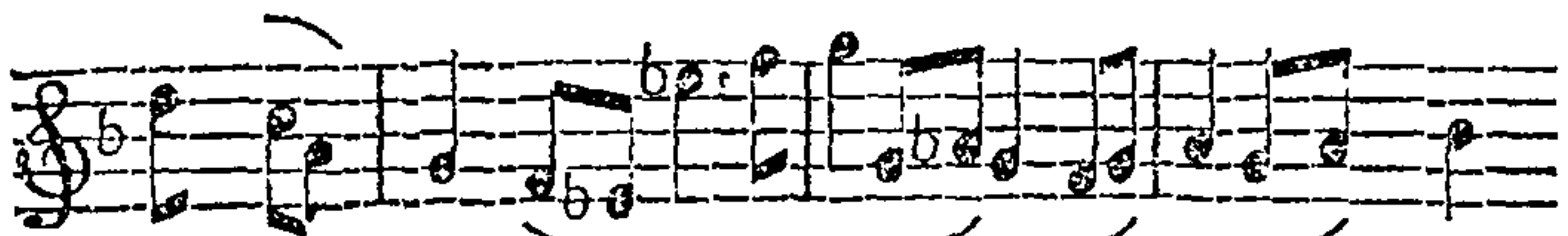
How sweetly smells the summer green! sweet tastes the



peach and cherry : painting and order please our een, and



claret makes us merry ; but finest colours, fruits and flow-



ers, and wine, tho' I be thir--sty, lose a' their charms



and weaker powers, compar'd with those of Christy.

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

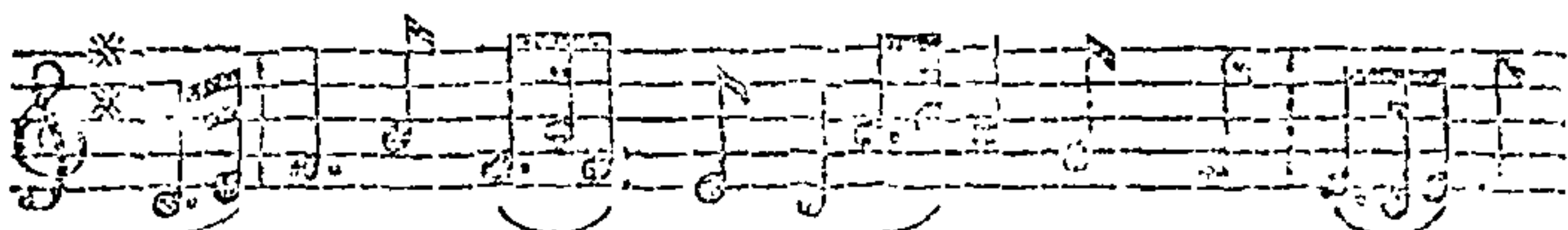
Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
 I take the happy omen,
 And aften micht to make advance,
 Hoping she'll prove a woman:
 But, dubious of my ain desert,
 My sentiments I smother;
 With secret sighs I vex my heart,
 For fear she love another.

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

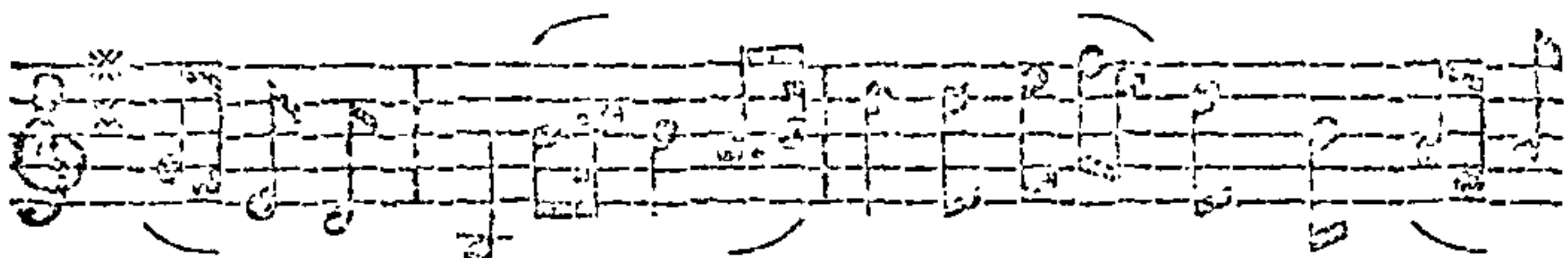
My Christy!—witness, bonny stream,
 Sic joys frae tears arising,
 I wish this mayna be a dream;
 O love the maist surprising!
 Time was too precious now for talk;
 This point of a' his wishes
 He wadna with set speeches bauk,
 But war'd it a' on kisses.

SONG LXXXV.

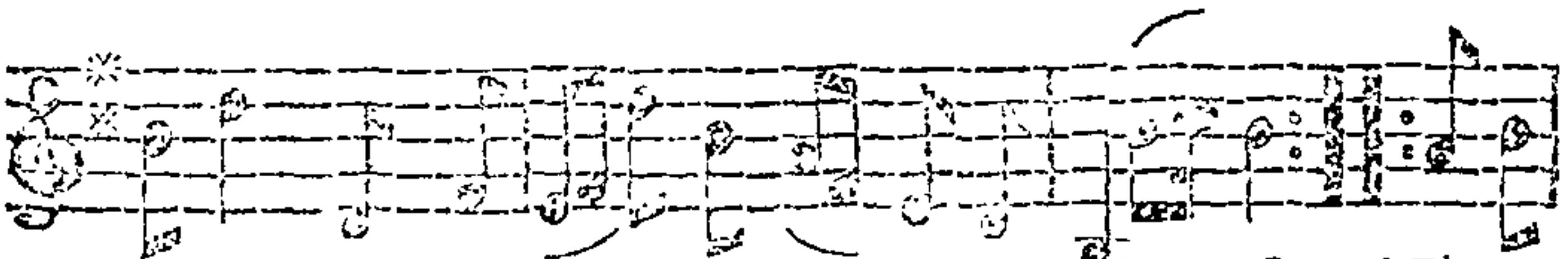
DUMBARTON'S DRUMS.



Dumbarton's drums beat bonny O, when they mind me



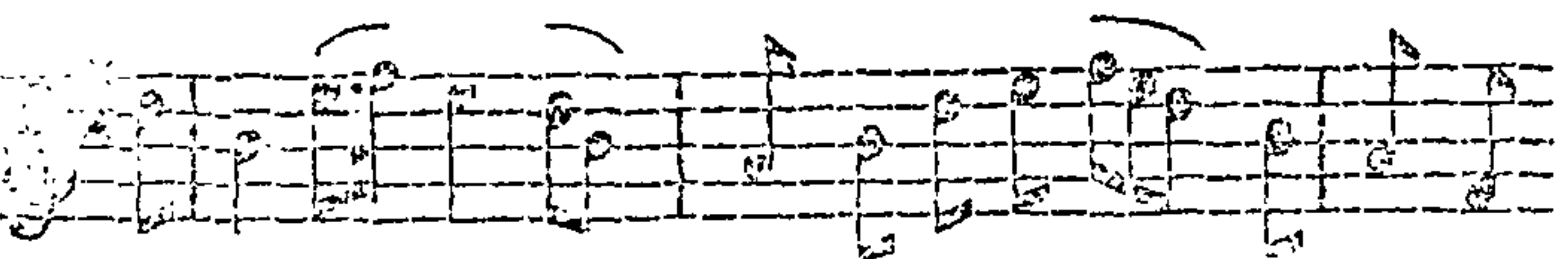
of my dear Johnny O, how happy am I when my Soldier



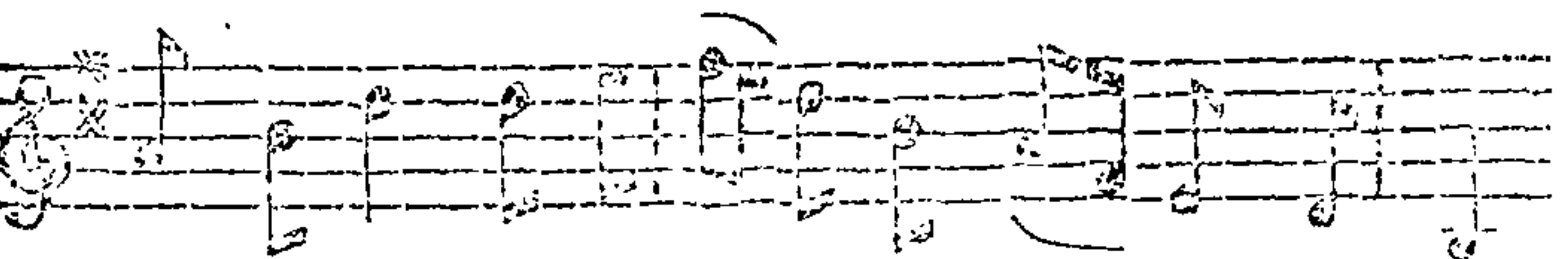
is by, while he kisses and blesses his Annie, O. 'Tis a



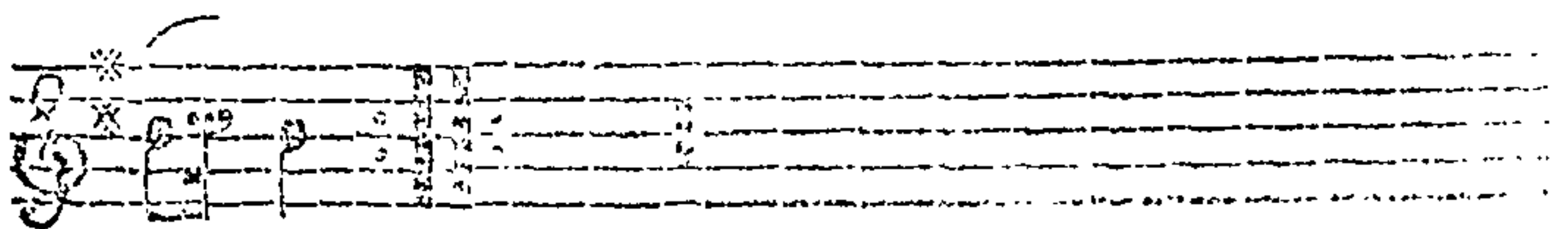
Soldier alone can delight me, O, for his graceful looks do



in-vite me, O: whilst guarded in his arms, I'll fear no



war's alarms, neither danger, nor death shall e'er fright



me, O.

My love is a handsome laddie, O,
Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy, O :
Tho' commiffions are dear,
Yet I'll buy him one this year,
For he shall ferve no longer a cadie, O.
A foldier has honour and bravery, O,
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery, O :
He minds no other thing,
But the Ladies or the King ;
For every other care is but slavery O.

Then I'll be the Captain's Lady, O,
Farewell all my friends and my Daddy, O ;
I'll wait no more at home,
But I'll follow with the drum,
And whene'er that beats, I'll be ready, O.
Dumbarton's drums found bonny, O ;
They are sprightly, like my dear Jonny, O.
How happy shall I be,
When on my foldier's knee,
And he kifles and bleffes his Annie, O.

SONG LXXXVI.

ONCE MORE I'LL TUNE.



Once more I'll tune the vo--cal shell, to hills and dales



my pas--sion tell, a flame which time can ne---ver



quell, that burns for lovely Peggy. Ye greater bards the



lyre should hit, for say what subject is more fit, than to



record the sparkling wit and bloom of lovely Peggy.

The sun first rising in the morn,
 That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,
 Does not so much the day adorn,
 As does my lovely Peggy.
 And when in Thetis lap to rest,
 He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
 He's not so beauteous, as undress'd
 Appears my lovely Peggy.

Were she array'd in rustic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon mine oaten reed,
 To please my lovely Peggy.
With her a cottage would delight,
All's happy when she's in my sight,
But when she's gone it's endless night,
 All's dark without my Peggy.

The zephyr's air the violet blows,
Or breath upon the damask rose,
He does not half the sweets disclose,
 That does my lovely Peggy.
I stole a kiss the other day,
And trust me, nought but truth I say,
The fragrant breath of blooming May,
 Was not so sweet as Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r shall rove,
And linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or stately swans the waters love,
 So long shall I love Peggy.
And when Death with his pointed dart,
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
My word shall be when I depart,
 Adieu! my lovely Peggy.

SONG LXXXVII.

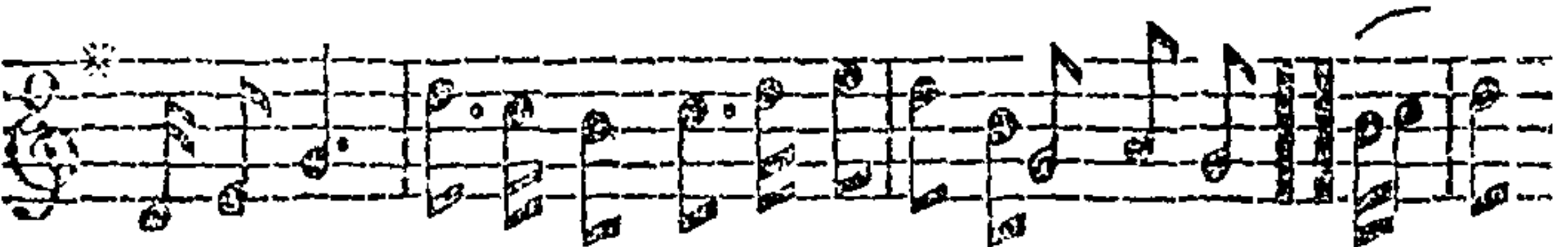
THE CONTENTED MAN.



The man that's contented is void of all care, tol de rol



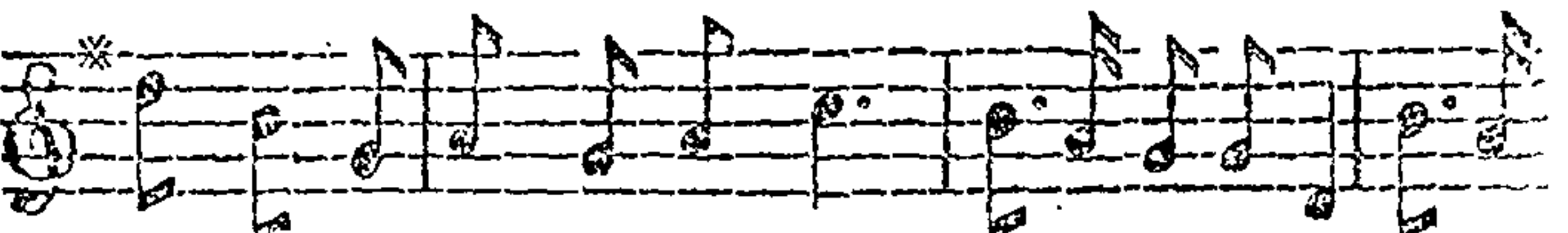
tol de rol tol de rol la dy, he far overtops the foul slave-



ry of fear, tol de rol tol de rol tol de rol la dy. A mind



that's serene, and a body in health, gives a man all the



pleasure and grandeur of wealth. Tol de rol la dy, tol de



rol la dy, tol de rol tol de rol tol de rol la dy.

Last day I went out with a heart full of joy.

Tol de rol, &c.

Which nothing but vice or sharp pain could annoy ;

Tol de rol, &c.

The first that I meet was a miser, whose gloom

Shew'd a soul that was muddy, and straiten'd in room.

Tol de rol, &c.

In Britain's fair island there's none to be seen

Tol de rol, &c.

Of more sullen, selfish, and fordid a mein ;

Tol de rol, &c.

Regardless of honour, a slave to his gold,

Despis'd of the young, and contemna'd of the old,

Tol de rol, &c.

The next that I met was a profligate ass,

Tol de rol, &c.

Whose brains were of cork, and his forehead of brass ;

Tol de rol, &c.

By game he was galloping thro' his estate,

And mis'ry attended his sad sinking fate.

O place me, kind heav'n! in what station you please,

Tol de rol, &c.

So my body's in health, and my soul be at ease ;

Tol de rol, &c.

By command of myself, independent and free,

Contentment shall still be a pleasure to me.

Tol de rol, &c.

O rather in a cottage may I be fed

Tol de rol, &c.

With roots the most common, and coarsest brown bread.

Tol de rol, &c.

Than to riot with luxury, fopp'ry, and vice,

They're the loss of contentment, too precious a price.

Tol de rol, &c.

Let rakes ramble after their harlots and wine,

Tol de rol, &c.

'Till with poxes and palsies their carcases dwine ;

Tol de rol, &c.

Grow old while they're young, and have wasted their store,

While the vot'ries of virtue are blithe at fourscore.

Tol de rol, &c.

The thunder may roar, and the hurricanes make
Tol de rol, &c.

The ocean to boil, and the forests to shake ;
Tol de rol, &c.

The light'ning may flash, and the rocks may be rent,
But nothing can ruffle the mind that's content.

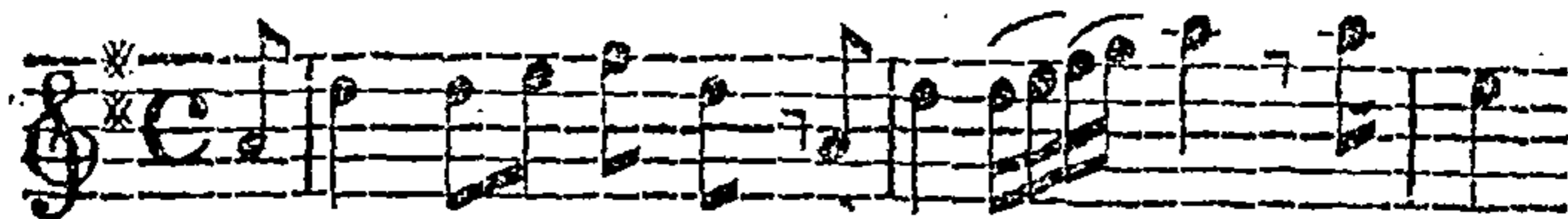
This world's well freighted with wonders in store,
Tol de rol, &c.

And we're sent into it to think and explore ;
Tol de rol, &c.

And when the due summons shall call us away,
No more's to be said, but contented obey,
Tol de rol, &c.

SONG LXXXVIII.

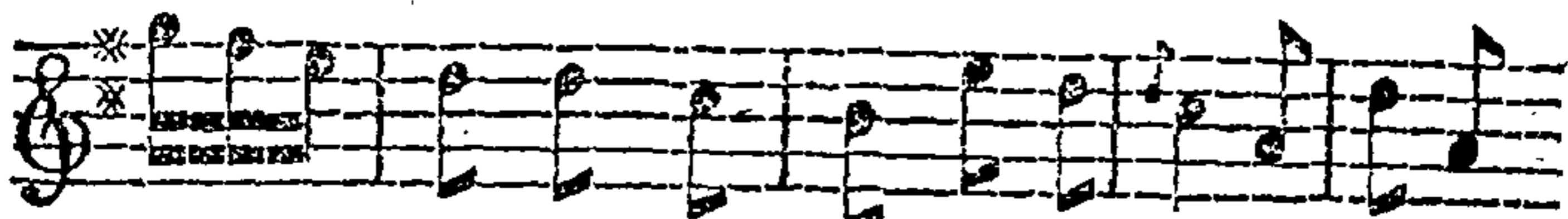
THE SWEET ROSY MORNING.



The sweet rosy morning peeps o-ver the hills, with blush-



es adorning the meadows and fields. The merry, mer-



ry merry horn calls come, come, come away, awake from



your slumbers, and hail the new day.

The stag rous'd before us,
 Away seems to fly,
 And pants to the chorus,
 Of hounds in full cry.

Cho. Then follow follow follow follow,
 The musical chace,
 Where pleasure and vigour,
 And health all embrace.

The day's sport when over,
 Makes blood circle right,
 And gives the brisk lover,
 Fresh charms for the night.

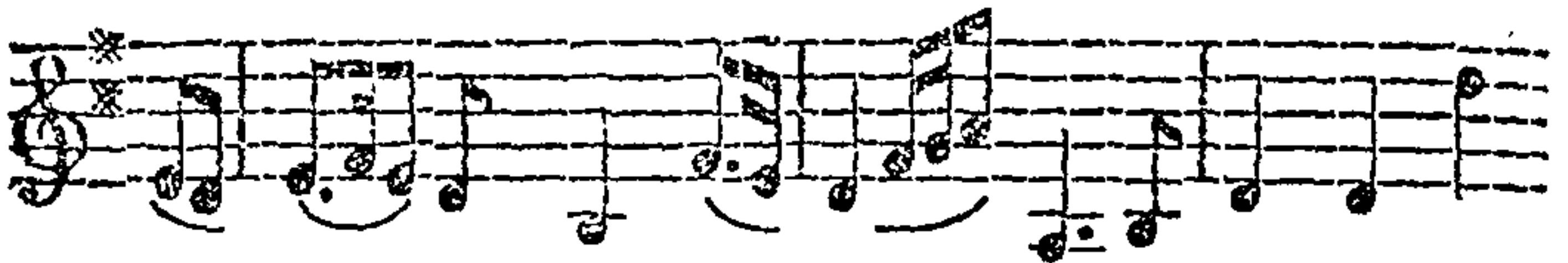
Cho. 'Then let us, let us now enjoy
 All we can while we may;
 Let love crown the night,
 As our sports crown the day.

SONG LXXXIX.

BONNY JEAN.



Love's goddess in a myrtle grove, said, Cupid, bend



thy bow with speed, nor let the shaft at random rove,



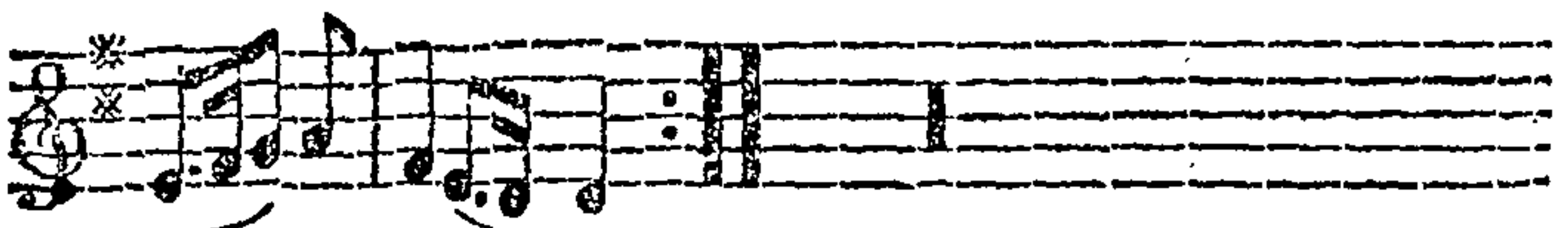
for Jen-ny's haughty heart must bleed. The smil-



ing boy with di-vine art from Paphos shot an arrow



keen, which flew unerring to the heart, and kill'd the



pride of bonny Jean.

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
 Refuses Willy's kind address;
 Her yielding blushes shew no care,
 But too much fondness to suppress.

No more the youth is fullen now,
But looks the gayest on the green,
Whilst every day he spies some new
Surprizing charms in bonny Jean.

A thousand transports crowd his breast,
He moves as light as fleeting wind ;
His former sorrows seem a jest
Now when his Jenny is turn'd kind.
Riches he looks on with disdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean ;
The chearful hound and horn gives pain ;
If absent from his bonny Jean.

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,
Which ev'n in summer short'ned seems ;
When sunk in downs, with glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.
All charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
Than Troy's prize, the Spartan Queen.
With breaking day, he lifts his sight,
And pants to be with bonny Jean.

SONG XC.

PINKY HOUSE.



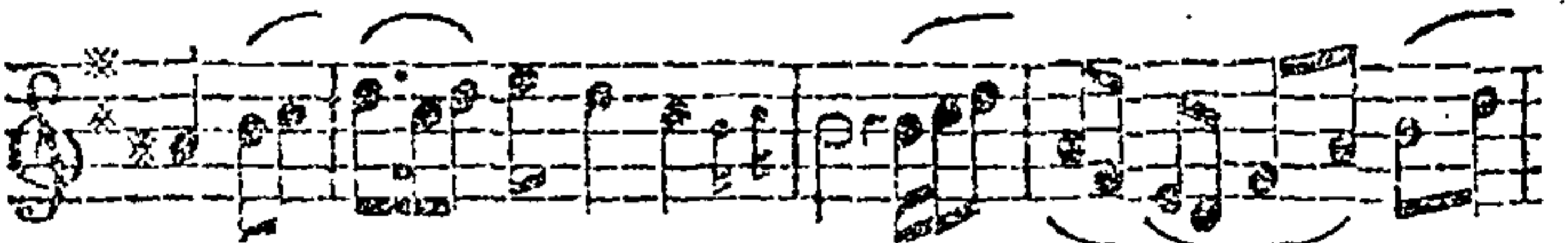
By Pin-kie house oft let me walk, while cir-cled



in my arms I hear my Nelly sweetly talk, and gaze



o'er all her charms. O let me ever fond be-



hold those gra-ces void of art, those chearful smiles that



sweetly hold in will-ing chains my heart.

O come, my love! and bring a-new
 That gentle turn of mind;
 That gracefulness of air, in you,
 By nature's hand design'd;
 That beauty like the blushing rose,
 First lighted up this flame;
 Which, like the sun, for ever glows
 Within my breast the same.

Ye light coquets! ye airy things!

How vain is all your art!

How seldom it a lover brings!

How rarely keeps a heart!

O gather from my Nelly's charms,

That sweet, that graceful ease;

That blushing modesty that warms;

That native art to please!

Come then, my love! O come along,

And feed me with thy charms;

Come, fair inspirer of my song,

O fill my longing arms.

A flame like mine can never die,

While charms, so bright as thine,

So heav'nly fair, both please the eye,

And fill the soul divine!

SONG XCI.

WHEN ABSENT FROM THE NYMPH.



When ab-sent from the nymph I love, I'd fain shake off



the chains I wear, but whilst I strive these to remove,



more fetters I'm oblig'd to bear. My captiv'd fancy day



and night, fairer and fairer re-presents, Be-lin-da form'd



for dear delight, but cruel cause of my complaints.

All day I wander through the groves,
 And, sighing, hear from ev'ry tree,
 The happy birds chirping their loves;
 Happy, compar'd with lonely me.
 When gently sleep with balmy wings,
 To rest fans ev'ry weary'd wight,
 A thousand fears my fancy brings,
 That keep me watching all the night.

Sleep flies, while like the goddess fair,
And all the graces in her train,
With melting smiles and killing air,
Appears the cause of all my pain.
A while my mind delighted flies
O'er all her sweets with thrilling joy;
Whilst want of worth makes doubts arise,
That all my trembling hopes destroy.

Thus, while my thoughts are fix'd on her,
I'm all o'er transport and desire;
My pulse beats high, my cheeks appear
All roses, and mine eyes all fire.
When to myself I turn my view,
My veins grow chill, my cheeks look wan:
Thus, whilst my fears my pains renew,
I scarcely look, or love a man.

SONG XCII.

BRAES OF BALLENDUAN.



Be-neath a green shade a lovely young swain, one



ev'ning re-clin'd to dis-co-ver his pain: so



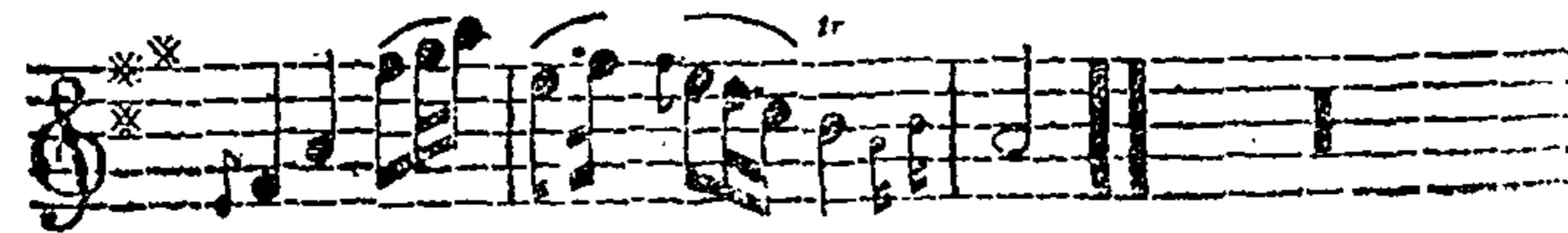
sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe, the wind ceas'd



to breathe, and the fountains to flow; rude winds



with compassion could bear him complain, yet Chloe less



gentle was deaf to his strain.

How happy he cry'd, my moments once flew,
 E'er Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view!
 Those eyes, then, with pleasure, the dawn could survey;
 Nor smil'd the fair morning more chearful than they.

Now, scenes of distress please only my sight:
I sicken in pleasure, and languish in light.

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

But, see! the pale moon, all clouded, retires!
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires!
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind:
Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.
Ah, wretch! how can life be worthy thy care,
Since length'ning it's moments but lengthens despair?

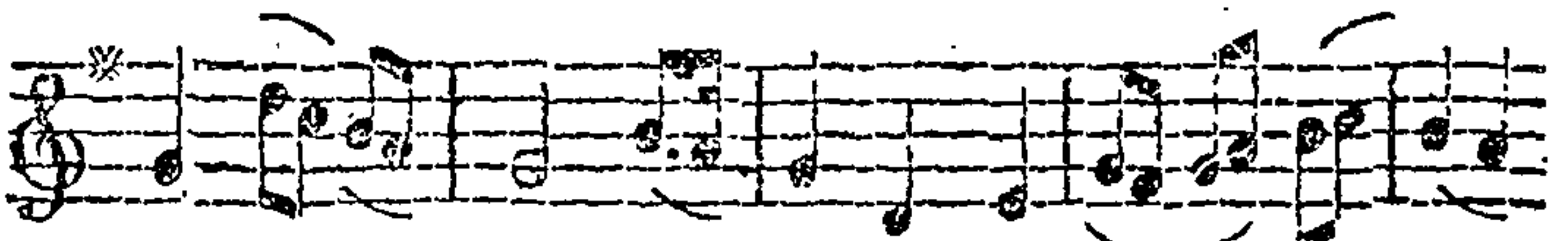
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SONG XCIII.

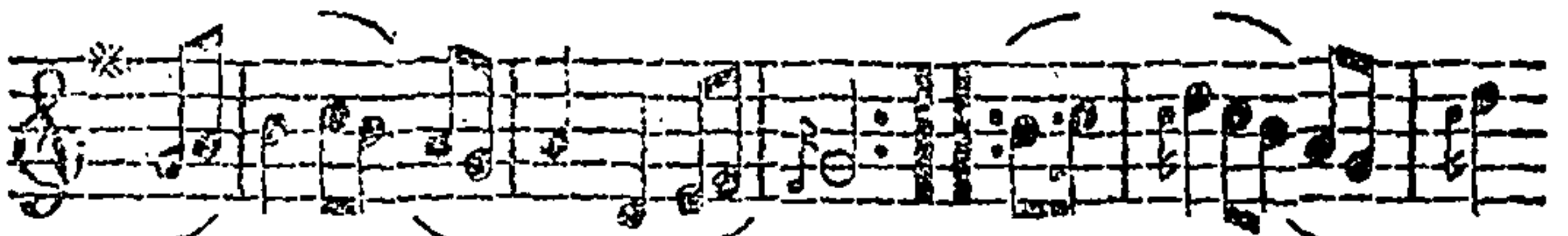
TWEED-SIDE.



What beauties does Flora disclose, how sweet are her



smiles u-pon Tweed, yet Mary's still sweeter than these,



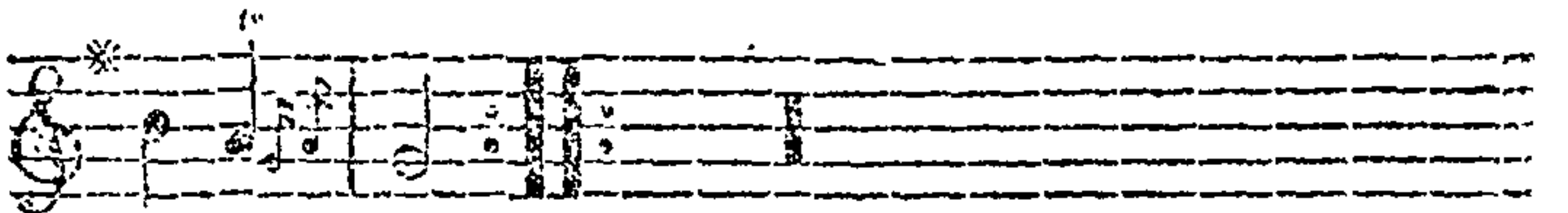
both nature and fancy exceed. No dai-sy, nor sweet



blushing rose, nor all the gay flow'rs of the field, nor



Tweed gliding gent-ly thro' those such beau-ty and plea-



sure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnets, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird and sweet cooing dove,
 With music enchant every bush.

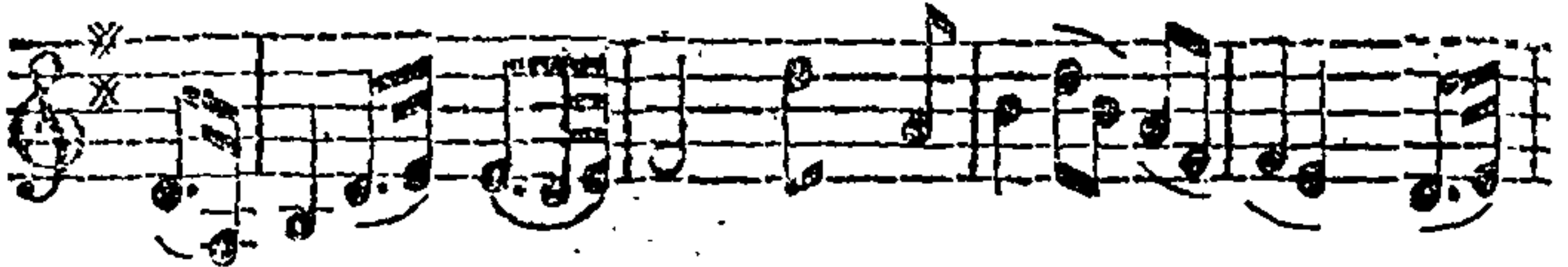
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing,

How does my love pass the lang day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the fast pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

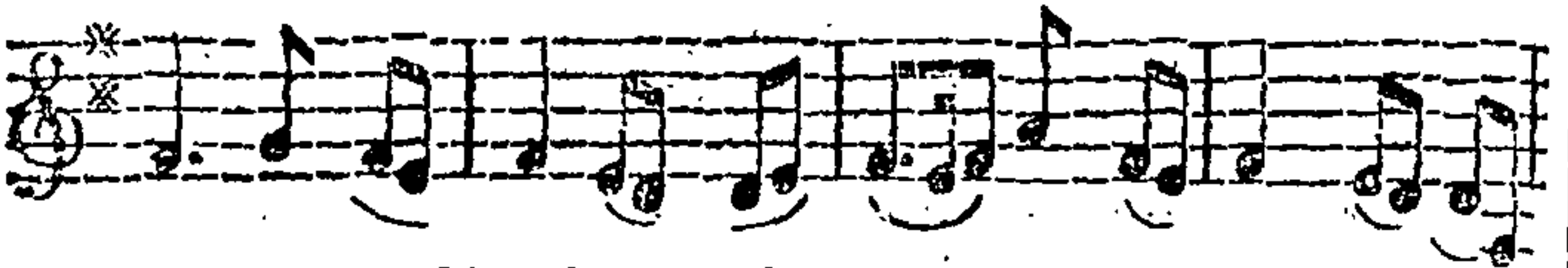
'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell:
She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray,
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay,
Or pleasanter banks of the Tweed.

SONG XCIV.

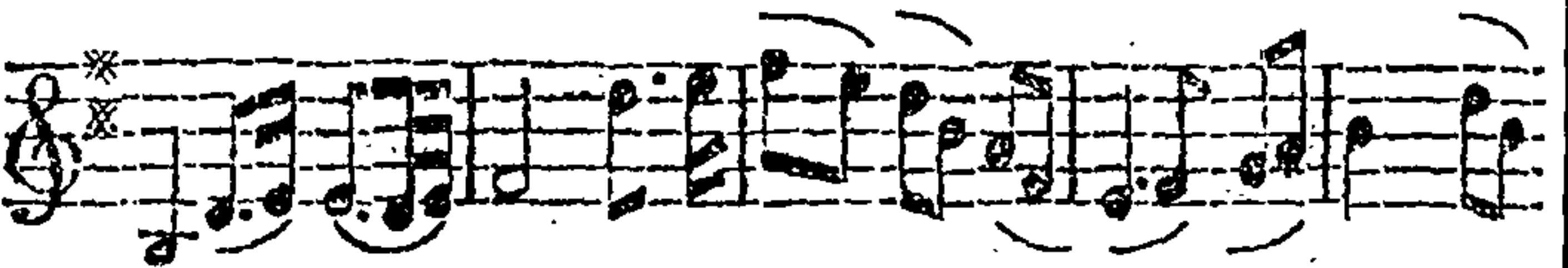
THRO' THE WOOD LADDIE.



O San-dy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn, thy



presence could ease me, when naithing can please me, now



dow-ie. I sigh on the banks of the burn, or thro' the



wood laddie, un--til thou return. Tho' woods now are



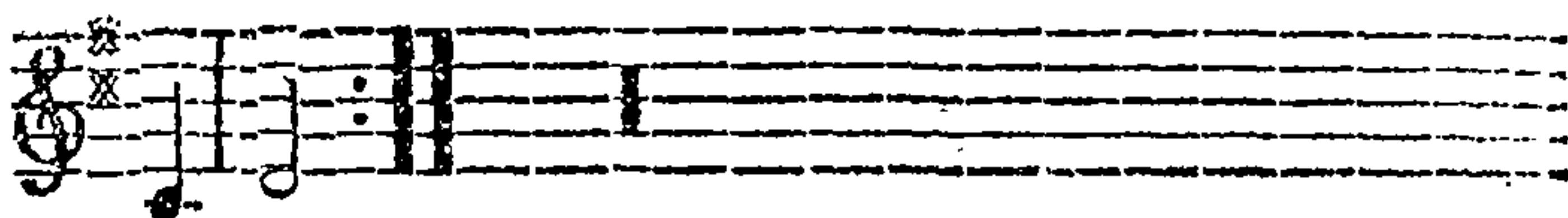
gay, and mornings so clear, while lavrocks are singing,



and prim--ro-ses springing: yet none of them please my



eye or my ear, when thro' the wood laddie ye dinna

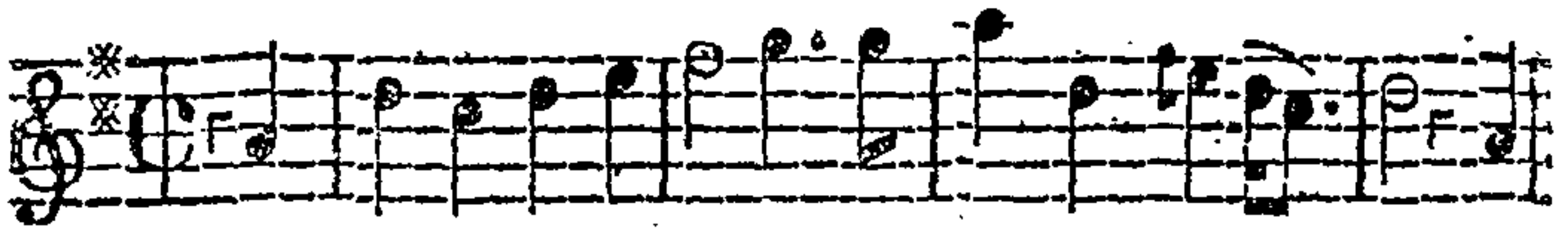


ap--pear.

That I am forsaken, some spare na to tell:
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
 Baith evening and morning;
 Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander mysell.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
 But quick as an arrow,
 Haste here to thy marrow;
 Wha's living in langour, till that happy day,
 When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing and play.

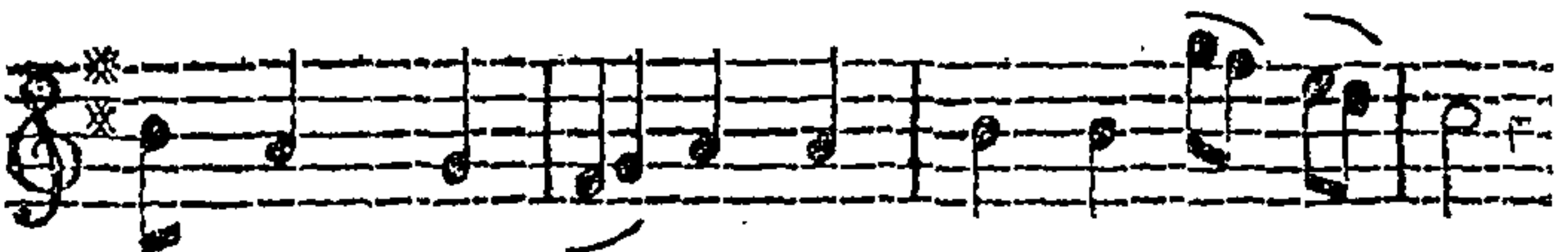
SONG XCV.
BRITISH GRENADIERS.



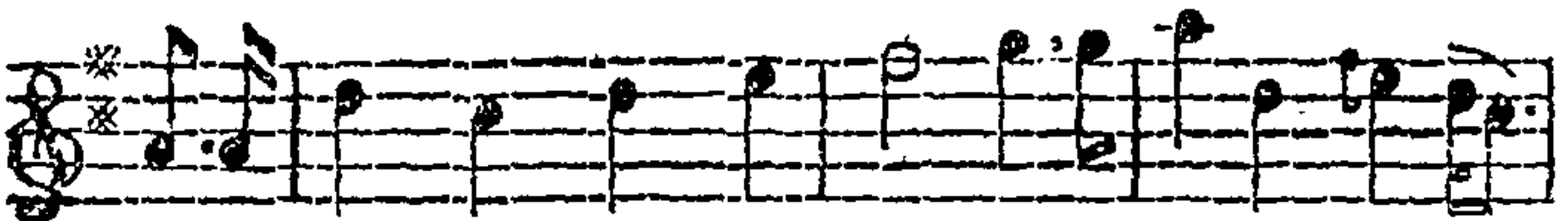
Some talk of A-lexander, and some of Hercu--les, of



Conon, and Lysander, and some Milti--a--des; but of all



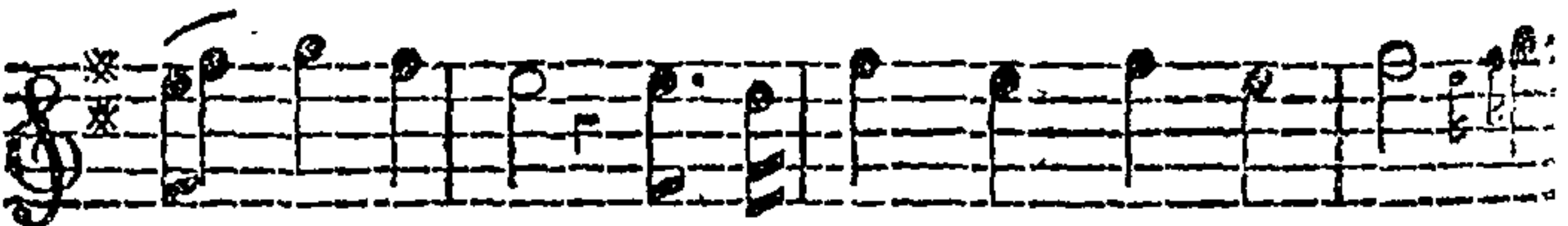
the world's brave heroes there's none that can compare,



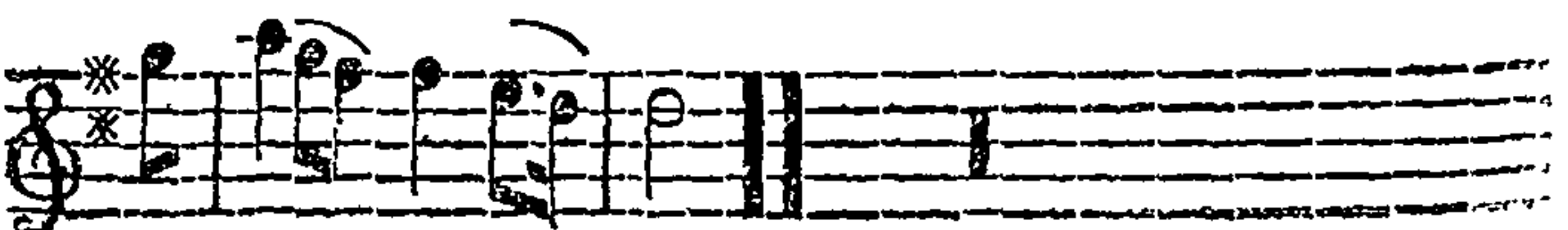
with a tow, row, row, row, row, to the British gre-na-



diers. But of all the world's brave heroes, there's none



that can compare, with a tow, row, row, row, row, to



the British grena--diers.

None of those ancient heroes e'er saw a cannon ball,
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal;
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, the British Grenadiers.
But our brave boys, &c.

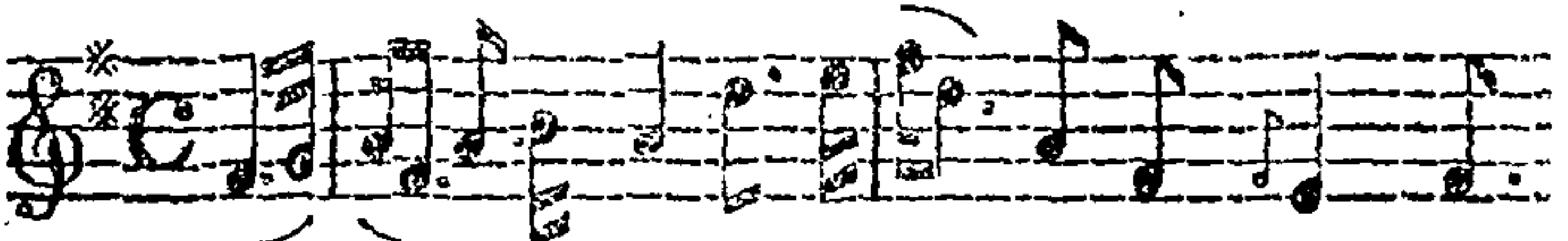
Whene'er we are commanded to storm the Palisades,
Our leaders march with fuses, and we with hand granades,
We throw them from the glacis about our enemies ears,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, the British Grenadiers.
We throw them, &c.

The god of war was pleased, and great Bellona smiles,
To see these noble heroes, of our British Isles;
And all the gods celestial, descended from their spheres,
Beheld with admiration the British Grenadiers.
And all the gods celestial, &c.

Then let us crown a bumper, and drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches that wear the looped clothes.
May they and their commanders, live happy all their years,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, the British Grenadiers.
May they and their commanders, &c.

SONG XCVI.

MY JOCKEY.



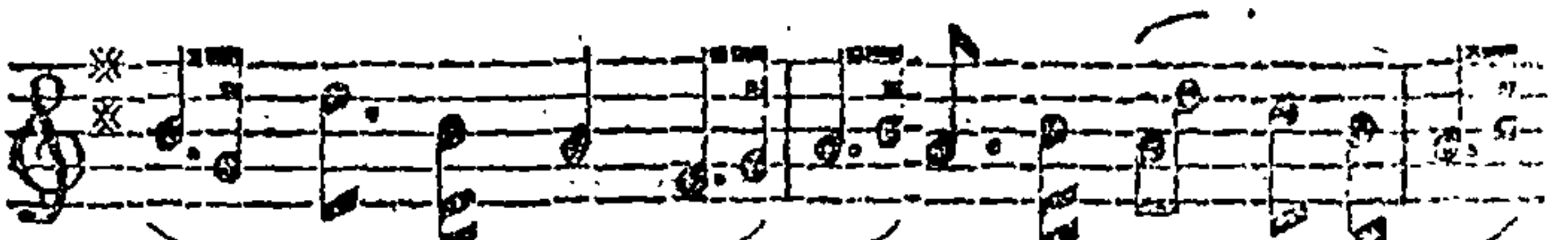
My laddie is gone far a-way o'er the plain, while



in sorrow, behind I'm forc'd to remain, tho' blue bell:



and violets the hedges adorn, tho' trees are in blossom, and



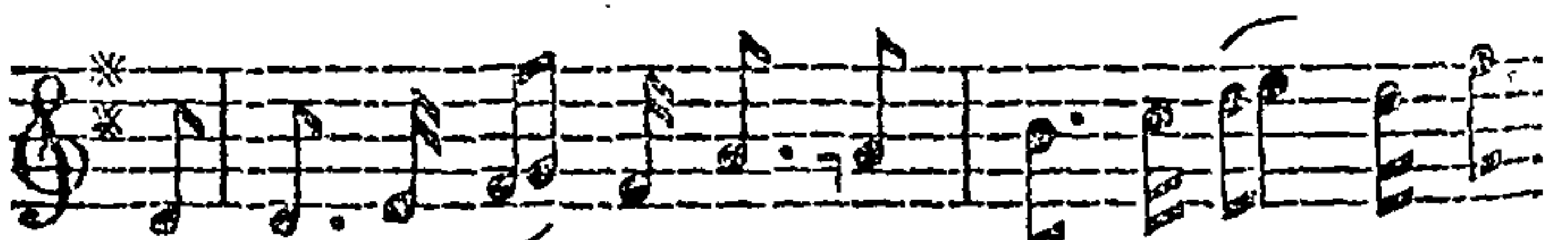
sweet blows the thorn, no pleasure they give me, in vain



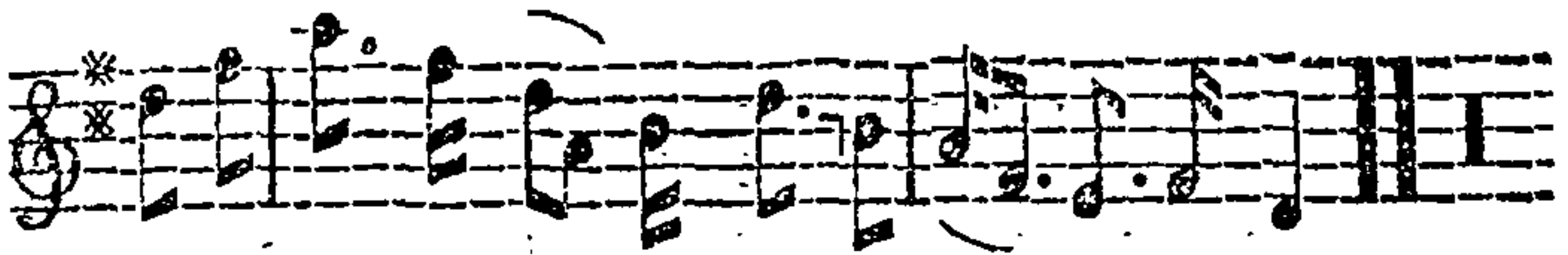
they look gay; there's nothing can please now, my Jock-



ey's away. Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,



haste, haste my dear Jockey, haste, haste my dear Jockey,



haste, haste my dear Jockey, to me back again.

When lads, and their lasses, are on the green met;
 They dance, and they sing; and they laugh, and they chat;
 Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee:
 I can't without envy, their merriment see.
 Those pastimes offend me; my shepherd's not there:
 No pleasure I relish, that Jockey don't share.
 It makes me to sigh; I from tears scarce refrain,
 I wish my dear Jockey,
 I wish my dear Jockey,
 I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope shall sustain me; nor will I despair:
 He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here.
 On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast;
 For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haste.
 Then, farewell, each care: and, adieu, each vain sigh:
 Who'll then be so blest, or so happy, as I?
 I'll sing on the meadows, and alter my strain.
 When Jockey returns,
 When Jockey returns,
 When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

SONG XCVII.

WHY HANGS THAT CLOUD.



Why hangs that cloud u-pon thy brow, that beauteous



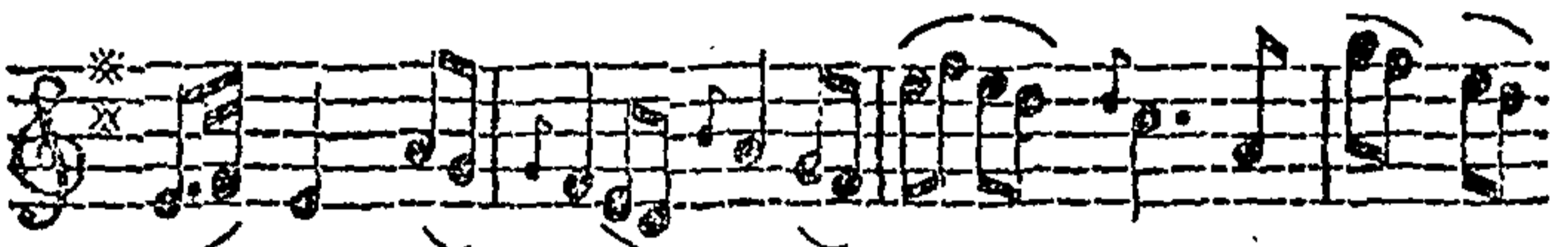
heaven e'er while serene, whence do these storms and tem-



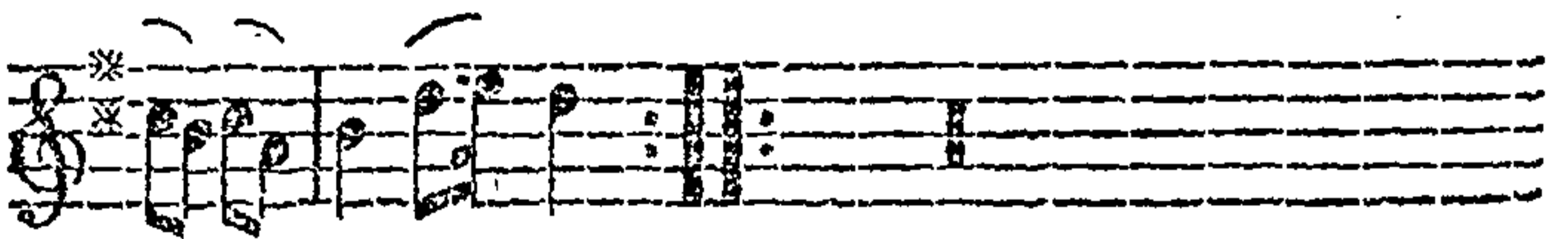
pests flow, or what this gust of passion mean: and must



then mankind lose that light, which in thine eyes was wont



to shine, and by obscur'd in endless night, for each poor



sil-ly speech of mine.

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,
 Since 'tis acknowledged at all hands,
 That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,
 Thy beauty can make large amends;

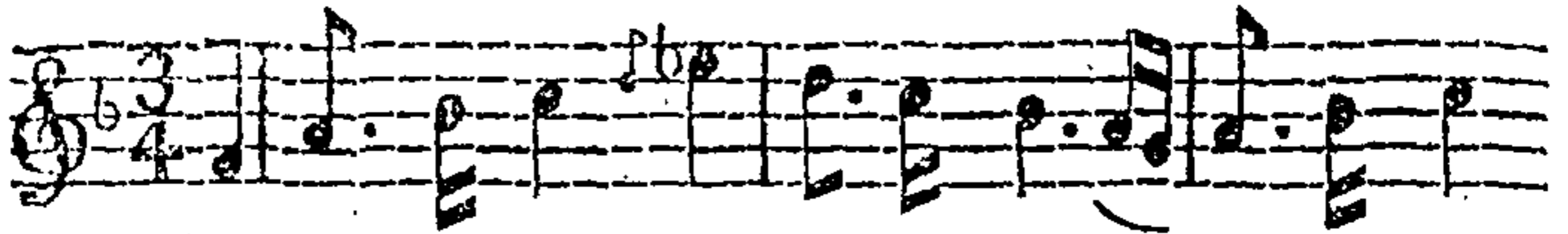
Or if I durst profanely try
Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid,
Thy virtue well might give the lie,
Nor call thy beauty to it's aid.

For Venus every heart t' ensnare,
With all her charms has deck'd thy face,
And Pallas with unusual care,
Bids wisdom heighten every grace.
Who can the double pain endure!
Or who must not resign the field
To thee, celestial maid, secure
With Cupid's bow, and Pallas' shield?

If then to thee such pow'r is given,
Let not a wretch in torment live,
But smile, and learn to copy Heaven,
Since we must sin ere it forgive.
Yet pitying Heaven not only does
Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
But even itself appeas'd bestows,
As the reward of penitence.

SONG XCVIII.

LEADER-HAUGHS AND YARROW.



The morn was fair, soft was the air, all nature's sweets



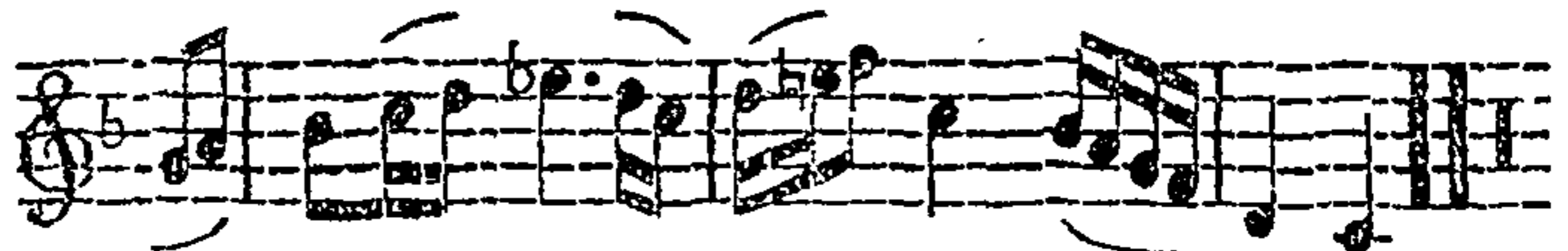
were springing. The buds did bow with silver dew, ten



thousand birds were singing; when on the bent with blyth



content, young Jamie sang his marrow, nae bonnier lass



e'er trod the grass on leader-haughs and yarrow.

How sweet her face, where ev'ry grace
 In heavenly beauty's planted!
 Her smiling een, and comely mein,
 That nae perfection wanted.
 I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
 But bless my bonny marrow:
 If her dear smile my doubts beguile,
 My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

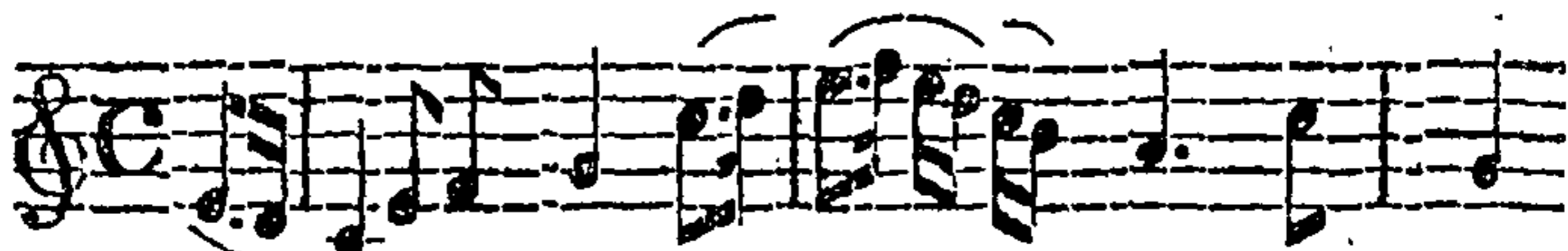
Yet tho' she's fair, and has full share
Of ev'ry charm enchanting,
Each good turns ill, and soon will kill
Poor me, if love be wanting.
O bonny lass! have but the grace
To think ere ye gae further,
Your joys maun flit, if you commit
The crying sin of murder.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,
And day and night affright ye;
But if ye're kind, and joyful mind,
I'll study to delight ye.
Our years around with love thus crown'd,
From all things joy shall borrow:
Thus none shall be more blest than we,
On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

O sweetest Sue! 'tis only you
Can make life worth my wishes,
If equal love your mind can move
To grant this best of blisses.
Thou art my sun, and thy least frown
Would blast me in the blossom:
But if thou shine, and make me thine,
I'll flourish in thy bosom.

SONG XCIX.

THE BANKS OF FORTH.



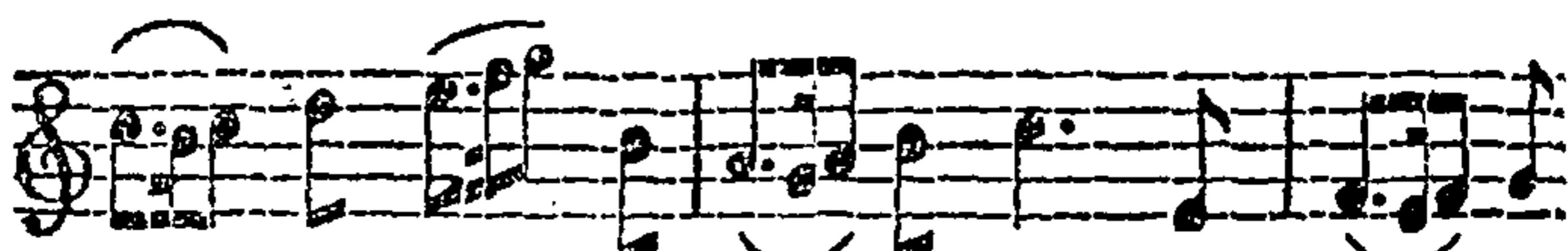
Ye Sylvian pow'rs that rule the plain, where sweet-



ly wind--ing Forth--a glides, conduct me to her banks



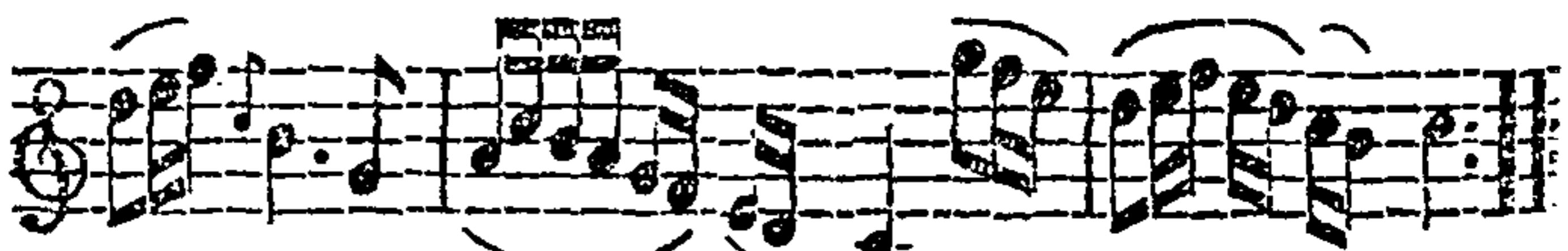
a--gain, since there my charming Mary bides. These



banks that breathe their vernal sweets where ev'--ry



smiling beau--ty meets, where Mary's charms adorn



the plain, and cheer the heart of ev'--ry swain.

Oft in the thick embow'ring groves,
 Where birds their music chirp aloud,
 Alternately we sing our loves,
 And Fortha's fair meanders view'd.

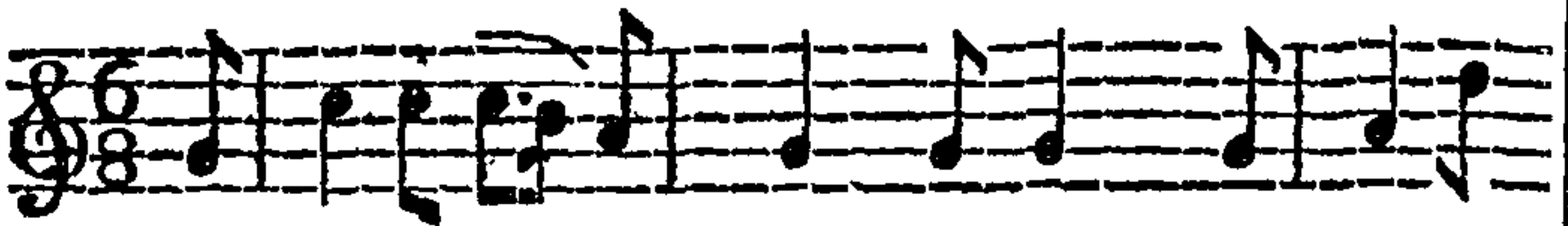
The meadows wore a gen'ral smile,
 Love was our banquet all the while ;
 The lovely prospect charm'd the eye,
 To where the ocean met the sky.

Once-on the grassy bank reclin'd,
 Where Forth ran by in murmurs deep,
 It was my happy chance to find
 The charming Mary lull'd asleep.
 My heart then leap'd with inward bliss,
 I softly stoop'd and stole a kiss ;
 She wak'd, she blush'd, and gently blam'd ;
 Why, Damon ! are you not ashamed ?

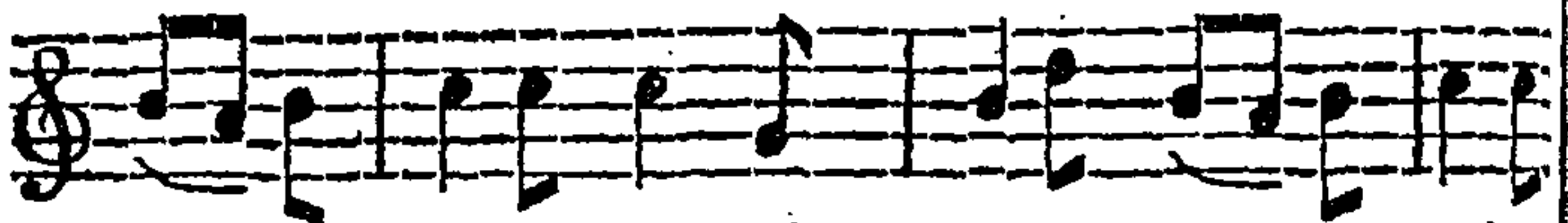
Ye Sylvan Pow'rs, ye Rural Gods,
 To whom we swains our cares impart,
 Restore me to these bless'd abodes,
 And ease, oh ! ease my love-sick heart :
 These happy days again restore,
 When Mall and I shall-part no more ;
 When she shall fill these longing arms,
 And crown my bliss with all her charms.

SONG C.

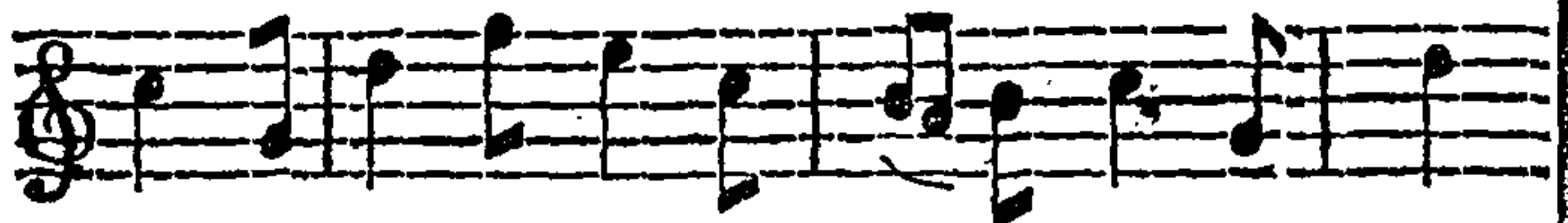
FOR ME MY FAIR.



For me my fair a wreath has wove, where rival



flow'rs in union meet, where rival flow'rs in union



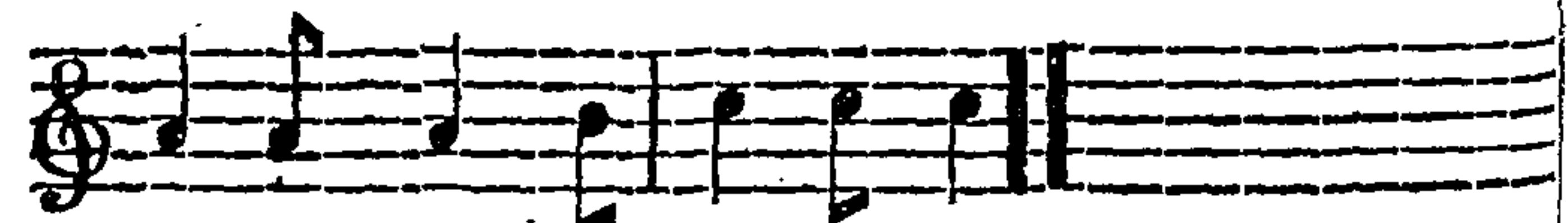
meet : As oft she kiss'd this gift of love, her breath



gave sweetness to the sweet ; as oft she kiss'd this gift of



love, her breath gave sweetness to the sweet, her



breath gave sweetness to the sweet.

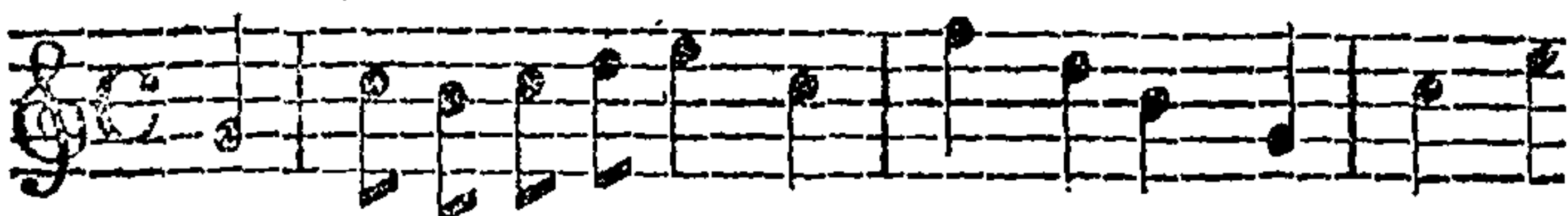
A bee within a damask rose
Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip;
But lesser sweets the thief forgoes,
And fixes on Louisa's lip.

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

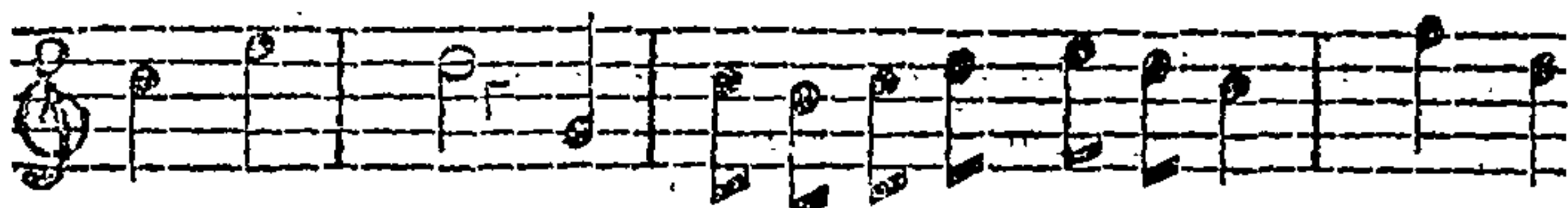
B b ij

SONG CI.

COME, COME, MY JOLLY LADS.



Come, come, my jolly lads, the wind's abaft, brisk gales our



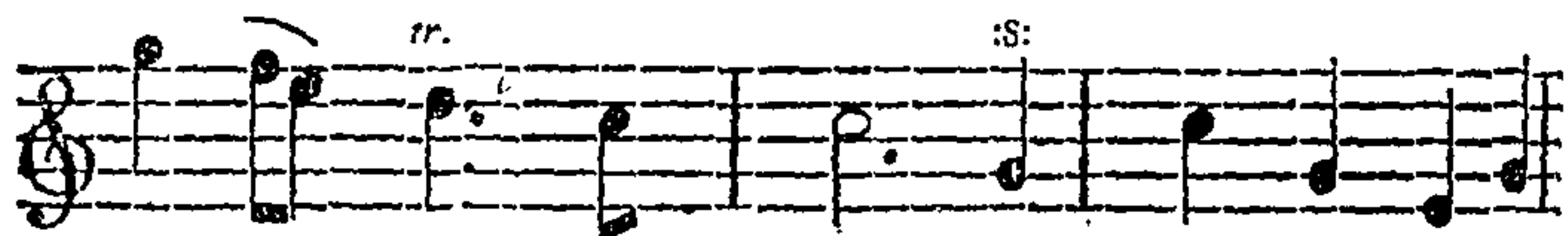
sails shall croud; Come bustle, bustle, bustle boys, hawl the



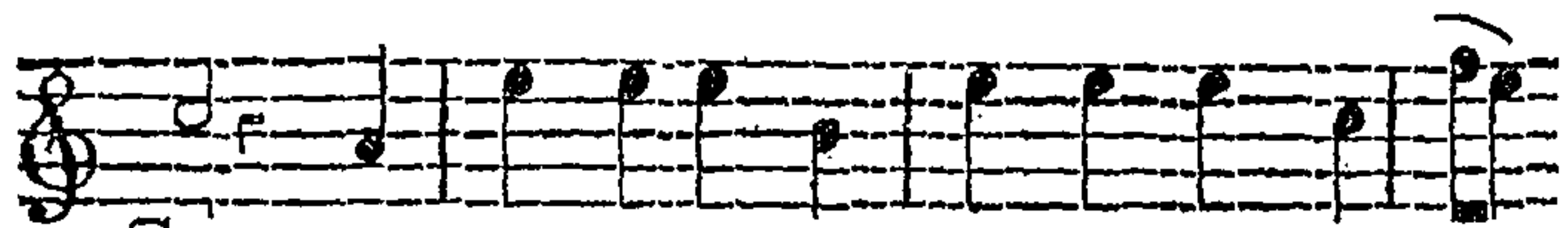
boat, the boatswain pipes a-loud. The ship's unmoor'd,



all hands on board, The rising gale fills ev'ry sail, the



ship's well mann'd and stor'd : Then sling the flowing



bowl; Fond hopes arise, the girls we prize shall bless



each jovial soul. The cann, boys, bring, we'll drink



and sing, while foaming billows roll.

Tho' to the Spanish coast
We're bound to steer,
We'll still our rights maintain ;
Then bear a hand, be steady boys,
Soon we'll see
Old England once again :
From shore to shore,
While cannons roar,
Our tars shall show
The haughty foe
Britannia rules the main.

Then sling the flowing bowl ;
Fond hopes arise,
The girls we prize
Shall bless each jovial soul :
The cann, boys, bring,
We'll drink and sing,
While foaming billows roll,

Cho. Then sling the, &c.

SONG CII.

HARK! HARK!



Hark! hark! the joy in - spi - ring horn, Sa-lutes the



ro-sy ri-sing morn, And e - choes thro' the dale - - -



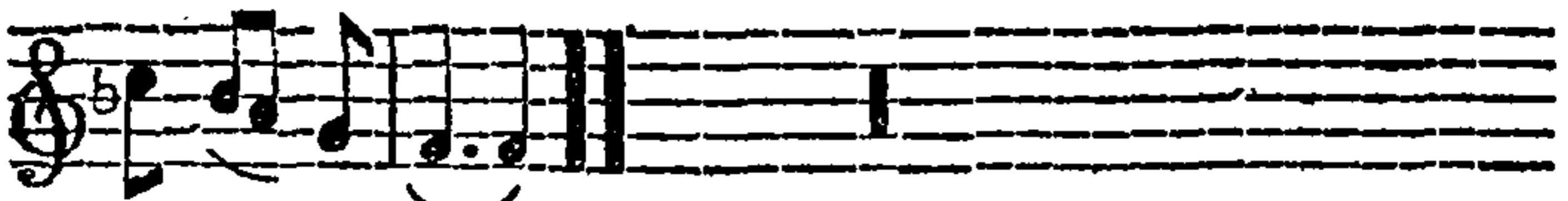
And e - choes thro' the dale: With clam'rous peals the



hills resound, The bounds quick scent - ed scow'r the



ground, And snuff the fragrant gale - - - And snuff



the fragrant gale.

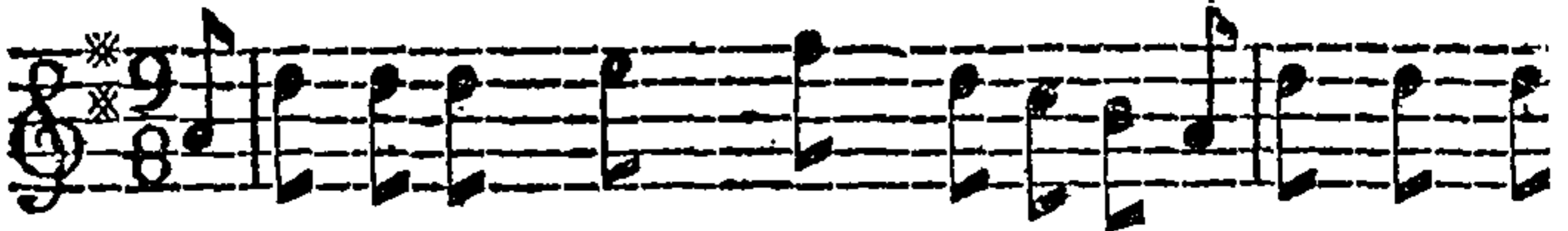
Nor gates nor hedges can impede
The brisk high-mettl'd starting steed,
 The jovial pack pursue ;
Like light'ning darting o'er the plains,
The distant hills with speed he gains,
 And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,
And to the copse for shelter makes,
 There pants a while for breath ;
When now the noise alarms her ear,
Her haunt's descry'd, her fate is near,
 She sees approaching death.

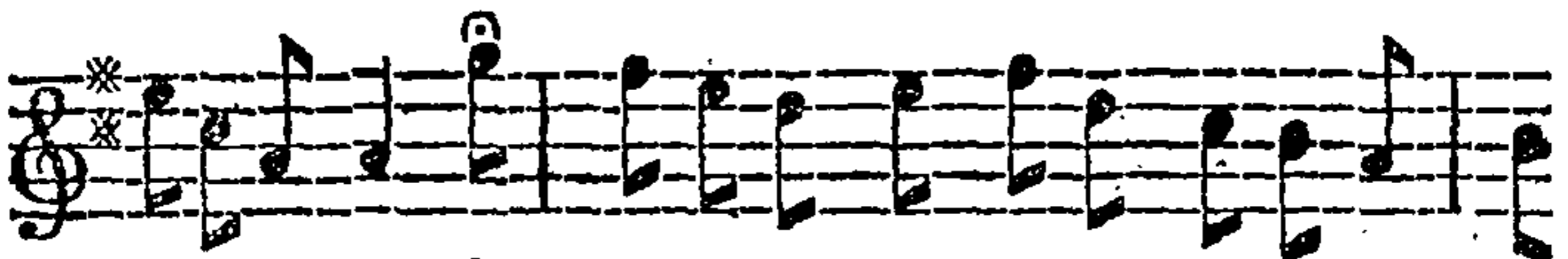
Directed by the well-known breeze,
The hounds their trembling victim seize ;
 She faints, she falls, she dies :
The distant courfers now come in,
And join the loud triumphant din,
 Till echo rend the skies.

SONG CIII.

THO' LATE I WAS PLUMP.



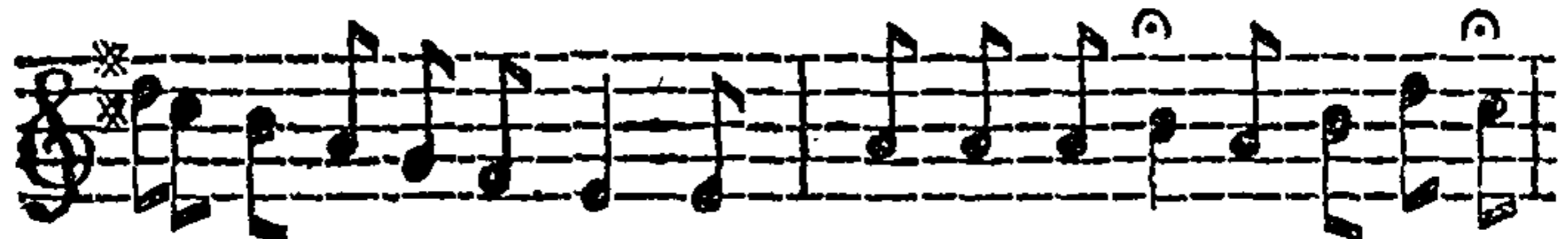
Tho' late I was plump, round, and jolly, I now am as



thin as a rod ; Oh ! love is the cause of my folly, and soon



I'll lie under a sod. Sing ditherum doodle, nagety,



nagety, tragety, rum, and goosetherum foodle, Fidgety,



fidgety, nidgety, mum.

Dear Kathleen, then why did you flout me,
 A lad that's so cosy and warm ?
 Oh ! ev'ry thing's handsome about me,
 My cabin and snug little farm.
 Sing ditherum, &c.

What tho' I have scrap'd up no money?

No duns at my chamber attend;

On Sunday I ride on my poney,

And still have a bit for a friend.

Sing ditherum, &c.

The cock courts his hens all around me,

The sparrow, the pigeon, and dove;

Oh! how all this courting confounds me,

When I look and think of my love,

Sing ditherum, &c.

SONG CIV.

SINCE YOU MEAN



Since you mean to hire for service, Come with me, you



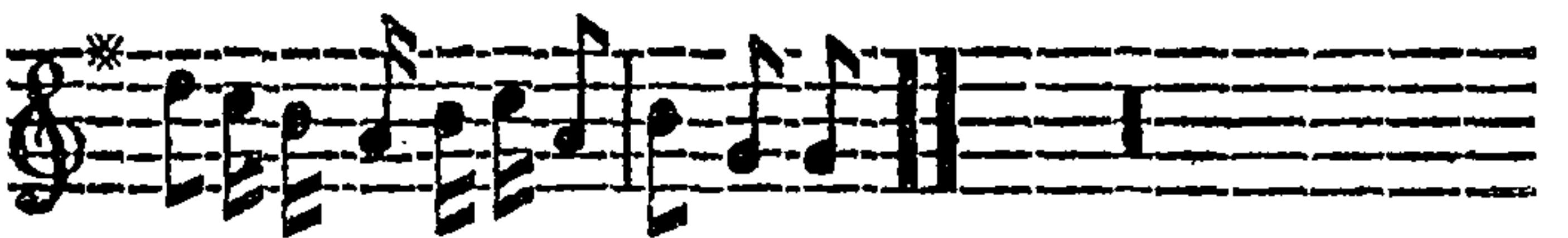
jol - ly dog. You can help to bring home harvest, You



can help to bring home harvest, 'tend the sheep, and



feed the hog. Farra diddle dol, Farra diddle dol,



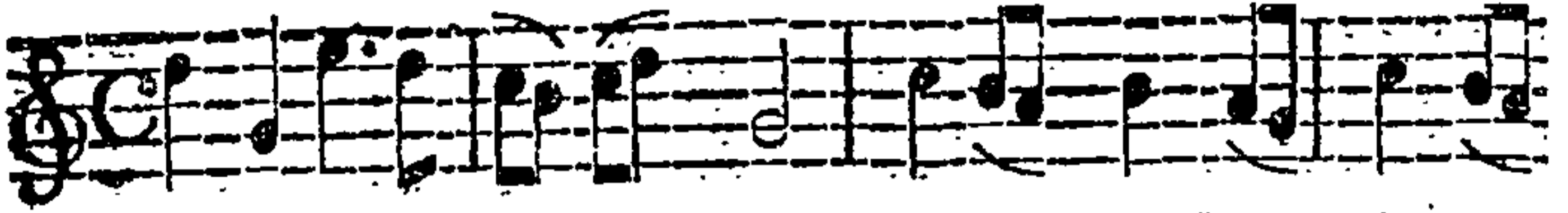
tol ti di tol di ti di tol dol dol.

With three crowns, your standing wages,
 You shall daintily be fed ;
 Bacon, beans, salt-beef, and cabbage,
 Butter-milk, and oaten bread.
 Farra diddle, &c.

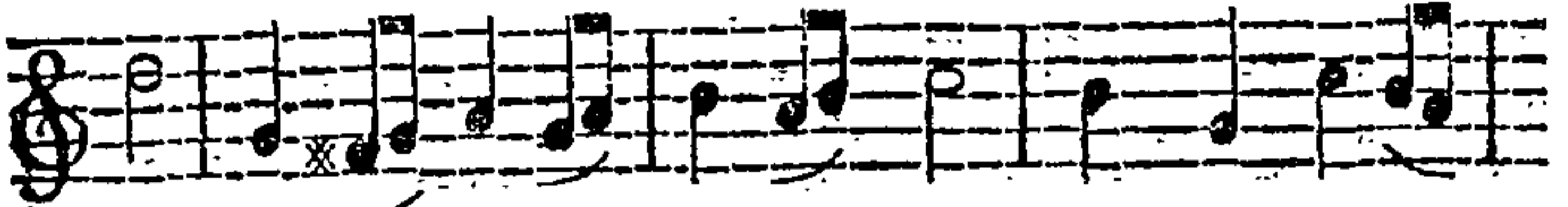
Come, strike hands, you'll live in clover
When we get you once at home ;
And when daily labour's over
We'll all dance to your strum strum.
Farra diddle, &c.

Done; strike hands, I take your offer ;
Farther on I may fare worse ;
Zooks ! I can no longer suffer
Hungry guts and empty purse.
Farra diddle, &c.

SONG CV.
BY THE GAILY



By the gaily circling glass, We can see how minutes



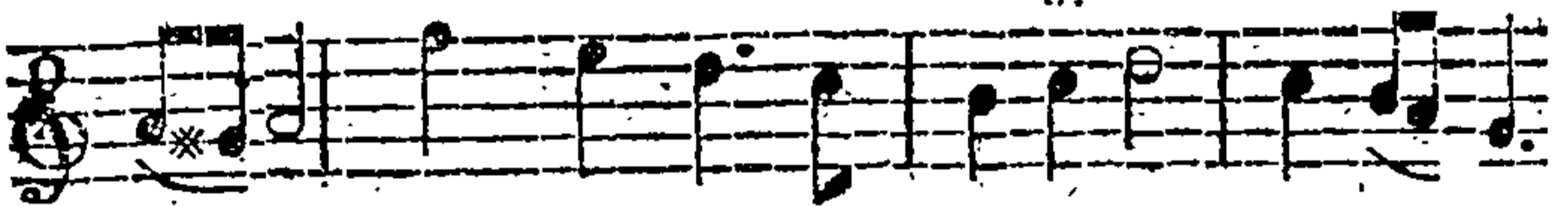
pass ; By the hollow cask we're told How the waning



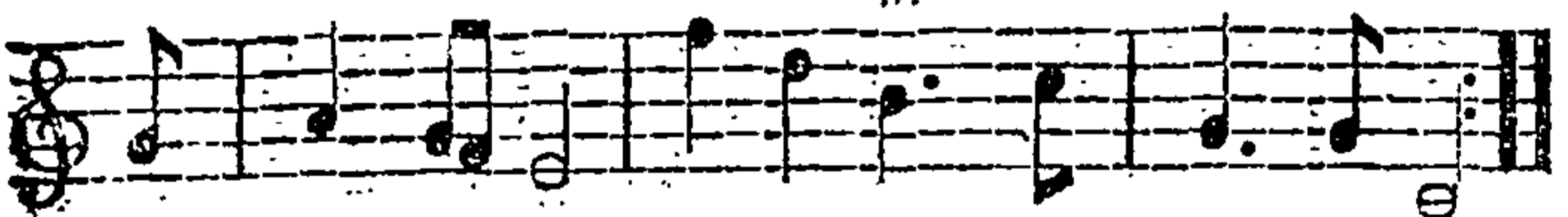
night grows old, How the waning night grows old.



Soon, too soon, the bu - sy day drives us from our sport



a - way. What have we with day to do ? Sons of Care,



'twas made for you ! Sons of Care, 'twas made for you !

By the silence of the owl,
By the chirping on the thorn,
By the butts that empty roll,
We foretel th' approach of morn.
Fill, then, fill the vacant glass,
Let no precious moment slip ;
Flout the moralizing as ;
Joys find entrance at the lip.

SONG CVI.

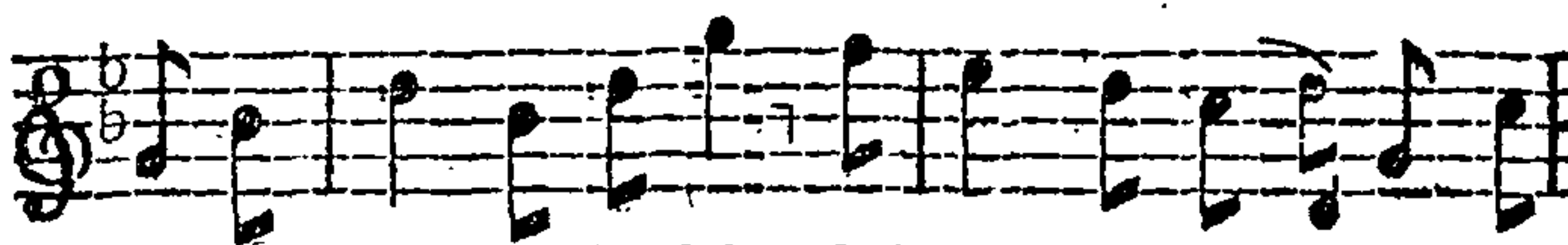
IANTHE THE LOVELY.



I-an-the the lovely, the joy of her swain, by Iphis



was lov'd, and lov'd Iphis again. She liv'd in the youth,



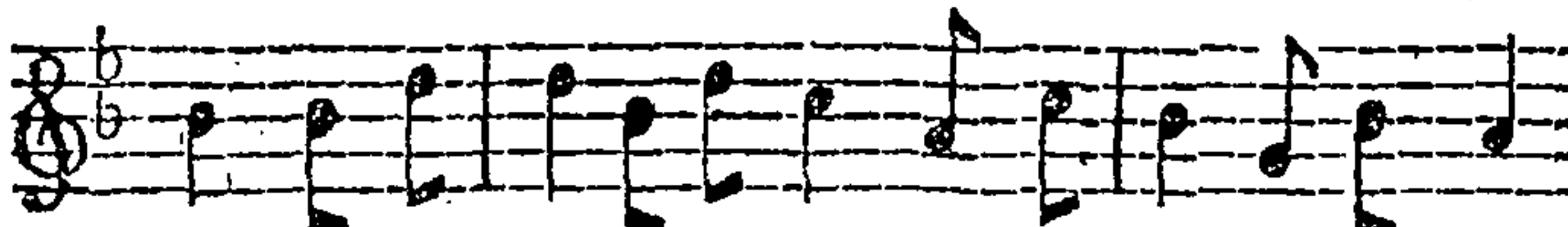
and the youth in the fair; their pleasure was equal, and



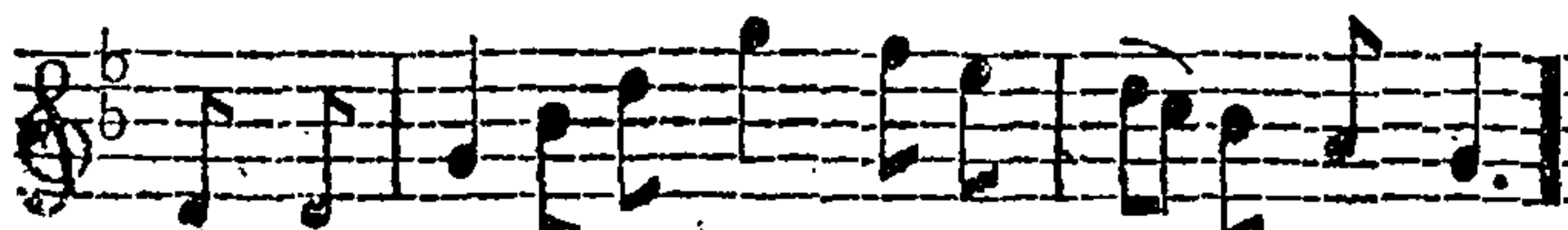
equal their care: No delight, no enjoyment, their dotage



withdrew; but the longer they liv'd still the fonder they



grew. No delight, no enjoyment, their dotage withdrew;



but the longer they liv'd still the fonder they grew.

A passion so happy alarm'd all the plain :
 Some envy'd the nymph ; but more envy'd the swain :
 Some swore 'twou'd be pity their loves to invade,
 That the lovers alone for each other were made.
 But all, all consented, that none ever knew
 A nymph be more kind, or a shepherd so true.

Love saw them with pleasure, and vow'd to take care
 Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent pair ;
 What either might want he bid either to move ;
 But they wanted nothing but ever to love.
 He said all to bless them his godhead cou'd do,
 That they still shou'd be kind and they shou'd be true.



SONG CVII.

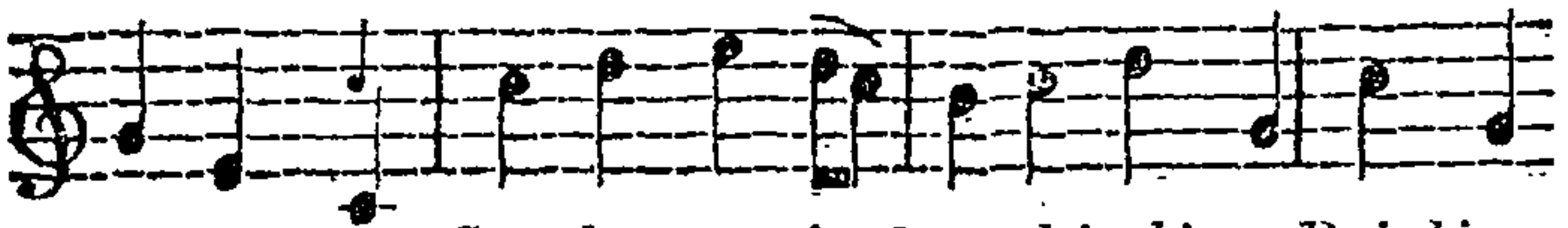
LIFE IS CHECQUER'D.

Philosophical.

Jovial.



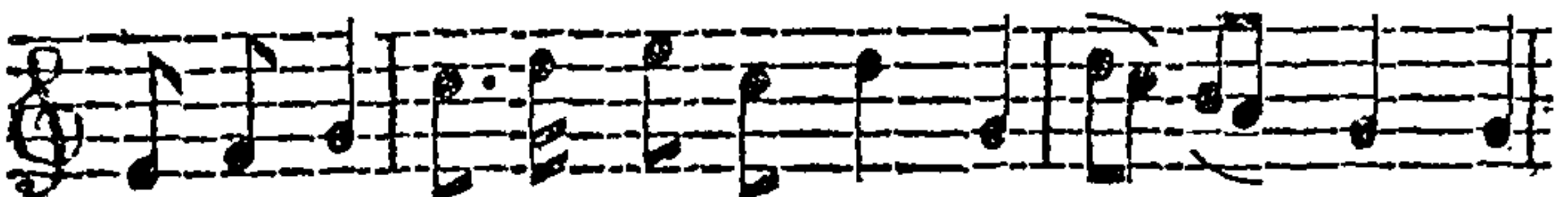
Life is checquer'd ; toil and pleasure fill up all the va-



rious measure. See the crew in flannel jerkins, Drinking,



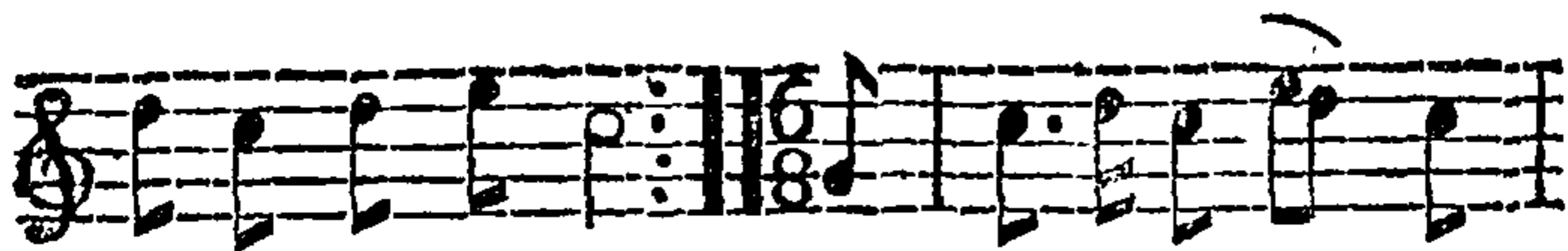
toping flip by firkins ; And, as they raise the tip to their



hap-py lip, On the deck is heard no o - ther sound, But



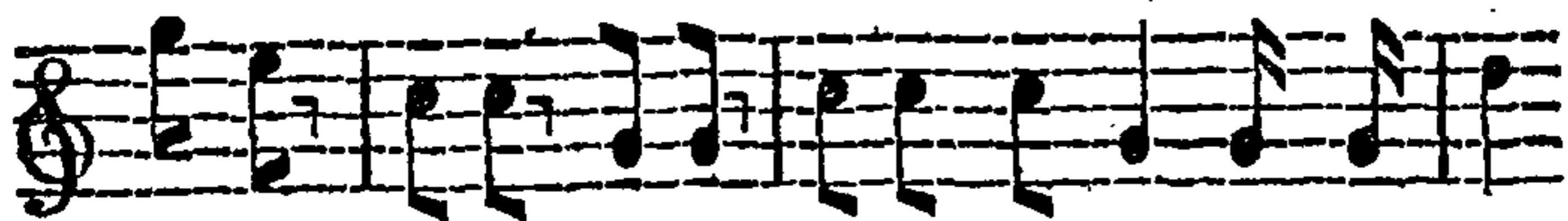
prithee, Jack, prithee, Dick, prithee, Sam, prithee, Tom,



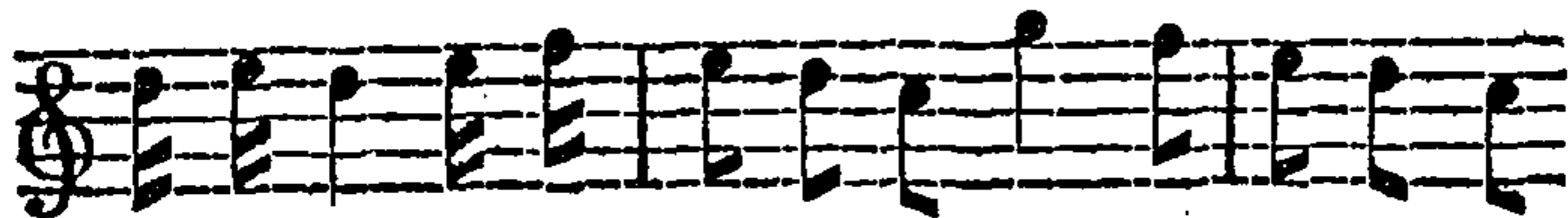
Let the cann go round. Then hark to the boatswain's



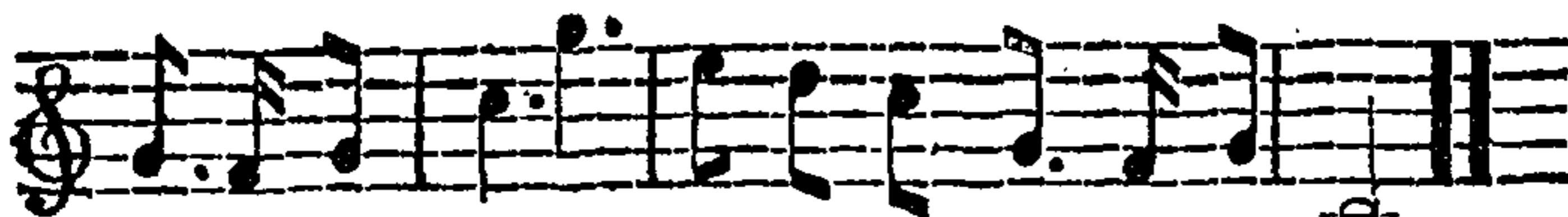
whistle! whistle! Then hark to the boatswain's whistle!



whistle! Bustle, bustle, bustle, my boy: Let us stir,



let us toil, but let's drink all the while; For labour's the



price of our joy, For labour's the price of our joy.

Life is checquer'd; toil and pleasure

Fill up all the various measure.

Hark! the crew, with sun-burnt faces,

Chanting black-ey'd Sufan's graces:

And, as they raise their notes

Thro' their rusty throats,

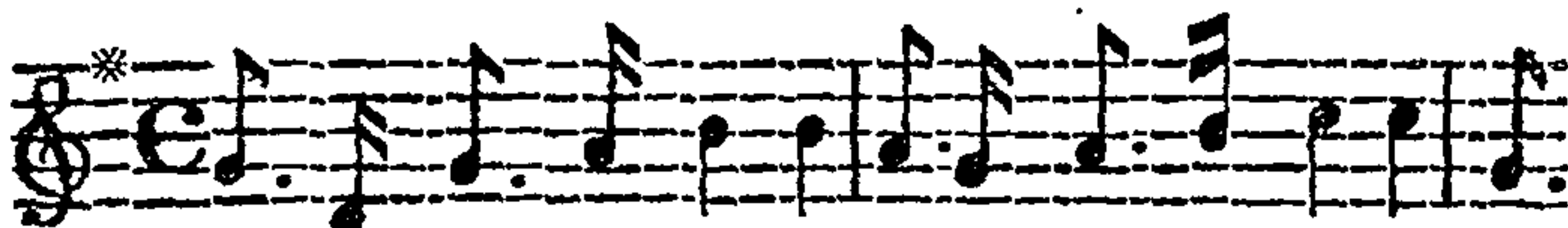
On the deck is heard no other sound, &c. &c.

Life is checquer'd ; toil and pleasure
 Fill up all the various measure.
 Hark ! the crew their cares discarding
 With huffe-cap, or with chuck-farthing :
 Still in a merry pin,
 Let them lose or win,
 On the deck is heard no other sound, &c. &c.



SONG CVIII.

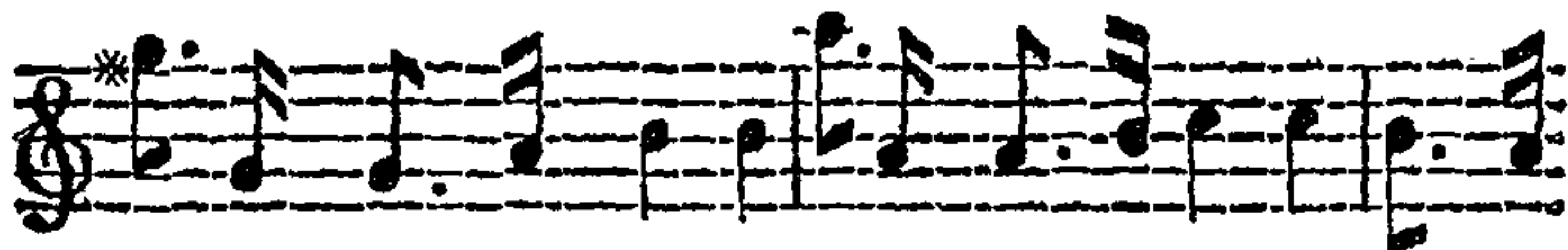
YOU THE POINT MAY CARRY.



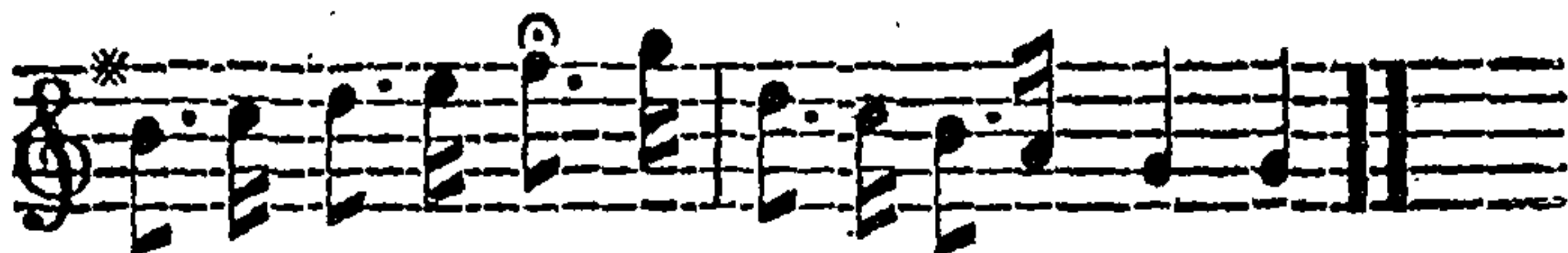
You the point may carry, If a while you tarry ;—But



for you, I tell you true, no, you I'll never marry.



You the point may carry, If a while you tarry ;—But for



you, I tell you true, no, you I'll never marry.

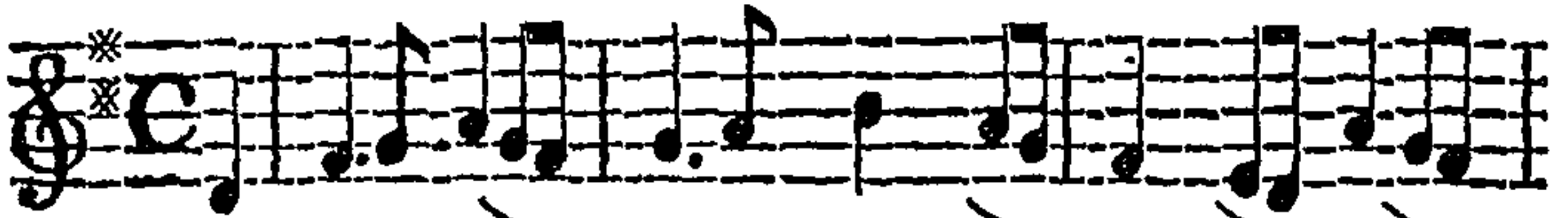
Care our souls disowning,
Punch our sorrows drowning,
 Laugh and love,
 And ever prove
Joys our wishes crowning.
Care our, &c.

To the church I'll hand her.
Then thro' the world I'll wander:
 I'll sob and sigh
 Until I die
A poor forsaken gander.
To the church, &c.

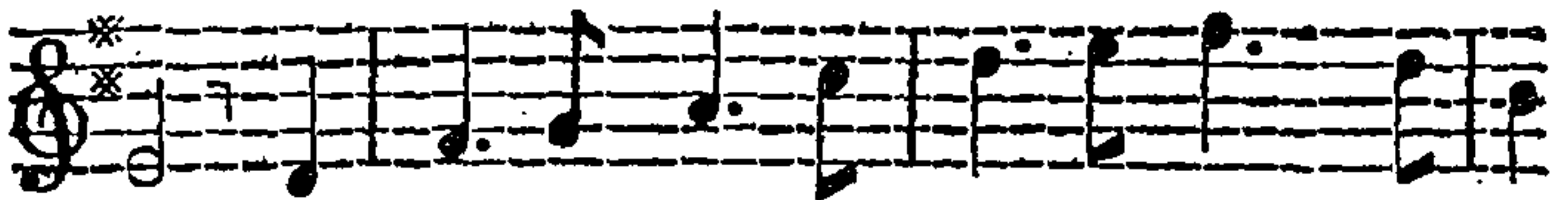
Each pious priest since Moses
One mighty truth discloses;
 You're never vex't
 If this his text,
Go fuddle all your noses:
Each pious, &c.

SONG CIX.

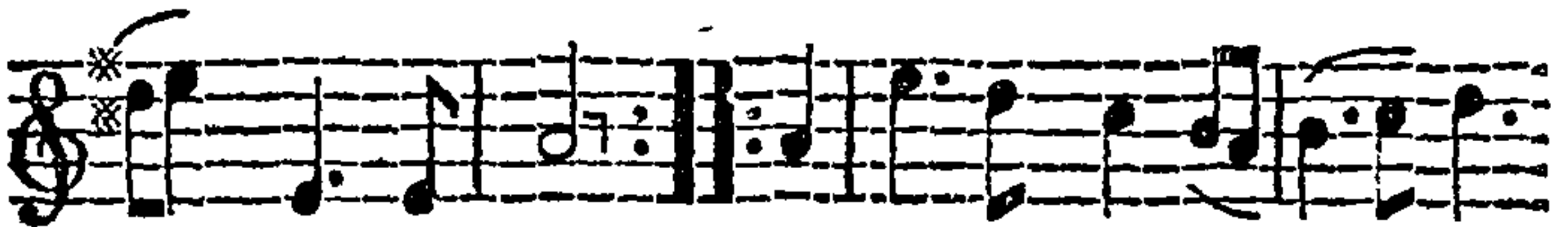
HOW LITTLE DO THE LANDMEN KNOW.



How little do the landmen know Of what we sailors



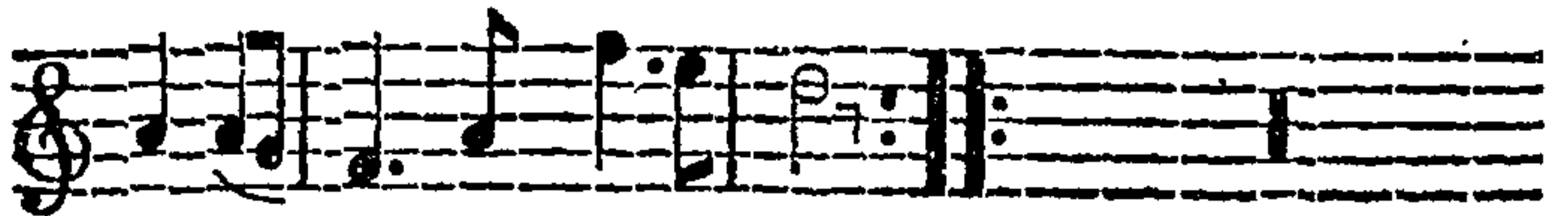
feel, When waves do mount and winds do blow ; But we



have hearts of steel. No danger can af-fright us,



No enemy shall flout ; We'll make the monsieurs right



us : So tofs the cann about.

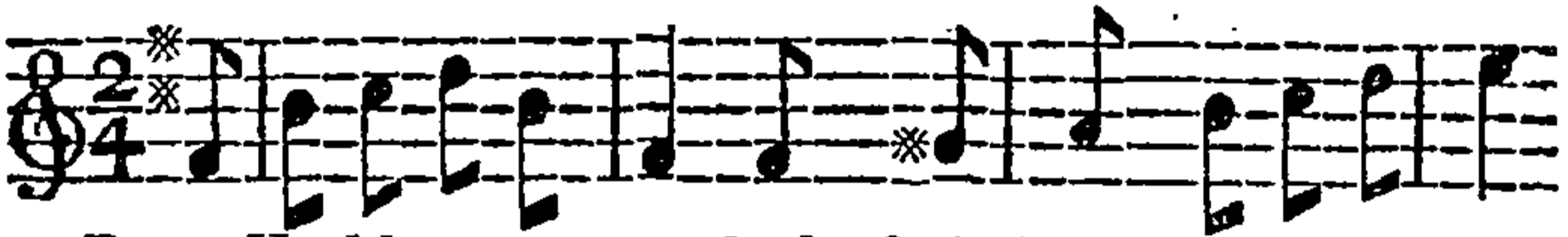
Stick stout to orders, messmates ;
 We'll plunder, burn, and sink.
 Then, France, have at your first-rates :
 For Britons never shrink.
 We'll rummage all we fancy ;
 We'll bring them in by scores :
 And Moll and Kate and Nancy
 Shall roll in Louis d'ors.

While here at Deal we're lying
 With our noble commodore,
 We'll spend our wages freely, boys,
 And then to sea for more.
 In peace we'll drink and sing, boys;
 In war we'll never fly.
 Here's a health to George our king, boys,
 And the royal family.

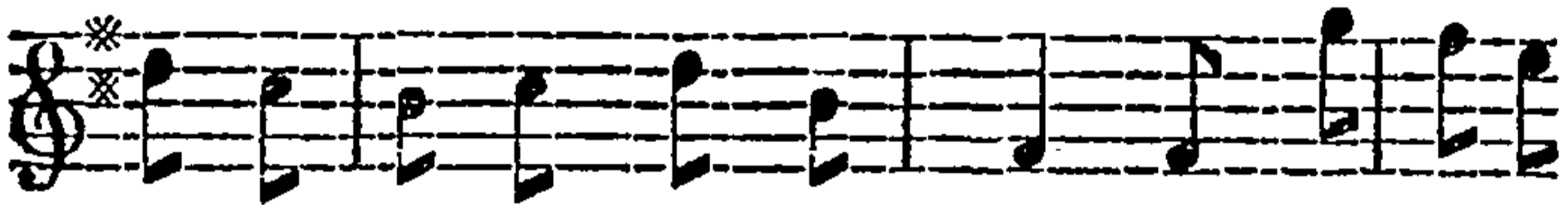


SONG CX.

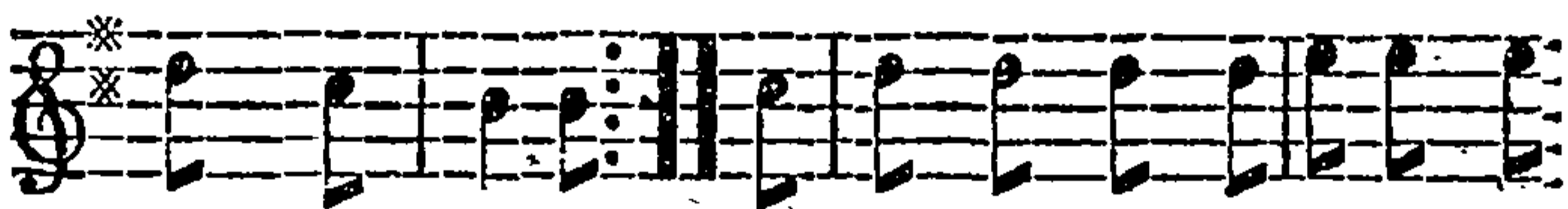
GOOD MORROW TO YOUR NIGHT-CAP.



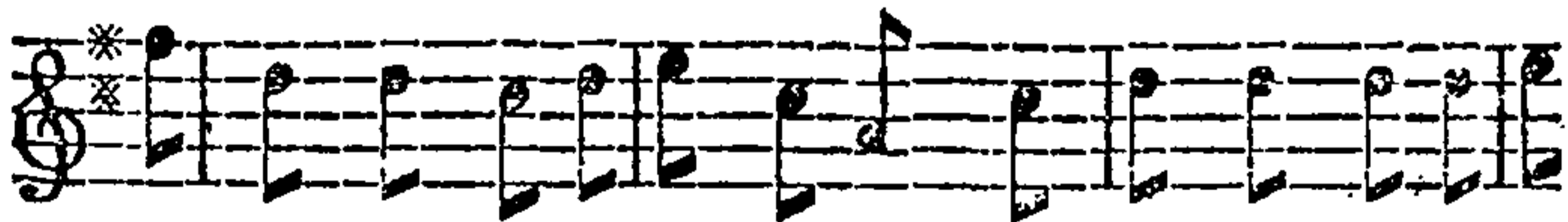
Dear Kathleen, you no doubt find Sleep how very sweet



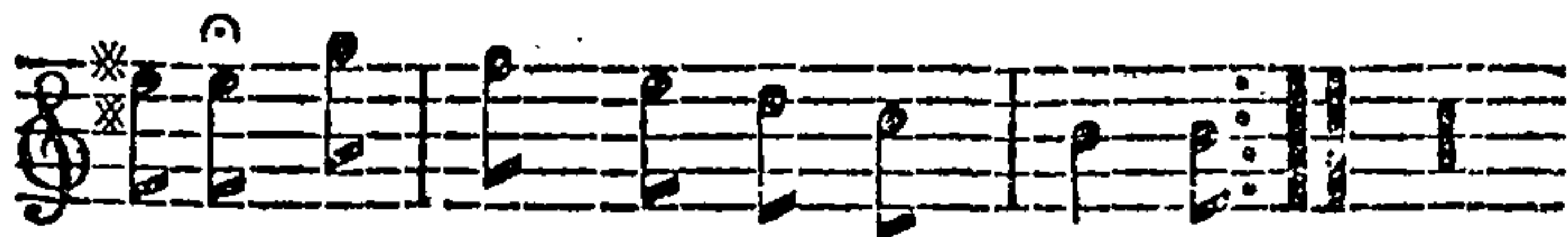
'tis ; Dogs bark and cocks have crow'd out ; You never



dream how late 'tis. This morning gay I post away,



to have with you a bit of play ; on two legs rid along



to bid Good morrow to your night-cap.

D d ij

Last night a little boufy
 With whisky, ale, and cyder,
 I ask'd young Betty Bloufy
 To let me sit beside her.
 Her anger rose ;
 And, four as floes,
 The little gipsey cock'd her nose,
 Yet here I've rid along to bid
 Good morrow to your night-cap.

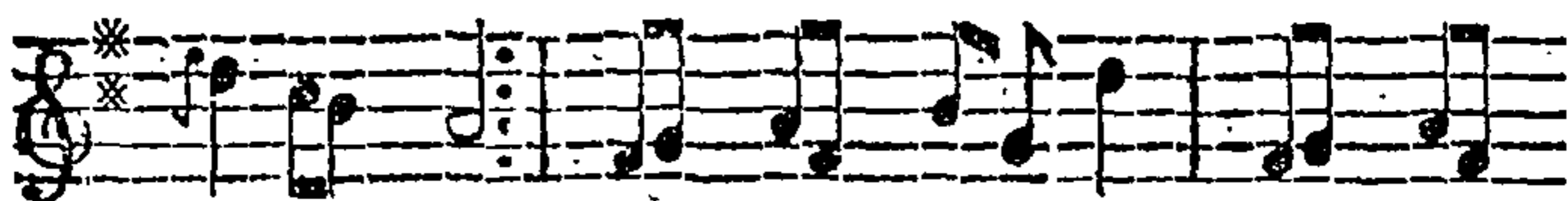


SONG CXI.

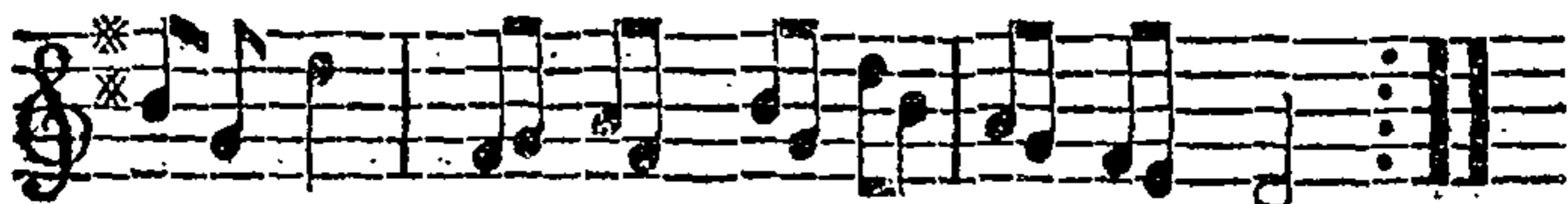
WHEN MY WIFE IS LAID IN GROUND.



O what pleasures will abound When my wife is



laid in ground! Let earth cover her, we'll dance



over her, When my wife is laid in ground.

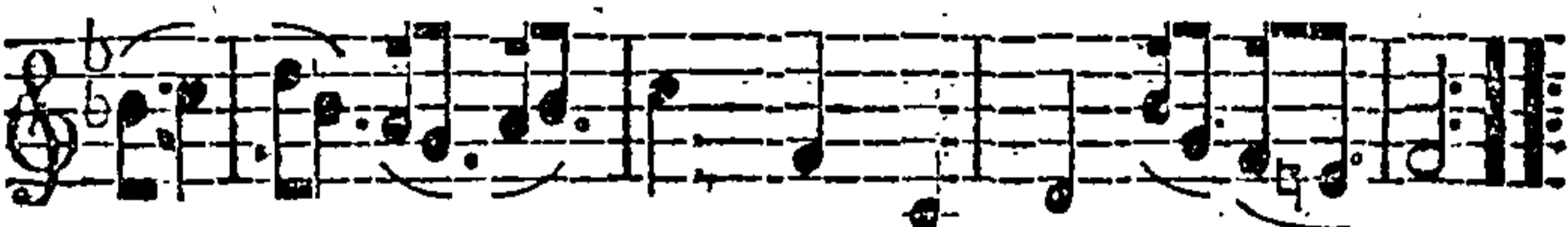
Oh how happy shou'd I be
 Would little Nyfa pig with me!
 How I'd mumble her, touze and tumble her,
 Wou'd little Nyfa pig with me!

SONG CXII.

WHY HEAVENS.



Why heaves my fond bo - som? Ah! what can it mean?



Why flut - ters my heart which was once so se - rene?



Why this sigh - ing and trembling when Daphne is near?



Or why, when she's ab - sent, this sor - row and fear?



Or why, when she's absent, this sor - row and fear?

For ever, methinks, I with wonder could trace
The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face.
Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find:
With thy face I am charm'd; but enslav'd by thy mind.

Untainted with folly; un sullied by pride:
There native good humour and virtue reside.
Pray Heaven that virtue thy soul may supply
With compassion for him who without thee must die.

SONG CXIII.

WHERE'S MY SWAIN.



Where's my swain so blithe and clever? Why d'ye leave



me all in sorrow? Three whole days are gone for ever



Since you said you'd come to-morrow. If you lov'd but



half as I do, You'd been here with looks so bonny;



Love has fly-ing wings I well know, Not for ling'ring



la - zy Johnny. Love has flying wings I well know,



Not for ling'ring la - zy Johnny.

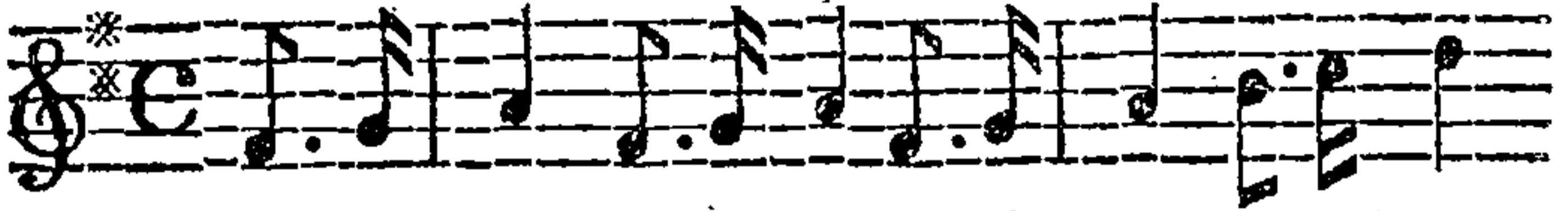
What can he be now a-doing ?
Is he with the lasses Maying ?
He had better here be wooing
Than with others fondly playing.
Tell me truly where he's roving,
That I may no longer sorrow.
If he's weary grown of loving,
Let him tell me so to-morrow.

Does some fav'rite rival hide thee ?
Let her be the happy creature :
I'll not plague myself to chide thee,
Nor dispute with her a feature.
But I can't and will not tarry,
Nor will kill myself with sorrow :
I may lose the time to marry
If I wait beyond to-morrow.

Think not, shepherd, thus to brave me :
If I'm yours, pray wait no longer :
If you won't, another 'll have me.
I may cool but not grow fonder.
If your lovers, girls, forsake ye,
Whine not in despair and sorrow ;
Blest another lad may make ye.
Stay for none beyond to-morrow.

SONG CXIV.

THE LAND OF DELIGHT.



As you mean to set sail for the land of delight,



And in wedlock's soft hammock to swing ev'ry night;



If you hope that your voyage suc-cess-ful shou'd prove,



Fill your sails with affection, your cabins with love.



If you hope that your voyage successful shou'd prove,



Fill your sails with affection, your cabins with love.



Fill your sails with affection, your ca-bins with love.

Let your heart, like the main-mast, be ever upright,
 And the union you boast, like our tackle, be tight;
 Of the shoals of indiff'rence be sure to keep clear,
 And the quickfands of jealousy never come near.

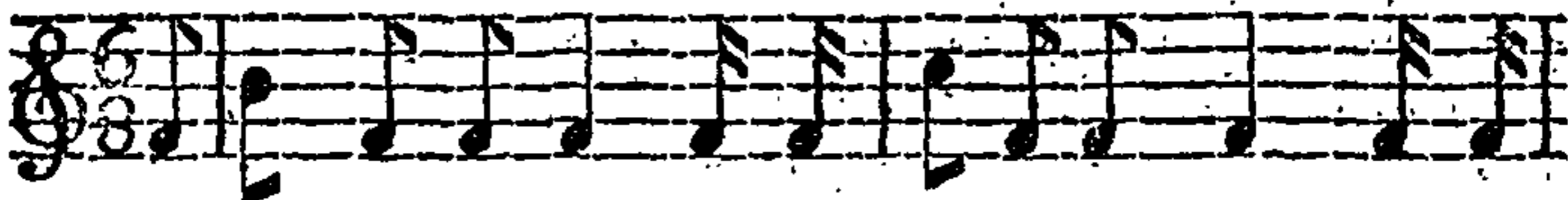
But if vapours and whims, like sea-sickness, prevail,
 You must spread all your canvas and catch the fresh gale:
 For if brisk blows the wind and there comes a rough
 fea,
 You must lower your top-fail and scud under lee.

If husbands e'er hope to live peaceable lives,
 They must reckon themselves, give the helm to their
 wives:
 For the smoother we sail, boys, we're safest from harm,
 And on shipboard the head is still rul'd by the helm.

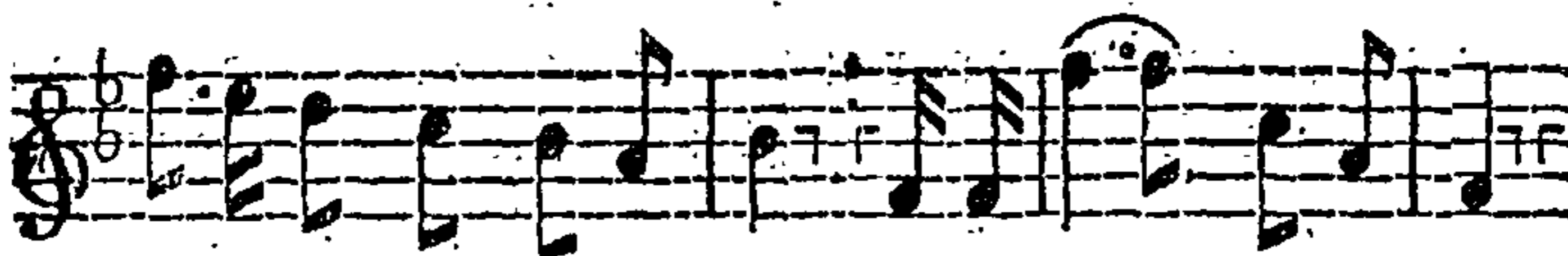
Then list to your pilot, my boys, and be wise;
 If my precepts you scorn and my maxims despise,
 A brace of proud antlers your brows may adorn;
 And a hundred to one but you double Cape Horn.

SONG CXV.

THE OLD WOMAN'S SONG.



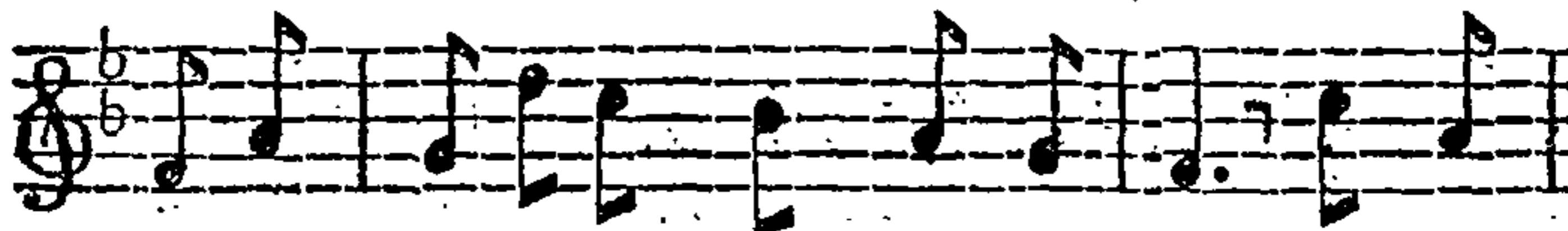
Old women we are, and as wise in the chair, and as



fit for the quorum as men. We can scold on the bench,



and ex - amine a wench ; and like them, and like them,

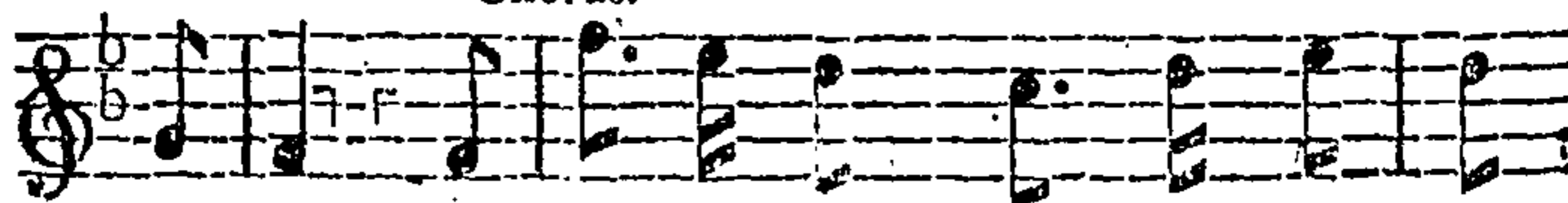


and like them can be wrong now and then, now and

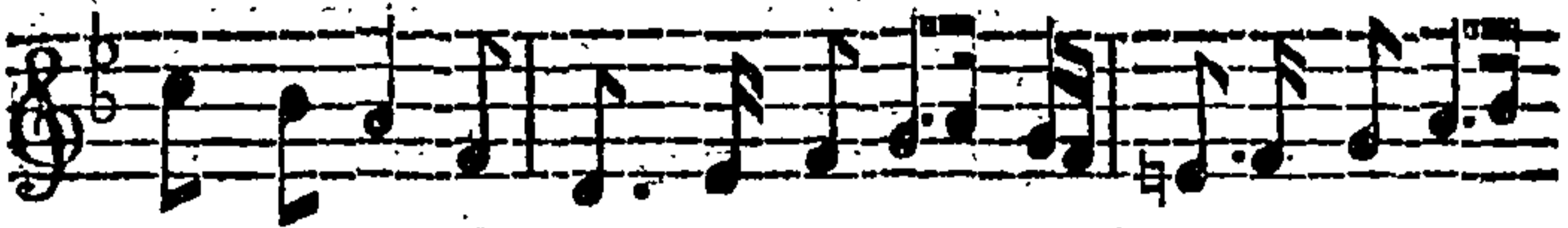


then, now and then ; and like them can be wrong now

Chorus.



and then. For look the world thro', and you'll find,



nine in ten, Old women can do, Old women can do,



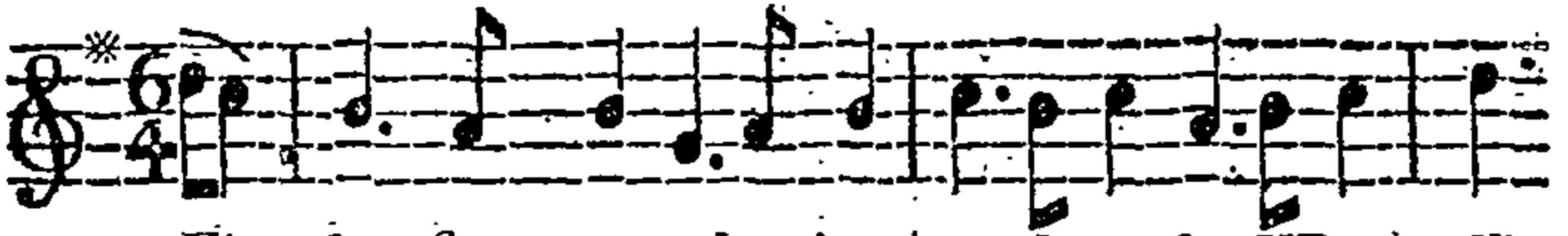
Old women can do as much as old men.

We can hear a sad case with a no-meaning face,
 And tho' shallow yet seem to be deep :
 Leave all to the clerk ; and when matters grow dark,
 Their worships had better go sleep.
 For look, &c.

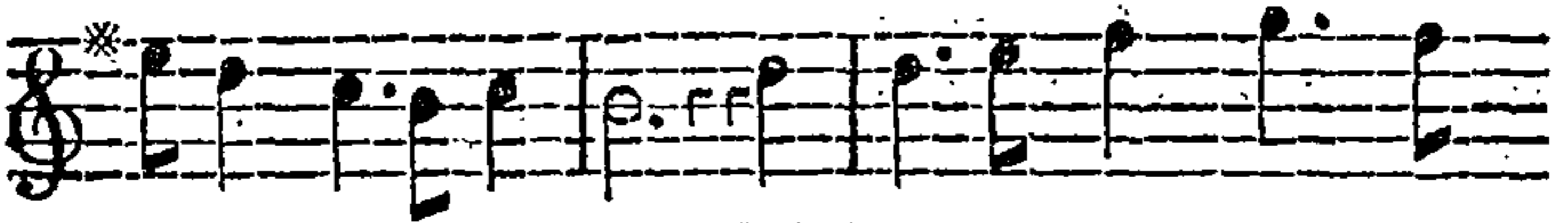
When our wisdom is ask'd, and hard questions are ask'd,
 We answer them best with a snore ;
 We can mump a tit bit, and can joke without wit :
 And what can their worships do more ?
 For look, &c.

SONG CXVI.

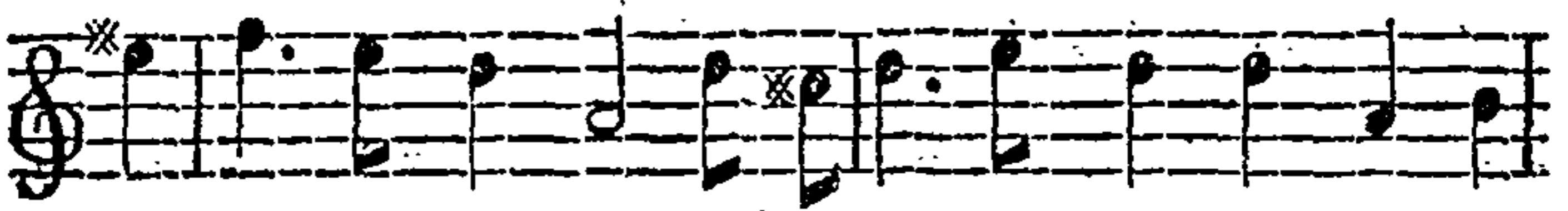
THE THING.



Fine songsters a-po-logies too often use: When call'd



on I'm ready to sing: With hums or with haws ne'er



attempt to refuse: And egad, Sirs, I'll give you the



thing, the thing; and egad, Sirs, I'll give you the thing.

Conceited our beaux arm in arm walk the street;
 In idleness take their full swing:
 Each levels his glass when a lady they meet;
 And if handsome, they swear—she's the thing.

Thus at Smithfield the jockey his nag will commend:
 What a shape! why, he's fit for the king!
 He's found wind and limb, on the word of a friend;
 And for spirits—he's really the thing.

With smile of self-interest the landlord imparts,
 Butt-entire I always do bring:
 Old stingo I draw that will cherish your hearts;
 And in flavour indeed—'tis the thing.

See Jenny with Jocky to playhouse repair
 Miss Brent to hear warble and sing;
 Pretenders to music, they praise ev'ry air
 With I vow and protest—she's the thing.

The sportsman with joy views the hare in full speed,
 In ecstasy hears the sky ring;
 With cry of the hounds, and of each neighing steed,
 And in transport he cries—'tis the thing.

The prude her own person consults in the glass,
 Admiring her finger and ring;
 Then concludes that her beauty all others surpass,
 And that man must confess—she's the thing.

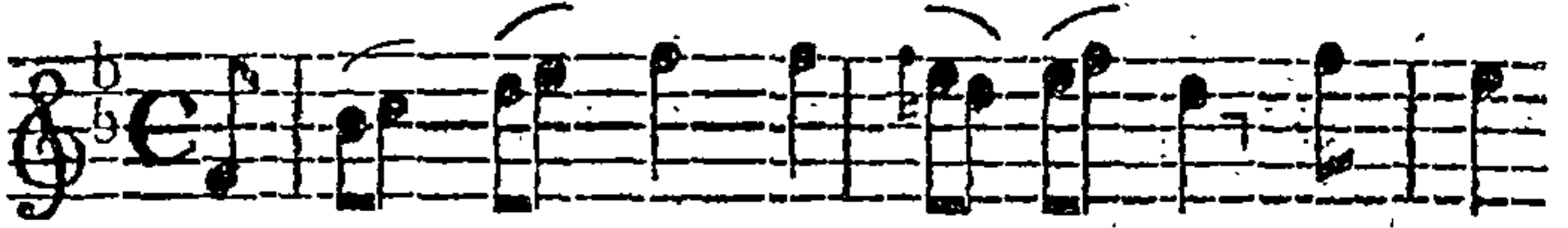
Jack Tar, full of glee, to the garden will stroll,
 In search, Sirs, of something like l—g;
 There boards on Moll Jenkins, and swears by his soul
 She's rigg'd, fore and aft—quite the thing.

The parson, well pleas'd, trims the smoaking Sir Loin,
 And slyly leers at the pudding;
 Lord bless me, he cries, how nobly I dine!
 O pudding and beef is—the thing!

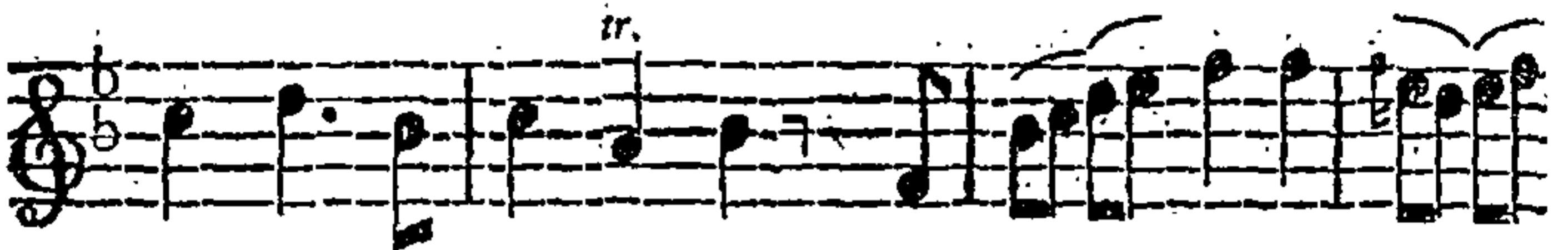
But, clasp'd in the arms of a good-natur'd pair,
 With mutual embraces we cling;
 That enjoyment alone dispels ev'ry care,
 Which you all must allow is—the thing.

SONG CXVII.

HE STOLE MY TENDER HEART AWAY.



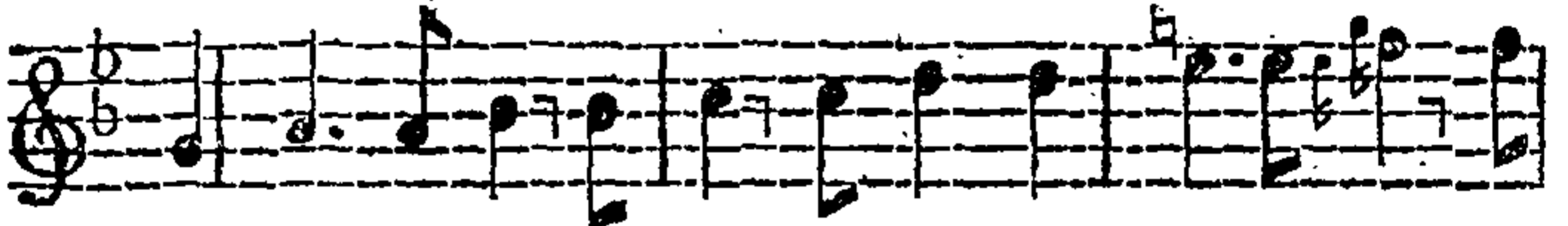
The fields were green, the hills were gay, And birds



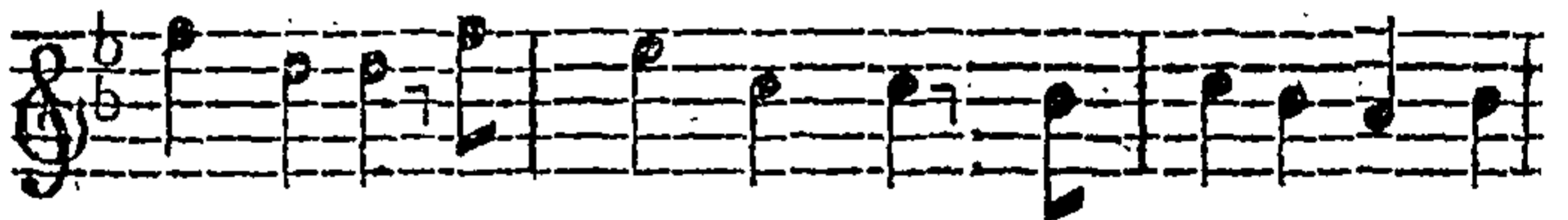
were singing on each spray, When Colin met me in the



grove, And told me tender tales of love. Was ever swain



so blithe as he? So kind, so faithful, and so free? In



spite of all my friends cou'd say, Young Colin stole my



heart away. In spite of all my friends cou'd say, Young



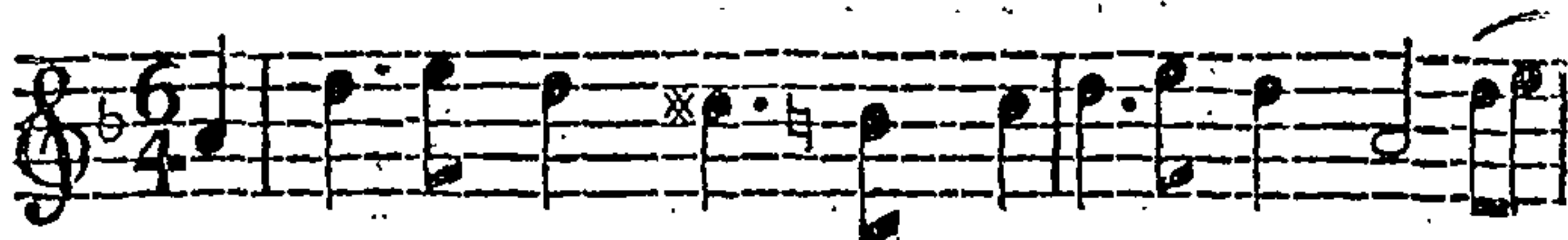
Colin stole my heart away.

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

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

SONG CXVIII.

COME ON, MY BRAVE TARS.



Come on, my brave tars, Let's away to the wars, To



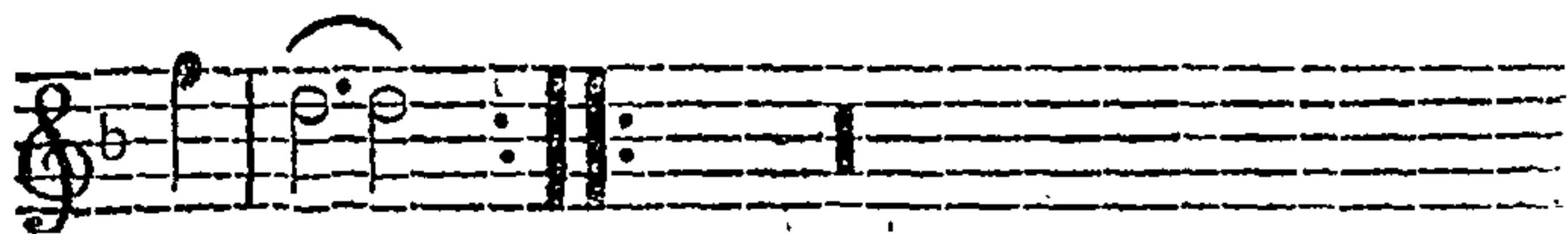
honour and glory advance: For now we've beat



Spain, Let us try this campaign To humble the pride



of old France, my brave boys; to humble the pride of



old France.

See William, brave prince,
 A true blue ev'ry inch,
 Who will honour th' illustrious name.
 May he conqueror be
 O'er our empire the sea,
 And transmit British laurels to fame,
 My brave boys, &c.

Three heroes combin'd,
 When the Dons they cou'd find,
 Vied who shou'd be foremost in battle:
 By no lee-shore affrighted,
 Altho' they're benighted,
 They made British thunder to rattle,
 Brave boys, &c.

See Dalrymple, Prevost,
 Gallant Barrington too,
 And Farmer who gloriously fell;
 With brave Pearson: all knew
 That the hearts of true blue,
 Once rous'd, not the world cou'd excel,
 My brave boys, &c.

With such heroes as those,
 Tho' we've numberless foes,
 British valour resplendent shall shine:
 And we still hope to show
 That their pride will be low
 In eighty, as fam'd fifty-nine,
 My brave boys, &c.

Then, brave lads, enter here,
 And partake of our cheer;
 You shall feast and be merry and sing.
 With the grog at your nose
 Drink success to true blues:
 Huzza! and say God save the King!
 My brave boys, &c.

SONG CXIX.

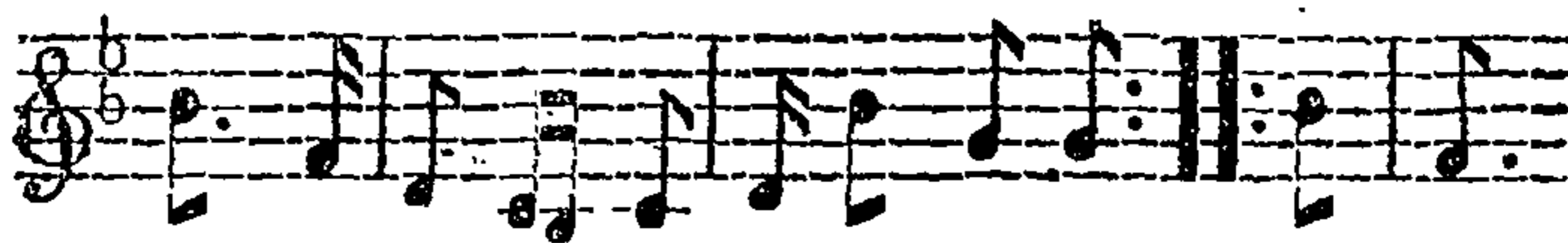
JOHNNY'S GREY BREEKS.



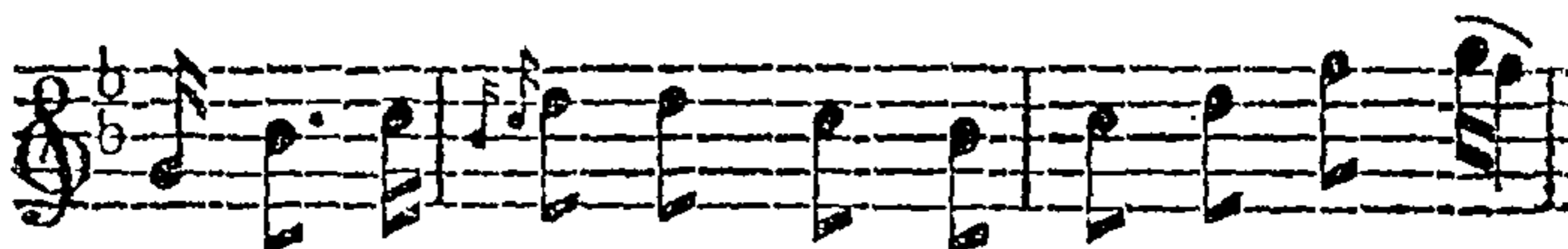
When I was in my se'enteen years, I was baith



blithe and bonny, O. The lads lo'ed me baith far and



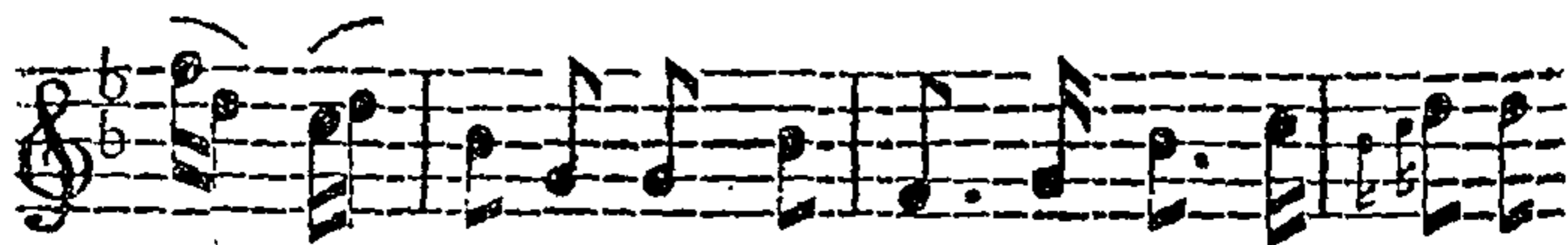
near ; But I lo'ed nane but Johnny, O. He gain'd



my heart in twa three weeks, He spak' sae blithe and



kindly, O ; And I made him new grey breeks That fitted



him most finely, O. He gain'd my heart in twa three



weeks, He spak' sae blithe and kindly, O ; And I made him



new grey breeks That fitted him most finely, O.

He was a handsome fellow ;

His humour was baith frank and free ;

His bonny locks sae yellow,

Like gou'd they glitter'd in my ee'.

His dimpl'd chin and rosy cheeks,

And face sae fair and ruddy, O ;

And then a-days his grey breeks

Were neither auld nor duddy, O.

But now they are thread-bare worn ;

They're wider than they wont to be ;

They're tashed like and fair torn ;

And clouted fair on ilka knee.

But gin I had a summer's day,

As I have had right mony, O,

I'll mak' a web o' new grey

To be breeks to my Johnny, O.

For he's weel wordy o' them,

And better gin I had to gi'e ;

And I'll tak' pains upo' them ;

Frae fau'ts I'll strive to keep them free.

To clead him weel shall be my care,

And please him a' my study, O ;

But he maun wear the auld pair

A wee, tho' they be duddy, O.

F f. ij

For when the lad was in his prime,
 Like him there was nae mony, O.
 He ca'd me ay his bonny thing:
 Say, wha wou'd nae lo'e Johnny, O?
 Sae I lo'e Johnny's grey breeks
 For a' the care they've gi'en me yet;
 And gin we live anither year
 We'll keep them hail between us yet.

Now, to conclude his grey breeks;
 I'll sing them up wi' mirth and glee.
 Here's luck to a' the grey steeks
 That show themselves upo' the knee:
 And if wi' health I'm spared
 A wee while, as I wish I may,
 I shall ha'e them prepared
 As weel as ony that's o' grey.

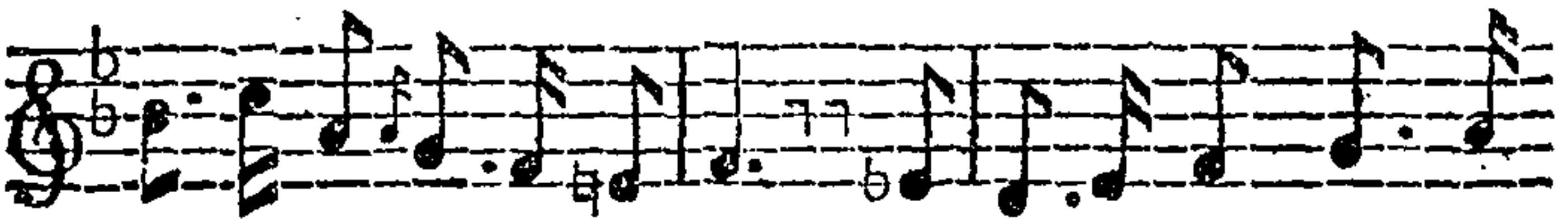


SONG CXX.

ALL YE WHO WOU'D WISH.



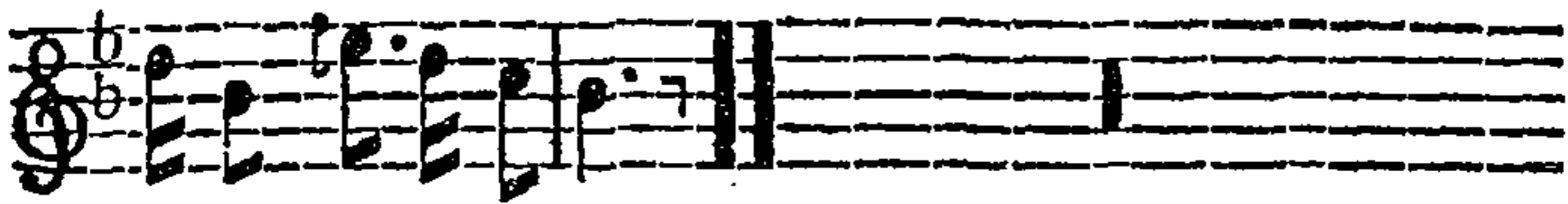
All ye who wou'd wish to succeed with a lass, Learn



how the affair's to be done: For if you stand fooling



and shy, like an ass, You'll lose her, lose her, You'll lose



her, as sure as a gun.

With whining, and fighting, and vows, and all that,
 As far as you please you may run :
 She'll hear you and jeer you, and give you a pat ;
 But jilt you, jilt you,
 She'll jilt you, as sure as a gun.

To worship, and call her bright goddess, is fine ;
 But mark you the consequence, mum :
 The baggage will think herself really divine,
 And scorn you, scorn you,
 She'll scorn you, as sure as a gun.

Then be with a maiden bold, frolic, and stout,
 And no opportunity shun :
 She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry out :
 But mum—mum—
 But mum—she's as sure as a gun.

SONG CXXI.

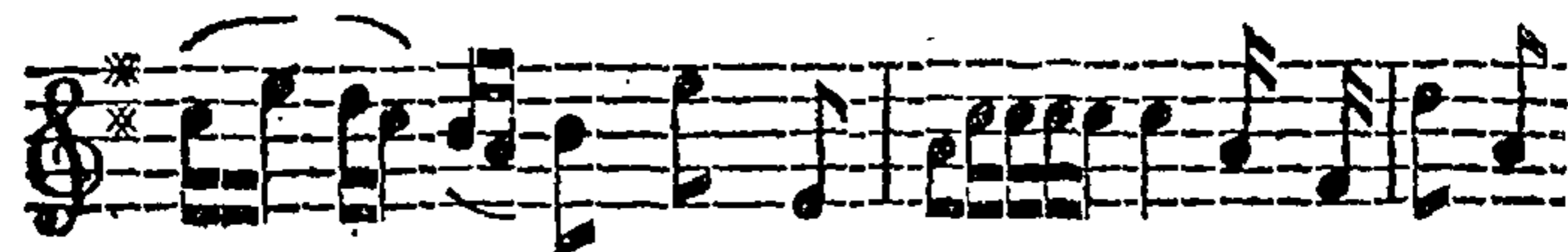
FROM THE EAST BREAKS THE MORN.



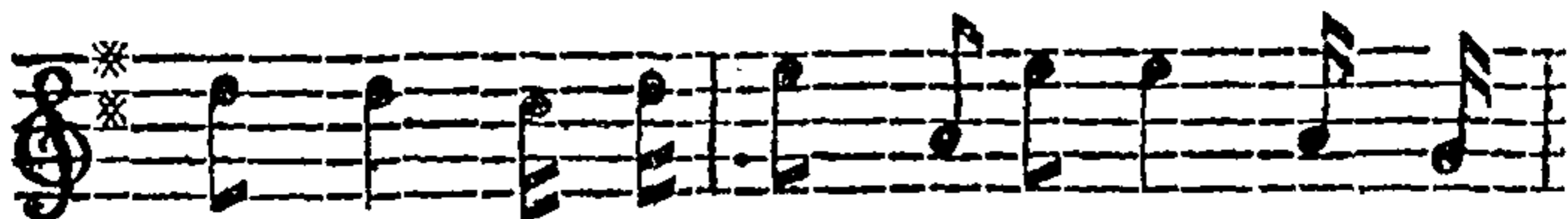
From the east breaks the morn, See the sun-beams adorn



The wild heath and the mountains so high, The wild



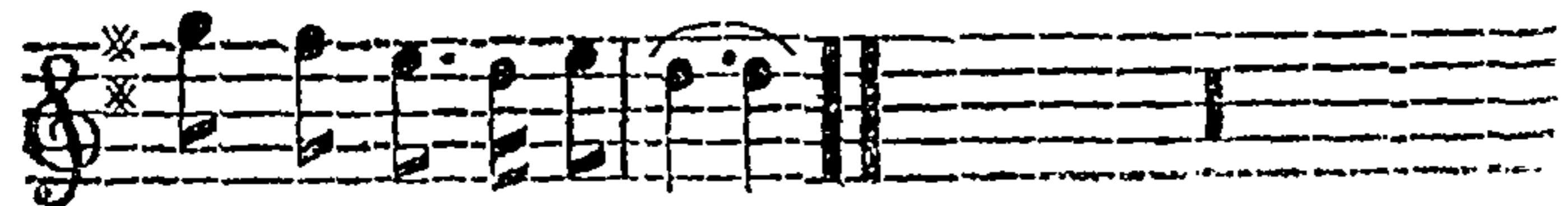
heath and the mountains so high. Shrilly opes the



staunch hound, The steed neighs to the sound, And the



floods and the valleys re - - - - - ply. And the floods



and the valleys re - ply.

Our forefathers, so good,
Prov'd their greatness of blood
By encount'ring the pard and the boar;
Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urg'd the chace,
And taught woodlands and forests to roar.

Hence of noble descent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd;
Tho' in life's busy day
Man of man make a prey,
Still let ours be the prey of the field.

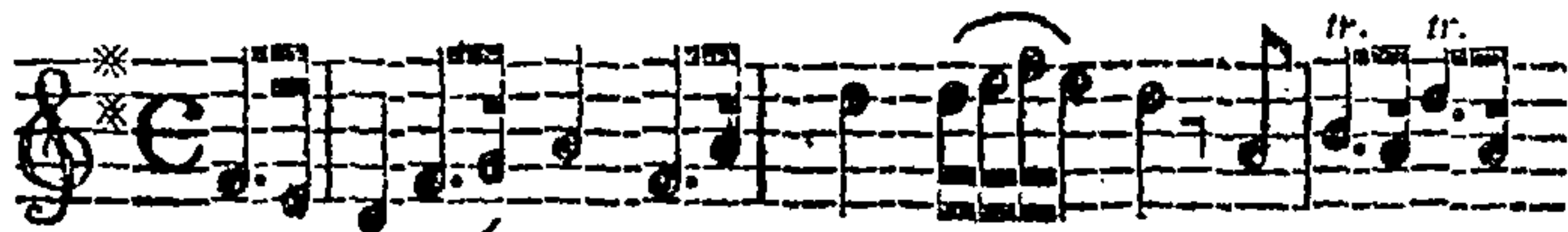
With the chace in full fight,
Gods! how great the delight!
How our mutual sensations refine!
Where is care? where is fear?
Like the winds in the rear,
And the man's lost in something divine.

Now to horse, my brave boys:
Lo! each pants for the joys
That anon shall enliven the whole:
Then at eve we'll dismount,
Toils and pleasures recount,
And renew the chace over the bowl.

SONG CXXII.

JAMIE GAY.

Affettuoso.



As Jamie Gay gae'd blithe his way Along the



banks of Tweed, A bonny lass as e-ver was came



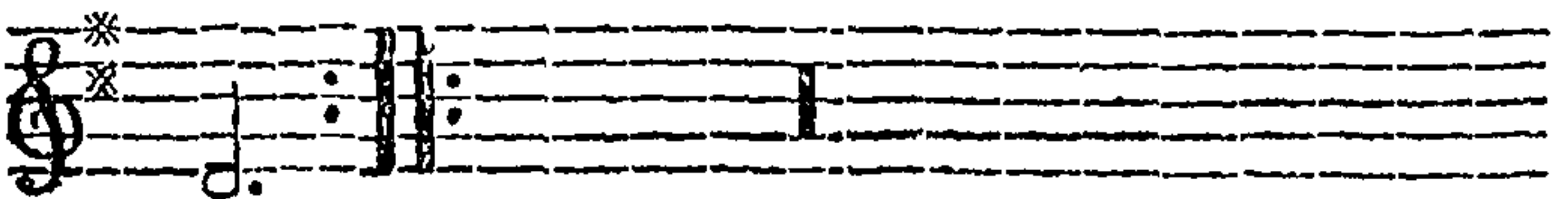
tripping o'er the mead. The hearty swain, untaught



to feign, the buxom nymph survey'd ; And,



full of glee as lad cou'd be, Be-spoke the blooming



maid.

Dear lassie, tell, why by thyself
Thou lonely wander'st here?
My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide;
Canst tell me, laddie, where?
To town I hie, he made reply,
Some pleasing sport to see:
But thou'rt so neat, so trim, so sweet,
I'll seek thy ewes with thee.

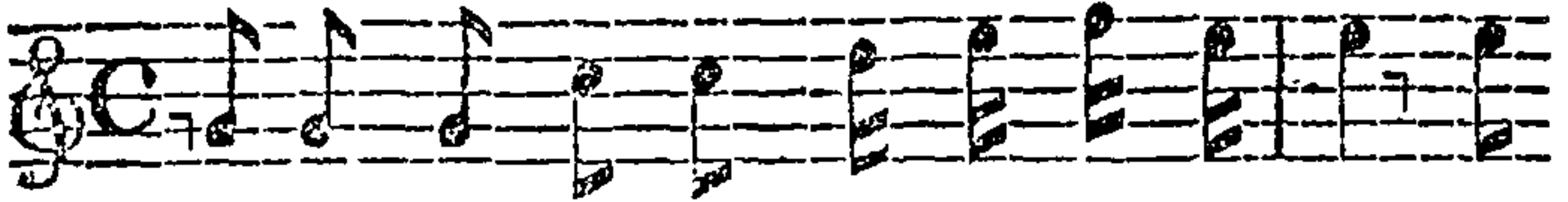
She gave her hand, nor made a stand;
But lik'd the youth's intent:
O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
Right merrily they went.
The birds sang sweet, the pair to greet,
And flow'rets bloom'd around;
And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
And lovers joys when crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,
The zenith of his pow'r,
When to the shade their steps they made
To pass the mid-day hour.
The bonny lad row'd in his plaid
The lass, who scorn'd to frown:
She soon forgot the ewes she sought,
And he to gang to town.

SONG CXXIII.

THE WHISTLING PLOWMAN.

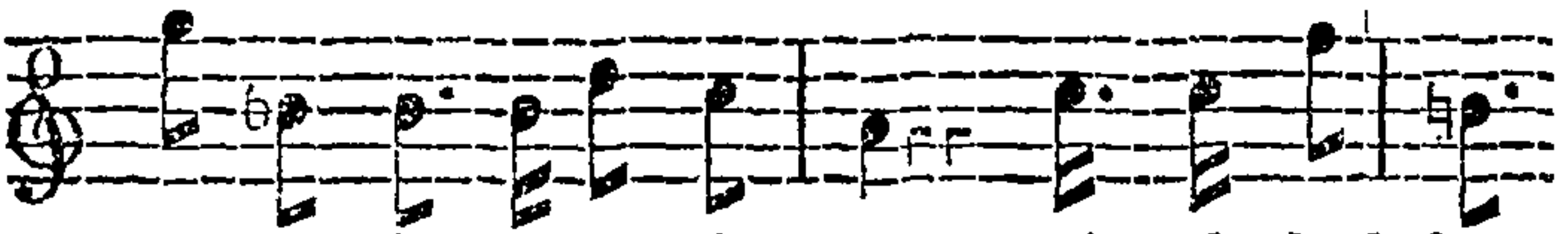
Recit.



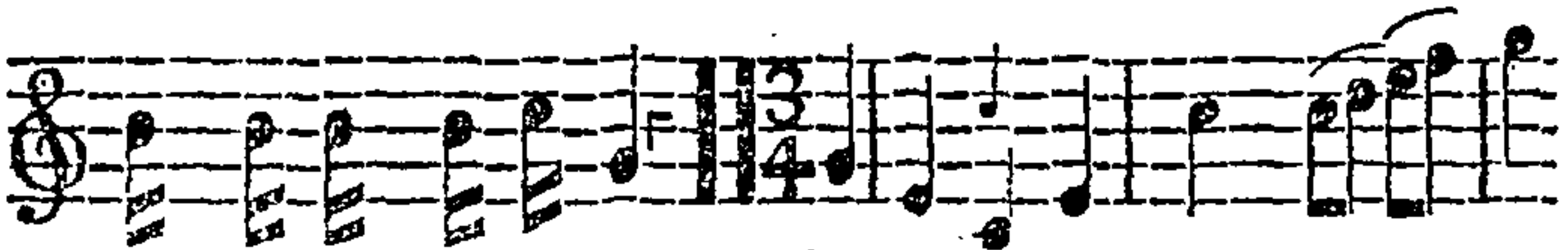
The whistling plowman hails the blushing dawn : The



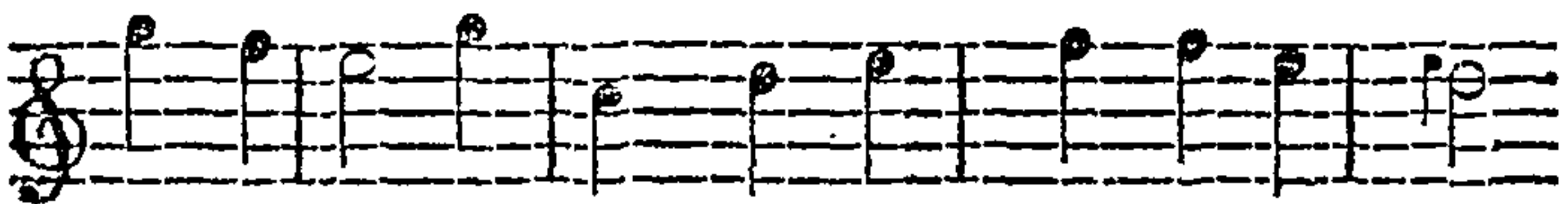
thrush melodious drowns the rustic note : Loud sings the



blackbird thro' resounding groves : And the lark soars



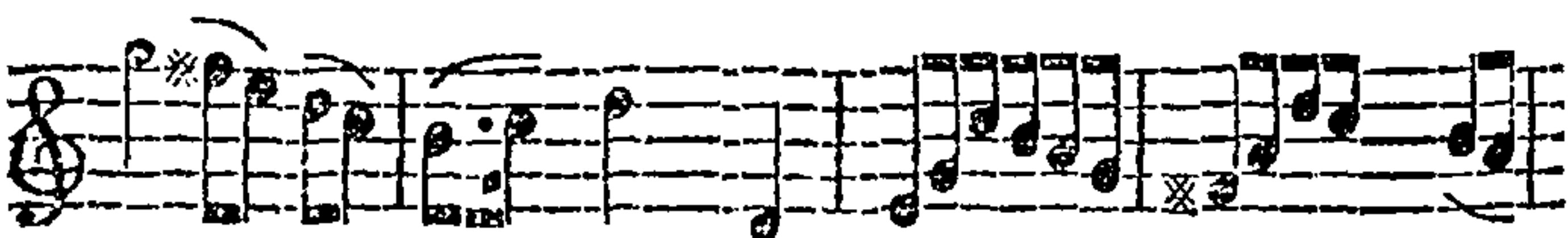
to meet the rising sun. Away to the copse, to the copse



lead away ; And now, my boys, throw off the bounds.



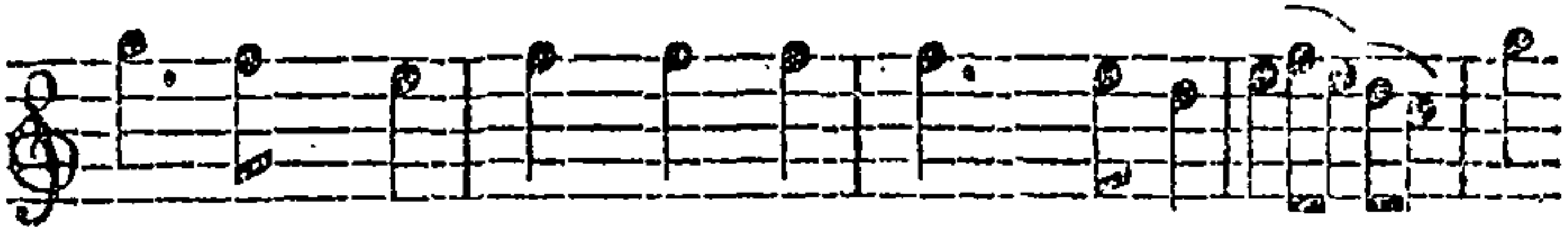
I'll warrant he shows us, he shows us some play : See



yonder he skulks thro' the grounds - - - - - See



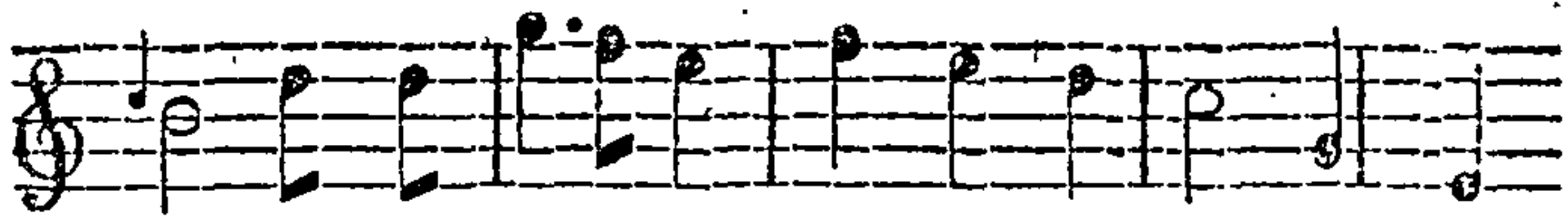
yonder he skulks thro' the grounds. Then spur your brisk



courfers, and smoke 'em, my bloods; 'tis a delicate scent-



ly-ing morn; What concert is equal to those of the



woods; betwixt echo, the hounds and the horn? The hounds



and the horn, the hounds and the horn, the hounds and



the horn, - - - - -



- betwixt echo, the hounds and the horn.

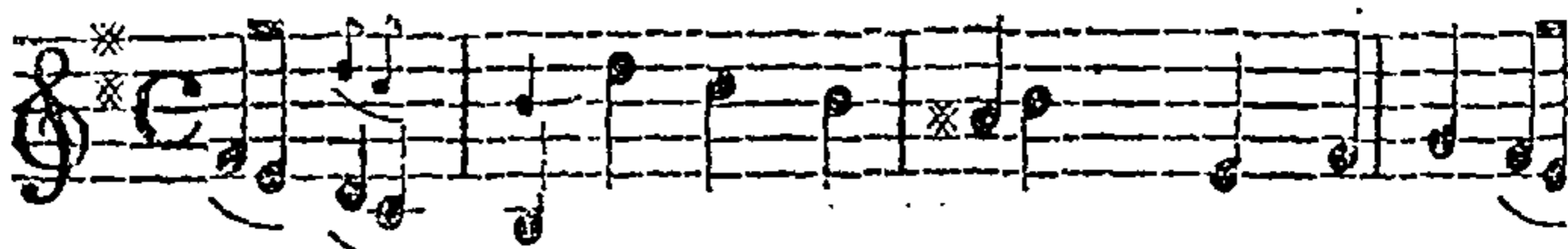
Each earth, see, he tries at in vain,
 The cover no safety can find ;
 So he breaks it and scow'rs amain,
 And leaves us at distance behind.
 O'er rocks and o'er rivers and hedges we fly ;
 All hazard and danger we scorn.
 Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die :
 Cheer up the good dogs with the horn.

And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale ;
 All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue ;
 His speed can no longer prevail ;
 Nor his life can his cunning prolong.
 From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that he fled :
 See his brush falls bemir'd forlorn !
 The farmers with pleasure behold him lie dead,
 And shout to the found of the horn.

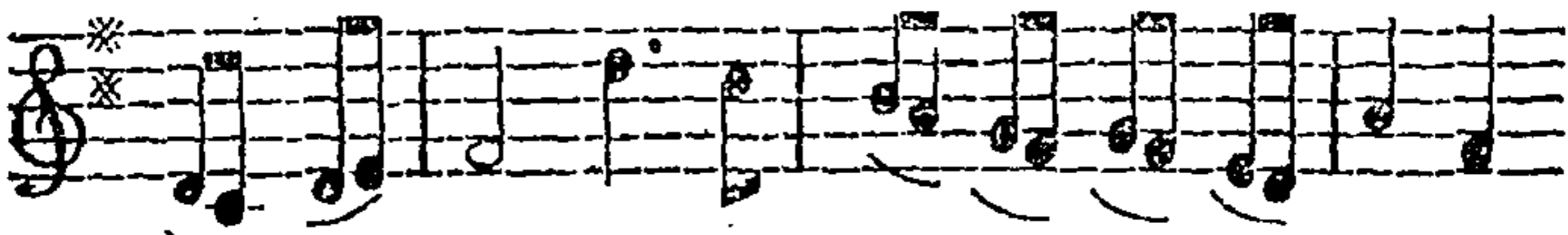


SONG CXXIV.

RAIL NO MORE.



Rail no more, ye learned asses, 'Gainst the joys the



bowl supplies. Sound its depth, and fill your glasses ;



Wisdom at the bottom lies. Fill them higher still and



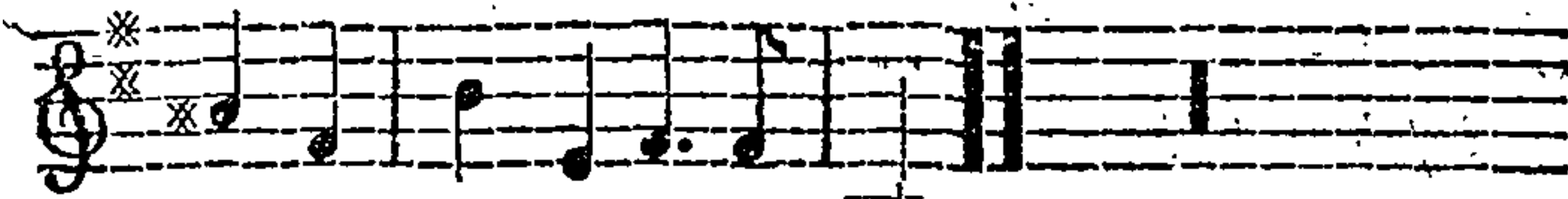
higher : Shallow draughts perplex the brain : Sipping



quenches all our fire ; Bumpers light it up agai - - - -



- - - - - n. Sipping quenches all our fire ;



Bumpers light it up a - gain.

Draw the scene for wit and pleasure ;

Enter jollity and joy ;

We for thinking have no leisure ;

Manly mirth is our employ.

Since in life there's nothing certain,

We'll the present hour engage ;

And, when death shall drop the curtain,

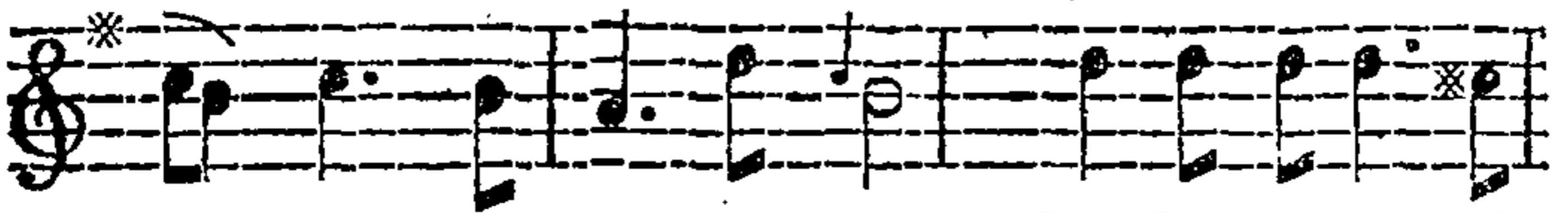
With applause we'll quit the stage.

SONG CXXV.

PLATO'S ADVICE.



Says Pla-to, why shou'd man be vain? Since boun-



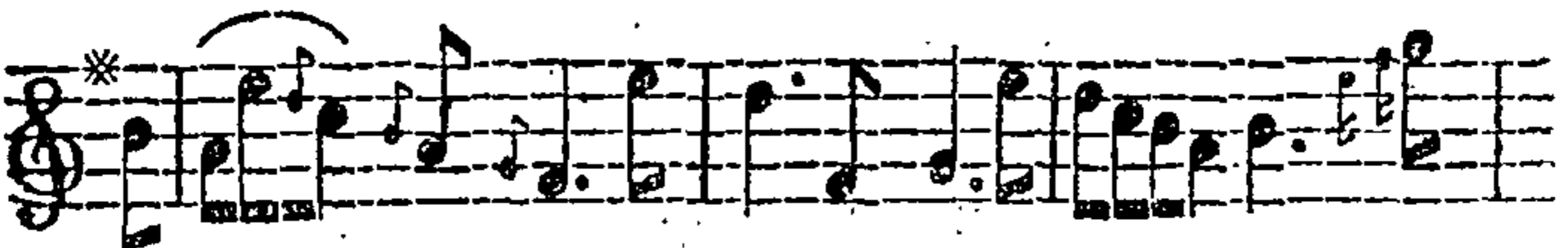
teous heav'n has made him great, Why looketh he with



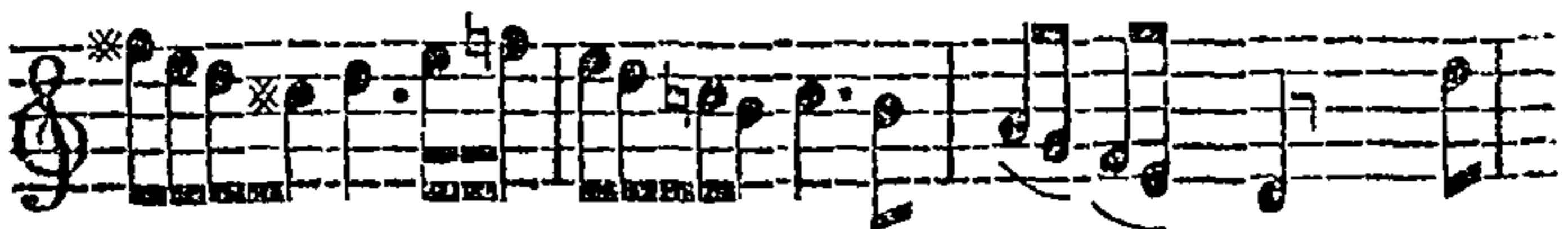
insolent disdain On those undeck'd with wealth or state?



Can splendid robes, or beds of down, or costly gems



that deck the fair; Can all the glo - - - - -



- - - - - ries of a crown, Give



health, or ease the brow of care?

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

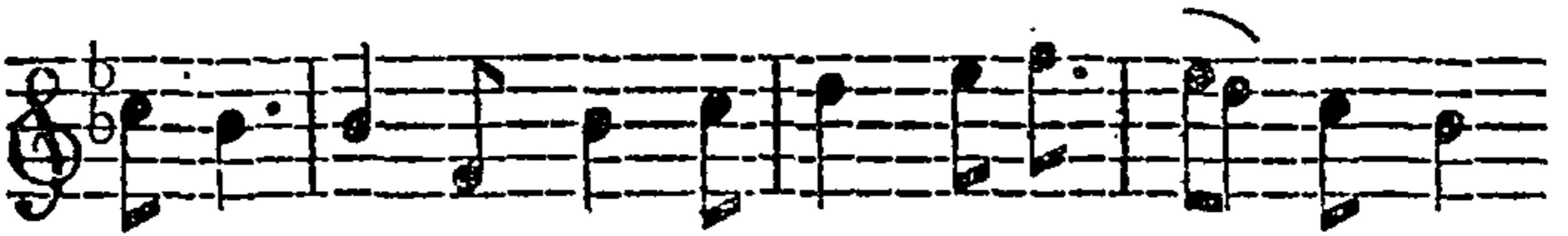
So glides the meteor thro' the sky,
And spreads along a gilded train ;
But, when its short-liv'd beauties die,
Dissolves to common air again.
So 'tis with us, my jovial souls !—
Let friendship reign while here we stay ;
Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls,—
When Jove us calls we must away.

SONG CXXVI.

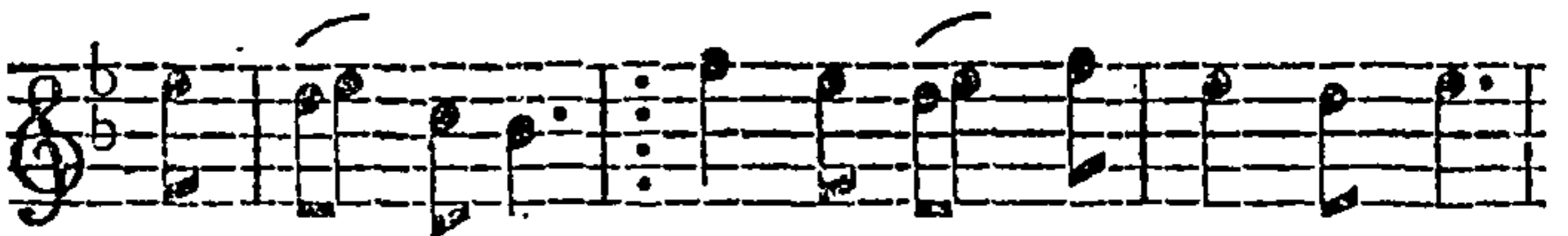
FILL YOUR GLASSES.



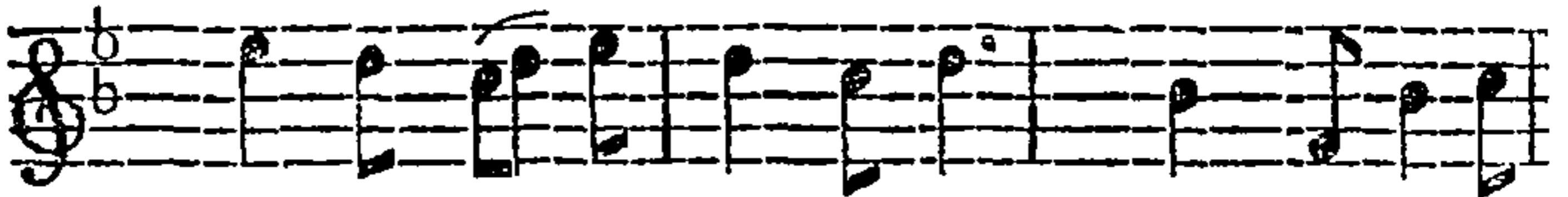
Fill your glasses, banish grief, Laugh, and worldly care



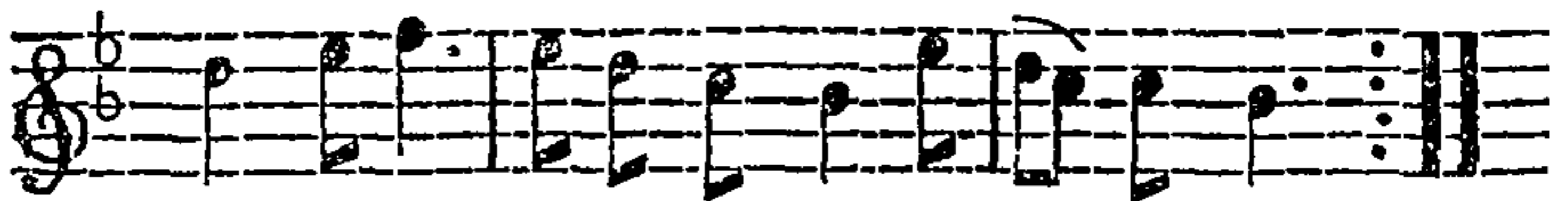
despise: Sorrow ne'er will bring relief: Joy from drink-



ing will arise. Why should we, with wrinkl'd care,



Change what nature made so fair? Drink, and set the



heart at rest; Of a bad market make the best.

Busy brains, we know, alas!

With imaginations run,
Like the sands i' th' hour-glass,

Turn'd, and turn'd, and still run on;
Never knowing where to stay,
But uneasy ev'ry way.

Drink, and set the heart at rest;
Peace of mind is always best.

Some pursue the winged wealth ;
Some to honours high aspire :
Give me freedom, give me health ;
There's the sum of my desire.
What the world can more present
Will not add to my content :
Drink, and set the heart at rest ;
Peace of mind is always best.

Mirth, when mingled with our wine,
Makes the heart alert and free ;
Should it snow, or rain, or shine,
Still the same thing 'tis with me.
There's no fence against our fate ;
Changes daily on us wait.
Drink, and set your hearts at rest ;
Of a bad market make the best.