

A
GARLAND
OF
NEW SONGS.

The Storm, by Mrs. Robinson
A Free Mason's Song
My Eye and Betty Martin



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*Where may also be had, a large and curious Assortment
of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Histories, &c.*

The Storm.

By Mrs. Robinson.

DARK was the dawn! and o'er the
deep
The chilling whirlwinds blew;
The sea-bird wheel'd its circling sweep,
And all was drear to view!
When, on the sandy beach that binds our
shore,
The love-lorn Nancy shriek'd, amidst the
deaf'ning roar.

Her streaming eyes beheld the main,
While on her William dear
She madly call'd, but call'd in vain—
No sound could William hear,
Save the shrill yelling of the fateful blast,
While ev'ry mesmate's heart quick shud-
der'd as it past!

“Be still,” she cried, “loud tempest, cease;
Ah! spare the gallant souls!”
Mysterious Heav'n! the winds increase!
The sea, like mountains, rolls!
While from the deck the storm-drench'd
victims leap,
And o'er their lifeless forms the furious
billows sweep!

"Oh! Cruel Pow'r! Oh! ruthless fate!
 Does Heaven's high will decree,
 That some should sleep on beds of state—
 Some in the roaring sea?
 Some, nurs'd in lux'ry, deal Oppression's
 blow,
 While humble Merit pines in Poverty and
 Woe!"

"Cou'd the proud Rulers of the land
 The Sable Race behold;
 Some, bow'd by Torture's giant hand!
 And others, bought with gold!
 Then wou'd they pity Slaves, and cry with
 shame,
 Whate'er our tints may be, our Souls are
 still the same."

"Why seek to mock the Ethiop's face?
 Why goad the hapless kind?
 Can features alienate the race?
 Is there no Kindred Mind?
 Does not the cheek that vaunts the roseate
 hue,
 Oft blush for crimes that Ethiop never
 knew!"

"Behold the angry waves conspire
 To check the barb'rous toil!
 While wounded Nature's vengeful ire
 Roars round our trembling Isle!
 Methinks her voice re-echoes in the wind,
 Man was not form'd by heav'n to trample
 on his kind."

The lab'ring ship was now a wreck,
 The shrouds were flutt'ring wide;
 The guns thrown o'er—the lofty deck
 Was rock'd from side to side!
 Poor Nancy's cheek was bath'd with pity's
 tear,
 And from her icy lip the blood recoil'd
 with fear!

Now on the yielding sand she roam'd,
 And madd'ning at the view!
 Mark'd where the liquid mountains
 foam'd,
 Around th' exhausted crew!
 'Till, from the fore-castle, her William's
 form,
 Sprang 'midst the yawning waves, and buff-
 etted the storm.

Long, on the swelling surge sustain'd,
 Brave William fought the shore,
 Watch'd the white cliffs—but ne'er com-
 plain'd,
 Then sunk—to gaze no more!
 Poor Nancy saw him buried by the wave,
 And, with her heart's true love, plung'd
 in a watry grave!

A Free Mason's Song.

COME all you Free Masons that dwell around the
 globe,
 Who wear the badge of innocence, I mean the royal
 robe,
 Which Noah he did wear in the Ark wherein he stood,
 When the world was destroyed by a deluge and flood.

O Noah he was righteous in the sight of the Lord,
 He lov'd a Free Mason that kept the sacred Word;
 He built up the Ark, and he planted the first vine,
 And his soul, like an angel, in heaven doth shine.

The 15th day arose the Ark, let us join hand in hand,
 As the Lord spake to Moses by water and by land;
 Nigh to a pleasant river which through Eden ran,
 Where Eve tempted Adam by the serpent of sin.

O when I think of Moses, it makes me for to blush,
 It was on the Mount of Horeb where I saw the burn-
 ing bush;
 My staff I threw down, and my shoes I cast away,
 And I'll wander like a pilgrim until my dying day.

O Abraham was a man well beloved by the Lord,
 Was found to be faithful o'er Jehovah's word ;
 He stretch'd out his hand with a knife to slay his son,
 But an angel appear'd, saying the Lord's will be done.

O Abraham, O Abraham, don't lay hands upon the
 lad,
 For I have sent him thee to make thy heart glad,
 For thy seed shall increase, like the stars in the skies,
 And thy soul unto heaven like Gabriel's shall rise.

'Twas once I was blind, and could not see the light,
 But I unto Jerusalem did straightway take my flight ;
 They led me like a pilgrim through a wilderness of
 care,
 You may see by the sign and the badge that I wear.

O never will I hear a poor orphan cry,
 No nor yet a fair virgin, until the day I die ;
 Not like the restless Jews that wander the world round,
 But I'll knock at the door where the truth is to be
 found.

So now against the Turks and the infidels we'll fight,
 To let the wondering world know that we are in the
 right ;
 For in heaven there's a Lodge, and St. Peter keeps
 the door,
 And none can enter there but those that are pure.

There were twelve dazzling lights came by, which
 did me much surprise,
 I listened a while, and I heard a great noise ;
 A serpent came by me, and fell upon the ground,
 With peace, joy, and comfort, the secret I found.

The secret was lost, and also was found,
'Twas by our blessed Saviour, it is very well known,
In the garden of Gethsemene, where he did the blood
sweat.

Repent, my dearest brethren, before it be too late.

My Eye and Betty Martin.

IN Yorkshire I wur born and bred,
And knaws a thing or two, fir;
Nay what be more, my father said,
My wit would bring me thro', fir.
At single-stick, or kiss the maid,
I wur the boy, for fartin;
Seays I, Push on, to be afraid's
My eye and Betty Martin.
Ri, tol de rol, &c.

At whoam I'd often heard folks talk
Of Lunnan's famous city,
And that the stones on which they walk,
Wur pav'd with gold so pretty;
To mam and dad I gave a bus,
Says I, I'm off, for fartin;
So, 'bout my trip to make a fuf,
Is, my Eye and Betty Martin.

At inn arriv'd, I met a man,
 Who offer'd me his sarvice ;
 To take my luggage wur his plan,
 And help me to a jarvis :
 But stop, says I, this wunna do,
 Your rigs I knaws for fartin,
 Your kindness, friend, 'tween me and you's
 My Eye and Betty Martin.

A lady next, a flashy dame,
 I in the Strand did meet, fir,
 Who said as how it wur a sheam,
 That I should walk the street, fir :
 She talk'd of love, of sarvants too,
 And thought her prey right fartin,
 But noa' says I, to go with you's
 My Eye and Betty Martin.

I've seen the lions and the tower,
 The circus, Astley's too, fir,
 The play, and giants strike the hour,
 And all that's strange to view, fir.
 So back to whoam I'll turn again,
 And marry Doll for fartin ;
 I please her so, that to complain's
 My Eye and Betty Martin.

FINIS.

