

THE
NIGHTINGALE:

A CHOICE

SELECTION OF THE MOST ADMIR'D POPULAR
SONGS,

HEROIC, PLAINTIVE, SENTIMENTAL, HUMOUROUS,
AND BACCHANALIAN.

Arranged for the Violin, Flute, and Voice.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE "SKYLARK" AND "THRUSH."

"We band on hunch, an' upward e'e,
He coon'd his gunot, one, two, three,
Thun in an' Artoso key.

Thun see Apollo

Set off w' *Allagatio* glee

His giga solo.

BURNS—*John Duggan*.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS TEGG, 43, CHEAPSIDE; R. GRIFFIN
AND CO. GLASGOW; J. CUMMING, DUBLIN;
AND M. BAUDRY, PARIS.

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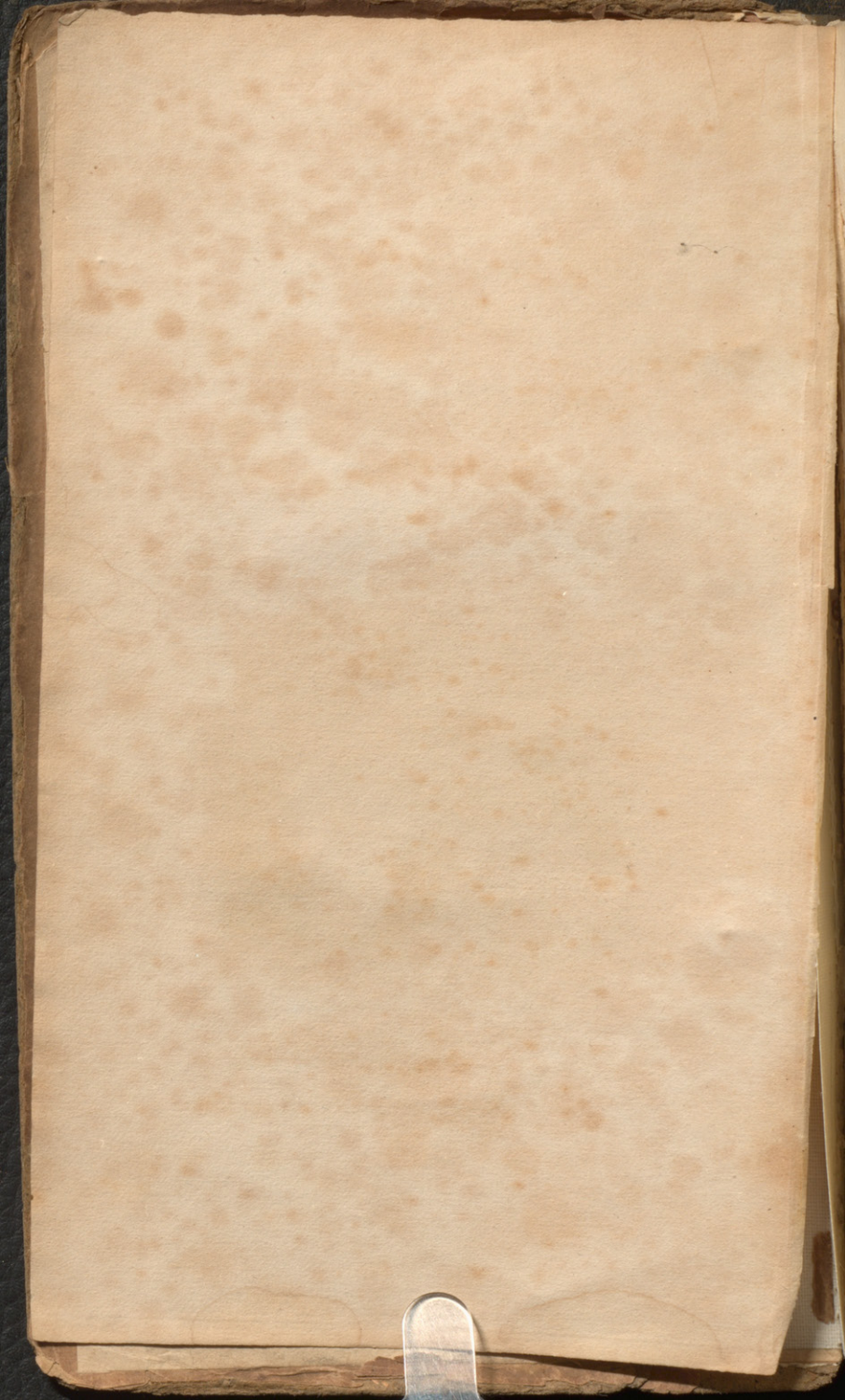
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The
NIGHTINGALE,
A
COLLECTION OF SONGS,
Set to Music.



London
Published by THOMAS TEGG, N^o. 73, Cheapside.

James G. Peckinville



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BY THE EDITOR OF THE "SKYLARK" AND "THRUSH."

" Wl' hand on haunch, an' upward e'e,
He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,
Then in an Arioso key,
The wee Apollo
Set off wl' *Allegretto* glee
His giga solo."
BURNS.—*Jolly Beggars.*

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS TEGG, 73, CHEAPSIDE; R. GRIFFIN
AND CO. GLASGOW; J. CUMMING, DUBLIN;
AND M. BAUDRY, PARIS.

THE

NIGHTINGALE:

A CHOICE

SELECTION OF THE MOST ADORED POPULAR

SONGS

WITH ORIGINAL AND REARRANGED
MUSIC BY MISS MARY HARRISON,
AND MRS. J. HARRISON.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY PLUMMER AND BREWIS, LOVE LANE, EASTCHEAP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "NIGHTINGALE" AND "THE
SWEETEST SONGS"

THE
NIGHTINGALE
AND
THE
SWEETEST
SONGS

LONDON:

PRINTED BY PLUMMER AND BREWIS, LOVE LANE, EASTCHEAP.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Publisher having expressed in a former volume his intention of completing a Collection of the Standard Songs of our country, is happy in prosecution of his design, to present to the musical world, this Third Volume of the series originally contemplated.

From the care and diligence used in the selection he hopes he may, without presumption, be allowed to felicitate himself in having contributed in some degree, to the elegant amusement of our leisure hours, by the unique volumes now before the Public; and trusts, that the "NIGHTINGALE" will be found worthy an equal portion of that patronage, which the former volumes have so amply met with.

260915

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Publisher having expressed in a former volume his
satisfaction of completing a Collection of the Standard Songs
of our Country, is happy to present to the public, the
present to the musical world, this Third Volume of the
series originally contemplated.

From the care and diligence used in the selection he
hopes he may, without presumption, be allowed to
attribute himself in part, to the success of some degree
to the elegant arrangement of our leisure hours by the
unique volumes now before the Public; and trust that
the "Miscellaneous" will be found worthy an equal
portion of that patronage, which the former volumes have
so amply met with.

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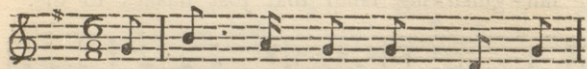
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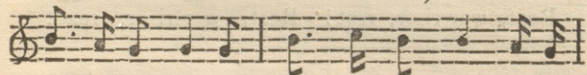
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THE
NIGHTINGALE.

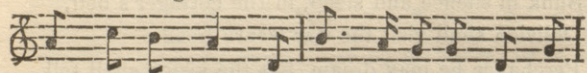
REST! WARRIOR, REST!



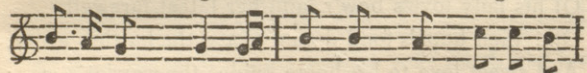
He comes from the wars, from the



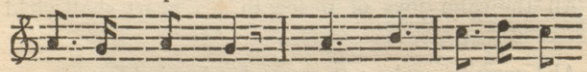
red field of fight, He comes thro' the storm and the



dark-ness of night; For rest and for re-fuge now

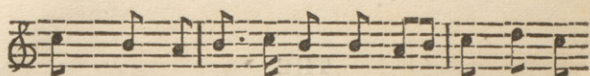


fain to im - plore, The war - rior bends low at the

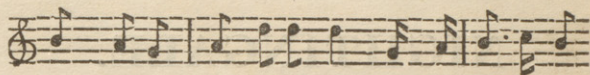


cot - ta - ger's door; Pale, pale, pale is his

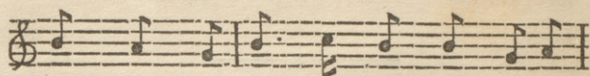
oooo



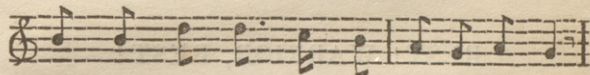
cheek, there's a gash on his brow, His locks o'er his



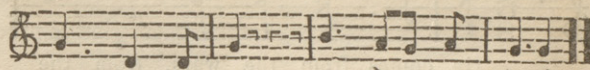
shoul-ders dis-tract-ed-ly flow, And the fire of his



heart shoots by fits from his eye, Like a



lan-guish-ing lamp that just flashes to die.



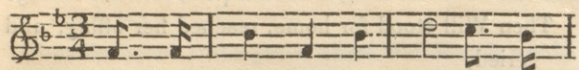
Rest, war-ri-or, rest! Rest, war-ri-or, rest!

Sunk in silence and sleep, in the cottager's bed,
 Oblivion shall visit the war weary head :
 Perchance he may dream, but the vision shall tell,
 Of his lady love's bow'r, and her latest farewell.
 Oh! then hope's fond dream chase the battle's array,
 And sweet love to his home guides the warrior's way ;
 All the calm joys of peace to his heart shall yield
 rest,

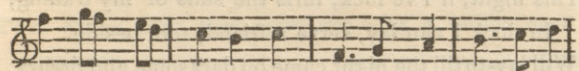
Ah! warrior, wake not, such slumber is blest.

Rest, warrior, rest!

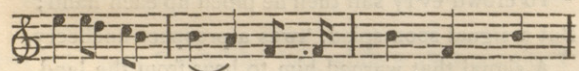
WILL WATCH.



'Twas one morn, when the wind from the



northward blew keenly, While sul-len-ly roar'd the big



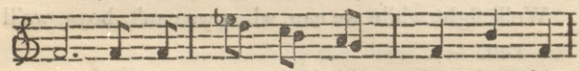
waves of the main, A fam'd smuggler, Will



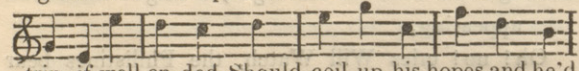
Watch kiss'd his Sue, then se - rene - ly Took



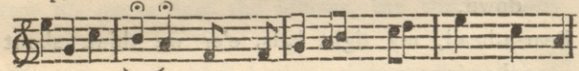
helm, and to - sea bold - ly steer'd out a -



gain. Will had pro - mis'd his - Sue that this



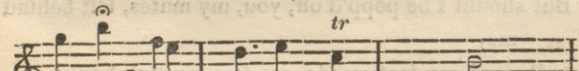
trip, if well en-ded, Should coil up his hopes and he'd



anchor a-shore; When his pockets were lined, why his



life should be men-ded, The laws he had



bro-ken he'd ne-ver break - more.



His sea-boat was trim, made her port, took her lading,
 Then Will stood for home, reached her offing, and
 cried,

This night, if I've luck, furls the sails of my trading,
 In dock I can lay, serve a friend, too, beside.

Will lay-to till the night came on darksome and dreary,
 To crowd ev'ry sail then he piped up each hand;
 But a signal soon spied, 'twas a prospect uncheery,
 A signal that warned him to bear from the land.

The Philistines are out, cries Will, well, take no heed
 on't,

Attacked, who's the man that will flinch from his gun;
 Should my head be blown off, I shall ne'er feel the
 need on't,

We'll fight while we can, when we can't, boys, we'll
 run.

Through the haze of the night, a bright flash now
 appearing,

Oh! no! cries Will Watch, the Philistines bear
 down,

Bear-a-head, my tight lads, e'er we think about
 sheering,

One broadside pour in, should we swim boys, or
 drown.

But should I be popp'd off, you, my mates, left behind
 me,

Record my last words, see 'em kindly obeyed,

Let no stone mark the spot, and, my friends, do you
mind me,

Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch would
be laid.

Poor Will's yarn was spun out—for a bullet next
minute

Laid him low on the deck, and he never spoke
more;

His bold crew fought the brig while a shot remained
in it,

Then sheered—and Will's hulk to his Susan they
bore.

In the dead of the night his last wish was complied
with,

To few known his grave, and to few known his end,
He was borne to the earth by the crew that he died
with,

He'd the tears of his Susan, the prayers of each
friend;

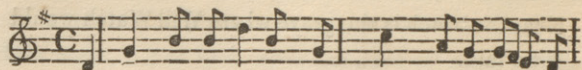
Near his grave dash the billows, the winds loudly
bellow,

Yon ash struck with lightning points out the cold bed
Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that famed
lawless fellow,

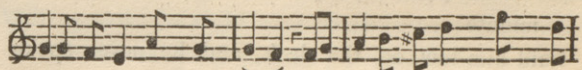
Once feared, now forgot, sleeps in peace with the
dead.

no no

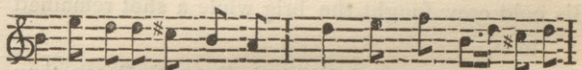
THE LASS THAT LOVES A SAILOR.



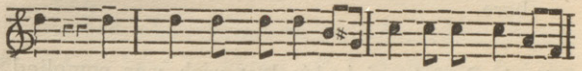
The moon on the ocean was dimm'd by a ripple af-



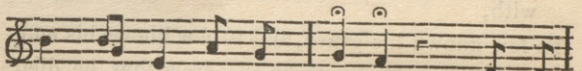
fording a chequer'd de-light, The gay jolly tars pass'd the



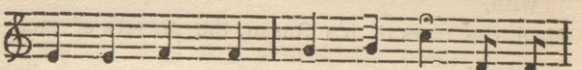
word for the tipple, and the - toast, for 'twas Satur-day



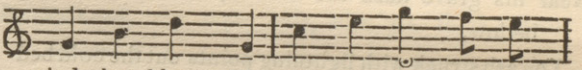
night. Some sweetheart, or wife, He lov'd as his life, Each



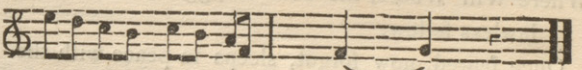
drank, and wish'd he could - hail her; - But the



standing toast, That pleas'd the most, Was the



wind that blows, The ship that goes, and the



lass that loves a - - Sailor!

Some drank the King, some his brave ships,
And some the Constitution;
Some, may the French, and all such rips,
Yield to English resolution.
That fate might bless
Some Poll or Bess,
And that they soon might hail her;
But the standing toast, &c.

Some drank the prince, and some our land,
This glorious land of freedom;
Some that our tars may never want
Heroes brave to lead them.
That she who's in distress may find
Such friends that ne'er will fail her;
But the standing toast, &c.

SONG.

The early horn salutes the morn,
That gilds this charming place;
With cheerful cries bid echo rise,
And join the jovial chace.
The vocal hills around,
The waving woods,
The chrystal floods,
All, all return the enliv'ning sound.

~~~~~

### JUG, JUG, THE BOTTLE SINGS.

The musical score is written on ten staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "I've liv'd a life of some few years, I'm fifty-four to-morrow, One for each smile I shed three tears, and mingled joy with sorrow, Now wiser grown I scorn to cry, Tho' tears are wet, and I am dry, So, if a drop I've in my eye, if a drop I've in my eye, It's only when the glasses ring, and Jug, jug, jug, the bottles sing, It's only when the glasses ring, and Jug, jug, jug, the bottles sing, and Jug, jug, jug, the - bot-tles sing, and Jug, jug, jug, the - - bot-tles sing." The score ends with a double bar line.

I've liv'd a life of some few years, I'm fifty-four to-  
 morrow, One for each smile I shed three tears, and  
 mingled joy with sorrow, Now wiser grown I  
 scorn to cry, Tho' tears are wet, and I am dry, So,  
 if a drop I've in my eye, if a drop I've  
 in my eye, It's only when the glasses ring, and  
 Jug, jug, jug, the bottles sing, It's only when the  
 glasses ring, and Jug, jug, jug, the bottles sing, and  
 Jug, jug, jug, the - bot-tles sing, and  
 Jug, jug, jug, the - - bot-tles sing.

o o o o

The friend I trusted, lack-a-day!  
Most scurvily abas'd me ;  
The wife I married ran away  
With him who thus had us'd me.  
My grief, too big to let me cry,  
Could only tell me Sorrow's dry ;  
So, if a drop was in my eye,  
'Twas when I heard the glasses ring,  
And jug, jug, jug, the bottles sing.

Yet think not, though some folks are bad,  
Ill usage sets me sulking,  
From duty's call, old Matt's the lad,  
Who ne'er was fond of skulking.  
While love for Britain wets my eye,  
Like ev'ry tar, my best I'll try,  
To thrash her foes ; and when I'm dry,  
Drink all her friends, her queen and king,  
While jug, jug, jug, the bottles sing.

---

TRIO.

To the Old, long life and treasure ;  
To the Young, all health and pleasure ;  
To the Fair, their face  
With eternal grace ;  
And the Foul to be lov'd at leisure.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

### IF A DAUGHTER YOU HAVE.

The musical score is written on seven staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 6/4. The melody is simple and consists of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words underlined to indicate phrasing. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

If a - daugh-ter you have, she's the  
 plague of your life, no peace shall you know, Tho' you've  
 bu-ried your wife! at twenty she mocks at the  
 du-ty you taught her, Ö! what a plague is an  
 ob - sti - nate daughter! Sighing and whining,  
 dy-ing and pi-ning, Oh! what a  
 plague is an - ob - sti - nate daughter.

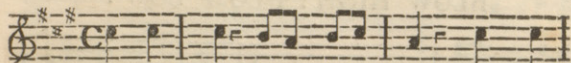
When scarce in their teens, they have wit to perplex us,  
 With letters and lovers for ever they vex us,  
 While each still rejects the fair suitor you've brought her,  
 Oh! what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

Wrangling and dangling!

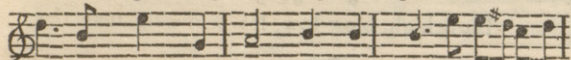
Flouting and pouting!

Oh! what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

## LOVE! GOOD NIGHT!



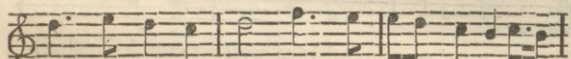
Now, good night, now, good night round each



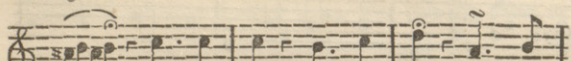
hill, and tower, and tree, Darkness deep her mantle



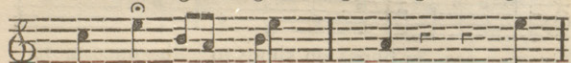
closes, While all na-ture calm re-poses, Darkness



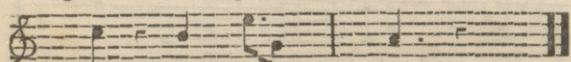
brings no rest to - me, Darkness brings no rest to



me. Now, good night, still good night, now good



night, Love, still good - night, - good



night, Love, good - night.

Dearest love, dearest love—

Still may no fond thought of me

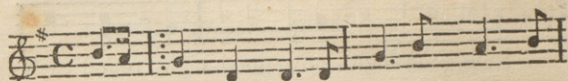
Thy calm hour of rest encumber ;

But good angels watch thy slumber,

Round the pillow press'd by thee.

So good night, love—so good night.

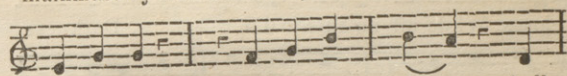
## BLOW HIGH! BLOW LOW!



Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear the



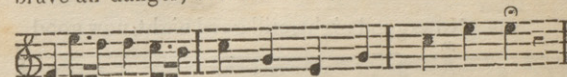
mainmast by the board, my heart with thoughts of



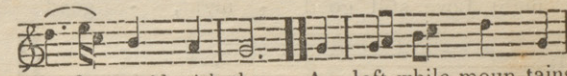
thee, my dear, and love well stor'd, shall



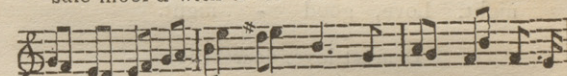
brave all danger, scorn all fear, the roaring winds, the



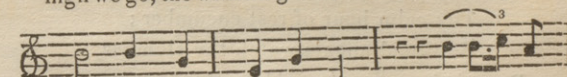
raging sea, in hopes on shore to be once more



safe moor'd with thee. A - loft while moun-tains

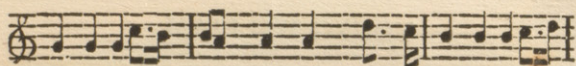


high we go, the whistling winds that scud along, & the

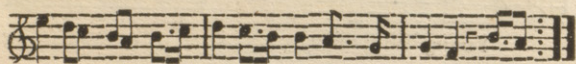


surge roar-ing from be-low shall my

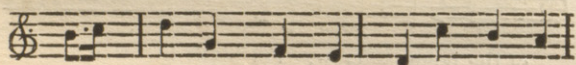
o-o-o-o



signal be to think on thee, shall my signal be to



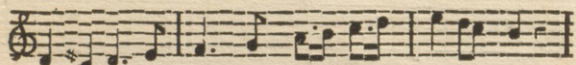
think on thee, and this shall be my song—Blow.



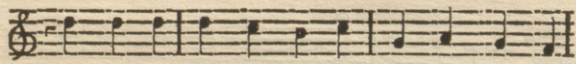
And on that night when all the crew, the



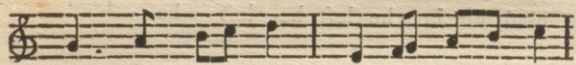
mem'ry of their former lives, o'er flowing cans of



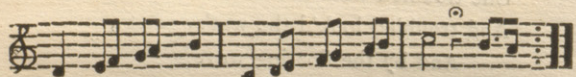
flip renew, and drink their sweethearts and their wives.



I'll heave a sigh, I'll heave a sigh, and think on



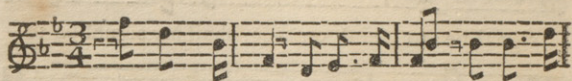
thee, and as the ship rolls through the



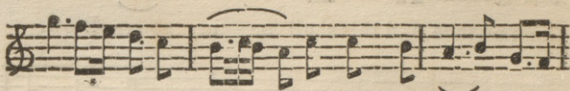
sea, the burthen of my song shall be Blow.



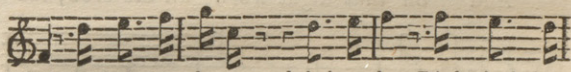
## YOUNG WILLIAM.



Young William was a seaman true, the darling



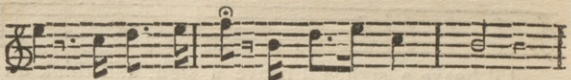
of the bonny crew, For blyth he was and



kind, And tho' no lag-ger lub-ber he, Right loth he



was to go to sea, For Jane he left, he left be-

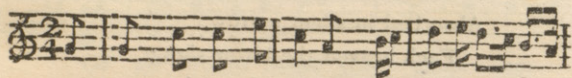


hind, For Jane he left, he left be - hind.

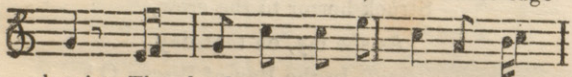
She troubled walk'd the beach in haste,  
 And troubled look'd the wat'ry waste,  
 And by the floating wave  
 A corpse was wash'd upon the shore,  
 'Twas William's! and with tears they bore  
 Two lovers to the grave.



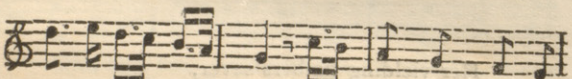
## BAY OF BISCAY.



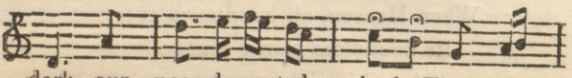
Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder, the rain a de-luge



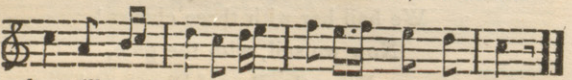
show'rs, The clouds were rent a - sunder, By



lightning's vi - vid pow'rs ; The night both drear and



dark, our poor de-vo-ted bark, There she



lay, till next day in the Bay of Biscay, O!

Now dash'd upon the billow,

Our op'ning timbers creak,

Each fears a wat'ry pillow,

None stop the dreadful leak!

To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,

Each breathless seaman crowds,

As she lay, till the day,

In the bay of Biscay O!



At length the wished for morrow,  
 Broke through the hazy sky ;  
 Absorbed in silent sorrow,  
 Each heaved the bitter sigh ;  
 The dismal wreck to view,  
 Struck horror to the crew,  
 As she lay, on that day,  
 In the Bay of Biscay O !

Her yielding timbers sever,  
 Her pitchy seams are rent ;  
 When Heaven, all-bounteous ever,  
 Its boundless mercy sent !  
 A sail in sight appears,  
 We hail her with three cheers !  
 Now we sail, with the gale,  
 From the Bay of Biscay O !

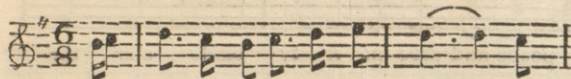
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 QUINTETTO.

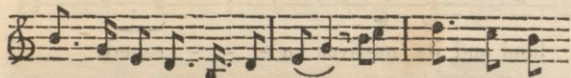
You gave me your heart t'other day,  
 I thought it as safe as my own ;  
 I've not lost it, but what can I say ?  
 Not your heart from mine can be known.



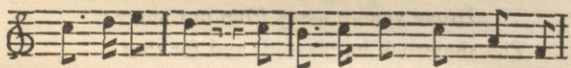
## EMERALD ISLE.



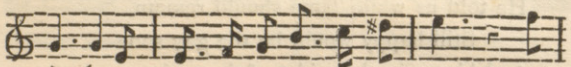
Of all nations under the sun, dear



E-rin does truly ex - cel, For friendship, for



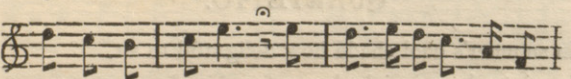
valor, and fun. 'Tis famous the world sure can



tell, The boys are all hearty, the girls sweet



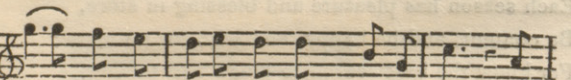
daughters of beauty they prove, The former ne'er



dread any perils; The latter are brimful of



love. Then sing whack for the Em-e-rald



Isle, Where shil-la-lahs and shamrocks a-bound, May

~~~~~

peace and pros-pe-ri - ty smile o'er the
land and its na-tives a - - - round.

Our forefathers tell us St. Pat
Drove venom away from our shore ;
The shamrock he blessed, and for that
We steep it in whiskey galore ;
He told us while Time should remain,
Still happy would be the gay sod,
And bloom in the midst of the main,
By the footsteps of friendship still trod.

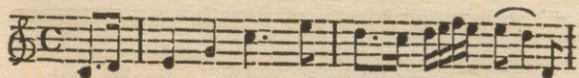
—————

QUARTETTO.

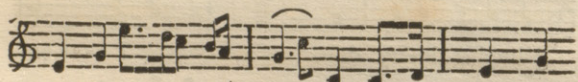
In summer's cool shade how delightful to sit,
In winter how social when a few friends are met ;
In autumn ripe fruits our palates regale,
In the spring we delight in the sweet blossom'd vale.

Each season has pleasure and blessing in store,
Be content, and be happy, and wish for no more ;
For know the best season to laugh and to sing,
Is Summer, is Winter, is Autumn, is Spring.

OH! HAD MY LOVE NE'ER SMILED.



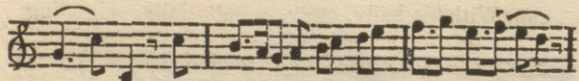
Oh! had my love ne'er smil'd on me, I



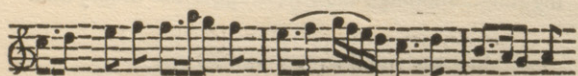
ne'er had known such anguish, But think how



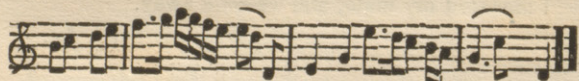
false, how cru - el she, To bid me cease to



lan-guish; To bid me hope her hand to gain,



breathe on a flame half pe - - rish'd and then with

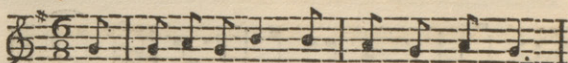


cold and fix'd disdain To kill the hope she cherish'd.

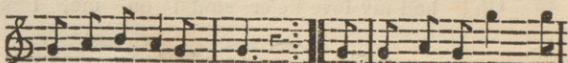




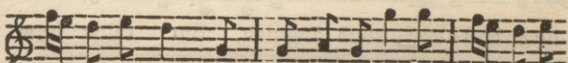
A MASTER I HAVE



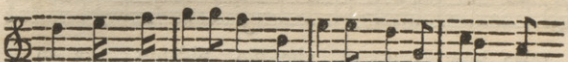
A master I have, and I am his man,



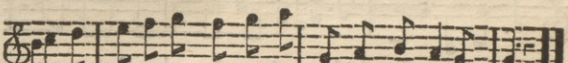
galloping dreary dun, A master I have and



I am his man, And he'll get a wife as fast as he



can, With his haily, gaily, gambo-raily, gig-gling



nig-gling, galloping galloway, draggle-tail dreary dun.

I saddled his steed so fine and so gay,

Galloping dreary dun ;

I mounted my mule, and we rode away,

With our haily, &c.

We canter'd along until it grew dark,

Galloping dreary dun ;

The nightingale sung instead of the lark,

With her haily, &c.

We met with a friar, and ask'd him our way,
 Gallop'ing dreary dun ;
By the Lord, says the friar, you are both astray,
 With your haily, &c.

Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,
 Gallop'ing dreary dun ;
We wander alone, like babes in the wood,
 With our haily, &c.

My master's a fighting, and I'll take a peep,
 Gallop'ing dreary dun ;
But now I think on it—I'd better go sleep,
 With my haily, &c.

TRIO.

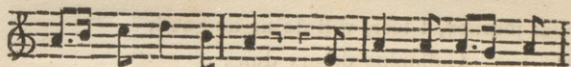
Wind gentle evergreens to form a shade,
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid ;
Sweet ivy wind thy boughs, and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clust'ring vine ;
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung.



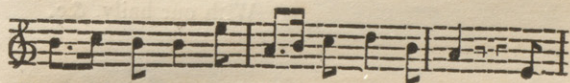
THREE YEARS A SAILOR'S LIFE I LED.



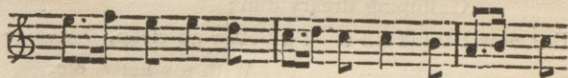
Three years a sai - lor's life I led, and



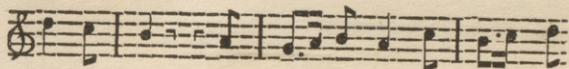
plough'd the roaring sea, For why her foes should



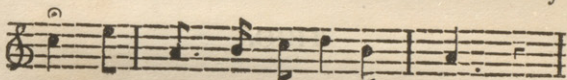
England dread, Whilst all her sons are free ; From



France and Spain to earn my bread, I thought it



fair d'ye see, And if a shot had ta'en my



head, Why, there was an end of me.

A med'cine sure for grief and care

I steer'd my course to find,

Thenceforth an easy sail to bear,

And run before the wind,

o.o.o.o

Their conjuring skill let doctor's boast,
And nostrums of their shop,
Where'er we search from coast to coast,
There's none like the golden drop.

For gold we sail the world around,
And dare the tempest's rage;
For when the sparklers once are found,
They every ill assuage.

'Twixt Jew and Christian not a fig
Of difference here we find;
The Jew no loathing has to pig,
If 'tis of the guinea kind.

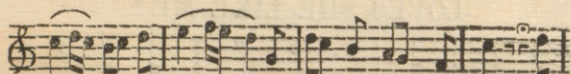
QUARTETTO.

In summer's cool shade how delightful to sit,
In winter how social when few friends are met,
In autumn ripe fruits our palates regale,
In the spring we delight in the sweet blossom'd vale.

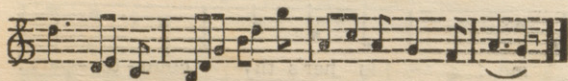
Each season has pleasure and blessing in store,
Be content, and be happy, and wish for no more;
For know the best season to laugh and to sing,
Is Summer, is Winter, is Autumn, is Spring.

A KERNEL FROM AN APPLE'S CORE.

A ker-nel from an apple's core, one
 day on ei-ther cheek I wore, Lu-bin was
 placed was placed on my right cheek, That on my
 left did Hodge be - speak, That on my
 left ^{tr} did Hodge be - speak. Hodge in an
 in - stant drop'd to ground, sure to - ken
 that his love's un - sound; but Lu - bin's
 nothing but Lu-bin's no-thing could remove, Sure



to - ken sure to - ken his is constant love, Sure



to-ken, sure to - ken his is constant love.

To find the man who loves me best.
 "Fly," said I, "south, north, east, and west,
 The lady-bird is westward flown,
 For westward is my Lubin gone.
 Last Valentine, at break of day,
 Before the stars were chased away,
 I met, or may he faithless prove,
 Lubin, my valentine, my love.

Last May, I sought to find a snail,
 That might my lover's name reveal;
 Which finding, home I quickly sped,
 And on the hearth the embers spread;
 When, if my letters I can tell,
 I saw it mark a curious L.
 Oh! may this omen lucky prove,
 For L's for Lubin and for Love.

Andante

LOVES SHE LIKE ME ?

O say, my flatt'ring heart, Loves she like
me ? Is her's thy coun-ter-part ?
Throbs it like thee ? Does she re - mem - ber yet
The spot where first we met, Which I can
ne'er for-get ? Loves she like me ?

On her I think by day,
Loves she like me ?

With her in dreams I stray,
Happy and free.

My hopes of earthly bliss,
Are all compris'd in this,
To share her nuptial kiss,
Loves she like me ?

Does absence give her pain,
Loves she like me ?

And does she thus arraign
Fortune's decree ?

Does she my name repeat,
Will she with rapture greet
The hour that sees us meet,
Loves she like me ?

SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

A-dieu, a-dieu, my on-ly life, my
honor calls me from thee, Re-mem-ber thou'rt a
soldier's wife, Those tears but ill be - come
thee, What though by duty I am called, Where
thund'ring cannons rattle, Where valor's self might
stand appal'd, Where valor's self might stand ap-
pal'd, When on the wings of thy dear love, To
heav'n above Thy fervent o-ri-sons are flown, The

tender pray'r thou put'st up there shall call a
 guardian angel down, Shall call a guardian
 angel down, To watch me in the battle!

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
 As sword and buckler serving;
 My life shall be more dear to me,
 Because of thy preserving.
 Let terror come, let horror threat,
 Let thundering cannons rattle,
 I'll fearless seek the conflict's heat,
 Assured when on the wings of love,
 To heaven above, &c.

Enough, with that benignant smile,
 Some kindred god inspired thee,
 Who knew thy bosom void of guile,
 Who wondered and admired thee.
 I go assured, my life, adieu,
 Though thundering cannons rattle,
 Though murdering carnage stalks in view,
 When on the wings of thy true love,
 To heaven above, &c.

WHEN I GAZED ON A BEAUTIFUL FACE.

When I gaz'd on a beau-ti - ful face, Or a
 form which my fancy approv'd, I was pleas'd with its
 sweetness and grace, And falsely believ'd that I
 lov'd; But my heart, tho' it strove to de-
 ceive, The in - justice it would not al - low, I could
 look, I could like, I could leave, but I
 never could love till now. Ah! never, no never, ah!
 never, no never, I never could love till now.

010.01010

Yet though I from others could rove,
 Now harbour no doubt of my truth,
 Those flames were not lighted by love,
 They were kindled by folly and youth.
 But no longer of reason bereft,
 On your hand, that pure altar, I vow,
 Though I've look'd, and have lik'd, and have
 left—
 That I never have lov'd—till now.

DUET.

FILL all the glasses high,
 Drink, drink and defy
 All power but love ;
 Wine gives the slave
 His liberty, but love,
 Love makes a slave
 Of thund'ring Jove.

Then drink, drink away,
 Make a night of the day,
 'Tis nectar, 'tis liquor divine ;
 The pleasures of life,
 Free from anguish and strife,
 Are owing to love and good wine.



MOLLY MALONE.

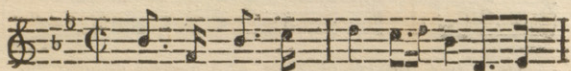
By the big hill of Howth, That's a bit of an
oath, That to swear by I'm loth, To the heart of a
stone; But be poison my drink, If I sleep, snore or
wink, Once forgetting to think, Of your lying a-
lone; Och, its how I'm in love, like a beautiful dove,
That sits cooing above, On the boughs of a tree; Its my-
self I'll soon smother, In something or other, Un-
less I can bother Your heart to love me, Sweet Molly,
sweet Molly Malone, sweet Molly, sweet Molly Malone

TRAVELLERS SEE STRANGE THINGS.

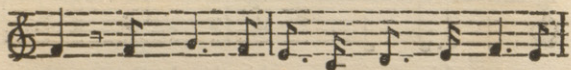
The musical score is written on seven staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written in a single voice line. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words hyphenated across lines. The piece concludes with a double bar line on the seventh staff.

In England I've seen the brave sons of
 roast beef, Rais'd high on prosperity's wings, Saw
 wealth and good-humour be-yond all belief, But
 travellers see strange things; Saw wealth and good
 humour be-yond all belief, But travellers see strange
 things, strange things, strange things, But
 tra - vel - lers see strange things.

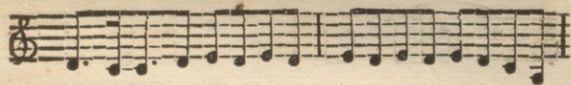
FROM ALOFT THE SAILOR LOOKS.



From a - loft the sai - lor looks a -



round and hears be-low the murm'ring billows



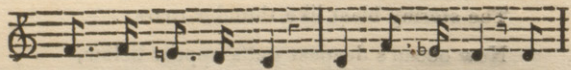
sound



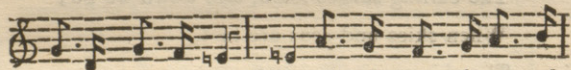
- and hears be-low the murm'ring bil-lows



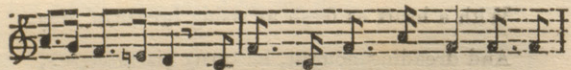
sound; Far off from home he



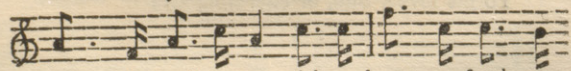
counts an-o-ther day; Wide o'er the seas the



vessel bears away, Wide o'er the seas the vessel



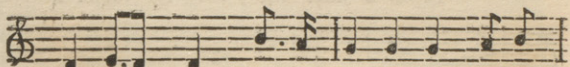
bears a - way; His courage wants no whet, but he



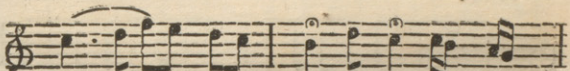
springs the sail to set, with a heart as fresh as



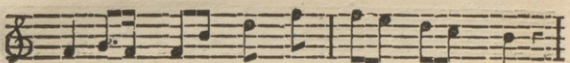
ris - ing breeze of May, and caring nought he



turns his thoughts to his lovely Sue, or his



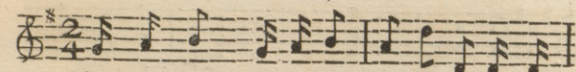
charm - ing - Bet, to his



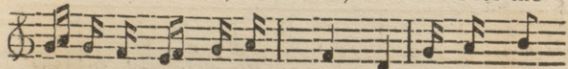
love - ly Sue, or his charm - ing Bet,

Now to heav'n the lofty topmast soars,
 The stormy blast like thunder roars,
 Now ocean's deepest gulfs appear below,
 The curling surges foam, and down we go;
 When skies and seas are met,
 They his courage serve to wet,
 With a heart as fresh as rising breeze of May.
 And dreading nought, he turns his thoughts,
 To his lovely Sue, or charming Bet

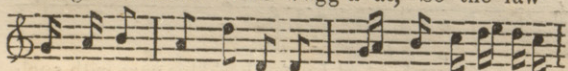
WHEN AT SCHOOL, NOT A FOOL.



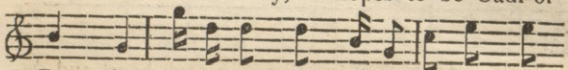
When at school, not a fool, 'ere was I for the



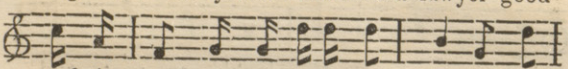
finger of scorn to be wagg'd at, So the law



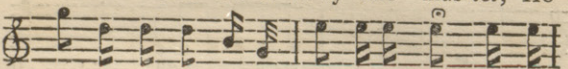
soon I saw best to try, in hopes to be Cadi of



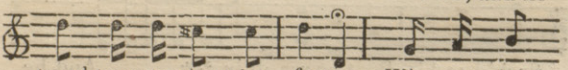
Bag - dat. So-ly-man Shah was a lawyer good



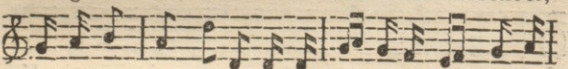
and he made me a ve-ry fine mas-ter, He



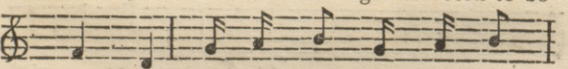
cheated his clients as fast as he could, and he



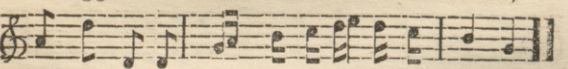
taught me to cheat 'em faster. When at school,



not a fool, 'ere was I for the finger of scorn to be



wagg'd at; so the law soon I saw,



best to try, in hopes to be ca-di of Bagdat.

~~~~~

 THE WATERMAN.

And did you not hear of a jol - ly young  
 wat - ter - man, who at Black - fri - ars' - Bridge  
 us'd for to ply, And he feather'd his oars with such  
 skill and dex - te - ri - ty, Winning each heart and de -  
 light - ing each eye. He look'd so neat and  
 row'd so stea - di - ly, <sup>sym.</sup> The maidens all  
 flock'd to his Boat so rea - di - ly, <sup>sym.</sup> And he  
 ey'd the young rogues with so charming an air, He  
 ey'd the young rogues with so charming an air,  
 That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What sights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,  
 'Twas clean'd out so nice, and so painted withal;  
 He was always first oars, when the fine city ladies  
 In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall;  
 And oftentimes would they be giggling and leering;  
 But 'twas all one to Tom their gibing and jeering;  
 For loving or liking he little did care,  
 For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet, but to see how strange things happen,  
 As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,  
 He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,  
 That she smil'd, and so straightway in love he did  
 fall.

And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow,  
 He'd wed her to-night—before to-morrow.  
 And how should this waterman ever know care,  
 When he's married, and never in want of a fare.

---

DUET.

Says Pontius in rage contradicting his wife,  
 You never yet told me one truth in your life;  
 Vex'd Pontia no way would this thesis allow,  
 You're a Cuckold, says she, do I tell you truth now?

## OH! CRUEL.

Oh! cruel vas my parents, as  
 tore my love from me, And cru-1 vas the press-  
 gang who took him off to sea, And cruel vas the  
 lit-tle boat as row'd him from the strand, And  
 cruel vas the great big ship, as sail'd him from the  
 land, Sing - ing too rol loo rol  
 loo rol loo rol too rol loo rol loo.

Oh! cruel vas the vater that bore my love from Mary,  
 And cruel vas the fair vind that wouldn't blow contrary;  
 And cruel vas the boatswain, the captain, and the men,  
 That didn't care a farden if we never met again,

Too rol, too rol, &c.





Oh! cruel vas the splinter that broke my poor love's  
leg,

Now he's obliged to fiddle for't, and I'm obliged to  
beg;

A vagabonding vagrant, and a rantipoling wife,  
We fiddles, and we limps it, through the ups and  
downs of life.

Too rol, too rol, &c.

Oh! cruel vas the engagement, in which my true-love  
fought,

And cruel vas the cannon-ball that knocked his right  
eye out;

He used to leer and ogle me, with peepers full of fun,  
But now he looks askew at me, because he's only one.

Too rol, too rol, &c.

My love he plays the fiddle well, and vanders up and  
down,

And I follows at his helbow, through all the streets in  
town;

We spends our days in harmony, and wery seldom  
fights,

Except when he's his grog aboard, or I gets queer at  
nights.

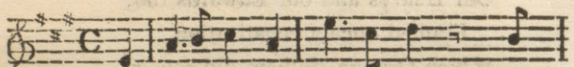
Too rol, too rol, &c.

## I LOCKED UP ALL MY TREASURE.

I lock'd up all my trea - sure, I  
 hast'ned many a mile, and by my grief did  
 mea - sure the pass - ing time the while. I  
 lock'd up all my trea - sure, I hasten'd many a  
 mile, And by my grief did mea - sure The  
 pass - ing time the while, And by my grief did  
 mea - sure the pass - ing time the while.

My business done and over,  
 I hasten'd back amain,  
 Like an expecting lover,  
 To view it once again.  
 But this delight was stifled,  
 As it began to dawn,  
 I found the casket rifled,  
 And all my treasure gone.

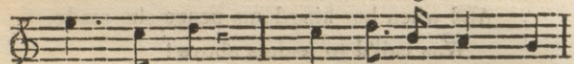
## WHEN ORDER IN THE LAND.



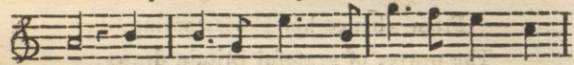
When order in the land commenc'd, With



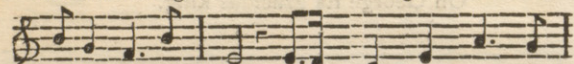
Al-fred's sacred laws, Then sea-girt Britons,



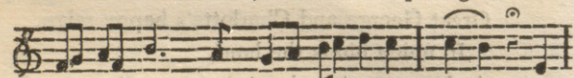
close - ly fenc'd, join'd in one com-mon



cause; The glorious name, an Englishman, struck



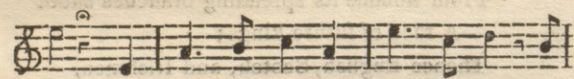
terror to the foe, And con-qu'ring William



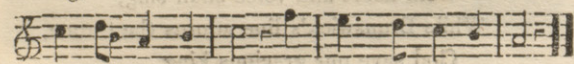
fix'd a fame, that shall for ages grow. On



Albion's cliffs let commerce smile, and cheering plen-ty



bring, Then sweet content shall bless the isle, and



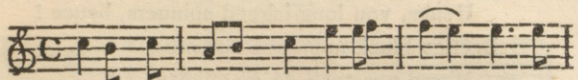
George its gracious king, and George its gracious king.



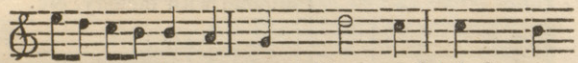
Our Henrys and our Edwards too,  
Framed once a constitution,  
Which Orange William did renew,  
By glorious revolution.  
Mild Ann with sceptre gently sway'd,  
Ensured her people's love,  
And when her kingdoms peace she made,  
Was call'd to realms above !  
Hence British Freedom, rights and laws,  
From whence her glories spring,  
The prayer of grateful Britain draws,  
On George its gracious king.

Great George and Charlotte's happy reign,  
In union binds the land,  
And scatters blessings o'er the main,  
With all benignant hand :  
The regal stock its royal fruit,  
Like ivy round it clings,  
From whence its spreading branches shoot  
A race of future kings ;  
Thence English, Scotch, and Irishmen,  
With heart and voice shall sing,  
While Brunswick's line adorns the throne,  
God save our gracious king

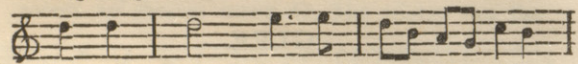
## YE SPOTTED SNAKES!



Ye spotted snakes, with double tongue, Thorny



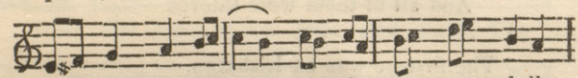
hedge-hogs be not seen! Newts and blind worms



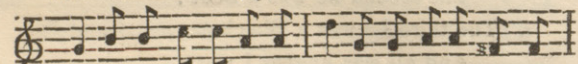
do no wrong, Come not near our fairy -



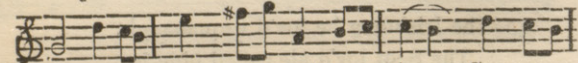
queen, come not near our fai-ry queen. Phi-lo-



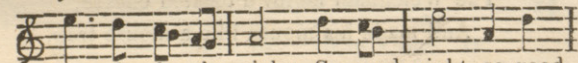
mel with me-lo-dy, Sing in your sweet lulla-



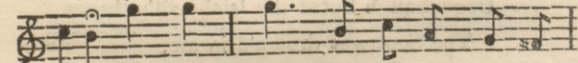
by lul-la lul-la lul-la - by lul-la lul-la lul-la-



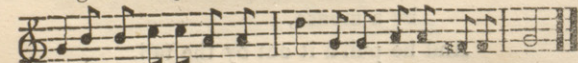
by. Never harm, nor spell, nor charm, Come our



love-ly la-dy nigh; So good night, so good



night, so good night, with lul-la lul-la-



by lul-la lul-la lul-la - by lul-la lul-la lul-la - by



Weaving spiders, come not here ;  
 Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence !  
 Beetles black approach not near,  
 Worm nor snail do no offence.  
 Philomel with melody, &c.

---

GLEE.

When Arthur first in court began,  
 To wear long hanging sleeves ;  
 He entertain'd three serving men,  
 And all of them were thieves

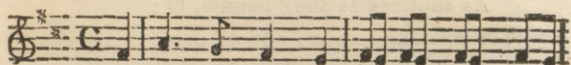
The first he was an Irishman,  
 The second he was a Scot ;  
 The third he was a Welchman,  
 And all was knaves I wot.

The Irishman he lov'd usquebaugh,  
 The Scot lov'd ale called blue-tap,  
 The Welchman he lov'd toasted cheese,  
 And made his mouth like a mouse trap.

Usquebaugh burnt the Irishman's throat,  
 The Scot was drown'd in ale,  
 The Welchman had like to have been choak'd  
 by a mouse,  
 And he pull'd it out by the tail.

~~~~~

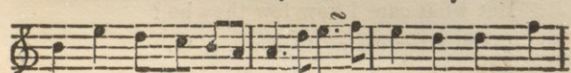
NANNIE, O.



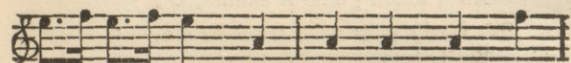
Be-hind yon hills where Lu - ga flows, Many



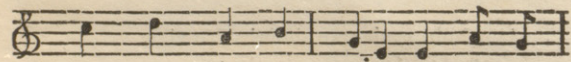
moors an' mosses many, O, The wintry sun the



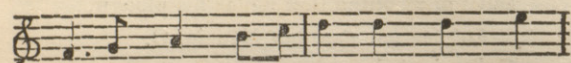
day has clos'd, And I'll awa to Nannie, O ; The



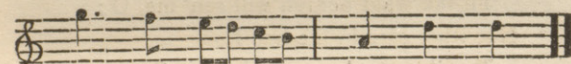
west - lin' wind blows loud and shrill, The



night's baith mirk and rainy, O ; But I'll



get my plaid, and out I'll steal, And



owre the hills to Nan - nie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young,

Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O ;

May ill befa' the flatt'ring tongue

That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

~~~~~

Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O :  
 The opening gowan, wat wi' dew,  
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,  
 An' few there be that ken me, O ;  
 But what care I how few they be ?  
 I'm welcome ay to Nannie, O.  
 My riches a's my penny-fee,  
 An' I maun guide it cannie, O ;  
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,  
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view  
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O ;  
 But I'm as blithe that hauds his plough,  
 An' hae nae care but Nannie, O.  
 Come weel, come woe, I carena by  
 I'll tak what heaven will sen' me, O ;  
 Nae ither care in life hae I,  
 But live, an' love my Nannie, O.





## STOUT MAN OF WAR.

Tho' Greece all the arts once displayed on her coast, And Rome could her temples and pa-laces boast, Yet what was a trophy, or fine gil-ded car, To the castle of Eng-land, a stout man of war, To the castle of Eng-land, a stout man of war; Ma-jes-tic in grandeur she soars o'er the tide, The dread of her foes, but of Britons the pride, In thun-der her vengeance is heard from a-far, For the castle of England's a

The musical score is written on ten staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a single line on each staff, with lyrics printed below the notes. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and ties. The lyrics are: 'Tho' Greece all the arts once displayed on her coast, And Rome could her temples and pa-laces boast, Yet what was a trophy, or fine gil-ded car, To the castle of Eng-land, a stout man of war, To the castle of Eng-land, a stout man of war; Ma-jes-tic in grandeur she soars o'er the tide, The dread of her foes, but of Britons the pride, In thun-der her vengeance is heard from a-far, For the castle of England's a'.

*aria*

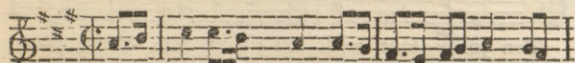
stout man of war. In thun - der her  
 ven - geance is heard from a - far, For the  
 cas - tle of Eng - land's a stout man of war.

Invaders may threaten, but bulwarks like these,  
 Will guard Britain's island, the queen of the seas,  
 While courage will strengthen the nerves of each tar,  
 In the castle of England, a stout man of war;  
 When the thunder of battle rolls over the wave,  
 And mariners combat their country to save,  
 Their conquests shall shine as the bright morning  
 star,  
 On the castles of England, the stout men of war.

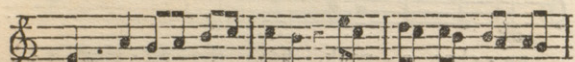
## CHORUS.

Their conquest shall shine as the bright morning  
 star,  
 On the castles of England, their brave men of war!

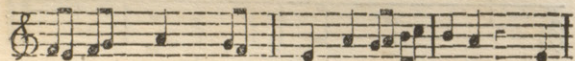
## THE POST-CAPTAIN.



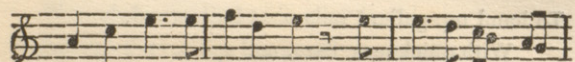
When Steerwell heard me first impart Our



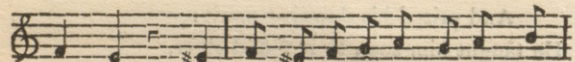
brave commander's story, With ardent zeal his



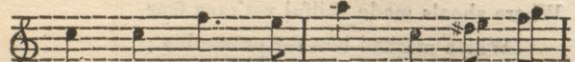
youthful heart Swell'd high for naval glory. Re-



solv'd to gain a valiant name, For bold adventures



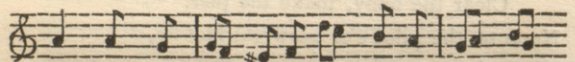
ea-ger, When first a little cabin-boy on



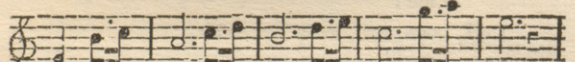
board the Fame, He would hold on the



jig-ger, While ten jolly tars, with mu-sic-al



Joe, Hove the an-chor a-peak singing yeo heave



yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo heave yeo.

Ten jol-ly tars with mu-sic-al Joe, Hove the  
an - chor a - peak, hove the an - chor a -  
peak, sing - ing yeo heave yeo.

To hand top-gallant sails next he learned,  
With quickness, care, and spirit,  
Whose generous master then discerned,  
And prized his dawning merit;  
He taught him soon to reef and steer,  
When storms convulsed the ocean,  
Where shoals made skilful vet'rans fear,  
Which marked him for promotion;  
As none to the pilot e'er answered like he,  
When he gave the command, hard a-port! helm  
a-lee!

Luff, boys, luff, keep her near,  
Clear the buoy, make the pier.  
None to the pilot e'er answer'd like he,  
When he gave the command, hard a-port? helm  
a lee!

Luff, boys, luff, keep her near,  
Clear the buoy, make the pier.



For valour, skill, and worth renowned,  
The foe he oft defeated,  
And now with fame and fortune crowned,  
Post Captain he is rated;  
Who, should our injured country bleed,  
Still bravely would defend her;  
And blessed with peace, should beauty plead,  
He'll prove his heart as tender.  
Unawed, yet mild to high and low,  
To poor or wealthy, friend or foe;  
Wounded tars share his wealth;  
All the fleet drink his health.  
Prized be such hearts, for aloft they will go,  
Which always are ready compassion to show,  
To a brave conquered foe.

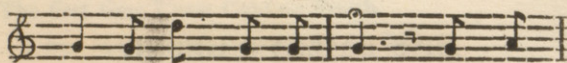
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#### QUARTETTO.

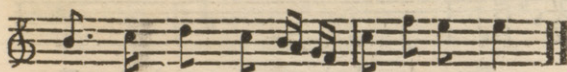
Care sleeps whene'er I drink my wine;  
Then why thus anxiously repine?  
Since sadness cannot death defer,  
Why does my life for reason err?  
With Bacchus let us revels keep,  
For while we drink our sorrows sleep.

## GIVE ISAAC THE NYMPH.

Give Isaac the nymph who no  
 beau-ty can boast, But health and good-humour to  
 make her his toast; If straight I don't mind whether  
 slen-der or fat, And, six feet or four we'll ne'er  
 quar-rel for that, we'll ne'er quar-rel for that. What-  
 e'er her com-plex-ion, I vow I don't care, If  
 brown, it is lasting, more pleas-ing, if fair, And  
 tho' in her cheeks I no dimples should see, Let her  
 smile,—and each dell is a dim-ple to



me, a dim - ple to me, Let her



smile, and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,  
 And her eyes may be e'en any colour but green;  
 For in eyes, though so various the lustre and hue,  
 I swear I've no choice, only let her have two.

'Tis true, I'd dispense with a throne on her back,  
 And white teeth, I own, are genteeler than black;  
 A little round chin, too, 's a beauty I have heard,  
 But I only desire she mayn't have a beard.

---

### QUARTETTO.

You gave me your heart t'other day,

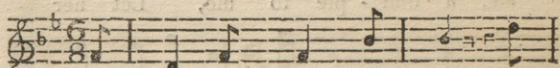
I thought it as safe as my own,

I've not lost it, but what can I say?

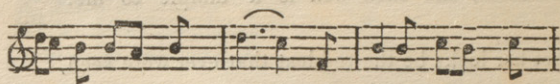
Not your heart from mine can be known.

o. o. o. o.

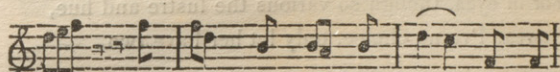
### MISS BAILEY'S GHOST.



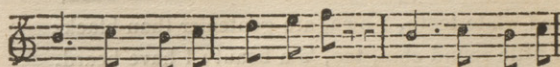
The dog had ceas'd to bark, The



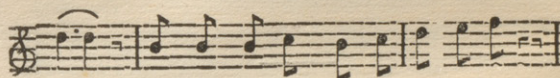
sil-ver moon shone bright, When in the lone church-



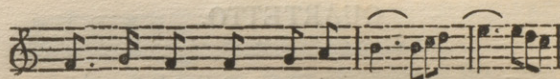
yard, Stood poor Miss Bai-ley's ghost, Sing-ing



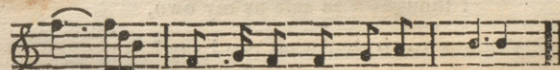
Oh! what will be-come of me, Ah! why did I



die! No-bo-dy com-ing to bu-ry me,



No-bo-dy com-ing to cry - - - -



- - - No-bo-dy com-ing to cry!



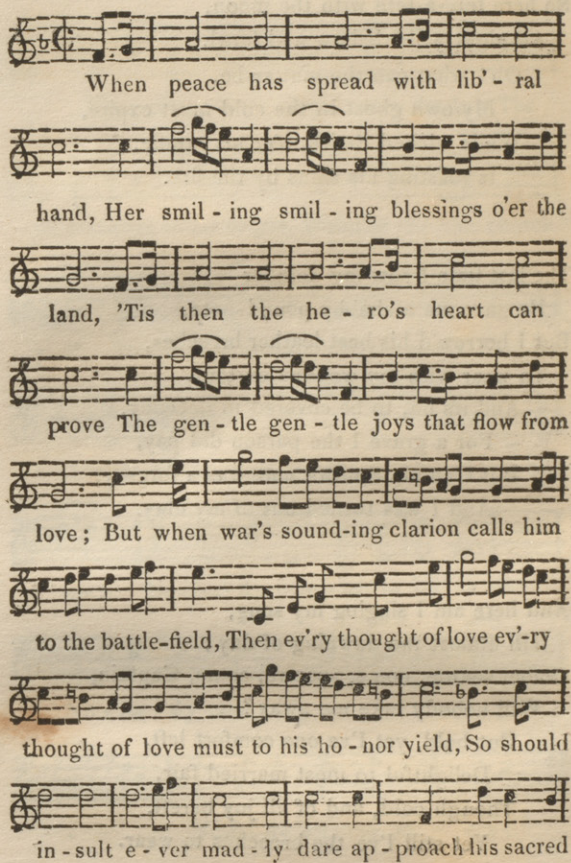
o o o o

The first time I saw Captain Smith,  
I was fair; though he treated me foul,  
So here tete-a-tete with the moon,  
All night will I bellow and howl.  
Oh! what can the matter be,  
My own ghost in the cold must expire,  
While wicked Smith, o'er his ratafie,  
Is roasting his shins by the fire.

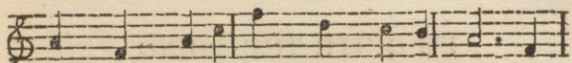
The last time I saw my deluder  
He gave me a shabby pound-note,  
But I borrow'd his best leather breeches,  
To wear with my wooden surtout.  
And its oh, to be covered in decency,  
For a grave I the parson did pay,  
But Captain Smith's note was a forgery,  
And I was turned out of my clay.

And here am I singing my song,  
Till almost the dawning of day;  
Come, sexton, come, spectre, come, Captain,  
Will nobody take me away?  
But hold, yet I've one comfort left,  
Delightful to most married fair,  
Though cold, and of all joy bereft,  
Yet still I've the breeches to wear.

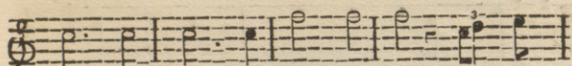
## REVENGE, HE CRIES!



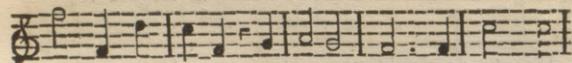
When peace has spread with lib'-ral  
 hand, Her smil - ing smil - ing blessings o'er the  
 land, 'Tis then the he - ro's heart can  
 prove The gen - tle gen - tle joys that flow from  
 love; But when war's sound-ing clarion calls him  
 to the battle-field, Then ev'ry thought of love ev'-ry  
 thought of love must to his ho - nor yield, So should  
 in - sult e - ver mad - ly dare ap - proach his sacred



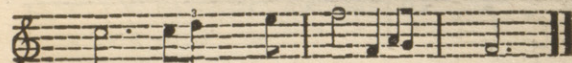
hearth, while love is there, while love is there; Re-



venge, he cries! To arms he flies! And the



rash dar-ing trai-tor o'er-ta-ken dies! Re-venge he



cries! And the trai - tor dies!

And thus for her, by whose bright love inspired,  
**My** arm with more than mortal strength was fired,  
 For her alone, my soul's delight,  
 I slew the dastard in the fight.

So shall love, guiding vengeance, still direct my arm,  
 And ev'ry foe subdue, and ev'ry threat'ning harm  
 And should insult ever madly dare  
 Approach my sacred hearth while love is there

For revenge I cry,

Swift to arms I fly,

And the rash daring traitor,  
 O'ertaken, shall die.

Revenge! revenge! revenge!





## I'M QUITE THE THING.

Pray, young man, your suit give over,  
 Heav'n de-sign'd you not for me, Cease to be a  
 whin-ing lo-ver, sour and sweet will ne'er agree.  
 Clown-ish in each limb and fea-ture,  
 You've no skill to dance or sing, At  
 best you're but an awk-ward crea-ture,  
 I, you know, am quite the thing, quite the thing,  
 quite the thing, I, you know, am quite the thing.

As I soon may roll in pleasure,  
Bumpkins I must bid adieu ;  
Can you think that such a treasure,  
E'er was destined man for you ?  
No :—mayhap when I am carried,  
'Mongst the great to dance or sing,  
To some great lord I may be married,  
All allow I'm quite the thing, &c.

Beaus to me will then be kneeling,  
“ Ma'am I die if you don't yield ;”  
Let 'em plead their tender feeling,  
While my tender heart is steel'd.  
When I dance they'll be delighted,  
Ravish'd quite, to hear me sing ;  
At routs whenever I'm invited,  
All will swear she's quite the thing.

---

#### QUINTETTO.

Hark ! the cock crows !  
And the wind blows,  
Away my love, away.  
Quick put on thy weeds,  
And tell and tell thy beads,,  
For soon it will be day.



## TOM STARBOARD.

Tom Star-board was a lo-ver true, As  
 brave a tar as e-ver sail'd, The duties a-blest seamen  
 do, Tom did, and never yet had fail'd. But  
 wreck'd as he was home-ward bound, With-  
 in a league of Eng-land's coast, Love  
 sav'd him sure from be-ing drown'd, For  
 all the crew but Tom were lost.

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear;  
 Nay, when he lost an arm—resign'd,  
 Said, love for Nan, his only dear,  
 Had sav'd his life, and Fate was kind;

And now, though wreck'd, yet Tom return'd,  
Of all past hardships made a joke ;  
For still his manly bosom burn'd  
With love—his heart was heart of oak !

His strength restor'd, Tom nimbly ran  
To cheer his love, his destin'd bride ;  
But false report had brought to Nan,  
Six months before, her Tom had died.  
With grief she daily pin'd away,  
No remedy her life could save ;  
And Tom arriv'd the very day,  
They laid his Nancy in the grave !

---

### THE FAITHLESS LOVER.

Far from me, my lover flies—  
A faithless lover he ;  
In vain my tears, in vain my sighs,  
No longer true to me,  
He seeks another.

Lie still, my heart, no longer grieve,  
No pangs to him betray,  
Who taught you these sad sighs to heave,  
Then laughing went away,  
To seek another.

## SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Of all the girls that are so smart, There's  
 none like pret-ty Sally, She is the dar-ling  
 of my heart, She lives in our al-ley. There  
 is no la - dy in the land is half so sweet as  
 Sally, She is the darling of my heart, She  
 lives in our al - ley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,  
 And through the streets does cry 'em ;  
 Her mother she sells laces long,  
 To such as please to buy 'em ;  
 But sure such folks could ne'er beget  
 So sweet a girl as Sally ;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.



When she is by, I leave my work,  
(I love her so sincerely,)  
My master comes like any Turk,  
And bangs me most severely;  
But let him bang his belly full,  
I'll bear it all for Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,  
I dearly love but one day,  
And that's the day that comes betwixt  
A Saturday and Monday;  
For then I'm drest all in my best,  
To walk abroad with Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
She lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,  
And often am I blamed,  
Because I leave him in the lurch,  
As soon as text is named.  
I leave the church in sermon time,  
And slink away to Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley,

When Christmas comes about again,  
O! then I shall have money,  
I'll hoard it up, and box and all,  
I'll give it to my honey;  
I would it were ten thousand pounds,  
I'd give it all to Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all,  
Make game of me and Sally,  
And (but for her) I'd better be  
A slave, and row a galley;  
But when my seven long years are out,  
O! then I'll marry Sally;  
O! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,  
But not in our alley.

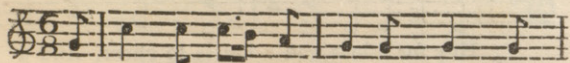
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### TRIO.

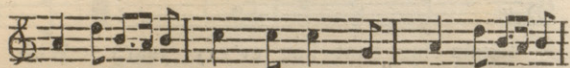
How merrily we live that shepherds be,  
Roundelays still we sing with merry glee,  
On the pleasant downs, where as our flocks we see,  
We feel no cares, we fear not fortune's frowns,  
We have no envy which sweet mirth confounds.

~~~~~

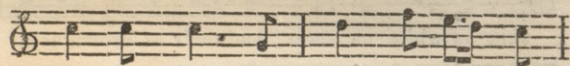
MY FAIR ONE.



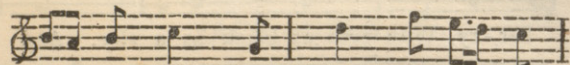
My fair one like the blushing rose, Can



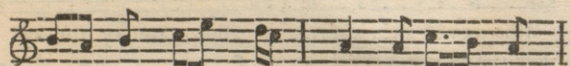
sweets to ev'-ry sense disclose, Can sweets to ev'-ry



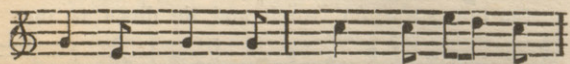
sense dis-close ; Those sweets I'd ga - ther,



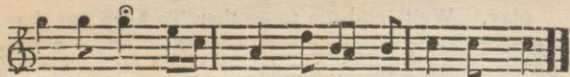
but her scorn Then wounds me like the



sharp - est thorn, Those sweets I'd ga - ther,



but her scorn, Still wounds me like the



sharpest thorn, Still wounds me like the sharpest thorn.

With sighs each grace and charm I see,
 Thus doom'd to wither on the tree,
 Till age shall chide the thoughtless maid,
 When all the blooming beauties fade.

~~~~~

### HEY FOR A LASS.

Hey for a lass and a bottle to cheer, And a  
 thump-ing bant-ling ev'-ry year; With  
 skin as white as snow, And hair as brown as a  
 ber-ry, With eyes as black as a sloe, And  
 lips as red as a cherry, Sing rou-sy tou-sy  
 ran-tum scan-tum Laugh and lie down is the  
 play, We'll cud-dle to-ge-ther To keep out the  
 wea-ther, And kiss the cold winter a-way, Kiss  
 kiss the cold win-ter a-way, Kiss  
 kiss the cold win-ter a-way.

Laugh while you live,  
For as life is a jest,  
Who laughs the most,  
Is sure to live best.  
When I was not so old,  
I frolick'd among the misses ;  
And when they thought me too bold,  
I stopp'd their mouths with kisses.  
Sing rory, tory, &c.

---

## JACK MIZEN.

Fierce the bloody battle raging,  
Ocean's waves in silence sleep,  
Ship to ship were firm engaging,  
O'er the bosom of the deep ;  
When a ball, by death directed,  
Struck Jack Mizen to the ground—  
Jack, by all his crew respected,  
Saw his shipmates crowd around.

O'er him many a tear was falling,  
While poor Jack essay'd to speak ;  
Gently then, a messmate calling,  
Bade him his dear Mary seek.  
“ Tell her that I died with honour,  
“ Fighting on my country's side :  
“ Heav'n, bestow thy blessing on her,  
“ My children too,”—he said and died.



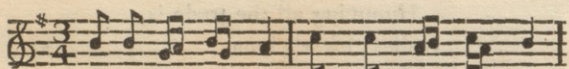
## LIKE MY DEAR SWAIN.

Like my dear swain no youth you'd see, So  
 blythe, so gay, so full of glee; In all the vil-lage  
 who but he, Could foot it up so feat - ly. His  
 lute to hear, From far and near, Each female came, both  
 girl and dame, And all his boon For  
 ev'-ry tune, To kiss 'em round so sweetly.

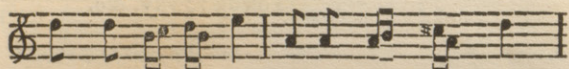
While round him in the jocund ring,  
 I've nimbly danc'd, he'd play or sing,  
 Of May the youth was chosen king,  
 He caught our ears so neatly;  
 Such music rare, in his guitar,  
 But touch his flute, the crowd was mute,  
 His only boon for ev'ry tune,  
 To kiss 'em round so sweetly.



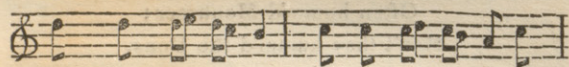
## WITH A MERRY TALE.



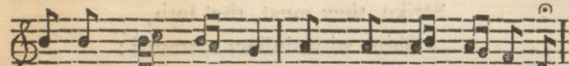
With a mer - ry tale, Ser-jeants beat the drum,



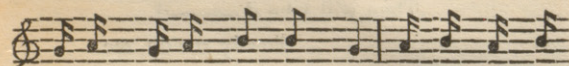
Nod-dles full of ale, Village lads they hum ;



Sol - diers out go all, Famous get in sto-ry,



If they chance to fall, Don't they sleep in glory ?



dow-dy, row-dy, row dow dow, tow-dy, row-dy,



row row dow, tow - dy, row - dy, row - dy,



dow-dy, tow-dy, row-dy, tow row dow.

Lawyers try when fee'd,  
 Juries to make pliant,  
 If they can't succeed,  
 Then they hum their client.



To perfection come,  
 Humming all the trade is,  
 Ladies', lover's hum,  
 Lover's hum the ladies.  
 Towdy rowdy, &c.

Han't Britannia's sons,  
 Often humm'd Mounseer ;  
 Han't they humm'd the Dons,  
 Let their fleets appear ;  
 Strike, they must, tho' loth,  
 Ships with dollars cramm'd ;  
 If they're not humm'd both,  
 Then will I be d ——d.  
 Towdy rowdy, &c.

---

 DUET.

You ask me, dear Jack, for an emblem that's rife,  
 And clearly explains the true medium of life ;  
 I think I have hit it as sure as a gun,  
 For a bowl of good punch and the medium are one ;  
 Where lemon and sugar so happily meet,  
 The acid's corrected by mixing the sweet ;  
 The water and spirit so luckily blend,  
 That each from the extreme does the other defend.



## ADIEU! MY NATIVE LAND.

A - dieu! a - dieu my na - tive shore  
 Fades o'er the wa - ters blue, The night winds  
 sigh, the break - ers roar, And shrieks the wild sea  
 mew. You sun that sets up - on the sea, We  
 fol - low in his flight, Fare - well a - while to  
 him and thee, My native land good night.  
 My na - tive land good night.

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly sail  
 Athwart the foaming brine,  
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,  
 So not again to mine.  
 Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves,  
 And when ye fail my sight,  
 Welcome ye deserts, and ye caves,  
 My native land—good night.

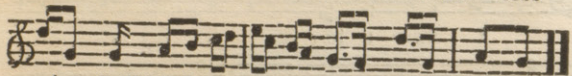


## THE WOODLAND MAID.

The wood-land maid, my beau - ty's  
 queen, In na - ture's simple charms ar -  
 ray'd, This heart sub - dues that match - less  
 mien, Still binds me to my wood - land  
 maid. The wood-land maid, my beau - ty's  
 queen, In na - ture's sim - ple charm ar -  
 ray'd, This heart sub - dues that match - less  
 mien, Still binds me to the wood - land  
 maid. Sweet wood - land maid, sweet wood - land



maid, This heart sub - dues that match - less



mien, Still binds me to the wood - land maid.

Let others sigh for mines of gold,  
 For wide domain, for gay parade,  
 I would unmov'd such toys behold,  
 Possess'd of thee, sweet woodland maid.  
 The woodland maid, &c.

---

### THE LION.

The lion to the toils pursued,  
 In generous spirit unsubdued,  
 At length will struggling die ;  
 So, though my heart insulted bleed,  
 Indignant pride disdains to plead,  
 And honor scorns reply.

O'erpower'd, oppress'd, with branded name,  
 My cheek may bear the blush of shame,  
 My tortur'd heart may sigh,  
 But e'en till death shall end my pain,  
 My lips shall close in proud disdain,  
 And honor scorns reply.



## I HAVE A LOVER OF MY OWN.

I have a lo - ver of my own, So  
 kind and true is he, As true I love but  
 him a-lone, And he loves none but me. I  
 boast not of his vel-vet down, Or cheeks of ro-sy  
 hue, His spi-cy breath, his ring-lets brown, I  
 prize the heart that's true; So to all else I  
 must say nay, They on-ly pet and teaze, Dear  
 youth 'tis you a - lone that may Come  
 court me when you please.

~~~~~

I play'd my love a thousand tricks,
In seeming, coy and shy,
'Twas only ere my heart I'd fix,
I thought his love to try:
Oh! was the gentle youth but here,
My smiles should soothe his pain;
Ye maidens, when your love's sincere,
Ne'er blush to love again.
So to all else, &c.

JESSY ON A BANK.

Jessy on a bank was sleeping,
A flower beneath her bosom lay,
Love, upon her slumber creeping,
Stole the flower, and flew away!

Pity, then, poor Jessy's ruin,
Who, becalm'd by slumber's wing,
Never felt what love was doing—
Never dream'd of such a thing.

THE BOLD ROBBER.

In the fo - rest here, hard by, A bold
 rob-ber late was I, With my blun-der-buss in
 hand when I bid a trav'-ler stand ; Zounds, de-
 li - ver up your cash, Or your nod-dle I shall
 slash, All a - mongst the leaves so green O.
 Dam-me, sir, If you stir, Sluice your veins,
 Blow your brains, Hey down, ho down, derry derry
 down, all a - mongst the leaves so green O.

Soon I'll quit the roving trade,
 When a gentleman I'm made ;
 Then so spruce and debonnaire,
 'Gad, I'll court a lady fair ;
 How I'll prattle, tattle, chat,
 How I'll kiss her, and all that,
 All amongst the leaves so green-o.

How d'ye do ?

How are you ?

Why so coy,

Let us toy,

Hey down,

Ho down,

Derry, derry down,

All amongst the leaves so green-o.

But ere old and grey my pate,
 I'll scrape up a snug estate :
 With my nimbleness of thumbs,
 I'll soon butter all my crumbs.
 When I'm justice of the peace,
 Then I'll master many a lease,
 All amongst the leaves so green-o.

Wig profound,

Belly round,

Sit at ease,

Snatch the fees,

Hey down, &c.



BRITANNIA'S SONS.

Bri-tan-nia's sons at sea, In bat-tle
 al-ways brave, Strike to no pow'r d'ye see, That
 e-ver plough'd the wave. Fal lal de riddle liddle
 lie to. But when we're not a-float, ('Tis quite an-
 o-ther thing,) We strike to pet-ti-coat, Get
 grog-gy, dance, and sing Fal lal de ral lal de
 ral lal de ral lal de ral lal de rad-dle lid-dle
 lal tal la, Ri tol de rid-dle lid-dle li tol lo!



There's Portsmouth Polly, she
When forc'd to go ashore,
Vow'd constantly to me,
And sometimes twenty more,—Fal lal, &c.
But give poor Poll her due,
For truth's a precious thing,
With none but sailors true,
Would she drink grog and sing,—Fal lal, &c.

With Nancy deep in love,
I once to sea did go,
Return'd, she cry'd, "by Jove,
"I'm married, dearest Joe."—Fal lal, &c.
Great guns I scarce could hold,
To find that I was flung;
But Nancy prov'd a scold,
Then I got drunk and sung,—Fal lal, &c.

At length I did comply,
And made a rib of Sue;
What, though she'd but one eye,
It pierc'd my heart like two.—Fal lal, &c.
And now I take my glass,
Drink England and my king,
Content with my old lass,
Get groggy, dance and sing.—Fal lal, &c.

LOVELY WOMAN.

Love - ly wo - man, 'tis thou To whose
 vir-tue I bow, Thy charms to sweet rap-ture give
 birth, Thine e - lec - tri - cal soul Lends
 life to the whole, And a blank with-out
 thee were this earth. Oh let me thy soft
 pow'r, Ev' - ry day ev' - ry hour, With my
 heart ho - nor, wor - ship, a - dore; Thou
 pre - sent 'tis May, Win - ter when thou'rt a -
 way, Can a man, I would ask, wish for
 more, Can a man, I would ask, wish for more?



In a dream, oft I've seen,
Fancy's perfect made queen,
Which waking in vain have I sought ;
But sweet Mary, 'twas you,
Rich fancy then drew,
Thou'rt the vision which sleeping she brought.
Lovely woman's soft pow'r,
Every day—every hour,
Let my heart honor, worship, adore ;
Thou present, 'tis May,
Winter, when thou'rt away,
Can man, I would ask, wish for more.

TRIO.

Let us drink, the glasses fill,
Let us quaff the steam divine,
Fill the glasses, name the toast, boys !
Drink, then drink, your rosy wine.
Name the toast then ! Here's to love !
All to love a bumper fill ;
Here's to music ! fill again, boys !
Never let the glass stand still.



SALLY ROY.

Fair Sal-ly, once the village pride, Lies cold and
wan in yon - der val - ley; She lost her
lo - ver, and she di - ed, Grief broke the
heart of gen - tle Sal - ly. Young Val - li - ant
was the he - ro's name, For ear - ly va - lour
fir'd the boy, Who bar - ter'd all his love for
fame, And kill'd the hopes of Sal - ly
Roy, and kill'd the hopes of Sal - ly Roy.

Swift from the arms of weeping love,
As rag'd the war in yonder valley,
He rush'd, his martial pow'r to prove,
While faint with fear sunk lovely Sally.
At noon she saw the youth depart,
At eve she lost her darling joy ;
Ere night, the last throb of her heart,
Declar'd the fate of Sally Roy.

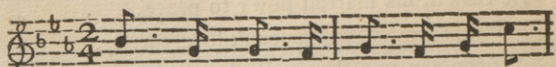
The virgin train in tears are seen,
When yellow moonlight fills the valley,
Slow stealing o'er the dewy green,
Towards the grave of gentle Sally!
And while remembrance wakes the sigh,
Which weans each feeling heart from joy,
The mournful dirge, ascending high,
Bewails the fate of Sally Roy.

QUARTETTO.

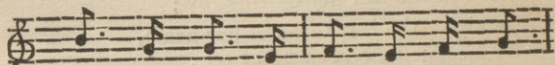
The mighty conqu'ror of hearts,
His power I here deny ;
With all his flames, his fires, and darts,
I champion-like defy,
I'll offer all my sacrifice,
Henceforth at Bacchus' shrine,
The merry god ne'er tells us lies,
There's no deceit in wine.



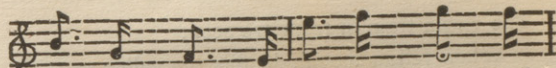
CAN'ST THOU LEAVE ME, THUS ?



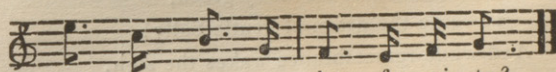
Can'st thou leave me thus, my Ka - ty,



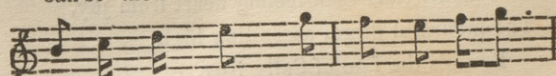
Can'st thou leave me thus, my Ka - ty,



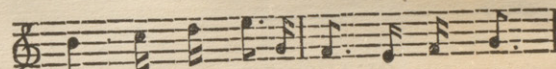
Well thou know'st my a - ching heart, And



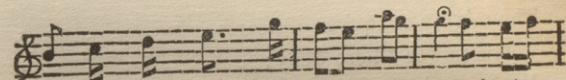
can'st thou leave me thus, for pi - ty ?



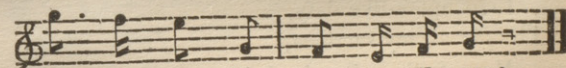
Is this thy plight - ed, fond re - gard,



Thus cru - el - ly to part, my Ka - ty ?



Is this thy faith - ful swain's re - ward, An



a - ching bro - ken heart, my Ka - ty ?

~~~~~

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear  
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy?  
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—  
But not a love like mine, my Katy.  
Canst thou leave me thus, &c.

---

## SWEET IS LIFE.

Sweet is life, when love directs us,  
To a kind and virtuous fair;  
But when doubting fears perplex us,  
Then 'tis anguish, grief, and care.

Fate, the cup of life, will mingle  
With it sweets and bitters too;  
They who taste the honey single,  
Must partake their share of rue.

Sweet, O sweet, is that sensation,  
When two hearts in union meet,  
But the pain of separation  
Mingles bitters with the sweets.



## O THE DAYS WHEN I WAS YOUNG.

O the days when I was young, When I  
 laugh'd in for-tune's spite, Talk'd of love the whole day  
 long, And with nec-tar crown'd the night. Then it  
 was, old fa-ther care, Lit-tle reck'd I of thy  
 frown; Half thy ma-lice youth could bear, And the  
 rest a bum-per drown - - O the days when I was  
 young, When I laugh'd in for-tune's spite, Talk'd of  
 love the whole day long, And with  
 nec-tar crown'd the night.



Truth they say, lies in a well,  
 Why, I vow I ne'er could see ;  
 Let the water drinkers tell,  
 There 'twill always lay for me ;  
 For when sparkling wine went round,  
 Never saw I falsehood's mask,  
 But still honest truth I found  
 In the bottom of each flask.  
 O the days, &c.

True, at length my vigour's flown ;  
 I have years to bring decay,  
 Few the locks that now I own,  
 And the few I have are grey :  
 Yet, old Jerome, thou mayest boast,  
 While thy spirits do not tire,  
 Still beneath thy age's frost,  
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.  
 Oh the days, &c.

---

 TRIO.

O happy, happy, happy, happy fair !  
 Your eyes are load-stars, and your tongue sweet air ;  
 More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,  
 When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.



## MID-WATCH.

When 'tis night, and the mid -  
 watch is come, And chill - ing mist hangs  
 o'er the darken'd main, Then sail - ors think of their far  
 dis - tant home, And of those friends they ne'er may  
 see a - gain ; But, when the fight's be - gun, Each  
 serv - ing at his gun, Should any thought of them come  
 o'er our mind, We think but should the day be  
 won, How 'twill cheer, Their hearts to hear, That their  
 old com - pan - i - on he was one.



Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind,  
Have left on shore, some pretty girl and true,  
Who many a night doth listen to the wind,  
And sighs to think how it may fare with you!  
    Oh! when the fight's begun,  
    Each serving at his gun,  
Should any thought of her come o'er his mind,  
Think only, should the day be won,  
    How 'twill cheer  
    Her heart to hear,  
That her own true sailor he was one.

---

SONG.

Myrtillo, am'rous, young and gay,  
The beauteous Flavia lov'd,  
And sighing at her feet he lay,  
Till sighs her pity mov'd.

My fair, he cry'd, your lover dies,  
If you refuse your charms,  
Die when you please, the nymph replies,  
But die in Flavia's arms.

## SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

The moon was beam-ing sil-ver bright, The  
 eye no cloud could view, Her lo-ver's step in  
 si-lent night, Well pleas'd the dam-sel knew; At  
 mid - night hour, be - neath the tow'r, He  
 mur-mur'd soft, oh, no-thing fear-ing, With your  
 own true sol-dier fly, And his faith-ful heart be cheering  
 List, dear, 'tis I, List, list, list, love,  
 List, dear, 'tis I, With thine own true sol-dier fly.

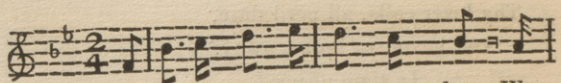
Then whispered love,—“ Oh ! maiden, fair,  
Ere morning sheds its ray,  
Thy lover calls, all peril dare,  
And haste, to horse, away.

In time of need  
Yon gallant steed,  
That champs the rein, delay reproving,  
Shall each peril bear thee by,  
With his master's charmer roving ;  
List, dear, 'tis I, &c.

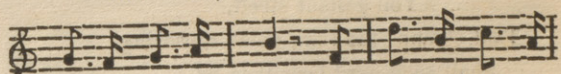
And now her gallant soldier's bride  
She's fled her home afar ;  
And chance, or joy, or woe betide,  
She'll brave with him the war !  
And bless the hour  
When 'neath the tower,  
He whisper'd soft,—“ Oh ! nothing fearing,  
With thine own true soldier fly ;  
And his faithful heart be cheering.  
List, dear, 'tis I, &c.



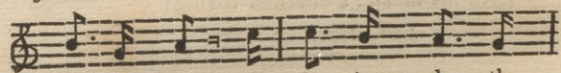
## MAID OF SNOWDEN.



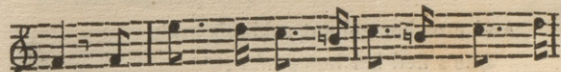
Lew-el-len, with his Pa-ti-ence dear, Was



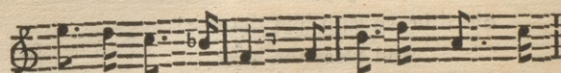
join'd in wed-lock's band, When war's a-larms as-



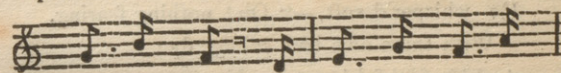
sail her ear, The foe in - vades the



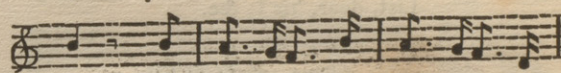
land. He march'd a-mong the val-i-ant throng, All



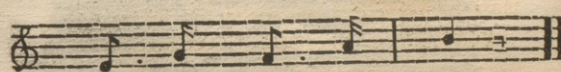
proud of heart was he, And smil-ing cried, my



love - ly bride, I'll soon re - turn to



thee. Fie, An - wyl, fie, An - wyl, I'll



soon re - turn to thee.

She hears the drum, the victors' cry,  
    ' Your laurels now prepare :'  
She views their march with eager eye,  
    Her lover is not there ;  
His knapsack blue, shot thro' and thro',  
    They laid down on her knee,  
And, sighing, cried, ' ah, luckless bride,  
    He'll ne'er return to thee !'

Fie, Anwyl, &c.

She lost her love, she lost her wits,  
    She hasten'd far away ;  
And now on Snowdon's cliffs she sits,  
    And wildly sings her lay :—  
' My eyes I strain across the plain,  
    In hope my love to see,  
My joy, my pride, behold thy bride ;  
    O ! sweet, return to me.

Fie, Anwyl, &c.

---

SONG.

Hark forward ! ye sluggards forsake  
    Soft beds, at the notes of our horn,  
Since sleeping's not living—awake !  
    While pleasure meets health in the morn.

~\*~\*~\*~

### THY BOSOM, DEAR MAIDEN.

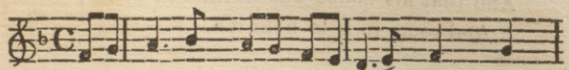
The musical score is written on seven staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is simple and lyrical, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "Thy bo - som, dear mai - den, as pure as the snow, By the blast of the north on the tem - ple en - rol'd, Tho' chaste as the ice, yet I find to my woe, That tho' 'tis as pure, yet a - las, 'tis as cold, Yet a - las, 'tis as cold, yet a - las, 'tis as cold, That tho' 'tis as pure, yet a - las, 'tis as cold." The final staff ends with a double bar line.

Thy bo - som, dear mai - den, as  
 pure as the snow, By the blast of the north on the  
 tem - ple en - rol'd, Tho' chaste as the ice, yet I  
 find to my woe, That tho' 'tis as pure, yet a -  
 las, 'tis as cold, Yet a - las, 'tis as cold, yet a -  
 las, 'tis as cold, That tho' 'tis as  
 pure, yet a - las, 'tis as cold.

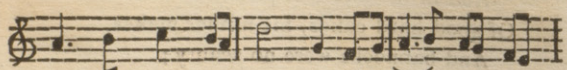
The flame in my bosom so silently borne,  
 Shall in silence expire like the op'ning flow'r,  
 For the blossoms of hope from that bosom are torn,  
 And fade like the leaves unrefresh'd by the show'r



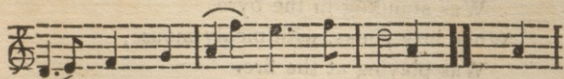
## O, MERRY MAY THE MAID BE.



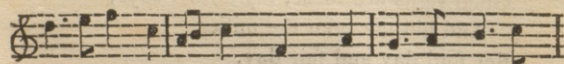
O, mer - ry may the maid be, That



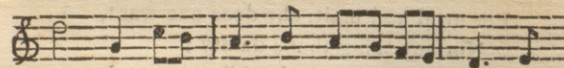
mar - ries with the mil - ler, For foul day and



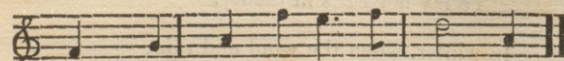
fair day He's aye bring - ing sil - ler ; Has



aye a pen - ny in his purse, For din - ner and for



sup - per, And, gin she please, A good fat



cheese, And lumps of yel - low but - ter.

When Jamie first did woo me,

I speir'd what was his calling,

'Fair maid,' says he, 'O come and see,

You're welcome to my dwelling.'



Though I was shy, yet I could spy,  
The truth of what he told me,  
And that his house was warm and couth,  
And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag of meal,  
And in the kirt was plenty  
Of good hard cakes, his mither makes,  
And bannocks were no scanty ;  
A good fat sow, a sleepy cow,  
Was standing in the byre,  
While lazy pouss, with mealy mouse,  
Was playing at the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,  
And bid me take the miller,  
For foul day and fair day,  
He's aye a bringing till her.  
For meal and malt, she does nae want,  
Nor any thing that's dainty ;  
And now and then a keckling hen,  
To lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter, when the wind and rain,  
Blaws o'er the house and byre,  
He sits beside a clean hearth stane,  
Before a rousing fire.  
With nut-brown ale he tells his tale,  
Which rows him o'er fow nappy ;  
Who'd be a king ?—a petty thing,  
While a miller lives so happy.

## 'TIS LOVE IN THE HEART.

What is it that drives the red  
 rose from the cheek, Or the li-ly dis-pla-ces by  
 blushes that speak? That dims the bright beam by a  
 tear in the eye, That checks the young smile by the  
 mur-mur-ing sigh, 'Tis love, 'tis love in the  
 heart, 'Tis love, 'tis love in the heart.  
 And what bids the soul the e -  
 mo - tion de-clare, By the glance of an eye when the  
 lips do not dare ; 'Tis love, 'tis love in the

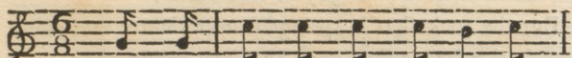
heart; 'tis love, 'tis love in the heart.

And what when its meaning another can guess, Em-  
bold-ens the tongue the fond thought to express, Em-  
boldens the tongue the fond thought to express. 'Tis  
love, 'tis love in the heart, 'Tis love, 'tis love in the  
heart, 'Tis love, 'tis love in the heart, 'Tis  
love, 'tis love in the heart.

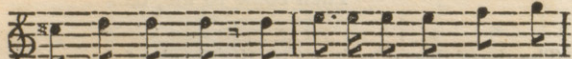




## ON THIS COLD FLINTY ROCK.



On this cold flin - ty rock I will



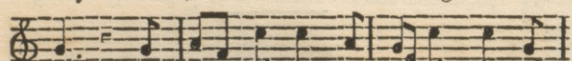
lay down my head, And hap - py I'll sing thro' the



night, The moon shall smile sweet - ly up -



on my cold bed, And the stars crowd to give me their



light. Then come to me, my gen - tle dear, O



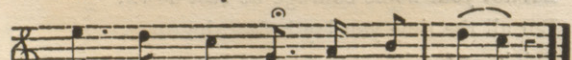
turn thy sweet eyes to me, To my



bo - som now creep, I will sing thee to sleep, And



kiss from thy lids the sad tear, And



kiss from thy lids the sad tear.

~~~~~

This innocent flower which these rude cliffs unfold,
 Is thou, love! the joy of this earth;
 But the rock that it springs from so flinty and cold,
 Is thy father that gave thee thy birth.
 Then come to me, &c.

The dews that now hang on the cheek of the eve,
 And the winds that so mournfully cry,
 Are the sighs and the tears of the youth thou must
 leave,
 To lie down in these deserts to die.
 Then come to me, &c.

DUET.

Old Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles;
 I'll tell you, young gentleman, what the Fates' will is;
 You, my boy, must go,
 The gods will have it so,
 To the siege of Troy;
 You must go, my boy,
 Thence never to return to Greece again,
 But before those walls to be slain.
 Let not your noble courage be cast down,
 But all the time you lay before the town,
 Drink, and drive care away, drink and be merry,
 You'll ne'er go the sooner to the Stygian ferry.

WEALTH OF THE COTTAGE IS LOVE.

A blessing unknown to ambition and pride That
 for - tune can ne - ver a - bate, To wealth and to
 splen - dour tho' of - ten de - nied, Yet on
 po - ver - ty deigns to a - wait. That bless - ing, ye
 pow'rs, oh, be it my lot, The choi - cest best
 gift from a - bove, Deep fix'd in my heart shall be
 ne - ver for - got, The wealth of the cot - tage is
 love, the wealth of the cottage, the wealth of the
 cot - tage, the wealth of the cot - tage is love.

oooo

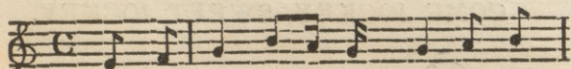
Whate'er my condition, why should I repine?
 By poverty never depress'd;
 Exulting, I felt what a pleasure was mine,
 A treasure enshrin'd in my breast.
 That blessing, ye powers? oh, be it my lot,
 The choicest best gift from above,
 Deep fixed in my heart, it shall ne'er be forgot—
 The wealth of a cottage is love.

TRIO.

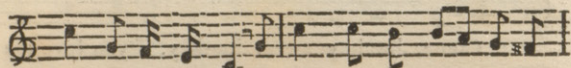
Away! away!
 We've crown'd the day,
 The hounds are waiting for their prey;
 The huntsman's call,
 Invites ye all,
 Come in boys while ye may.

The jolly horn,
 The rosy morn,
 With harmony of deep-mouthed hounds;
 These—these my boys,
 Are sportsmen's joys,
 Our pleasure knows no bounds.

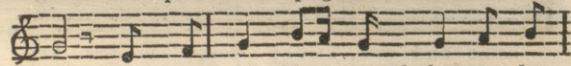
~*~*~*~

 THE THORN.


From the white blos - som'd sloe, my dear



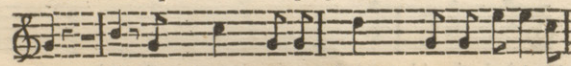
Chlo - e re-quest-ed A sprig her fair breast to a-



dorn ; From the white blos - som'd sloe, my dear



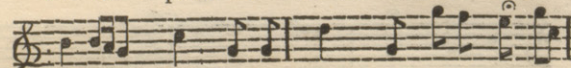
Chlo-e re-quest-ed A sprig her fair breast to a-



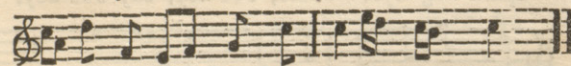
dorn, No, by heav'n, I ex-claim'd, may I perish If



e - ver I plant in that bo - som a thorn.



No, by heav'n, I ex-claim'd, may I perish, If



e - ver I plant in that bo-som a thorn.

Then I show'd her a ring and implor'd her to marry,

She blush'd like the dawning of morn,

Yes, I'll consent,' she replied, 'if you'll promise

That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.

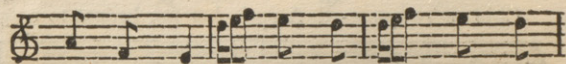
No, by heav'n, &c.



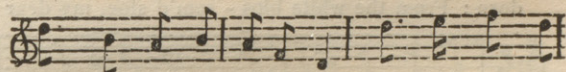
COME JOCKEY, SWEET JOCKEY.



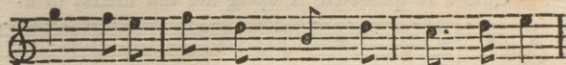
Come, Jock-key, sweet Jock-key, if you love me



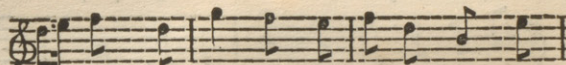
come and woo, O Jock-key, dear Jock-key,



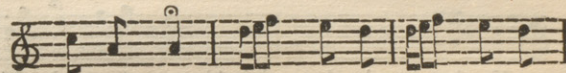
what would ye have Peg-gy do? Vows and words de-



nied tim-id mai-dens, young are forc'd to try



Si-lent con-fess-ion in glances from the



spark-ling eye. Come, Jock-key, say Jock-key,

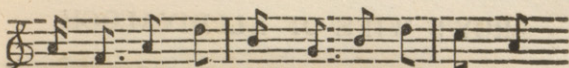


how can I tell love to you, If Jock-key,

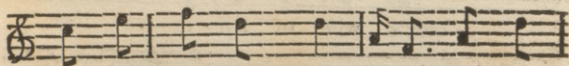


sweet Jock-key, you will nev-er come to woo.

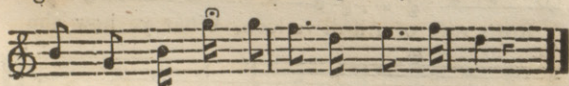
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Sigh - ing, fly - ing, whin - ing, pi - ning, pa - cing



groves and mea-dows through, If you love me,



come and prove me, O Jock-key come to woo.

Thus Peggy, sweet Peggy,

Warbled thro' the shady grove,

Yes, Peggy, fair Peggy,

Told to Jock her virgin love ;

But he was so bashful, so timid, and so modest too,

He would rather lose her, than venture once to come
and woo.

Oh Jockey, dull Jockey,

What is it that you can do,

If Jockey, Oh Jockey,

You're afraid to come and woo.

Sighing, flying, &c.



ROY'S WIFE OF ALLDIVALOCH.

Roy's wife of All-di-va-loch,
 Roy's wife of All-di-va-loch, What ye how she
 cheat-ed me as I came o'er the braes of Balloch.
 She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine, She
 said that she lo'ed me best of ony, But
 oh, the fic-kle faith-less quean, She's
 ta'en the carl, and left her John-nie. ^{p. a.}

O she was a canty quean,
 And weel cou'd dance the highland walloch,
 How happy I had she been mine,
 Or I'd been Roy of Alldivaloch.

Roy's wife, &c.



Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
 Her wee bit mou' so sweet and bonny,
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Tho' she's for ever left her Johnnie.
 Roy's wife, &c.

 TRIO.

JOLLY friars tippled here,
 Ere these abbey walls had crumbled,
 Still the ruins boast good cheer,
 Though long ago the cloisters tumbled.
 The monks are gone,
 Well, well :
 But that's all one,
 Let's ring their knell.
 Ding dong ! ding dong ! to the bald-pated
 monk,
 He set the example,
 We'll follow the sample,
 And all go to bed most religiously drunk,
 Peace to the good fat friar's soul,
 Who, every day,
 Did wet his clay,
 In the deep capacious bowl.
 Huzza, huzza, we'll drink and we'll sing,
 We'll laugh and we'll quaff,
 And make the welkin ring.

o o o o

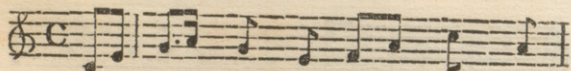
THE WHITE COCKADE.

My love was born in A - ber - deen, The
 bon - iest lad that e'er was seen, But
 now he makes our hearts fu' sad, He
 takes the field wi' his white cock-ade.
 O! he's a rant - ing, ro - ving lad, He
 is a brisk an' a bon - ny lad, Be -
 tide what may, I will be wed, And
 fol - low the boy wi' the white cockade.

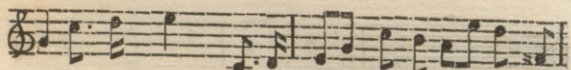
I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,
 My gude gray mare, and hawkit cow,
 To buy mysel a tartan plaid,
 To follow the boy with a white cockade.
 O, he's a ranting, &c.



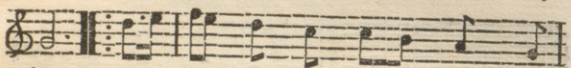
THE STREAMLET.



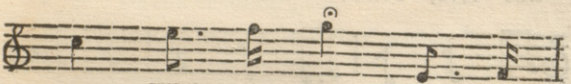
The stream - let that flow'd round her



cot All the charms, all the charms of my E - mi - ly



knew. How oft has its course been for-

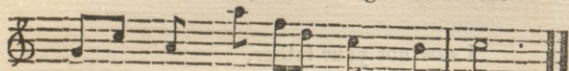


got, While it paus'd, while it

1st Time.



paus'd her dear i - mage to woo.



paus'd her dear i - mage to woo.

Believe me the fond silver tide,

Knew from whence it derived the fair prize,

For silently swelling with pride,

It reflected her back to the skies.



SAW YE MY FATHER ?

Oh! saw you my fa - ther,
 Saw you my mo - ther, Saw you my
 true love, John? He told his on - ly
 dear, That he soon would be here, But
 he to a - no - ther is gone.

I saw not your father,
 I saw not your mother,
 But I saw your true love John,
 He's met with some delay,
 Which has caused him to stay,
 But he will be here anon.

Then John he up rose,
And to the door he goes,
And he twirl'd, he twirl'd at the pin,
The lassie took the hint,
And to the door she went,
And she let her true love in.

Fly up, fly up,
My bonny grey cock,
And crow when it is day ;
Your breast shall be
Of the beaming gold,
And your wings of the silver gray.

The cock he proved false,
And untrue he was,
For he crowed an hour too soon,
The lassie thought it day,
So she sent her love away,
And it prov'd but the blink of the moon.

GENTLE MAID.

Gentle maid, ah, why suspect me,
Let me serve thee, then reject me.
Canst thou trust, and I deceive thee ?
Art thou sad, and shall I grieve thee.
Gentle maid, ah, why suspect me ?
Let me serve thee—then reject me.

LOVELY WOMAN GOVERNS ALL.

Talk as you will, the fair rule still, And
vain-ly would their slaves de-ny it, Na-ture and
art sure point the dart, That robs poor man of
all his qui-et, Flout-ing, pout-ing, pi-ning, sigh-ing,
Whi-ning, cry-ing, faint-ing, dy-ing, flirt-ing, tri-pling,
weep-ing, teaz ing, Still the charm-ing crea-tures
pleas-ing, Their charms all bo-soms must enthral, 'Tis
love-ly wo-man governs all, 'tis love-ly wo-man,
love-ly wo-man, 'tis love-ly wo-man, governs all 'tis
love ly wo-man go-vern all, 'tis love ly wo man go-vern all.

In days of Bess, when screen'd by dress,
Long sleeves and ruffs, conceal'd each beauty,
The men admir'd, by guess were fir'd,
And lowly bowing own'd their duty.
Flouting, pouting, &c.

Now kinder grown, the stays cut down,
The sleeves still higher, kindly creeping,
Such necks, such arms, like spells and charms,
Make us poor fellows pay for peeping.
Flouting, pouting, &c.

SONG.

The fox is unkennel'd—the hounds are in cry,
And dash through the commons below—
The hunters all eager—sly Reynard must die—
A double—in pit—tally ho!

Again, with fresh vigour, he leads them the chace,
To baffle he cunningly tries—
But ah! how he falters—he limps in his pace,
Redoubles—enfeebled—he dies.



WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW?

My seven-teenth year scarce o - ver, Blyth
 Da-mon woo ing came, A young and ten-der
 lo - ver, He own'd his ar-dent flame. Such a
 pi-te-ous tale he told me, Of his poor wound-ed
 heart, 'Twas hea-ven to be - hold me, But
 death if we must part. Oh dear! Oh dear, Oh!
 dear! my heart it beat so strange-ly, I
 felt I can't tell how, Lord, lord, thinks I what
 ails me, Ah! what's the mat-ter now?

The question soon was answer'd,
Sly Cupid's dart was thrown,
I lov'd as well as Damon,
But that I would not own :
For if he talk'd of dying,
Or mourn'd his hapless case,
I seldom fail'd replying,
By laughing in his face.
Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear!
At length his patience failing,
He proudly swore he'd go ;
Not yet, said I, half smiling,
Why, what's the matter now ?

He slyly seiz'd the moment,
To press me to be his,
And how it was, I know not,
I thoughtless answer'd yes.
Oh, then, when first we married,
How easily I reign'd,
If check'd, my point I carried,
By sobs and tears well feign'd.
Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear!
The poor good soul was melted,
Not proof against my woe,
And coaxingly consented,
With, what's the matter now ?



Alas, these times are over,
And I have had my day ;
No more a doating lover,
He swears he'll have his way.
To all entreaties callous,
Whole days from me he'll roam,
Gets tipsy at the ale-house,
And then comes staggering home.
O dear! O dear! O dear!
If then I weep or chide him,
With consequential brow,
He sets his arms beside him,
With, what's the matter now?

SONG.

Anna, thy charms my bosom fires,
And waste my soul with care ;
But ah ! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair.
Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,
To hope may be forgiv'n ;
For sure 'twere impious to despair,
So much in sight of Heav'n.

IN GAUDY COURTS.

The musical score is written on six staves in a single system. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written on the upper staff, and the lyrics are placed below the notes. The lyrics are: "In gau-dy courts, with ach-ing hearts, The great at for-tune rail, The hills may high-er ho-nours claim, But peace is in the vale. In gau-dy courts, with ach-ing hearts, The great at for-tune rail, The hills may high-er ho-nours claim, But peace is in the vale." There are some musical ornaments and trills indicated above certain notes in the final line of the score.

In gau-dy courts, with ach-ing hearts, The
 great at for-tune rail, The hills may high-er
 ho-nours claim, But peace is in the vale. In
 gau-dy courts, with ach-ing hearts, The
 great at for-tune rail, The hills may high-er
 ho-nours claim, But peace is in the vale.

See high-born dames, in rooms of state,
 With midnight revels pale,
 No youth admires their fading charms,
 For beauty's in the vale.

Amid the shades of virgin's sighs
 Add fragrance to the gale,
 So they that will may take the hill,
 Since love is in the vale.



FAR, FAR AT SEA.

'Twas at night, when the bell had toll'd
 twelve, And poor Su-san was laid on her
 pil-low, In her ear whis-per'd some fit-ting
 elve, Your love is now toss'd on a bil-low. In her
 ear whis - per'd some fit - ting elve, Your
 love is now toss'd on a bil-low. Far, far at sea.

All was dark as she woke out of breath,
 Not an object her fears could discover,
 All was still as the silence of death,
 Save fancy, which painted her lover—
 Far, far at sea.

So she whisper'd a prayer, clos'd her eyes,
But the phantom still haunted her pillow ;
Whilst in terror she echoed his cries,
As struggling he sunk in a billow.
Far, far at sea.

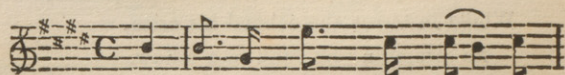
SONG.

Mary once had lovers two,
Whining, pining, sighing :
“ Ah !” cries one, “ what shall I do !
Mary dear, I'm dying !”
T'other vow'd him just the same ;
Dead in grief's a vagary :
But sighs could never raise a flame
In the heart of Mary.

A youth there came, all blithe and gay,
Merry, laughing, singing,
Sporting, courting, all the day,
And set the bells a-ringing.
Soon he tripp'd it off to church,
Lightly, gay, and airy ;
Leaving t'others in the lurch,
Sighing—after Mary.



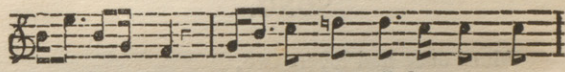
SINCE ALL MY HOPES, DEAR MAID.



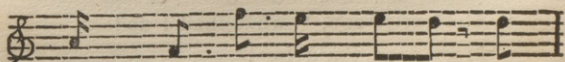
Since all my hopes, dear maid, are



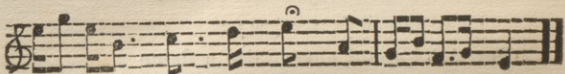
blown to air, And my sad heart's be - tray'd to



sad des - pair, Here in this wil - der - ness, my



sor - rows I'll re - hearse, And



thy hard heart - ed - ness thou cru - el fair.

No bell, no fun'ral fire,

No tears for me ;

No grave do I desire,

No obsequie !

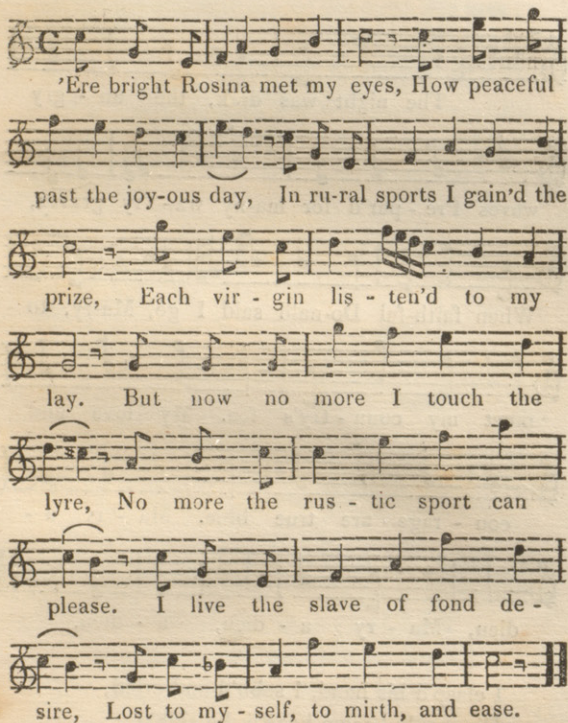
Thy gentle red-breast, he,

With leaves shall cover me,

And sing my elegy—

Most dolefully.

'ERE BRIGHT ROSINA.



'Ere bright Rosina met my eyes, How peaceful
 past the joy-ous day, In ru-ral sports I gain'd the
 prize, Each vir - gin lis - ten'd to my
 lay. But now no more I touch the
 lyre, No more the rus - tic sport can
 please. I live the slave of fond de -
 sire, Lost to my - self, to mirth, and ease.





THE NIGHT WAS DARK.

The night was dark, the an - gry
 waves Pre - par'd for ma - ny wa - t'ry graves,
 When faith - ful Do - nald said I go, Ma - ry, to
 meet my coun - try's foe. My love and
 cou - rage are true blue. Ma - ry a -
 dieu, Ma - ry a - dieu, a - dieu.

I clasp'd his hand, I sobb'd and cried,
 His manly bosom heav'd, he sigh'd
 I go, my love, said he, I go,
 Mary to meet my country's foe,
 My love and courage are true blue,
 Mary, adieu !

He went, and now the war's began,
Which ruthless spares nor maid nor man ;
Why, faithful Donald did you roam,
Perhaps, ah me ! to meet your doom,
My love for thee shall prove true blue.
Donald, adieu !

GOOD NIGHT.

Give me, my love, before we part,
One tender kiss of dear delight ;
And all the friendship we have sworn,
Confirm in this our last Good Night.

Now, on yon soft and swelling main,
My little bark, so gay and light,
Prepares to tear me from thy breast,
My life, my love, Good Night !

And when on lone and distant shores,
I wander by the moon's pale light,
In mem'ry of our former loves,
I'll think on thee, and this Good Night.



LILIES AND ROSES.

The fa-ther of Nan-cy a fo-rest-er
was, And an ho-nest old wood-man was he.
And Nan-cy a beau-ti-ful in-no-cent lass As the
sun in his cir-cuit chuld see, She ga-ther'd wild
flo-wers, sweet li-lies and roses, She
ga-ther'd wild flo-wers, sweet li-lies and roses, And
cry'd thro' the vil-lage come buy my sweet posies, She
ga-ther'd wild flo-wers, sweet li-lies and roses, She

ga-ther'd wild flo-wers, sweet li-lies and roses, And
 cry'd thro' the vil-lage come buy my sweet posies,
 Buy my sweet po - sies, li - lies and roses, And
 cry'd thro' the vil-lage come buy buy my sweet
 po-sies, sweet li-lies, li-lies and roses.

The charms of this fair one a villager caught,
 A noble and rich one was he,
 Great offers he made but by Nancy was taught
 That a poor girl right honest might be.
 She still gather'd, &c.

The father of Nancy a forester was,
 And a poor little stroller was she,
 But her lover so noble soon married the lass,
 She as happy as maiden could be.
 No more gather'd wild flowers, or lilies and roses,
 Nor cry'd thro' the village come buy my nice posies.

PENSIVE I THOUGHT OF MY LOVE.

When pen-sive I thought of my love, The
 moon on the moun tain was bright, And
 Phi-lo-mel down in the grove Broke sweet-ly the
 si-lence of night. Oh, I wish that the tear drop would
 flow, But felt too much an - guish to
 weep, 'Till warm with the weight of my
 woe, I sunk on my pil - low to
 sleep, to sleep, to sleep, I
 sunk on my pil - low to sleep.

Methought that my love as I lay,
His ringlets all clotted with gore,
In the paleness of death, seem'd to say,
Alas! we must never meet more !
Yes, yes, my belov'd, we must part,
The steel of my rival was true ;
The assassin has struck on that heart,
Which beat with such fervour for you.

SONG

My ship's my house, my home, my land,
My family not few ;
My children those whom I command,
A bold and jolly crew ;
And while together thus we sail,
Britons, united, must prevail.

For treasure, I've my seamen's love,
And if the foe intends
To venture forth, he soon may prove,
The value of such friends,
For while, together, thus we sail,
Britons, united, must prevail.

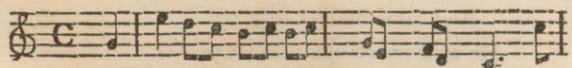


WHEN BIDDEN TO THE WAKE OR FAIR.

When bid-den to the wake or fair, 'The
 joy of each free - heart - ed swain, 'Till
 Phœ-be pro-mis'd to be there I loi-ter'd
 last of all the train. If chance some fair-ing
 caught her eye, The rib - bon gay, or
 silk-en glove, With ea-ger haste I ran to buy, For
 what is gold com - par'd to love.

My posey on her bosom plac'd,
 Could Harry's sweeter scents exhale ?
 Her auburn locks my ribbon grac'd,
 And flutter'd in the wanton gale :
 With scorn she hears me now complain,
 Nor can my rustic presents move,
 Her heart prefers a richer swain,
 And gold, alas ! has banish'd love.

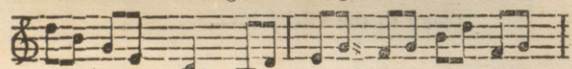
THE GALLANT SAILOR.



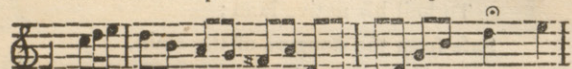
The gal-lant sai-lor ploughs the deep, To



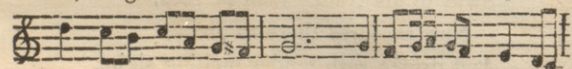
face the threat'ning foe; He guards our shore while



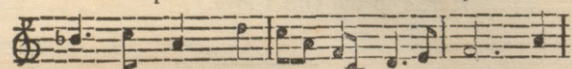
lands-men sleep, Tho' winds tem-pest-u-ous



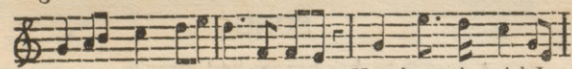
blow, He guards our shores while landsmen sleep, Tho'



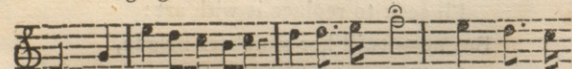
winds tem-pest-u-ous blow. Tho' bold-ly still he



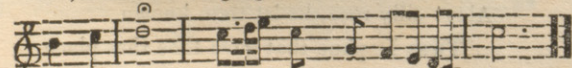
guards her coast, He's con-stant as the dove. And



o'er his grog this is his toast, Here's to the girl I



love, And o'er his grog this is his toast Here's to the



girl I love, — Here's to the girl I love.



In battle let the cannons roar,
And fatal bullets fly ;
He still exerts his utmost pow'r,
And danger does defy ;
He minds his duty to the last,
His honest heart to prove,
And drinks when all the fury's past,
Here's to the Girl I love.

With conquest crown'd, he comes again,
To hail his native land ;
Safe from the dangers of the main,
He leaps upon the strand.
Swift to his Nancy then he flies,
New raptures there to prove,
And drinks with tender melting sighs,
Here's to the Girl I love.

SONG.

A rose from her bosom had stray'd,
I'll seek to replace it with art :
But no—'twill her slumbers invade,
I will wear it (fond youth) next my heart :
Alas ! silly rose, hadst thou known,
'Twas Daphne that gave thee that place,
Thou ne'er from thy station hadst flown,
Her bosom's the mansion of Peace.

MADAM FIG'S GALA.

I'ze a Yorkshireman, just come to town, And my
 coming to town was a gay day, For
 for-tune has here set me down, Wait-ing
 gen - tle - man to a fine la - dy. My
 la - dy gives ga - las and routs, And her
 treats of the town are the talks here, But
 no - thing I zee here - a - bouts, E - quals
 one that was giv - en in York - shire. Ri
 tol de rol lol de rol la.

~~~~~

Johnny Figg was a green and white grocer,  
In business as brisk as an eel, sir,  
None than John to the shop could stick closer,  
But his wife thought it quite ungenteel, sir.  
Her neighbours resolved to cut out,  
And astonish the rustic parishioners,  
She invited them all to a rout,  
And axed all the village musicianers.  
Ri tol, &c.

The company met, gay as larks, sir,  
Drawn forth all as fine as blown roses ;  
The concert commenc'd with the clerk, sir,  
Who chaunted the Vicar and Moses.  
The barber sung Gall'ry of Wigs, sir ;  
The gemmen all said 'twas the dandy ;  
And the ladies encored Johnny Figg, sir,  
Who volunteer'd Drops of Brandy.  
Ri tol, &c.

The baker he sung a good batch,  
While the lawyer, for harmony willing,  
With the bailiff he joined in the catch,  
And the notes of the butcher were killing ;  
The wheelwright he put in his spoke,  
The schoolmaster flogged on with furor ;  
The coalman he played the Black Joke,  
And the fishwoman sung a bravura.  
Ri tol, &c.



To strike the assembly with wonder,  
 Miss screams a quintette loud as Boreas,  
 And waked farmer Thrasher's dog Thunder,  
 Who, starting up, joined in the chorus.  
 While a donkey, the melody marking,  
 Chimed in too, which made a wag say, sir,  
 Attend to the Rector of Barking's  
 Duet with the Vicar of Bray, sir.

Ri tol, &c.

A brine-tub half-full of beef salted,  
 Madam Fig had tricked out for a seat, sir,  
 Where the tailor to sing was exalted,  
 But the cov'ring cracked under his feet, sir.  
 Snip was soused in the brine, but soon rising,  
 Bawled out, while they laughed at his grief, sir,  
 "Is't a matter so monstrous surprising,  
 To see pickled cabbage with beef, sir!"

Ri tol, &c.

To a ball after the concert gave way,  
 And for dancing no soul could be riper;  
 So struck up the Devil to Pay,  
 While Johnny Figg paid the Piper.  
 But the best thing came after the ball,  
 For, to finish the whole with perfection,  
 Madam Figg ax'd the gentlefolks all,  
 To sup on a cold *collection*.

N

Ri tol, &c.



## THE MERRY DANCE.

The mer-ry dance I dear-ly love, For then, Col-  
 lette, thy hand I seize, And press it  
 too, when - e'er I please, And none can  
 see and none re-prove. Then on thy cheek, thy  
 cheek quick blushes glow, And then we  
 whis-per soft and low, we whis-per, whis-per soft and  
 low, Ah, how I grieve! Ah, how I grieve! Ah, how I  
 grieve, I grieve you ne'er her charms can know.



She's sweet fifteen, I'm one year more,  
Yet still we are too young they say;  
But we know better, sure, than they,  
Youth should not listen to threescore!  
And I'm resolved I'll tell her so  
When next we whisper soft and low,  
Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

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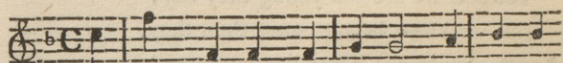
SONG.

A Jack, I am, from Shields I hail,  
Know how to hand, can reef and steer,  
Up Swin I've work'd in many a gale,  
Kept many an anchor clear:  
Where hank for hank, so oft I sung,  
And cheerly to the windlass sprung,  
And aloft or below,  
What cheer, lads, ho!

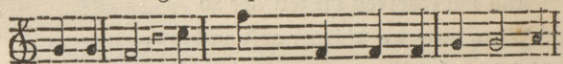
A cruizer, lads, is now my lot;  
A well-built sea-boat trim and tight.  
While in the locker there's a shot,  
They'll find us ready day and night.  
We've long been masters of the deep,  
And still the weather-guage we'll keep.  
And aloft, &c.



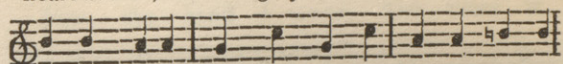
## I THOUGHT OUR QUARRELS ENDED.



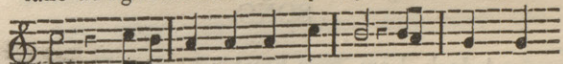
I thought our quarrels ended, And set my



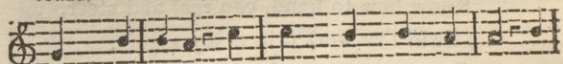
heart at ease, 'Tis strange you're thus offend-ed, You



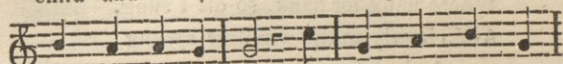
take delight to tease; Yes, yes, you take delight to



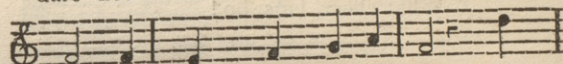
tease. Dear sir, decide the strife, betwixt your



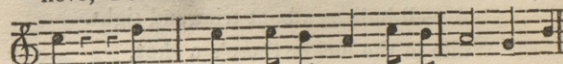
child and wife; A-las! the grief I feel, I



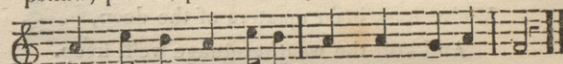
dare not to reveal. I know that you be-



lieve, For 'Fred'-rick's loss I grieve, Pshaw,



pshaw, pshaw, pshaw, ve-ry well, ve-ry well, as you



please, Ve-ry well, ve-ry well, think as you please.



In vain I'm always striving,  
To make our difference cease,  
If you're disputes contriving,  
An will not live in peace, no, no,  
You will not live in peace :  
I'm vex'd, dear sir, for you,  
But say, what can I do ?  
To none I can complain,  
How cruel is this pain !  
I know that you believe, &c.



## SONG.

Though prim as saints at mass we seem,  
We laugh at others' folly ;  
Our boasted rigour's all a dream,  
So, brothers let's be jolly.

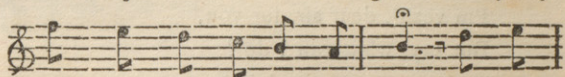
Now our daily penance over,  
Now, boys, we'll live in clover ;  
While our cheerful glass goes round,  
Woman all our joys shall crown.



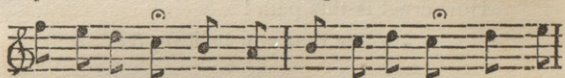
## THREE-TAILED BASHAW.



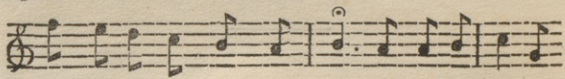
Ma-jor do-mo am I of this great fa-mi-ly, My



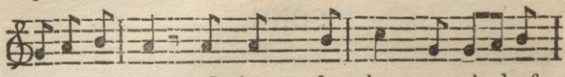
pow'r thro' this cas - tle pre - vails, I'm ap-



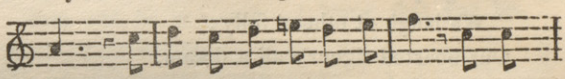
pointed the head that must keep up the dread, And the



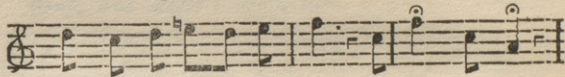
pow'r of my son - in - law's tails. I strut as fine as



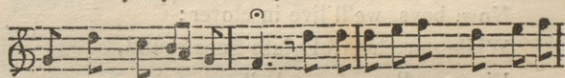
a-ny ma - caw. I change for down my bed of



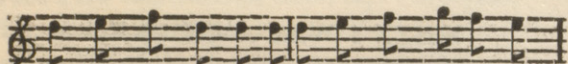
straw, On per-qui-sites I lay my paw; I pour



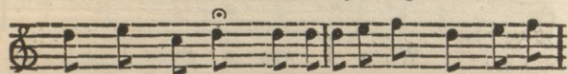
wine sly - ly down my maw, I stuff, I stuff



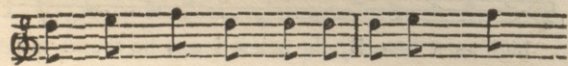
good vic-tuals in my craw. 'Tis a ve-ry fine thing to be



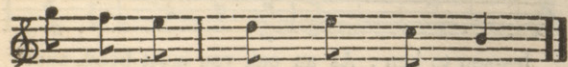
fa - ther - in - law to a ve - ry mag - ni - fi - cent



three-tailed ba-shaw, 'Tis a ve-ry fine thing to be



fa - ther - in - law to a ve - ry mag -



ni - fi - cent \* three - tail'd ba - shaw

At the head of affairs,  
 Turn me out, then, who dares!  
 Let them prove the head pilfers and steals;  
 No three-tailed bashaw  
 Kicks his father-in-law,  
 And makes his head take to his heels.  
 I strut as fine as any macaw,  
 I'll change for down my bed of straw,  
 On perquisites I lay my paw,  
 I pour wine, slyly, down my maw,  
 I stuff good victuals into my craw.  
 'Tis a very fine thing to be father-in-law  
 To a very magnificent three-tai'd bashaw



### WHEN I WAS A CHICKEN.

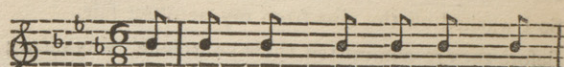
When I was a chick - en as  
 high as a hen, By the priest I was bo-ther'd my  
 les-son to ken ; As an oak you must bend, says  
 Father O'Rook, First im-pression's the thing, And he  
 threw down the book ; While in rap-ture he took a sweet  
 girl by the hand, To give ab-so-lu-tion as  
 I understood ; Oh, ho, says I, you're a forestalling  
 thief, So I fol-low be-fore you, and turn a new leaf.

When a few twelvemonths older, says I to myself,  
I'll turn out a master, and pocket the pelf,  
So I washed off the sins from my penitent fair,  
Before they're committed their conscience was clear ;  
'Twas this stamped my fame, and my business in-  
creased,  
For the ladies all flocked from the south, west, and  
east,  
To receive dispensations and pardons for crime,  
While they simpered, dear father, am I come in time ?  
With my tural, &c.

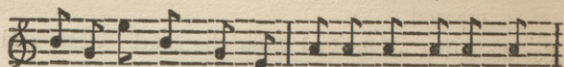
Now snug in possession of every thing fine,  
A heart full of love, and a house full of wine,  
With a bevy of beauties delighted my trade is,  
To give absolution to innocent ladies ;  
While Father O'Rook turns his eyes in despair,  
Talks of bending of oaks and reclaiming the fair.  
First impressions, says I, told me this was the way,  
To attend on the ladies morn, noon, night, and day.  
With my tural, &c.



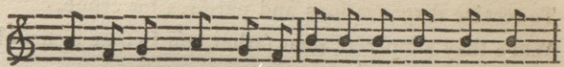
## BOTHER'D FROM HEAD TO THE TAIL



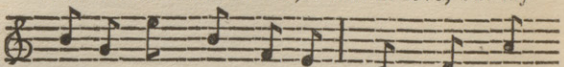
At six - teen years old you could



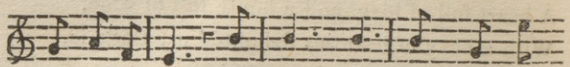
get lit-tle good of me, 'Till I saw No-rah who



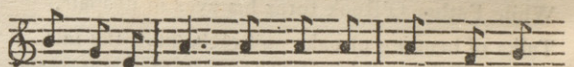
soon uu-der-stood of me, I was in love, but my-



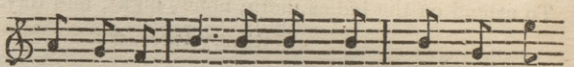
self for the blood of me, Could not tell



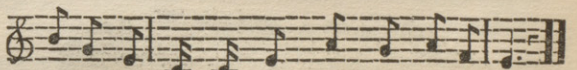
what I did ail. 'Twas dear, dear what can the



mat-ter be, Och, blood an' ouns, what can the



mat-ter be, Och gra-ma-chree, what can the



mat-ter be, I'm bo-ther'd from head to the tail.



I went to confess me to Father O'Flannigan ;  
Told him my case—made an end—then began again ;  
Father, says I, make me soon my own man again,

    If you find out what I ail.

Dear, dear, says he, what can the matter be ?

Och ! blood an ouns, can you tell, what can the mat-  
ter be ?

Both cried out—what can the matter be ?

    Bother'd from head to the tail.

Soon I fell sick—I did bellow and curse again—

Norah took pity to see me at nurse again :

Gave me a kiss--Och! zounds, that threw me worse  
again !

    Well she knew what I did ail.

But dear, dear ! says she, what can the matter be ?

Och ! blood an ouns, what can the matter be ?

Both cried out—what can the matter be ?

    Bother'd from head to the tail.

'Tis long ago now since I left Tipperary ;

How strange, growing older, our nature should vary.

All symptoms are gone of my ancient quandary,

    I cannot tell now what I ail.

Dear, dear ! what can the matter be ?

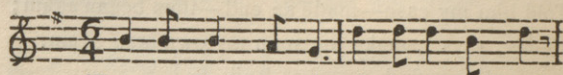
Och ! blood an ouns, what can the matter be ?

Och ! gramachree, what can the matter be ?

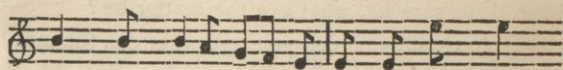
    I'm bother'd from head to the tail.



## 'Twas ON CHRISTMAS-DAY.



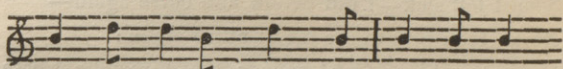
'Twas on Christ-mas-day fa-ther he did wed,



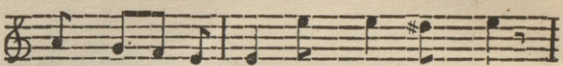
Three months af-ter that My mo-ther was brought



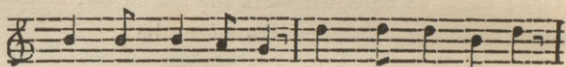
to bed, My fa-ther he come home, His



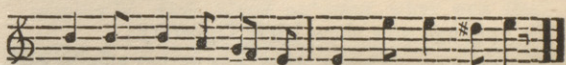
head with li-quer stor'd, And found in mo-



ther's room, A sil-ver-hilt-ed sword.



Tid-dle de dum de de, tid-dle de dum de de,



Tiddle de dum de de, and tiddle de dum de de.

'How came this sword here?'

Mother says, says she,

'Lovee, 'tis a poker,

Auntie sent to me.'

o.o.o.o

Father he stamp'd and star'd,

'Twas the first, I ween

Silver hilted poker

He had ever seen.

Fiddle de dum, &c.

Father grumbled on,

But getting into bed,

Egad, as luck fell out,

A man popp'd up his head :

That's my milkmaid, says she,

Says Dad, I never heard,

In all my travels yet,

A milkmaid with a beard.

Fiddle de dum, &c.

My father found a whip,

And very glad was he,

And how came this whip here,

Without the leave of me ?

Oh ! that's a nice staylace,

My Auntee sent to me ;

Egad, he laced her stays,

And out of doors went she.

Fiddle de dum, &c.

o



## THE LASS OF THE LAKE.

At the foot of yon moun-tain where  
 Uls-wa-ter plays, The thirst of the pea-sant to  
 slake, A dam-sel so love-ly en-li-ven'd our  
 days, And we call'd her the lass of the  
 lake, A dam-sel so love-ly en-li-ven'd our  
 days, And we call'd her the lass of the lake.

The little god Cupid invaded her breast,  
 Such aim it was cruel to take,  
 In the white garb of truth the deceiver was drest,  
 Who be-tray'd the sweet lass of the lake.

A false one impos'd on simplicity's child,  
 She thought he but liv'd for her sake,  
 He wedded another, poor Lucy went wild,  
 And ended her woes in the lake.

By moonlight her form has been said to appear,  
While sweethearts by love kept awake,  
Repair to this spot, and shed sympathy's tears,  
O'er the poor ruin'd Lass of the Lake.

---

### GREEDY MIDAS.

O greedy Midas, I have been told,  
That what you touch you turn to gold,  
Oh! had I a power like thine,  
I'd turn whate'er I touch to wine.

Each purling stream should feel my force,  
Each fish my fatal power mourn,  
And wond'ring at the mighty change,  
Should in their native regions burn.

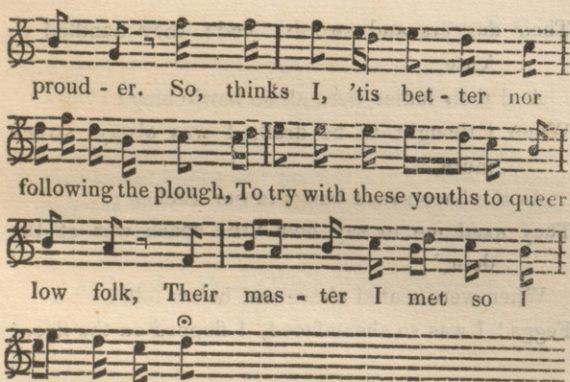
Nor should there any dare approach  
Unto my mantling, sparkling vine,  
But first should pay some rites to me,  
And stile me only god of wine.

o. o. o. o.

## KNOWING JOEY.

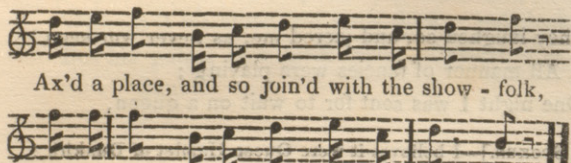
I was call'd know - ing Joe by the  
 boys of our town, Old dad taught me wise-ly to  
 know folk, 'Cod, I was so sharp, when they  
 laugh-ing came down, I ax'd 'how do'st do' to the  
 show-folk. I could chaunt a good stave, that I  
 know'd ve - ry well, No boy of my age  
 could talk louder, Crack a joke, tip the wink, or a droll  
 sto-ry tell, Of my cle-ver-ness too none were  
 proud - er, Of my cle-ver-ness too none were

The musical score is written on ten staves of music. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 2/4. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "I was call'd know - ing Joe by the boys of our town, Old dad taught me wise-ly to know folk, 'Cod, I was so sharp, when they laugh-ing came down, I ax'd 'how do'st do' to the show-folk. I could chaunt a good stave, that I know'd ve - ry well, No boy of my age could talk louder, Crack a joke, tip the wink, or a droll sto-ry tell, Of my cle-ver-ness too none were proud - er, Of my cle-ver-ness too none were". The score ends with a double bar line.



proud - er. So, thinks I, 'tis bet - ter nor  
 following the plough, To try with these youths to queer  
 low folk, Their mas - ter I met so I  
 made my best bow - - - [Speaking.]

[SPOKEN]—How d'ye do, sir? says I, I'ze a mighty notion  
 of turning actor-man; I be main lissome—boxes and wrestles  
 vary pretty—dances a good jig—and can play—the vary devil.



Ax'd a place, and so join'd with the show - folk,  
 Ax'd a place, and so join'd with the show - folk.

The place that I'd got, I determin'd to keep,  
 But, odzookers! they all were so drollish,  
 Kings, cobblers, and tailors, a prince or a sweep,  
 And jawed so at I, I looked foolish!

Their daggers and swords, 'cod! they handled so  
'cute,

And their ladies were all so bewitching!  
When I thought to be droll, I was always struck  
mute,

As the bacon-rack hangs in our kitchen;  
They axed me to say how 'the coach was at the  
door,'

When were seated above and below folk!  
Feggs! I was so sheamfaced, I flopped on the floor!

SPOKEN.]—A kind of a sort of giddiness seized me all over!  
—the candles danced the hays!—'twere as dimmish as a  
Scotch mist! I dropp'd down dead as a shot!

And swounded away 'mong the show-folk.

They laughed so, and jeered me, as never wur seen!  
All manner of fancies were playing;  
One night I was sent for to wait on a queen,

SPOKEN.]—I believes it were Queen Hamlet of Dunkirk!

(Not thinking the plan they were laying.)  
My leady she died on a chair next her spouse,  
While with pins me behind they were pricking;  
All at once I screamed out; lent her grace such a  
douse!

That alive she was soon—aye, and kicking





The people all laughed at, and hooted poor I,  
And the comical dogs did me so joke!  
That I made but one step, without bidding good bye

SPOKEN.]—From their steage, cod! I never so much as  
once looked behind me! tumbled over a barrel of thunder—  
knocked down a hailstorm—rolled over the sea—darted like  
lightning through the infarnal regions.

And so I took my leave of the show-folk.

---

SONG.

When a man is fatigu'd with the toils of the day,  
No medicine like sherry can drive care away;  
Without it his blood will grow thicker and thicker,  
But his pulses flow brisk when refreshed with good  
liquor.

Give water to those, who, like water are cold;  
'Tis wine, gen'rous wine, that can make my heart  
bold,  
I leave to your sneakers potatoës so weak,  
And stick to old sherry that crimson my cheek.



## THE MORN RETURNS.

The morn re - turns in saf - fron drest, But  
 not to sad Ro - si - na rest; The blush - ing morn a -  
 wakes the strain, A - wakes the tune - ful  
 choir; The blush - ing morn a - wakes the strain, A -  
 wakes the tune - ful choir, But sad Ro - si - na  
 ne'er a - gain Shall strike the ex - ult - ing lyre.





## TIPPITYWITCHIT.

This ve-ry morn-ing han-dy My  
ma-la-dy was such, I in my tea took bran-dy, And  
took a cup too much. Hic-cup, hic-cup,  
Fol lol de rol lol la. Hic-cup.  
Hic-cup, Fol lol de rol lol la.

But stop, I mus'nt mag hard,  
My head aches, if you please,  
One pinch of Irish blackguard  
I'll take, to give me ease.  
Tish-a, tish-u, tol lol, &c.

Now, I'm quite drowsy growing,  
For this very morn,  
I rose when cock was crowing,  
Excuse me if I yawn.  
Yaw-aw, yaw-aw, tol lol, &c.



I'm not in mood for crying,  
Care's a silly calf,  
If to get fat you're trying,  
The only way's to laugh.  
Ha ha, ha ha, tol lol, &c.

---

### LOVELY SUE.

When first young Henry on the plain,  
Declar'd his love was true,  
The maiden that believ'd his pain,  
Was charming lovely Sue.

He told a simple artless tale,  
'Twas formed but to subdue,  
Then Henry seemed to breathe the gale,  
And only live for Sue.  
Full twelve long months the youthful maid,  
Believ'd his passion true.

Then, woe to her by him betray'd,  
He left poor lovely Sue.  
Far, far, to sea he sail'd away,  
While she no comfort knew,  
Till sorrow call'd from earth away,  
The soul of lovely Sue.

## SWEET WILLY, O.

The pride of all na - ture was  
 sweet Wil - ly O, The pride of all na - ture was  
 sweet Wil - ly O, The first of all swains, He  
 glad-den'd the plains, None e - ver was like to the  
 sweet Wil - ly O. The first of all swains, He  
 glad-den'd the plains, None e - ver was like to the  
 sweet Wil - ly O, None e - ver was  
 like to the sweet Wil - ly O.

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

o-o-o-o

All Nature obey'd him the sweet Willy O,  
Wherever he came,  
Whate'er had a name,  
Whenever he sung, followed sweet Willy O.

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

He charm'd them when living, the sweet Willy O,  
And when Willy died,  
'Twas nature that sigh'd,  
To part with her All, in her sweet Willy O.

---

SONG.

Ye topers all drink to the soul,  
Of this right honest fellow ;  
Who always lov'd a flowing bowl,  
And would in death be mellow.  
The lamp of life he kindled up,  
With spirit stout and glowing ;  
His heart inspired thus with a cup,  
Ascends where nectar's flowing.

## MR. AND MRS. VITE.

A musical score for the song 'MR. AND MRS. VITE.' The score is written on seven staves of music, each with a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The music consists of a single melodic line. The lyrics are as follows:

A wor - thy cit, von Vit - Sun -  
 day, Vith vife rode out in von-horse, chay,  
 Rode out vith vife in von-horse chay, And  
 down the street as they did trot, Says Mrs. Vite, I'll  
 tell you vot, Dear Vil-liam Vite, 'tis my de-light, Ven  
 our veek's bills, ve stick 'em, That side by side, ve  
 thus should ride To Vind-sor or Vest Vick-ham.

My loving vife, full vell you know,  
 Ve used to ride to Valthamstow,  
 But now I thinks it much the best  
 That we should ride towards the vest ;

oooo

If you agree, dear wife, vith me,  
And vish to change the scene,  
Then, ven the dust excites our thirst,  
Ve'll stop at Valham-green.

Vell, then, says Mrs. Vite, says she,  
Vat pleases you must sure please me,  
But veekly vorkings all must go,  
If ve this day go cheerful through,  
For vell I loves the voods and groves,  
They raptures put me in ;  
For you know, Vite, von Vitsun-night,  
You did my poor heart vin.

Then Mrs. Vite she took the vip,  
And vacked poor Dobbin on the hip,  
Vich made him from a valk run fast,  
And reach the long vished sign at last.  
Lo, ven they stopt, out vaiter popt,  
Vat vould you vish to take,  
Says Vite, vith grin, I'll take some gin,  
My vife takes vine and cake.

Ven Mrs. Vite had took her vine,  
To Vindsor on they vent to dine.  
Ven dinner o'er Mr. Vite did talk,  
My darling vife ve'll take a valk ;



The path is vide by vater-side,  
So ve vill walk together ;  
Vile they gets tea for you and me,  
Ve vill enjoy the veather.

Some vonton Eton boys there vere,  
Vich marked for vaggery this pair ;  
Mrs. Vite cried out vat are they arter ?  
Ven in they popp'd Vite in the vater.  
The vicked vits then left the cits,  
Ven Vite the vaves sunk under,  
She vept, she squalled, she vailed, she bawled,  
Vill not none help, I vonder.

Her vimpering vords assistance brought,  
And vith a boat-hook Vite they sought ;  
Ven she, vith expectation big,  
Thought Vite vas found, but 'twas his vig.  
Vite vas not found, for he vas drowned ;  
To stop her grief each bid her ;  
Ah ! no, she cried, I vas a bride,  
But now I is a vidder.



## HOW TO TELL A STORY.

Over port, pipe, or snuff - box, there's  
 al-ways some wight, To tell a long sto - ry at  
 club ev'-ry night, Want-ing wit at a pinch, the box  
 helps a bad joke, Or de-fi-ci-ent in fire he sup-  
 plies ye with smoke, Der - ry  
 down, down, down der - ry down.

Since we're told to believe only half what we hear,  
 Every tale we attempt should from fiction be clear,  
 Probability carefully keeping in view ;  
 For example, I'll tell a short story or two,  
 Derry down, &c.

Once a man advertised the metropolis round,  
He'd leap off the monument on to the ground,  
But when just half-way down felt some nervous attack,  
Grew frightened, reflected, turned round, and jumped  
back.

Derry down, &c.

A boatswain who ne'er had seen Punch or his wife,  
To a puppet-show went, the first time in his life ;  
Laugh'd and wonder'd at every odd trick and grimace,  
When a barrel of gunpowder blew up the place.

Derry down, &c.

Spectators and puppets were here and there thrown,  
When Jack, on a tree who had safely been blown,  
Took a quid, blew his whistle, and not at all vex't,  
Cried, " Shiver me, what will this fellow do next ? "

Derry down, &c.

A bluff grenadier, under great Marshal Saxe,  
Had his head cut clean off by a Lochabar axe,  
But his comrade replaced it so nice ere it fell,  
That a handkerchief tied round his neck, made all  
well.

Derry down, &c.



Now, his memory was short, and his neck very long,  
Which he'd bow thus and thus when he heard a good  
song;

And one night beating time to the tale I tell you,  
He gave such a nod that away his head flew.

Derry down, &c.

I could tell other stories, but here mean to rest,  
Till what you have heard may have time to digest,  
Besides, ere my narrative verse I pursue,  
I must find some more subjects equally true.

Derry down, &c.

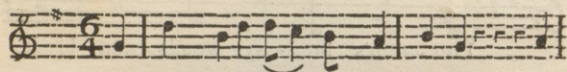


### MARIA'S LOVE.

The downward look, the downcast eye,  
The stealing tear, the struggling sigh,  
Must shew distrust, or grief, or fear,  
Or surely cannot be sincere!

Oh! let my lips with modest smile,  
Devoid of art—devoid of guile,  
To Henry speak, nor doubt, nor fear,  
But shew Maria's love's sincere.

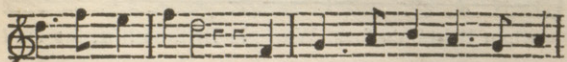
## ENOUGH IS AS GOOD AS A FEAST.



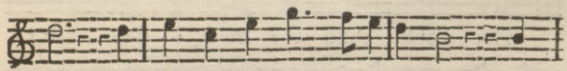
The world is a well-fur-nish'd ta-ble, Where



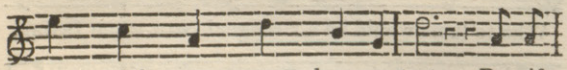
guests are pro-mis-c'ous-ly set, We all fare as



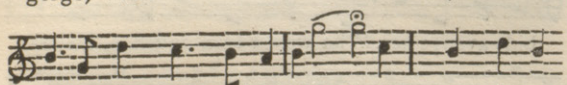
well as we're a-ble, And scam-ble for what we can



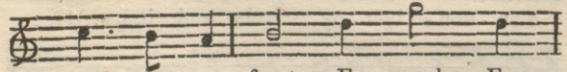
get. My si - mi - le holds to a tit - tle, Some



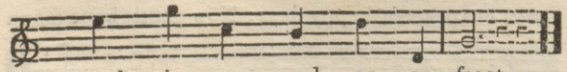
gorge, while some scarce have a taste, But if



I am con-tent with a lit - tle E - nough is as

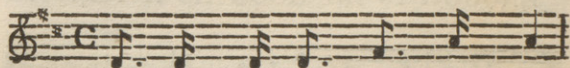


good as a feast, E - nough, E -

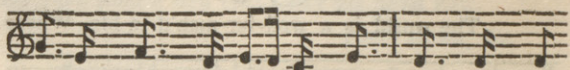


nough is as good as a feast.

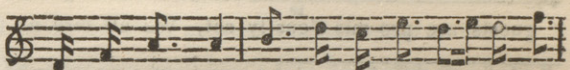
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LOUDON'S BONNY WOODS AND BRAES.


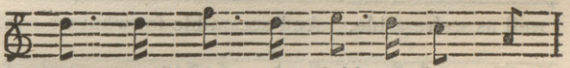
Lou - don's bon - ny woods and braes,



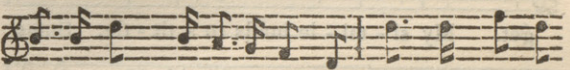
I maun lea' them a' las - sie ; Wha can thole



whan Bri-tain's foes, Wad gie Britons law, las-sie ?



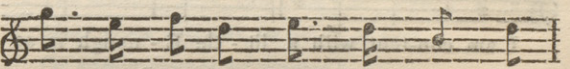
Wha would shun the field o' dan - ger ?



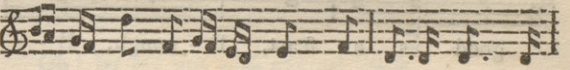
Wha to fame would be a stranger ? Now when Britain



bids avenge her, Wha would turn and flee, las-sie ?



Lou - don's bon - ny woods and braes, Hae



seen our peacefu' happy days ; Now gentle hope maun

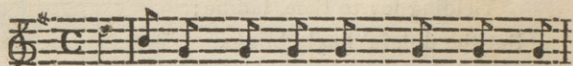


sooth thy waes, When I'm far a - wa, las - sie ?

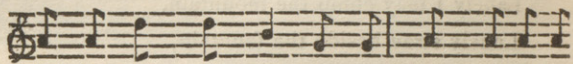
Hark! the swelling bugle sings,
Yielding joy to thee, laddie;
But the dolefu' bugle brings
Waefu' thoughts to me, laddie.
Lanely I may climb the mountain,
Lanely stray beside the fountain,
Still the wearie moments countin',
Far frae love and thee, laddie.
O'er the gory fields of war,
Where Vengeance drives her crimson car,
Thou'lt, may be, fa', frae me afar,
And nane to close thy ee, laddie.

O, resume thy wonted smile!
O, suppress thy fear, lassie!
Glorious Honour crowns the toil
That the soldier shares, lassie;
Heaven will shield thy faithfu' lover,
'Till the vengeful strife is over,
Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever,
'Till the day we die, lassie.
'Midst our bonnie woods and braes,
We'll spend our peacefu' happy days,
As blithe's yon lightsome lamb that plays
On Loudon's flow'ry lea, lassie.

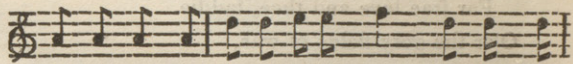
KING DICK.



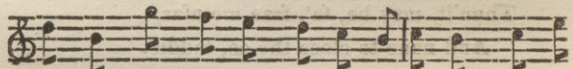
You all have heard of crook-back'd Dick, Who



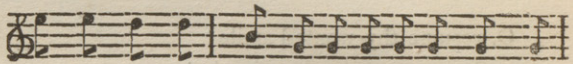
once was Eng-land's king, sir, Who thought by ar-ti-



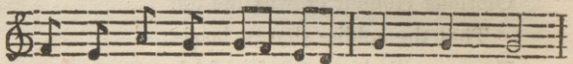
fice to get the de-vil in a string, sir, Be-ing



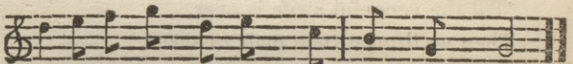
born with teeth, he vow'd to snap At all who came in



his way, sir, And, friend or foe, as suited Dick, A-



like be-came his prey, sir. Bow, wow, wow,



fal lal de rid - dle did - dle, bow, wow, wow.

'Gainst Clarence, first, he spit his spite, and while he
there did dine, sir,
He made him drunk, and then did drown him in a
butt of wine, sir ;



Then next unto the Tower he went, and with a furious
look, sir,
He stuck King Harry, 'cause he found him reading in
a book, sir.

Bow, wow, &c.

King Edward dying, he seiz'd the crown, when like
the frog in fable,
He swelled and looked *monstratious* big, as long as
he was able;
Then married Lady Ann with speed, but soon, sirs,
in a frenzy,
He bade her go, sirs, and be d——d, another took
his fancy.

Bow, wow, &c.

Then fearing that some unknown foe might balk him
of his will O,
He had his little nephews smothered, by a swan's-
down pillow;
And, void of feeling or remorse, a watery grave he
found 'em,
Just as you'd see some envious wights serve puppies
when they drown 'em.

Bow, wow, &c.

At length his crimes so heinous grew, the folk began
to grumble,
And he to quake, for fear his pride should meet a
hugeous tumble ;
While to increase poor Dickey's fear, 'twas said, that
every night, sir,
The ghosts of those he had *kilt* appeared to him,
dressed all in white, sir.

Bow, wow, &c.

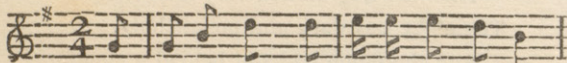
At length, in Bosworth's field, he met with one who
was his match, sir,
Who cared no more, sirs, for his threats than I do for
Old Scratch, sir ;
He stuck so close, sirs, to his skirts, his blows he
could'nt parry,
So all proved *Dickey*, sirs, with him, being stuck by
Richmond Harry.

Bow, wow, &c.

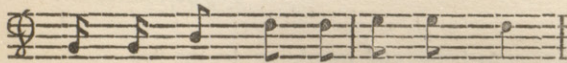




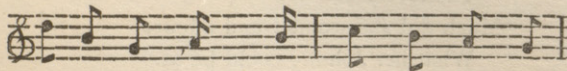
JOHN GROUSE AND MOLLY DUMPLING.



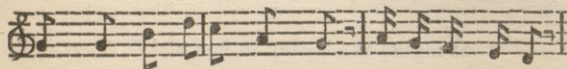
Come all ye young and fro-lic-some lo-vers,



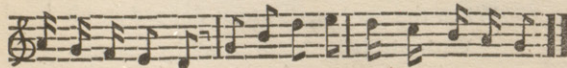
List - en a - while un - to my rhyme,



'Tis of two sweet - hearts young and ten - der



Who were cut off in their prime, Fol de rid-dle lol,



Fol de rid-dle lol, Rit fol lar al, did-dle dol de rol.

Molly Dumpling was a virgin true,

Liv'd cook in a great family,

One eye was black and the other blue,

She was very fat and four feet high.

Fol de riddle, &c.

John Grouse he was a gardener,

Healthy he was with manly toil,

Cabbage he sold, and for dinner

Plenty of it cut to boil.

Fol de riddle, &c.

One night he went to see his Molly ;
 His little dog barked very loud ;
 The night was dark and melancholy,
 And the moon had slid behind a cloud.
 Fol de riddle, &c.

At home and trembling, by the fire
 The lovely Molly Dumpling sat ;
 Much did she wonder and admire
 What her Johnny could be at.
 Fol de riddle, &c.

That night, as she lay in her bed,
 Her chamber-door flew open wide,
 When the gardener's ghost popped in his head,
 With his little dog trotting by his side.
 Fol de riddle, &c.

Tall as a May-pole was his size,
 Green, green his waistcoat was as leeks,
 Red, red as beet-root were his eyes,
 And pale as turnips were his cheeks.
 Fol de riddle, &c.

Soon as her true love she espied,
 Poor Molly Dumpling faintly said,
 " What would you, Johnny ?"—He replied,
 " O ! Molly Dumpling I am dead.
 Fol de riddle, &c.



In the flower of my youth I fell ;”
 He spoke in a most dismal tone.
 “ I was not sick, but in a well
 I tumbled backwards and was drowned.”
 Fol de riddle, &c.

Soon as she heard her true love speak,
 She clasped her hands,—jumped out of bed ;
 She squeak'd and squall'd, (ah! how she bawled,)
 Then shut her mouth and dropp'd down dead.
 Fol de riddle, &c.

SONG.

Go, rose, my Chloe's bosom grace,
 How happy should I prove,
 Might I supply that envied place,
 With never-fading love !
 There, Phoenix like, beneath her eye,
 Involv'd in fragrance burn and die.
 Know, hapless flow'r, that thou shalt find
 More fragrant roses there :
 I see thy with'ring head reclin'd,
 With envy and despair.
 One common fate we both must prove ;
 You die with envy—I with love.

~~~~~

IN THE SOLEMN MIDNIGHT HOUR.

'Twas in the so-lemn mid-night hour, When  
 all was dark a - round, When pla - nets  
 strike and spells have pow'r, And man-drakes  
 cleave the ground, I heard a voice as  
 from the tomb, The bell then beat ing one, — A-  
 dieu, it cried, I meet my doom, My life's last  
 sand is run, My life's last sand is run.

'Twas William's voice, 'twas William's form,  
 Wet from his wat'ry grave,  
 'I sink,' he cried, 'amid the storm,  
 I sleep beneath the wave.'  
 Starting I rise, and snatch my gown,  
 And hasten to the shore,  
 I see the gallant ship go down—  
 But see my love no more.

## CALEDONIAN MAID.

Oh, say have you my Ma-ry seen, The  
 Ca-le-do-nian maid, Or heard the shep-herds  
 on the green Say where my Ma-ry's stray'd; Or  
 heard the shep - herds on the green Say  
 where my Ma-ry's stray'd. The dam-sel is of  
 an-gel mien, With sad and down-cast eyes, The  
 shep - herds call her sor - row's queen, So  
 pen - sive - ly she sighs, So pen - sive - ly, So  
 pen - sive - ly, so pen - sive - ly she sighs.

But why those sighs so sadly swell,  
 Or why her tears so flow ;  
 In vain they press the lovely girl,  
 The innate cause to know.  
 E'er reason form'd her tender mind,  
 The virgin learned to love,  
 Compassion taught her to be kind,  
 Deceit she was above.

And had not war's terrific voice,  
 Forbid the nuptial bands,  
 E'er now had Sandy been her choice,  
 And Hymen bound our hands :  
 But since the sword of war is sheath'd,  
 And peace resumes her charms,  
 My every joy is now bequeath'd,  
 Unto my Mary's arms.

---

### HARK ! THE LARK.

Hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
 And Phœbus 'gins to rise,  
 His steeds to water at those springs  
 On chaliced flowers that lies ;  
 And winking Mary-buds begin  
 To ope their golden eyes ;  
 With every thing that pretty bin,  
 My lady sweet arise !



## THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

And are ye sure the news is true? And  
 are ye sure he's weel? Is this a time to  
 think o' wark, Make haste, lay by your wheel. Is  
 this a time to think o' wark, When Colin's at the  
 door? Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay, And  
 see him come a-shore. For there's nae luck a-  
 bout the house, There's nae luck at a'; There's  
 little pleasure in the house When our gudeman's a-wa.

O gie me down my bigonet,  
 My bishop's satin gown,  
 For I maun tell the bailie's wife  
 That Colin's come to town.  
 My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,  
 My hose o'pearl blue,  
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,  
 For he's baith leal and true.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Rise up and mak a clean fire-side,  
 Put on the muckle pot ;  
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,  
 And Jock his Sunday's coat :  
 And mak their shoon as black as slaes,  
 Their hose as white as snaw ;  
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,  
 For he's been lang awa.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

There are twa hens upon the bauk,  
 They've fed this month and mair ;  
 Mak haste, and thraw their necks about,  
 That Colin weel may fare :  
 And spread the table neat and clean,  
 Gar ilka thing look braw ;  
 Its a' for love of my gudeman,  
 For he's been lang awa.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

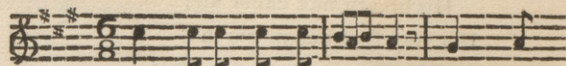
Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,  
 His breath like caller air;  
 His very foot has music in't  
 When he comes up the stair.  
 And will I see his face again?  
 And will I hear him speak?  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
 In troth, I'm like to greet.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,  
 That thirl'd thro' my heart,  
 They've a' blawn by, I hae him safe,  
 Till death we'll never part;  
 But what pits parting in my head?  
 It may be far awa';  
 The present moment is our ain,  
 The neist we never saw.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

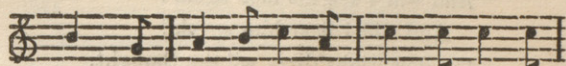
Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,  
 I hae nae mair to crave;  
 Could I but live to mak him blest,  
 I'm blest aboon the lave:  
 And will I see his face again?  
 And will I hear him speak?  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
 In troth, I'm like to greet.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.



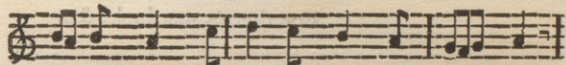
## MILITIA MUSTER FOLK.



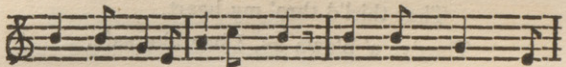
Come, mi-li-ti-a men so gay, Bring your



drums, your guns, and sa-bres, While the fife shall



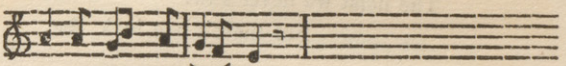
brisk-ly play, As-sem-ble all your neigh-bours.



See the of-fi-cer is near, See the troops in



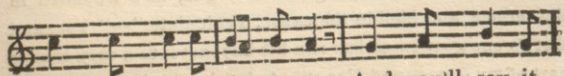
crowds ap-pear, Ev'-ry sol-dier now is near, To



pro-se-cute his la-bours.

[SPOKEN.] "Now, gentlemen, to prevent falling out, I'll thank you to fall in.—Form a line, if you please—why, bless me, do you call that a line, why you are crooked at both ends and not straight in the middle—Now, do alter that, gentlemen—Why, neighbour Swigger, don't you see your inside is quite hollow, it wants filling up."—"Yes, and so would your's, too, if you had come from home without your break-

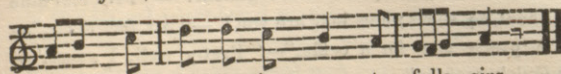
fast, as I have."—"Stand at ease.—Why, neighbour Shuffle, you don't stand at ease."—"No, I can't, for I've got a pebble in my shoe."—"Eyes right."—"That's a thing I shall like to do," says Gazeall, "and perhaps, Mr. Officer, you'll tell me how to manage it; for look, I squint." "That's true," says Rattlepot, "and that's the reason you always look so *cross* at the Captain when he commands you."—"Now, gentlemen, you with the guns come forward, you with the umbrellas wheel to the right, and you with the bean-stalks go the left—now shoulder—there now, I didn't say arms."—"Well, never mind, you might have said it, you know."—"What brings you from the ranks, Blairall?"—"I only came out, Captain, to ask you if there is any news."—"Pooh, pooh!"



Thus they ex-er-cise a-way, And you'll say it



is a joke, sirs, For I've been on ma-ny a



day, With mi-li-ti-a mus-ter folk, sirs.

Now they halt, and now they dress,

Now they march and countermarch, sirs,

See they on each other press,

With chins be-deck'd with starch, sirs.

Now the hero calls aloud,

While each hero looks so proud;

How they eye the gaping crowd,

And quiz the girls so arch, sirs.

o-o-o-o

‘SPOKEN.] “Halt! halt! halt!—Why, gentlemen, you’ve left the rear guard behind.”—“Yes, so we have, we’re before hand with them.”—“Now gentlemen, we’re going to exercise; and, in order that all may be correct, I’ll give the word from my book of the New System.—Stand at ease! Attention! Shoulder arms! Fix bayonets!”—“Why, Captain, how are we to fix bayonets when our guns are on our shoulders?”—“Oh! I beg pardon, I’ve turn’d over two leaves at once—order arms—unfix bayonets.”—“Why, we hav’n’t fixed them yet, Captain.”—“That’s true, but never mind—ground arms.—Why, bless me, brother Shiver, you’ve tumbled down—I hope you hav’n’t hurt yourself?”—“Yes, I’ve cut my nose and bled a bushel, I guess.”—“Yes, he’s wounded in the service, and bled in the cause, I calculate.”—“Yes, and there’s one gentleman has run his bayonet into a very tender part of my frame, and I’ve only to inform this here corps that I’m not bomb proof.”—“What have you put up your umbrella for, Drybones?”—“Because I guess we shall have a very particularly damn’d heavy shower of rain.”—“I say, Little, how long are you in this regiment?”—“Five feet nine without my shoes; how long are you?”—“Six feet three.”—“A pretty size for a coffin.”—“Pretty well, I guess.”—“Quick, march!”

Thus they exercise away, &c.

Now all formed, to work they go,  
 And no regiment e’er looked prouder;  
 I’m sure their looks would scare a foe,  
 When they’re supplied with powder.



All are ready for the fray,  
 All exclaim, come don't delay,  
 All prepare to fire away,  
 And where's the corps fired louder.

[SPOKEN.] "Gentlemen, you in the front row must kneel, and you in the second row must stand up—this is what we call *platonian* firing; but mind, the gentlemen in the second row are not allowed to shoot the gentlemen's heads off in the front row—and if any of the gentlemen in the front should fall down, the persons behind shall pick them up again.—Now, return ramrods—what, what are you doing there?"—"Why, I'm returning the ramrod, I borrow'd it of Graball, and I'm doing as you bid me."—"Gentlemen, if any of you should bite your cartridge at the wrong end, just be kind enough to spit out the ball again.—Make ready—(*one of them discharges his piece.*)—Who's that firing before his time?—Present!—(*Another fires*)—Really, gentlemen, this is a waste of powder.—I never heard anything so bad as—(*another fires.*) There, again.—Now, gentlemen—Fire—(*they fire one after the other.*) Really, I never heard such irregular firing in a regular regiment.—Why, gentlemen, what are you all dancing about—Stand at ease—(*they knock the muskittos off with their hands.*) Attention!—Oh, the muskittos—(*they still keep knocking them off.*) Shoulder arms."—(*The singer here knocks the muskittos off his shoulders, arms, legs, &c.*)

Thus they exercise away, &c.



## MISS BAILEY.

A cap - tain bold in Ha - li - fax, that  
 dwelt in coun - try quar - ters, Se - duc'd a maid who  
 hang'd her - self, one morn - ing in her gar - ters ; His  
 wic - ked con - science smited him, he lost his sto - mach  
 dai - ly, He took to drink - ing ra - ta - fi - a, and  
 thought up - on Miss Bai - ley. Oh, Miss  
 Bai - ley, un - for - tu - nate Miss Bai - ley !

One night betimes he went to rest, for he had caught  
 a fever,  
 Says he, 'I am a handsome man, but I'm a gay  
 deceiver.'



His candle, just at twelve o'clock, began to burn quite  
palely ;

A ghost stepped up to his bed-side, and said,  
“ Behold Miss Bailey !”

Oh, Miss Bailey ! &c.

“ Avaunt, Miss Bailey !” then he cried, “ your face  
looks white and mealy !”

“ Dear Captain Smith,” the ghost replied, “ you've  
used me ungentlely ;

The *Crowner's 'quest* goes hard with me, because I've  
acted frailly,

And Parson Biggs wo'n't bury me, though I am dead  
Miss Bailey.”

Oh, Miss Bailey ! &c.

“ Dear corpse,” says he, “ since you and I accounts  
must, once for all, close,

I ve got a one pound note in my regimental small-  
clothes,

’Twill bribe the sexton for your grave.”

The ghost then vanished gaily,

Crying, “ Bless you, wicked Captain Smith ! Re-  
member poor Miss Bailey.”

Oh, Miss Bailey ! &c.



## HEARTS OF OAK.

Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to  
 glo-ry we steer, To add some-thing more to this  
 won-der-ful year; To ho-nour we call you, not  
 press you like slaves, For who are so free as we  
 sons of the waves. Heart of oak are our ships, jolly  
 tars are our men, We al-ways are rea-dy,  
 stea-dy, boys, stea-dy, We'll fight and we'll  
 con-quer a-gain and a-gain.

We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay,  
 They never see us, but they wish us away,  
 If they run, why, we follow, and run them ashore,  
 For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

Hearts of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,  
 They frighten our women, our children, and beaus;  
 But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,  
 Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Hearts of oak, &c.

We'll still make 'em run, and we'll still make 'em  
 sweat,

In spite of the French and Brussels Gazette;  
 Then cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing,  
 Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen and king.

Hearts of oak, &c.

---

### SONG.

Dear object of defeated care,  
 Though now of love and thee bereft;  
 To reconcile me with despair,  
 Thine image and thy tears are left.

'Tis said, with sorrow time can cope,  
 But that I feel can ne'er be true;  
 For by the death-blow of my hope,  
 My memory immortal grew.



## GEORGE BARNWELL.

George Barn-well stood at the shop-door, A  
 cus-to-mer ho-ping to find, His a-pron was hang-  
 ing be-fore, But the tail of his coat was be-hind; A  
 la-dy, so paint-ed and smart, Cried, sir, I've ex-haust-  
 ed my stock o'late, I've got no-thing left but  
 a groat, Could you give me four-penn'orth of chocolate  
 Ri tol de rol lol de rol lo, Ri tol lol de rid-do.

Her face was roug'd up to the eyes,  
 Which made her look prouder and prouder,  
 His hair stood on end with surprise,  
 And her's with pomatum and powder.



The business was soon understood,  
The lady, who wished to be more rich,  
Cries, sweet sir, my name is Milwood,  
And I lodge at the gunner's in Shoreditch.  
Rump ti iddity, &c.

Now, nightly he stole out, good lack !  
And into her lodging would pop, sir,  
And often forgot to come back,  
Leaving master to shut up the shop, sir.  
Her beauty his wits did bereave ;  
Determined to be quite the crack, O,  
He lounged at the Adam and Eve,  
And called for his gin and tobacco.  
Rump ti iddity, &c.

And now, for the truth must be told,  
Though none of a 'prentice should speak ill,  
He stole from the till all the gold,  
And ate the lump sugar and treacle.  
In vain did his master exclaim,  
Dear George, don't engage with that dragon,  
She'll lead you to sorrow and shame,  
And leave you the devil a rag on.  
Rump ti iddity, &c.

o o o o

In vain he entreats and implores,  
 The weak and incurable ninny,  
 So kicks him, at last, out of doors,  
 And Georgy soon spends his last guinea.  
 His uncle, whose generous purse  
 Had often relieved him, as I know,  
 Now, finding him grow worse and worse,  
 Refused to come down with the rhino.  
 Rump ti iddity, &c.

Cried Milwood, whose cruel heart's core  
 Was so flinty that nothing could shock it,  
 If you mean to come here any more,  
 Pray come with more cash in your pocket.  
 Make *nunky* surrender his *dibs*,  
*Rub his pate* with a *pair of lead towels*,  
 Or stick a knife into his ribs,  
 I'll warrant *he'll then shew some bowels*.  
 Rump ti iddity, &c.

A pistol he got from his love,  
 'Twas loaded with powder and bullet,  
 He trudged off to Camberwell-grove,  
 But wanted the courage to pull it.

There's *nunky* as fat as a hog,  
While I am as lean as a lizard,  
Here's at you, you stingy old dog,  
And he whips a long knife in his gizzard.  
Rump ti iddity, &c.

All you who attend to my song,  
A terrible end to the farce shall see,  
If you join the inquisitive throng  
That follows poor George to the Marshalsea.  
If Milwood were here, dash my wigs,  
Quoth he, I would pummel and *lamb her well*;  
Had I stuck to my prunes and figs,  
I ne'er had stuck *nunky* at Camberwell.  
Rump ti iddity, &c.

Their bodies were never cut down,  
For granny relates, with amazement,  
A witch bore them over the town,  
And hung them on Thoroughgood's casement.  
The neighbours, I've heard the folks say,  
The miracle noisily brag on,  
And the shop is, to this very day,  
The sign of the *George and the Dragon*.  
Rump ti iddity, &c.



## CAN I CEASE TO LOVE HER?

[From the Pirates.\*]

In child-hood's care-less hap-py day, When  
 na - ture speaks un - spoil'd by art, Af - fec - tion  
 mark'd our in - fant play, And fix'd its root in  
 ei - ther heart. It's growth would ev' - ry  
 hour dis - co - ver, Say, then how can I, Ah!  
 can I cease to love her?

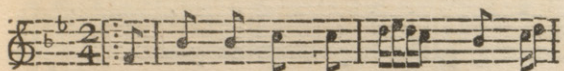
Oppress'd by sickness, languid, weak,  
 Attentions kind did she bestow;  
 And bade upon my pallid cheek,  
 Reviving health and joy to glow;  
 New kindness would each hour discover—  
 Say, then, ah! can I cease to love her?

\* [The above, and the Songs so distinguished, are from Storace's opera of the 'PIRATES,' upon which is founded the 'SERAGLIO performing with such distinguished applause.]—ED.

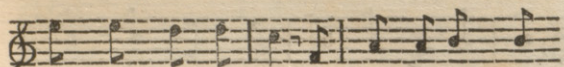


## MY RISING SPIRITS.

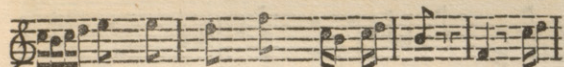
[From the Pirates.]



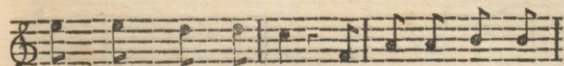
My ri - sing spi - rits thron - ing, In



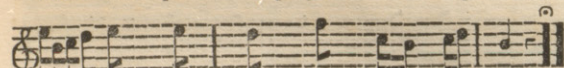
spor - tive brisk ar - ray, In - spire a pla - guy



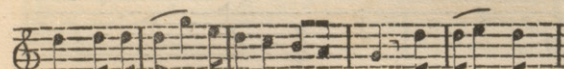
long - ing, Some harm - less prank to play, Yes, some



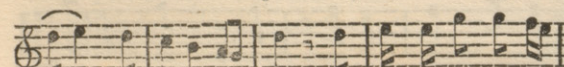
harm - less prank to play; I have a pla - guy



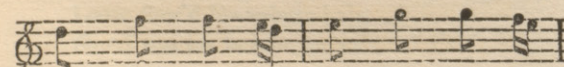
long - ing some harm - less prank to play.



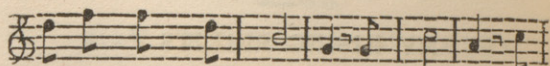
Shall I as - sume a shep - herd's part, And lan - guish



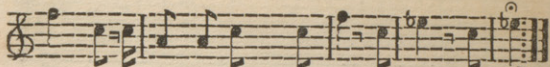
midst the whi - ning train, 'Till ma - ny a pret - ty



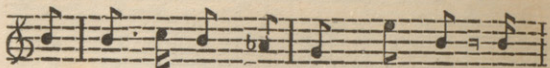
mai - den's heart, In sighs shall own the



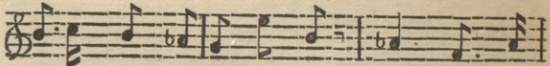
ten-der part, With heigh-o, with heigh-o, with



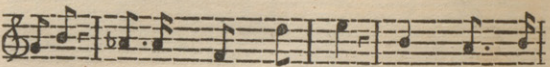
heigh-o, a-las ! I love, heigh-o, 'tis so, heigh-o !



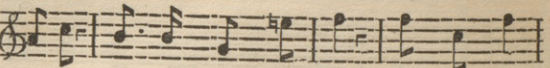
Or, with a pret - ty fel - low's air, Shall



I be - deck my lit - tle form ; Sing, dance, and



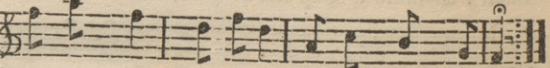
o-gle, whis-per, dance, and swear, Sing, dance, and



o-gle, whis-per, dance, and swear. View me, ma'am,

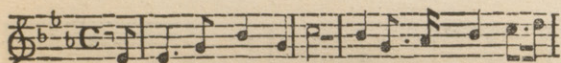


here I am, view this charm - ing form.

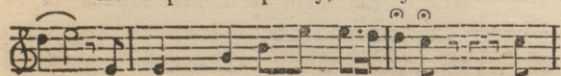


View me, ma'am, here I am, view this charm-ing form.

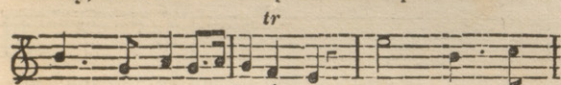
## AS WRAPT IN SLEEP.



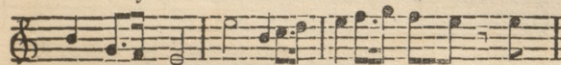
As wrapt in sleep I lay, Fan-cy as-sum'd her



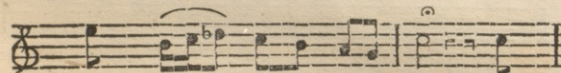
sway, A voice that spoke des - pair Cried



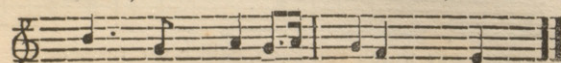
mourn thy lo - ver ba - nish'd Cold, cold, be -



neath the main Lies he in bat - tle slain ; Mourn



mourn, thou wretch - ed fair, All



hope from thee is va - nish - ed,

Upon the rock I stood ;

Forth from the foaming flood,

Arose the lovely form

Of him who now is banished :

Loose flow'd his auburn hair,

Gor'd was his bosom, bare ;

Sinking amid the storm

He sigh'd ' adieu ! '—and vanished.



## REMEMBER ME!

[From the Pirates.]

When you shall hear the sounds of  
 joy, (Beat-ing the floor with rus-tic dance) Silent the  
 list'ning ear em-ploy, But do not yet too quick ad-  
 vance, But slow-ly, soft-ly, soft-ly creep, Un-  
 til yon light you see; And while the  
 anx-i-ous watch you keep, Still e-ver re-mem-ber  
 me, And while the anx-i-ous watch you  
 keep Still e - ver re - mem - ber  
 me, still e - ver re - mem - ber me.

Careful the winding path explore,  
Lest in the tangled brake you stray,  
Then think of her whom you adore,  
To cheer the dark and weary way ;  
And softly, slowly creep,  
Until yon light you see,  
And while the anxious watch you keep,  
Still ever remember me.

---

## SONG.

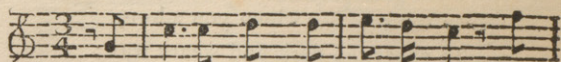
Youthful hearts of love's invasion,  
Love's soft impulse can't restrain,  
Still they list not to persuasion,  
Sporting with a lover's pain.

Till before the shrine of beauty,  
Age, with dotage, blindly kneels,  
Then love listens to love's duty,  
And a mutual flame reveals.

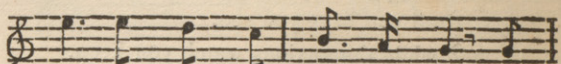
As the child with bauble tired,  
Till another wants the toy,  
Then 'tis eagerly admired,  
Sweetest source of all its joy.



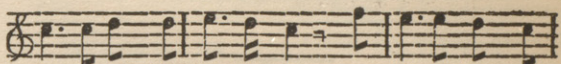
## OH! SOFTLY FLOW THOU BRINY TIDE.



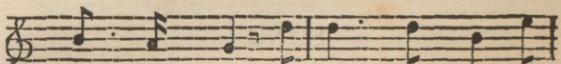
Oh! soft-ly flow thou bri-ny tide, That



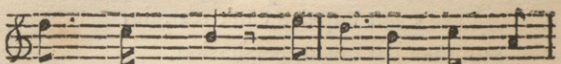
dost two faith-ful hearts di-vide, And



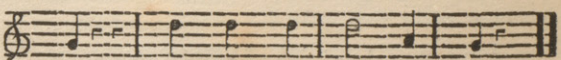
while in yon-der lone-ly tow'r, Poor He-ro wait th'ap-



point-ed hour, A-gain, bear gen-tly,



free from harms, Le-an-der to her



arms! Vi-si-ons of fate be-hold!

See, bend-ing o'er the cruel wave,  
 Which seems ordain'd his early grove,  
 The youth prepares to quit the shore,  
 Ah! tempt the faithless deep no more!  
 Its front serene conceals the snare,  
 Then vent'rous youth beware,  
 Visions of fate behold!



Transported now to Asia's strand,  
We still the Hellespont command:  
Ah! hapless Hero! to the skies  
She shrieks! and turns her tearful eyes,  
Oh! Venus listen to her woe,  
Forbid her tears to flow.  
Visions of fate behold.

---

## LANG DE DILLO.

There came a stranger o'er the mead;  
By the hawthorn bush sat he:  
And sweet he tun'd his shepherd's reed—  
Hey, lang de dillo, dillo dee.

A silly maid too near him drew;  
He was fresh, and fair to see:  
He stole her heart, then cried adieu!  
Hey, lang de dillo, dillo dee.

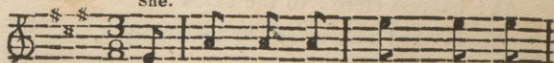
Many a morning, while 'twas May,  
By the hawthorn bush walk'd she,  
But, ah! no stranger came to play,  
Sweet lang de dillo, dillo dee.



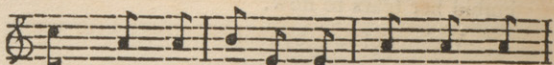
## THE JEALOUS DON.

[From the Pirates.]

She.



The jea - lous Don won't you as -

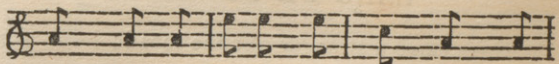


sume when we mar-ry, And won't you frown,

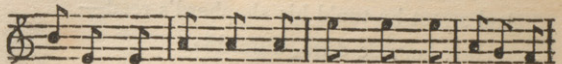
He.



mut - ter, and plague me with doubts, And



won't you, when-e-ver your point you wou'd



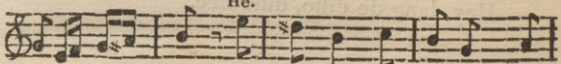
car-ry, Have fits, fret, and whim-per, and be in the

She.



pouts? No boun-cing, but 'Zounds, ma'am, pray

He.



al-ter your plan.' No whi-ning and cry-ing 'You

She.

He.



bar-bar-ous man.' But you'll love me, 'Yes,



~~~~~

She. He. She.

yes; ' And be con-stant, ' No, no; ' What not

He. She. He.

con-stant? ' Yes, yes; ' Did you mean? ' No, not

Both

so.' I'm sure we're a-greed, no more words, let us

mar-ry, Love's mean-ing no aid wants from

lan-guage I know, No words, let us mar-ry, Love's

mean-ing no aid wants from lan-guage, we know.

He.—Yet won't you before folk, be fond, coax, and
flatter,

While, turning behind, to a lover your hand?

She.—And won't you, when I'm in a humour to chatter,
Cry, ' Oh, I'm so sleepy, I can't understand? '

He.—No smirking and squeezing, now dear, and all that

She.—No yawning and gaping, when I want to chat.
But you'll love me, &c.

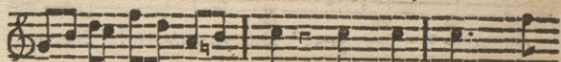


THERE THE SILVER'D WATERS ROAM.

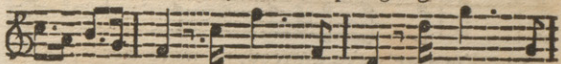
[From the Pirates.]



There the sil-ver'd wa-ters roam, And wan-ton



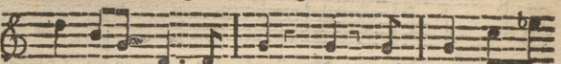
o'er th' un-stea-dy sand, Span-gling with their



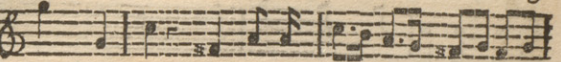
star-ry foam, The tow'r-ing clift, the tow'r-ing



clift, the tow'r-ing clift that guards the land. There the



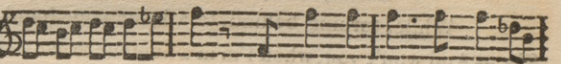
scream-ing sea-bird flits, There the scream-ing



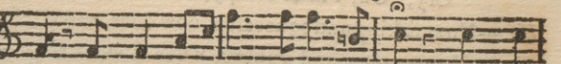
sea-bird flits, Dips in the wave his dus-ky



form, Or on a roc-ky tur-ret sits, or on a



roc-ky tur-ret sits. Th' ex-ult-ing de-mon of the



storm, th' ex-ult-ing de-mon of the storm, There as

vil-lage le-gends tell, Ma-ny a ship-wreck'd sea-man's
ghost, Lis - tens to the dis - tant knell, When
mid-night glooms, when mid-night glooms, when
mid-night glooms, the fa-tal coast. There, as
vil-lage le-gends tell, Ma-ny a ship-wreck'd sea-man's
ghost, Lis-tens to the dis-tant knell, When mid-night
glooms the dis - tant coast, Lis - tens,
lis - tens to the dis - tant knell,
when mid-night glooms the fa-tal coast.



WHAT SHALL I DO ?

[From the Pirates.]

What shall I do? What line pur-
 sue? What shall I do? What line pur-sue? Oh,
 dear, what shall I do? Oh, dear, what shall I
 do? My spi-rits in a flus-ter, Won't let me bounce and
 blus - ter, Else would I try, per - chance if
 he, As well as I, a cow'rd may be, If
 he a co-ward may be. What shall I do? What
 line pur-sue? What shall I do? What line pur-
 sue? I' faith I'll try per-chance if he As much as

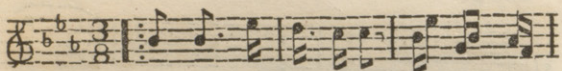
I a cow'rd may be. I' faith then I'll try if a
cow'rd he mayn't be. Racks and tor-tures
I des-pise, racks and tor-tures I des-pise! My
ho-nour, my ho-nour 'tis a-lone I prize, My
ho-nour, my ho-nour 'tis a-lone I prize. In-dig-nant
heart lie still I say! Oh, if I could but run a-
way! Hark! hark! what do they mut-ter? Dread-ful
mur-murs do they ut-ter! I'm in such a ta-a-king,
qui-ver-ing, qua-king, I'm in such a ta-a-king,

qui - ver - ing, qua - king, Ev - ry limb with ter -
 sha - king, qua - a - king, sha - a - king, qua - a - king, sha -
 a - king. Racks and tor - tures I des - pise, Racks and
 tor - tures I des - pise! My ho - nour, my ho - nour ' tis a -
 lone I prize, My ho - nour, my ho - nour ' tis a - lone I
 prize! E - gad, they're off, I'll not de - lay, I'll not de -
 lay, So now's the time to run, now's the time to run,
 now's the time to run a - way, So now's the time
 to run a - way, so now's the time to run a - way.

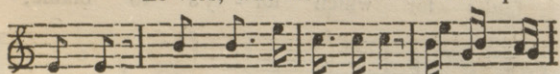
o-o-o-o

LOVERS, WHO LISTEN.

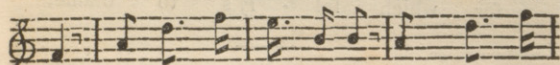
[From the Pirates.]



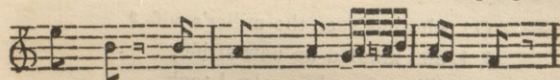
Lo-vers, who lis-ten to rea-son's per-



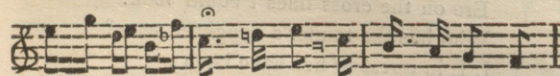
sua-si-on, Praise for the no-vel-ty sure-ly may



claim ; Lo-vers who heark-en to friend-ship's per-



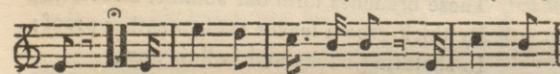
sua - si - on, to friend - ship's per - sua - si - on,



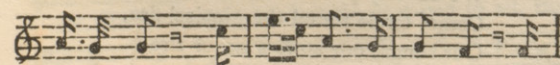
Praise for the no-vel-ty, the no-vel-ty may



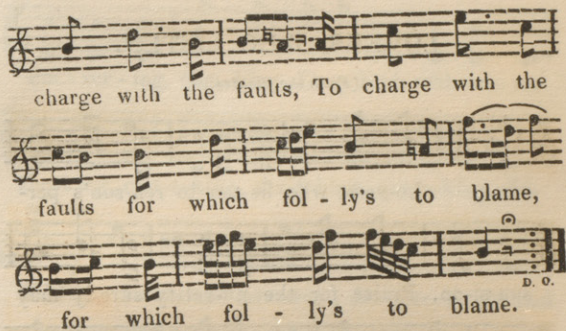
claim, Praise for the no-vel-ty, the no-vel-ty may



claim. Of fate so bar-ba-rous, Of fate so



bar-ba-rous, they'll find no oc-ca-si-on, To



charge with the faults, To charge with the
 faults for which fol - ly's to blame,
 for which fol - ly's to blame.

TRIO.

O! who has seen the miller's wife?
 I, I, and kindled up new strife;
 A shilling from her palm I took,
 Ere on the cross lines I could look.
 Who has the tanner's daughter seen?
 I, I, in quest of her have been;
 But as the tanner was within,
 'Twas hard to 'scape him in whole skin.
 From ev'ry place condemn'd to roam
 In ev'ry place we seek a home;
 These branches form our summer's roof,
 By thick-grown leaves made weather proof;
 In shelt'ring nooks and hollow ways
 We cheerly pass our winter days,
 Come, circle round the gipsies' fire,
 Our songs, our stories never tire;
 Come, stain your cheeks with nut or berry,
 You'll find the gipsies' life is merry.

SIR, DO YOU CALL ?

[From the Pirates.]

Of a vile lack of ho - nes - ty
 grum-blers com-plain, And that no so-ci-al vir-tues we
 boast, Still the best of these vir - tues (the
 charge I dis-dain) Will be found all com-bin'd in your
 host, Still the best of these vir-tues, (The
 charge I dis-dain,) Will be found all com-bin'd in your
 host ; For his heart, like his bot - tle, is o - pen to
 all, His heart, like his bot-tle, is o-pen to all, Both
 friend - ship and wine come at ' Sir, do you

o. o. o. o.

call?' Both friend - ship and wine come at

' Sir, do you call?—Sir, do you call?—Sir, do you

call? — Sir, do you call?' — Both

friend-ship and wine come at ' Sir, do you call?'

If his guests love good living, the better lives he,
 On society thus he depends,
 'Tis his interest to forward good humour and glee,
 All the world he desires for his friends.
 His heart, like his bottle, is open to all,
 Both friendship and wine come at ' Sir, do you call?'

DUET.

Brisk wine and lovely woman are
 The source of all our joys,
 A brimmer softens ev'ry care,
 And beauty never cloys ;
 Then let us drink, and let us love,
 While yet our hearts are gay,
 Women and Wine we all approve
 As blessings night and day.



PEACEFUL SLUMBERING.

[From the Pirates.]

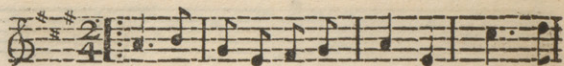
Peace - ful slum - b'ring on the o - cean
 Sea - men fear no dan - ger nigh, The winds and
 waves in gen - tle mo - ti - on, Soothe them
 with their lul - la - by, lul - la - by,
 lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by,
 Soothe them with their lul - la - by.

Is this the wind tempestuous blowing?
 Still no danger they descry,
 The guileless heart its boon bestowing,
 Soothes them with their lullaby.

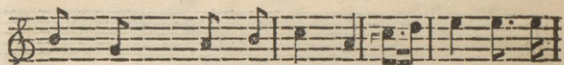


OH! THE PRETTY PRETTY CREATURE.

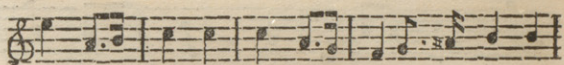
[From the Pirates.]



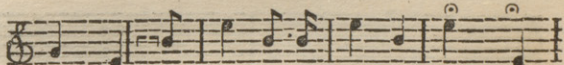
Oh! the pret-ty pret-ty crea-ture, When I



next should chance to meet her, No more for an



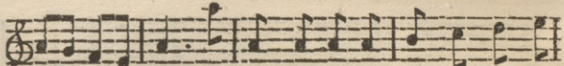
ass shall Bla-zi-o pass, But gal-lant-ly will I



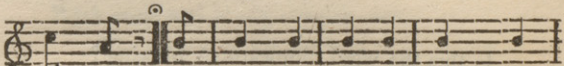
treat her, But gal-lant-ly will I treat her.



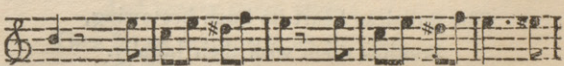
Oh! the pret-ty, pret-ty, pret-ty, pret-ty, pret-ty



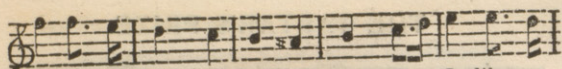
crea-ture! Oh! the pret-ty, pret-ty, pret-ty, pret-ty



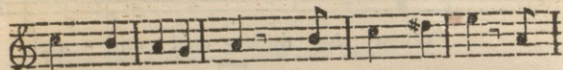
crea-ture! But then her wick-ed charm-ing



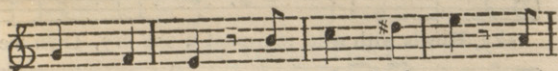
eyes, Where-e'er they roll flush such sur prize!



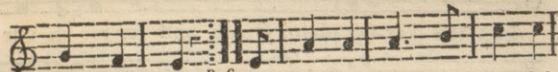
I, like an awk-ward sil-ly clown, But I, like an



awk-ward sil-ly clown, When she looks up must



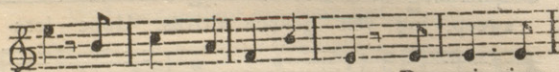
needs look down, When she looks up must



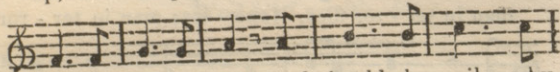
needs look down. I'll bold-ly dare her fear-ful



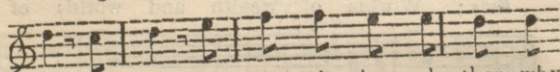
charms, I'll bold-ly dare her fear-ful charms, March



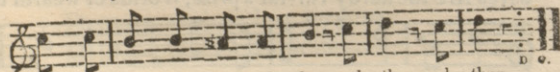
up, and clasp her in my arms; Des-pair gives



cou-rage oft to men, And should she smile, why



then, why then, why then, why then, why then, why



then, why then, why then, why then, why then, why then.



THE TARTAR'S PRIZE.

When the dark - en'd mid - night
 sky, Howls with wild tem-pest-u-ous cry, Then we
 quit the Tar-tar plain, Death and ter-ror in our
 train, Death and ter-ror in our train ! Where the
 sweep - ing ven - geance drives, Hope - less
 man in ter - ror flies, Hope - less man in ter - ror
 flies ; Worlds of wealth and worlds of
 wives Are the hardy Tar-tar's prize, Worlds of wealth &
 worlds of wives Are the har-dy Tar-tar's prize.

As the meteors course the sky,
Gleaming swords flash round the throng,
And, as through the gloom they fly,
Light the embattled host along ;
Firm and close we lead our band,
Where the fertile region lies,
Then, dispersing, sweep the land,
Destin'd for the Tartar's Prize.
Worlds of wealth, &c.

Though we deem the world our prey,
Loyal honor, martial truth,
When our swords have won their way,
Bind the hardy Tartar youth ;
Choice of spoil, as first in fight,
With our gallant chieftain lies,
Then, 'till honor have her right,
Sacred be the Tartar's Prize.
Worlds of wealth, &c.

SONG.

Give me then life's largest cup ;
Fill with pleasure, fill it up ;
Pleasure, such as love inspires,
Melting joys and warm desires ;
Keep, Oh ! keep it running o'er,
Till grown old I thirst no more.



NO, MY LOVE, NO!

While I hang on your bo-som dis-tract-ed to
lose you, High swells my sad heart and fast my tears
flow, Yet think not of coldness they fall to ac-
cuse you, Did I e-ver up-braid you? Oh, no, my love,
no. I own it would please me at home could you
tar-ry, Nor e'er feel a wish from Ma-ri-a to go, But
if it gives plea-sure to you, my dear Har-ry, Shall I
blame your de-par-ture? Oh, no, my love, no, Shall I
blame your de-par-ture? Oh, no, my love, no!



Now, do not dear Hal, while abroad you are
straying,

That heart, which is mine, on a rival bestow ;
Nay, banish that frown, such displeasure betraying,
Do you think I suspect you? Oh, no, my love, no!

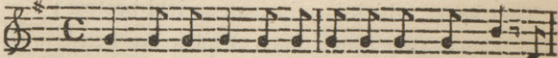
I believe you too kind for one moment to grieve me,
Or plant in a heart which adores you, such woe ;
Yet should you dishonour my truth, and deceive me,
Should I e'er cease to love you? Oh, no, my love,
no !

SONG.

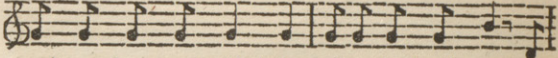
Should I die by the force of good wine,
'Tis my will that a tun be my shrine,
And for ages yet to come,
Let this be engrav'd upon my tomb—
Here lies a body, once so brave,
That he by drinking made his grave.
Since thus to die will purchase fame,
And raise us up a lasting name,
Drink about, and dare to be nobly interr'd ;
 Let misers and knaves
 Sink into their graves,
And rot in a dirty churchyard.



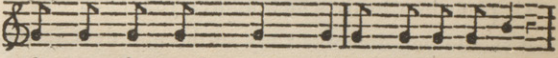
A MAN IN A THOUSAND.



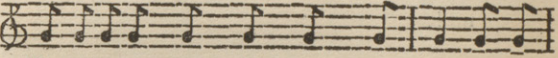
 Shew me a law-yer re-fu-sing a good fee, Or




 pi-ous dean not think-ing of a bishop's see; A



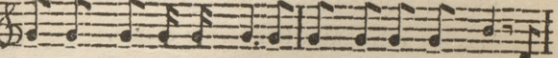
 doc-tor who won't squeeze sick la-dies by the hand,



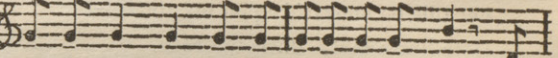
 'Pot-ti-ca-ry whom his scrawl can well un-der-



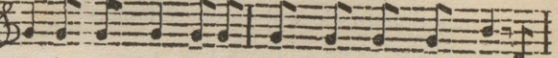
 stand, And that is a man in a thou-sand.



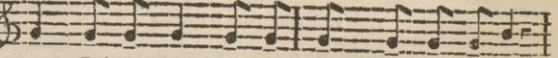
 Dan-cing mas-ter ob-ject to dan-cing off with miss, A



 me-tho-dist prea-cher not in a cor-ner kiss, Young



 en-sign not proud of his thump-ing large cock-ade, Or



 true Bri-tish tar who of French-men is a-fraid

Par-lia-ment e-lec-tor that ne-ver sold his vote,
 Par-lia-ment o-ra-tor who will not turn his coat, And
 that is a man in a thou - sand. Fol
 lol de rol lol de rol lol fol lol de
 rol lol de rol lol fol lol de rol lol
 de rol lol fol de rol lol de rol lol.

Show me a right honourable keeping to his word,
 Or a poor poet patronized by a lord ;
 An impudent sharper clothed all in rags,
 Or a modest genius counting o'er his money bags—
 And that is a man in a thousand !

A church-warden who scorns to feast upon the poor,
 A fat alderman who cannot callipash endure ;
 A groom too honest to rob horses of their corn,
 Wise cuckold who blushes to wear a gilded horn ;
 Steward scrupling to cheat master if he can,
 Or a lad, like Nipperkin, prove an honest man—
 And that is a man in a thousand !

Fol lol de rol, &c.



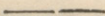
OH! COME AWAY.

Oh! come a - way, Come, my sol - dier,
 bon-ny, I'm smart and gay But for hand - some
 John-ny. En - sign, pret - ty pret - ty doll, Crim - son
 sash so wrapt in, Mi - nus charm - ing Poll,
 Can you love a cap - tain? To his fine mar - quee,
 At the camp last sum - mer, He sent for me to
 tea, By the lit - tle drum - mer. Oh! come a - way,
 come, my sol - dier bon - ny, I'm smart and
 gay But for hand - some John - ny!



As I cross parade,
Officers stand blinking,
Under each cockade,
Sly an eye cocks winking.
As I cross, &c.

Johnny steps in time,
Sweetly play the hautboys,
Hearts all merry merry chime,
March and beat the foe, boys.
Oh, come away, &c.



SONG.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire,
And the peeping sunbeams now
Paint with gold the village spire.

Sweet, O, sweet, the warbling throng
On the white emblossom'd spray,
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day.



SWEET MARY COME TO ME.

When night, and left up - on my guard, Nor
whis - p'ring breeze, nor leaf is heard; And
stars be - tween close branches peep, And
birds are hush'd in dow - ny sleep. My
soul to ten - der thoughts re - sign'd, And
love - ly, love - ly Ma - ry fills my mind. At
ev'ry noise for bluff ' Who's there?' I gen - tly
breathe, Is't thou, my fair? Thy dy - ing sol - dier
haste and see, Oh, come, sweet Ma - ry, come to me.



As on my post, through blaze of day,
The wretched, happy, sad, and gay,
In quick succession move along,
I see nor hear the passing throng.
My soul so wrapt in Mary's charms,
I hug my musket in my arms ;
So all of passion, joy, and grief,
When comrades bring the glad relief,
I cry, thy soldier haste and see,
O come, sweet Mary, come to me.

SONG.

Wou'd ye know where Freedom dwells,
Where jovial hearts carouse and sing,—
Haunt these grots, explore these cells,
Here every subject is a king :

Sprightly Mirth inhabits here,
And joys that know no listless pause ;
For how shou'd we dull sorrow fear,
Who square our lives by pleasure's laws ?

What's fortune !—Is it chance or worth ?
Peasant and prince their race must run—
Nor is there that poor spot on earth,
But's cherish'd by the genial sun.

A GLASS IS GOOD.

A glass is good, and a lass is good, And a
 pipe to smoke in cold wea-ther, The world is
 good, and the peo - ple are good, And we're
 all good fel - lows to - ge - ther. A bot - tle it is a
 ve-ry good thing, With a good deal of good wine
 in it, A song is good when a bo-dy can sing, And to
 fi-nish we must be-gin it. For a glass is good, and a
 lass is good, And a pipe to smoke in cold weather, The
 world is good, and the peo - ple are
 good, And we're all good fel-lows to-ge-ther.

o o o o o

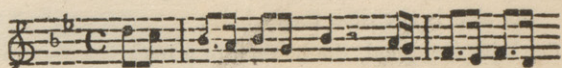
A friend is good, when you're out of good luck,
For that is the time to try him ;
For a justice, good, the haunch of a buck,
With such a good present you buy him.
A fine old woman is good when she's dead,
A rogue very good for good hanging ;
A fool is good by the nose to be led,
My good song deserves a good banging.
For a glass is good, &c.

SONG.

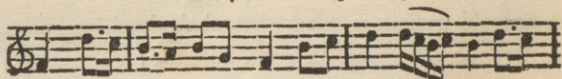
I saw what seem'd a harmless child,
With wings and bow,
And aspect mild,
Who sobb'd and sigh'd, and pin'd,
And begg'd I wou'd some boon bestow
On a poor little boy stone blind.

Not aware of the danger, I instant comply'd,
When he drew from his quiver a dart,
Cried,
' My power you shall know ;'
Then he levell'd his bow,
And wounded me right in the heart.

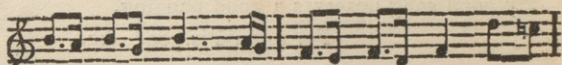
~~~~~

 MARY


The lamp of hope by rays of



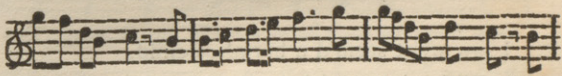
light From thy dear eyes was fed, Ma - ry; Sad



hours are come, and shades of night, And



e - ven hope is fled, Ma - ry! The sun to all the



world but me Will give an - o - ther dawn, Ma-ry! My



on - ly light kind looks from thee, For



e - ver they're with - drawn, Ma - ry!

I lov'd thee much, and for thy sake

I ne'er will love again, Mary!

If ever yet a heart did break,

Thou'st rent this heart in twain, Mary!

I lov'd thee much, and for thy sake,  
I ne'er will love again, Mary ;  
If ever yet a heart did break,  
Thou'st rent this heart in twain, Mary ;  
In wild despair, I'll fly to fame,  
And death for thee defy, Mary ;  
When I'm no more, thy true-love's name,  
May win from thee, a sigh, Mary.

---

SONG.

Dear is the blush of early light,  
To him who ploughs the pathless deep,  
When winds have rav'd throughout the night,  
And roaring tempests banish'd sleep ;  
Dear is the dawn which springs at last,  
And shows him all his peril past.

Dearer to me the break of day,  
Which thus thy bended eye illumes,  
And chasing fear and doubt away,  
Scatters the night of mental glooms ;  
And bids my spirit hope at last,  
A rich reward for perils past.



## THE MIDSHIPMAN.

I'm here or there a jol - ly dog, At  
land or sea I'm all a-gog To fight, or kiss, or  
touch the grog, For I am a jo-vi-al mid-ship-man, A  
smart young mid - ship - man, A lit - tle air - y  
mid - ship - man, To fight, or kiss, or touch the  
grog, Oh! I am a jo-vi al mid-ship-man.

My honour's free from stain or speck,  
The foremast men at my beck,  
With pride I walk the quarter-deck,  
For I'm a smart young midshipman.

I mix the pudding for our mess,  
In uniform then neatly dress,  
The captain asks, no need to press,  
Come dine with me, young Midshipman.

When Royal William comes on board,  
By England's navy all ador'd ;  
From him I sometimes pass the word,  
Though I'm an humble Midshipman.

---

SONG.

Ah ! why, cruel sea, did you tempt  
My true love to wander away ?  
And leave me forlorn, to lament,  
And mourn for his loss, well-a-day !  
Ah ! well-a-day, well-a-day !  
Sad, sad, I deplore !  
Ah ! well-a-day, well-a-day !  
Ne'er shall I see my love more.

The ocean disdainful of rest,  
Whilst dashing its billows in rage,  
Is calm to the grief in this breast :  
My anguish, ah ! what can assuage ?  
Ah ! well-a-day, well-a-day !

## I LIKE EACH GIRL.

I like each girl that I come near, Tho' none I  
 love like Ma - ry, Oh, she's my dar - ling on - ly  
 dear, Be - witch - ing lit - tle fai - ry - I ask a  
 kiss, and she looks down, Her cheeks are  
 spread with blushes, By Jove, says I, I'll take the  
 town, Me, back she gen - tly pushes.  
 I like each girl that I come near, Tho' none I  
 love but Ma - ry, Oh, she's my dar - ling on - ly  
 dear, Be - witch - ing lit - tle fai - ry.

When off 'twas blown, and 'twas my place,  
 To fly for Mary's bonnet,  
 So charming look'd her lovely face,  
 There I stood gazing on it.  
 Dress'd all in white she tripp'd from home,  
 And set my blood a trilling ;  
 Oh, zounds, says I, the French are come,  
 Sweet Mary look'd so killing.

When to our Colonel at review,  
 A Duchess cried so airy,  
 How does your Royal Highness do ?  
 Says I, I thank you, Mary.  
 To quick time marching t'other day,  
 Our fifes play'd Andrew Carey ;  
 To ev'ry girl I gave the way,  
 In compliment to Mary.

---

 SONG.

Man's life is but vain ; for 'tis subject to pain,  
 And sorrow, and short as a bubble ;  
 'Tis a hodge-podge of business, and money and care,  
 And care, and money, and trouble.  
 But we'll take no care, when the weather proves fair,  
 Nor will we vex now though it rain ;  
 We'll banish all sorrow, and sing till to-morrow,  
 And angle, and angle again.



## THE LONDON CRIES.

When I to Lon - don first came  
 in How I be - gan to gape and stare! The  
 cries they kept up such a din, ' Fresh lob-ster,  
 dust, and wood-en ware.' A dam - sel love - ly  
 and black - ey'd Tript through the streets, and  
 sweet-ly cried ' Buy my live sprats, buy my  
 live sprats.' A youth on t'o - ther side the  
 way, With hoar - ser lungs did  
 e - cho - ing say, ' Buy my live sprats.'





Full shrilly cried the chimney-sweep,  
 The fruitress fair, bawled "round and sound;"  
 The Jew would down the area peep,  
 To look for custom under ground;  
 His bag he o'er his shoulder slung,  
 And to the footmen sweetly sung,  
     "Cloashes to sell, cloashes!"  
     "Round and sound—sweep!"  
 Young Soot cried, "sweep!" in accents true,  
 The Barrow Lady and the Jew,  
     "Round and sound!" "Cloashes!"

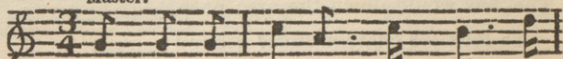
A noise at every turn you'll find,  
 Ground ivy, rabbit skins to sell,  
 Great news from France, and knives to grind,  
 Mats, muffins, milk and mackerel!  
 And when these motley noises die,  
 In various tones the watchmen cry,  
     "By the clock—twelve,  
     "Past twelve o'clock;"  
 Then home to bed the shopmen creep,  
 And all the night are kept from sleep  
     With "past—humph—o'clock."





## TWANG LANGO DILLO DAY.

Master.

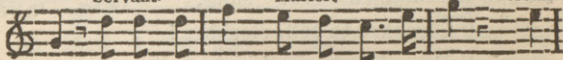


Thy se - crets to thy kind mas - ter

Servant.

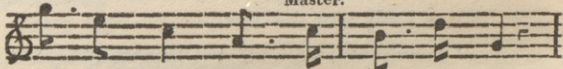
Master.

Servant.



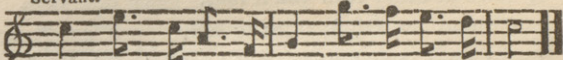
tell. I love a maid—Is she full of play? No

Master.



kid more game-some—Where does she dwell?

Servant.



Twang lan - go dil - lo, lang twan-go dil - lo day.

*Mast.*—If you're in love, boy, you're not to blame.

*Serv.* —As much, kind sir, I have heard you say;

I love my charming—

*Mast.*—Ay, what's her name?

*Serv.* — Lang twango dillo

Twango, lango dillo day.

*Mast.*—My Christmas-box—

*Serv.* —Oh, I understand!

Thy faithful services I'll repay;

Here's five bright shillings.



*Serv.*—Here's my hand.

*Mast.*— Lang twangó dillo  
Twang, lango dillo day.



### THE ORPHAN'S FRIEND.

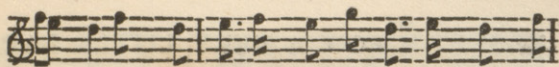
Fenc'd round by brake, and lawn, and wood,  
The cottage of my father stood ;  
A decent plenty once his share,  
And I was born a prosp'rous heir.  
But ruthless war soon marr'd our lot,  
In ruin lies that native cot ;  
That sire too—where shall sorrow end ?  
Ah ! who will prove his orphan's friend ?

Now reft of father, fortune, home,  
An outcast through the world I roam,  
On strangers' bounty doom'd to live,  
And beg those alms I once could give.  
On suppliant knees, each closing day,  
With prayers I strive my debt to pay,  
And still implore just heav'n to send  
A blessing on the orphan's friend !

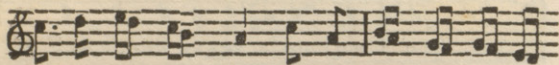


## OH! HAD I ALLAN RAMSAY'S ART.

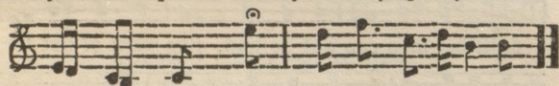
Oh! had I Al - lan Ram - say's art To  
sing my pas - sion ten - der, In ev' - ry verse she'd  
read my heart, Such soothing strains I'd send her. Nor  
his, nor gen - tle Riz - zio's aid, To shew is all a  
fol - ly, How much I love the charm - ing maid, Sweet  
Jane of Gri - si - po - ly. She makes me know what  
all de - sire, So ro - guish are her glances, Her  
mo - dest air then checks my fire, And stops my bold



ad-vances. Meek as the lamb on yon-der lawn, Yet



by her con-quer'd whol-ly, For spright-ly as the



bound-ing fawn, sweet Jane of Gri-si-po-ly.

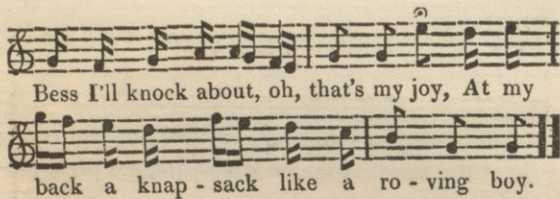
My senses she's bewilder'd quite,  
 I seem an amorous ninny,—  
 A letter to a friend I write,  
 For Sandy I sign Jenny ;  
 Last Sunday, when from church I came,  
 With looks demure and holy,  
 I cried, when asked the text to name,  
 'Twas Jane of Grisipoly.

My Jenny is no fortune great,  
 And I am poor and lowly ;  
 A straw for pow'r and grand estate,  
 Her person I love solely ;  
 From ev'ry sordid, selfish view,  
 So free my heart is wholly ;  
 And she is kind as I am true,  
 Sweet Jane of Grisipoly.



THO' I AM NOW A VERY LITTLE LAD.

Tho' I am now a ve-ry lit-tle lad, If  
 fight-ing men can-not be had, For want of bet-ter  
 I may do To fol-low the boy with his rat tat too.  
 I may seem ten-der, yet I'm tough, And  
 tho' not much o' me I'm right good stuff; Of  
 this I'll boast, say more who can, I ne-ver was a-  
 fraid to meet my man. I'm a chick-a-bid-dy  
 see, Take me now, now, now; I'm a mer-ry lit-tle  
 he For your row, dow, dow. Brown



Bess I'll knock about, oh, that's my joy, At my  
back a knap - sack like a ro - ving boy.

In my tartan plaid a young soldier view,  
My philabeg, and dirk, and bonnet blue;  
Give the word, and I'll march where you command;  
Noble serjeant, with a shilling strike my hand.  
My captain, when he takes his glass,  
May like to toy with a pretty lass;  
For such a one I've a roguish eye,—  
He'll ne'er want a girl when I am by.

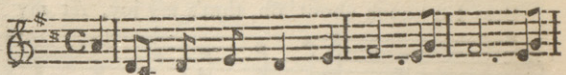
I'm a chick-a-biddy, &c.

Though a barber has never yet mow'd my chin,  
With my great broadsword I long to begin,  
Cut slash, ram, dam, oh, glorious fun!  
For a gun pip-pop change my little pop-gun.  
The foes should fly like geese in flocks,  
Even Turks I'd drive like turkey-cocks;  
Wherever quarter'd I shall be,  
Oh, zounds! how I'll kiss my landlady.

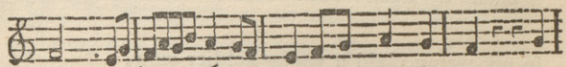
I'm a chick-a-biddy, &c.



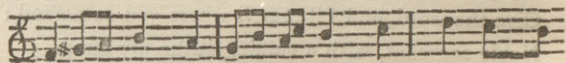
## FOR SOLDIERS THE FEAST PREPARE.



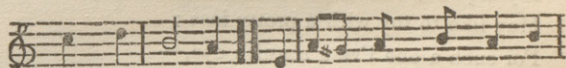
For sol-diers the feast pre-pare, pre-pare, pre-



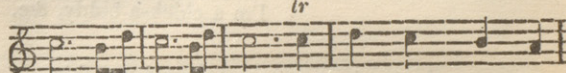
pare, Who friends pro-ject and foes an-noy; What



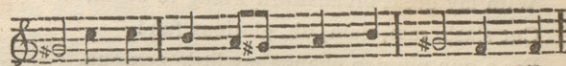
war has won let's now en-joy, Good cheer bright



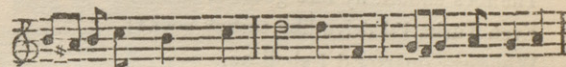
mirth be-stow-ing. Sir-loin first we'll no-bly



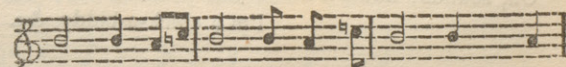
dare, we'll no-bly dare, Our host looks round his



ta-ble, His breast with friend-ship glow-ing, We

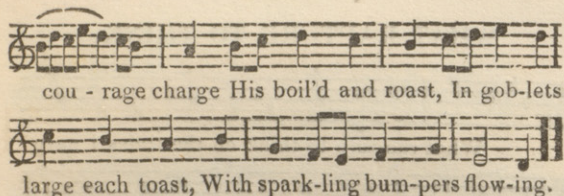


jo - vial lads, whilst a - ble, Re - solv'd to do all



ho - nour all ho - nour to the do - nor. With





Let drums beat, and fifes sound shrill,  
Ye clarions, lend your sweetest notes;  
Now, trumpets, rend your silver throats,  
Proclaim in warlike measure.

When the racy bowl we fill,  
The fair shall do their duty,  
And sip its balmy treasure,  
Touch'd by the lip of beauty,  
'Tis now a draught for Hector:  
'Tis nectar,  
The god's delight—here's wine and love,  
Like Mars who fight should kiss like Jove,  
By turns the soldier's pleasure.

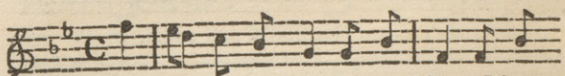
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### TRIO.

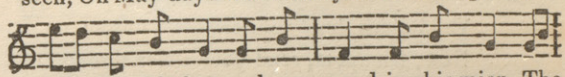
*Ah! how Sophia can you leave  
Your lover and of hope bereave;  
Go fetch the Indian's borrowed plume,  
Yet richer far is that you bloom.  
I'm but a lodger in your heart,  
And more than me I fear have part.*



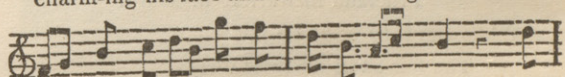
## WHAT RAPTURE TO THINK.



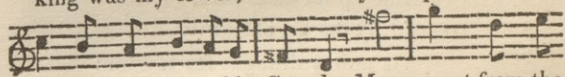
What rap-ture to think on the times I have  
seen, On May-day I first saw my love on this green, So



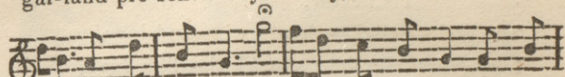
charm-ing his face and com-mand-ing his mien, The



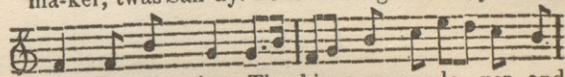
king was my lo-ver, and Jen-ny his queen. The



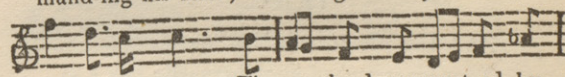
gar-land pre-sent-ed by San-dy, More sweet from the



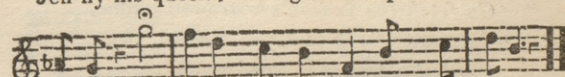
ma-ker, 'twas San-dy. So charm-ing his face, yet com-



mand-ing his mien, The king was my lo-ver, and



Jen-ny his queen ; The gar-land pre-sent-ed by



San-dy, more sweet from the ma-ker, 'twas San-dy.



A side look I threw on my lovely chance,  
Which soon he return'd with as tender a glance,  
My heart leap'd with joy when I saw him advance,  
And well did I guess 'twas to lead at the dance,  
For none danc'd so neat as my Sandy,  
In all things complete is my Sandy.

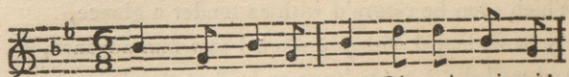
Beneath a gay woodbine, with myrtles entwin'd,  
On cowslips and violets one ev'ning reclin'd ;  
So charming a place and a season so kind,  
He artfully chose to discover his mind.  
So sweet were the vows of my Sandy.  
I then exchange'd hearts with my Sandy.



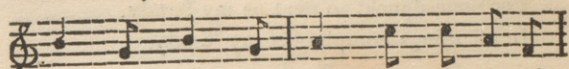
### ARISE ! FAIR MAID.

Arise, fair maid, a lover waits,  
To breathe his ardent sighs !  
From verdant earth the dew retreats,  
Bright Sol illumes the skies !  
His morning lay, the tuneful lark  
Essays " high pois'd in air,"  
" Wake, wake, to love," his strain is (hark !)  
Arise, arise, bright fair !  
An ardent lover breathes his sighs,  
Arise, fair maid—fair maid arise !

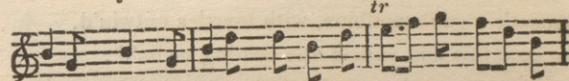
## BOYS, WHEN I PLAY.



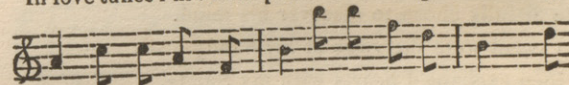
Boys, when I play, cry Oh, cri - mi - ni!



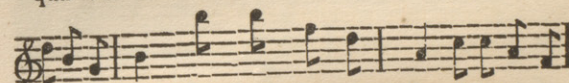
Shel - ty's chaun - ter squea - ker - im - i - ni;



In love tunes I'm so em - pha - ti - cal, Fin - gers sha - king



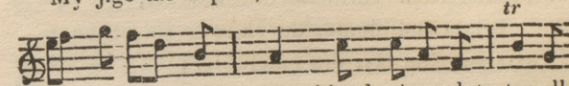
qua - ver - at - ti - cal; With a - gi - li - ty, grace, gen -



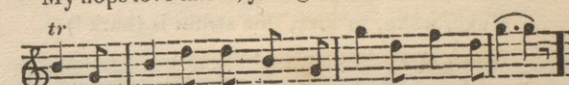
ti - li - ty, Girls shake heel and toe; Pipes I tic - kle so;



My jigs fill a pate, ti - til - late pret - ty mate;



My hops love mirth, young bloods cir - cu - late, too - dle



too - dle, foo - dle, roo - dle roo, too - dle roo - dle roo.

Oh, my chanter sounds so prettily,  
 Sweeter far than pipes from Italy;  
 Cross the Tweed, I'll bring my tweedle-dum,  
 Striking foreign flute and fiddle dumb.

Modern Rizzi's so  
 Please Ma'am's, Misses though;  
 Peers can merry strum,  
 Act plays very rum;  
 I'll puff at Square Hanover.

Can-over,  
 Man-over,

All the puny pipes from Italy.

Toodle, &c.

I'm in talk a pedant musical,  
 In fine terms, I beg intrusical,  
 Slap Bravura's, Alt, the Rage about  
 Hayd'n, Mara, Op'ra, stage about.

Oratorio's,  
 Cramer's, Florio's;  
 Things at Jubilee,  
 Neither He and She,  
 Die at Syren's note;

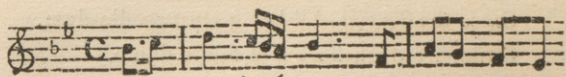
Tiny throat,  
 Petticoat,

This is amateur high musical.

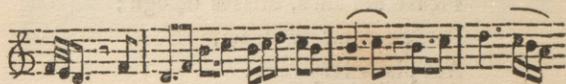
Toodle, &c.



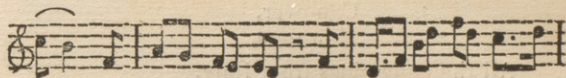
## AT DAWN I ROSE.



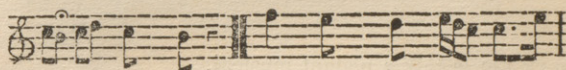
At dawn I rose with jo - cund



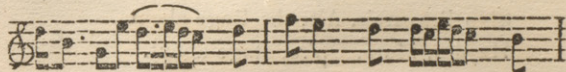
glee, For joy - ful was the day, That could this



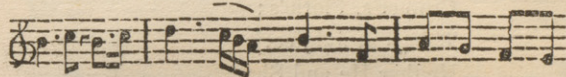
bles - sing give to me, Now joy is fled a -



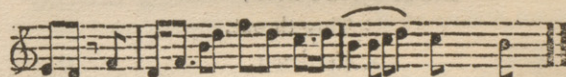
way, Jen - ny ! No flocks, nor herds, nor



store of gold, Nor house, nor home have



I, If beau - ty must be bought and



sold, A - las ! I can - not buy, Jen - ny !



Yet I am rich, if thou art kind,  
So priz'd a smile from thee ;  
True love alone our hearts shall bind,  
Thou art all the world to me—Jenny!

Sweet, gentle maid, though patient, meek,  
My lily drops a tear!  
Ah! raise thy drooping head, and seek  
Soft peace and comfort here—Jenny!



## BACCHUS, COME.

Bacchus, come, thy vot'ry own me,  
'Tis said that thou all cares canst end ;  
A perjur'd fair has basely flown me,  
Fled with a false perfidious friend.

Let's drink !—'tis true ; my sorrows past ;  
New joys exhilarate my soul ;  
I find a friend in every glass,  
And a kind mistress in the bowl.



## I'M A BRA' AND BONNY YOUTH.

I'm a bra' and bon - ny youth, Tho'  
 some folk think me u-gly, Yet I've long found out the  
 truth, That I'm both wise and smug-ly; With a  
 fal de ral de ray, I'll sing a - way, with my  
 fal de ral de ray, All the mer-ry day, all the  
 mer-ry mer-ry day, As I catch my fish so  
 gay, With my tol de rol the rol de rol de  
 rol de rol de ray, tol de rol de rol de rol de ray.





And should Moggy marry me,  
And gang wi' me the Kirk to,  
None shall be so well as we,  
For Moggy, she shall work too.  
With my fal de ral, &c.

Should we chance to break our net,  
We'd laugh at the disaster;  
Nor I, nor Moggy e'er will fret,  
But try who'll mend the faster.  
With my fal de ral, &c.

---

SONG.

Oh! turn those dear, dear eyes away,  
My cheek with love is blushing  
And though a smile may oer it play,  
My eyes with tears are gushing.

Oh! look not in my eyes, love,  
They tell a tale too true;  
See not my blushes rise, love,  
Nor listen to my sighs, love,  
For blushes, sighs, and eyes, love,  
All speak, all speak for you.

oooo

## WHEN I'VE MONEY.

When I've mo - ney I am mer - ry,

When I've none I'm ve-ry sad, When I'm so-ber

I am ci-vil, When I'm drunk I'm roar-ing mad.

When I've mo - ney I am mer - ry, When I've

none I'm ve-ry sad, When I'm so-ber I am ci-vil,

When I'm drunk I'm roar-ing mad, With my

ri tol tee - dle tum, like - wise fol lol

fee - dle fum, not for - get - ting did - der - um

di, and al - so tee - dle twee - dle dum.

o o o o

When disputing with a puppy,  
I convince him with a rap ;  
And when romping with a girl,  
By accident I—tear a cap.  
With my fal, lal, &c.

Gadzooks, I'll never marry,  
I'm a lad that's bold and free,  
Yet I love a pretty girl,  
A pretty girl is fond of me.  
With my fal, lal, &c.

There's a maiden in a corner,  
Round and sound, and plump and fat ;  
She and I drink tea together,  
But ro matter, sir, for that.  
With my fal, lal, &c.

If this maiden be with bairn,  
As I do suppose she be,  
Like good pappy I must learn  
To dandle Jacky on my knee.  
With my fal, lal, &c.



## YE CHEERFUL VIRGINS.

Ye cheer-ful vir-gins, have ye seen My  
 fair Myr-til-la pass the green, To rose or jess'-mine  
 bow'r, To rose or jess'- mine bow'r? Where  
 does she seek the wood - bine shade, For  
 sure ye know the bloom-ing maid, Sweet as the  
 May-born flow'r, Sweet, sweet as the May-born flow'r.

Her cheeks are like the maiden rose,  
 Join'd with the lily as it blows,  
 Where each in sweetness vie ;  
 Like dew-drops glist'ning in the morn,  
 When Phæbus gilds the flow'ring thorn,  
 Health sparkles in her eyes.

Her song is like the linnet's lay,  
 That warbles cheerful on the spray,  
     To hail the vernal beam,  
 Her heart is blither than her song,  
 Her passions gently move along,  
     Like the smooth gliding stream.

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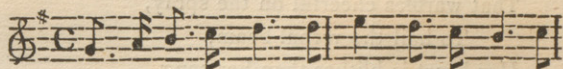
SWEET ISABELLE.

How oft' has fancy, proudly vain,  
 To picture Isabelle strove,  
 Her charms requir'd the impressive strain  
     Of youthful poets when they love ;  
 Her lips outvied the rose's hue,  
     Carnations wanton'd on her cheek,  
 Her veins transparent violet blue,  
     And lily white her ivory neck.  
                                 Sweet Isabelle.

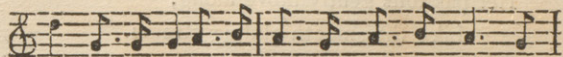
Her eyes could love inspiring roll,  
     Like early snow-drops were her teeth,  
 Her voice spoke music to the soul,  
     And bees sipp'd honey from her breath :  
 Her silken tresses down would flow,  
     An angel's form in her combin'd,  
 And spotless as the driven snow,  
     That form enclos'd an angel's mind.  
                                 Sweet Isabelle.

*W. A. G. G.*

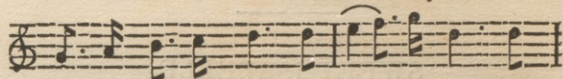
### THURSDAY IN THE MORN.



Thurs-day in the morn, the nineteenth of May, Re-



cord-ed for e-ver the fa-mous nine-ty two, Brave



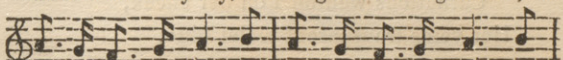
Rus - sel did dis - cern, by break of day, The



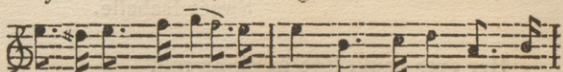
lof-ty sails of France ad - van - cing too. All



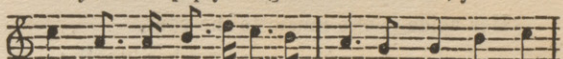
hands a-loft they cry, let En-GLISH cou-rage shine, Let



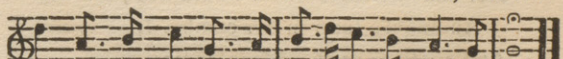
fly a cul-ve-rin, the sig - nal of the line; Let



ev'-ry man sup-ply his gun; Fol-low me, you shall



see That the bat-tle it will soon be won, Fol-low



me, you shall see that the bat-tle it will soon be won.

Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,  
To meet the gallant Russel in combat o'er the deep,  
He led his noble troops of heroes bold,  
To sink the English admiral and his fleet.

Now every gallant mind to victory does aspire,  
The bloody fight's begun, the sea is all on fire;  
And mighty fate stood looking on;

Whilst the flood, all with blood,  
Fill the scuppers of the rising sun.

Sulphur, smoke, and fire, disturbing the air,  
With thunder and wonder, affright the Gallic shore

Their regulated bands stood trembling near,  
To see their lofty streamers now no more.

At six o'clock the red, the smiling victors led,  
To give the second blow, the total overthrow,  
Now death and horror equal reigns;

Now they cry, run or die,

British colours ride the vanquish'd main.

See they fly amaz'd o'er rocks and sands,

One danger they grasp, to shun a greater fate;

In vain they cried for aid, to weeping lands,

The nymphs and sea gods mourn their lost estate.

For evermore adieu, thou ever dazzling sun,

From thy untimely end, thy master's fate begun.

Enough, thou mighty god of war,

Now we sing, bless the king,

Let us drink to ev'ry English tar.



## MY HEART'S MY OWN.

My heart's my own, my will is free, And

so shall be my voice, No mor - tal man shall

wed with me, Till first he's made my choice. Let

pa - rents rule, cry na - ture's law, And

chil - dren still o - bey, And is there then no

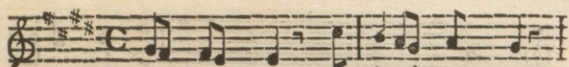
sa - ving clause, A - gainst ty - ran - nic sway.



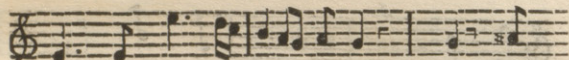




## GENTLE YOUTH.



Gen - tle youth, ah! tell me why



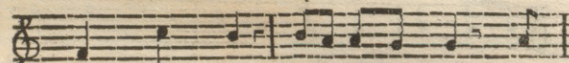
Still you force me thus to fly? Cease, oh!



cease to per - se - vere, Speak not what I



must not hear, Speak not what I



must not hear. To my heart it's



ease res-tore, Go, and ne - ver see me more,



Go, and ne - ver see me more.



## THE SOLDIER KNOWS.

The sol - dier knows that ev'ry ball A  
cer - tain bil - let bears, And whe - ther doom'd to  
rise or fall Dis - ho - nour's all he fears. To  
serve his coun - try is his plan, Un - aw'd or un - dis -  
may'd, He fights her bat - tles like a man, And  
by her thanks he's paid, He fights her bat -  
tles like a man, And by her thanks he's paid.

To foreign climes he cheerly goes,  
By duty only driven,  
And if he fall, his country knows,  
For whom the blow was given.

Recorded on the front of day,  
The warrior's deeds appear;  
For him the poet breathes his lay,  
The virgin sheds her tear.

---

## SONG.

Ask if yon damask rose is sweet,  
That scents the ambient air;  
Then ask each shepherd that you meet,  
If dear Susanna's fair.

Say, will the vulture quit his prey,  
And warble through the grove?  
Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,  
Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share,  
Let pride in splendour shine;  
Ye bards, unenvied laurels wear,  
Be fair Susanna mine.



## CLORA, BEHOLD THAT LOVELY ROSE.

Clo - ra, be - hold that love - ly rose, Which  
 fra - grant scents yon ver - dant glade, Ah! 'ere to -  
 mor - row's sun shall close, It's sweets and fra - grance  
 all shall fade, It's sweets and fra - grance  
 all shall fade. So shall thy charms with trans - i - ent  
 sway, Rule o'er th' im - pas - sion'd feel - ing mind,  
 So, like the rose's pride de - cay, And  
 leave no flat - t'ring trace be - hind, So, like the rose's  
 pride de cay, And leave no flat - t'ring trace be - hind.

Then Clora, e'er the bloom of youth,  
Steals by and decks another cheek ;  
Spite of warm blushes, speak the truth,  
And give to love what love can seek.  
Give not to time's uncertain date,  
The bliss you now should fondly own ;  
But think my Clora e'er too late,  
How few attract when beauty's gone.

---

## SONG.

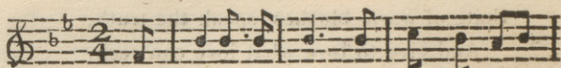
Stranger, think me not too bold,  
Judge with candour of my youth ;  
Ere this curtain I unfold,  
Listen to a simple truth.

The heart alone is worth a thought ;  
Features boast no real worth ;  
Beauty may be sold or bought ;  
True merit in the mind has birth.

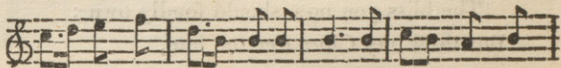
Yes, think not, stranger, I would say,  
Mine are features form'd to please ;  
I haste to chase the thought away,  
By simply showing such as these.



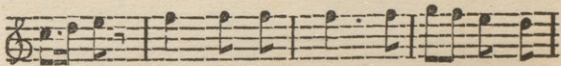
## ALLY CROAKER.



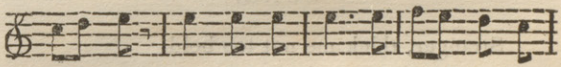
There liv'd a man in Ba - le - no -



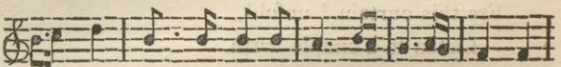
cra - zy, Who want - ed a wife to make him un -



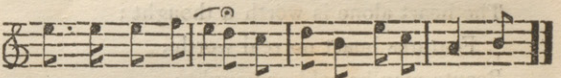
ea - sy; Long had he sigh'd for dear Al - ly



Croa - ker, And thus the gen - tle youth he be -



spoke her; Will you mar-ry me, dear Al-ly Croa-ker,



Will you mar-ry me, dear Al-ly, Al-ly Croa-ker.

This artless young man, just come from the schoolary,  
 A novice in love, and all its foolery;  
 Too dull for a wit, too grave for a joker;  
 And thus the gentle youth bespoke her,

Will you marry, &c.

He drank with the father, he talk'd with the mother,  
He romp'd with the sister, 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 Ally, &c.

To all you young men who are fond of gaming,  
Who are spending your money, whilst others are  
saving;

Fortune's a jest, the devil may choke her,  
A jilt more inconstant, than dear Ally Croaker.

Oh! the inconstant Ally, &c.

---

### SONG.

The simple youth who trusts the fair,  
Or on their plighted truth relies,  
Might learn how vain such follies were,  
By looking in his lady's eyes,  
And catch a hint if timely wise,  
From those dumb children cradled there!  
"Poor fool! thy wayward feats forbear,"  
(Those mute advisers seem to say)  
"And hence with sighs, and tears, and care,"  
For thou but fling'st thy heart away,  
To make a toy for baby's play.



## THE DYING SOLDIER.

Fare - well thou fair day, thou green  
 earth, and ye skies, Now gay with the broad setting  
 sun; Fare - well loves and friend - ships, ye  
 dear ten - der ties, Our race of ex - is - tence is  
 run! Thou grim king of ter - rors, thou  
 life's gloomy foe, Go fright-en the cow-ard and  
 slave; Go, teach them to trem-ble, fell ty-rant! but  
 know, No ter-rors hast thou for the brave.





Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,  
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name ;  
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark !  
He falls in the blaze of his fame !  
In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,  
Our King and our Country to save—  
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,  
Oh ! who would not rest with the brave !

---

SONG.

Indeed, forsooth, a pretty youth  
To play the amorous fool ;  
At such an age, methinks, your rage  
Might be a little cool.  
Fie, let me go, Sir,  
Kiss me !—No, no, Sir ;  
You pull me, and shake me,  
For what do you take me,  
This figure to make me ?  
I'd have you to know,  
I'm not for your game, Sir ;  
Nor will I be tame, Sir,  
Lord ! have you no shame, Sir,  
To tumble one so ?

## LUBIN WAS A SHEPHERD BOY.

Young Lu-bin was a shep-herd - boy, Fair  
 Ro-sa-lie a rus-tic maid, 'They look'd, they lov'd,  
 each o - ther's joy, To - ge - ther o'er the hills they  
 stray'd, Their pa - rents saw and blest their  
 love, Nor would their hap-pi-ness de-lay, To -  
 mor - row's dawn their bliss shall prove, To -  
 mor - row be their wed - ding - day.

When, as at eve, beside the brook,  
 Where stray'd their lambs, they sat and smil'd,  
 One luckless lamb the current took,  
 'Twas Rosalie's—she started wild!

Run, Lubin, run, my fav'rite save,  
Too fatally the youth obey'd ;  
He ran, he plung'd into the wave,  
To give the little wand'rer aid.

But scarce he guides him to the shore,  
When faint and sunk poor Lubin dies :  
Ah, Rosalie ! for evermore,  
In his cold grave thy lover lies.  
On that lone bank, oh ! still be seen,  
Faithful to grief, thou hapless maid ;  
And with sad wreaths of cypress green,  
For ever soothe thy Lubin's shade.

---

SONG.

Love in thine eyes for ever plays,  
He in thy snowy bosom strays ;  
He makes thy rosy lips his care,  
And walks the mazes of thy hair ;  
Love dwells in every outward part ;  
But, ah ! he never touch'd thy heart ;  
How different is my fate from thine ;  
No outward marks of love are mine.  
My brow is clouded by despair ;  
And grief, love's bitter foe, is there ;  
But deep within my glowing soul,  
He rules and reigns without controul.



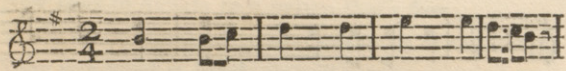
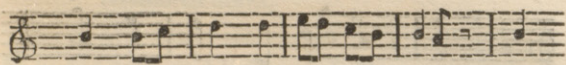
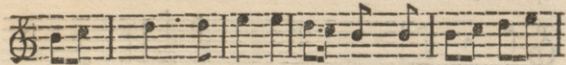

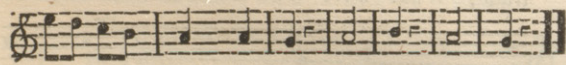
## CUPID, GOD OF SOFT PERSUASION.

Cu-pid, god of soft per-sua-sion, Take the  
 help-less lo-ver's part, Seize, oh, seize some kind oc-  
 ca-sion, To re-ward a faith-ful heart, Seize, oh,  
 seize, some kind oc-ca-sion, To re-ward a faith-ful  
 heart. Just-ly those we ty-rants call, Who the  
 bo-dy would en-thral, Ty-rants of more cru-el  
 kind, Those who would en-s'ave the  
 mind, Ty:-rants of more cru-el kind,  
 Those who would en-s'ave the mind.

D. C.



## DOUBT, THOU, THE STARS ARE FIRE.


 Doubt, thou, that the stars are fire,  

 Doubt, thou, that the sun doth move, Doubt,  

 thou, truth to be a li - ar, But ne - ver  

 Doubt, no, ne - ver doubt, ne - ver, no,  

 ne - ver doubt I love, I love, I love.

When the stars shall freeze to ice,  
 When the sun's a ball of snow,  
 And when virtue turns to vice,  
 Then my love shall cease to glow.





## THE NAVY OF ENGLAND.

The na - vy of En - gland tri - umphs o'er the  
 main, And sets at de-fi-ance France, Hol-land, and  
 Spain; Who to-ge-ther com-bine to des troy our  
 trade, What have we to dread while their  
 ports we block-ade? Then join hand in  
 hand, we will stea - dy re - main, Our  
 cou-rage shall shew to an in-so-lent foe, As  
 we have con-quer'd be-fore so we'll con-quer a-gain.

Our country victorious its rights shall defend,  
Nor shall Gallic usurpers unpunish'd pretend,  
New laws to dictate to a nation that's free,  
While Cornwallis and Nelson are lords of the sea.  
Then join hand in hand, we will steady remain,  
Nelson so brave,  
Our island shall save,  
As he has conquer'd before, so he'll conquer again.

By union our country looks to us for aid,  
By union we'll conquer should Frenchmen invade,  
And invasion they threaten by numbers so great,  
That army on army will hazard their fate.  
Then join hand in hand, their threats we disdain,  
The chances they own,  
Are a hundred to one,  
That ever their country they'll visit again.

As Britons we'll fight in support of a cause,  
Consistent with freedom, religion, and laws,  
Distinction of party we'll nobly disclaim,  
The press to support and its rights to maintain.  
Then join hand in hand, our wrongs we'll redress,  
We always are ready,  
Steady lads, steady,  
To fight for the freedom and rights of the press.



Should the French make a landing, be this then our  
 boast,  
 That Britons in danger were firm at their post,  
 That Albion in courage was equal alone,  
 The rights to protect of the people and throne.  
 Then huzza for the heroes who fought at the Nile,  
 May the blessings of peace,  
 Our commerce increase,  
 And may Frenchmen ne'er land on our snug little  
 Isle.

---

SONG.

I lock'd up all my treasure,  
 I hasten'd many a mile ;  
 And by my grief did measure,  
 The passing time the while.

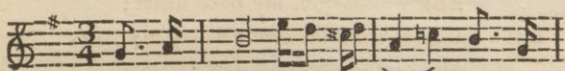
My business done and over,  
 I hasten'd back amain ;  
 Like an expecting lover,  
 To view it once again.

But this delight was stifled,  
 As it began to dawn ;  
 I found the casket rifled,  
 All my treasure gone.

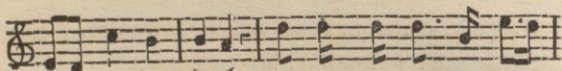


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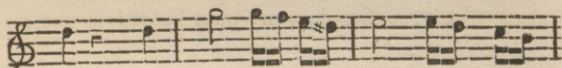
### AH! WELL-A-DAY, MY POOR HEART.



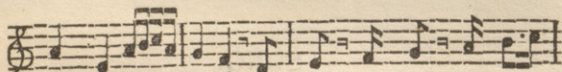
To the winds, to the waves, to the



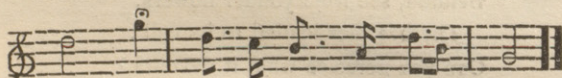
woods I com-plain, Ah! well - a - day, my poor



heart; They hear not my sighs, and they



heed not my pain, Ah! well - a - day, my poor



heart! Ah! well - a - day, my poor heart!

The name of my goddess I carve on each tree,

Ah! well-a-day, my poor heart!

'Tis I wound the bark, but love's arrow wounds me,

Ah! well--day, my poor heart!

The heav'ns I view, and the azure bright skies,

Ah! well-a-day, my poor heart!

My heav'n exists in her still brighter eyes,

Ah! well-a-day, my poor heart!

To the sun's morning splendor, the poor Indian bows,<sup>1</sup>  
 Ah! well-a-day, my poor heart!  
 But I dare not worship where I pay my vows  
 Ah! well-a-day, my poor heart!

His god each morn rises, and he can adore,  
 Ah! well-a-day, my poor heart!  
 But my goddess to me must soon never rise more,  
 Ah! well-a-day, my poor heart!

---

SONG.

Belinda, see from yonder flowers,  
 The bee flies loaded to its cell;  
 Can you perceive what it devours?  
 Are they impaired in show or smell?

So, though I robb'd you of a kiss,  
 Sweeter than their ambrosial dew:  
 Why are you angry at my bliss,  
 Has it at all impoverish'd you?

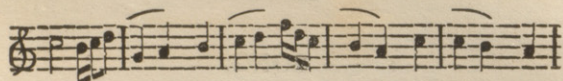
'Tis by this cunning I contrive,  
 In spite of your unkind reserve,  
 To keep my famish'd love alive,  
 Which you inhumanly would starve.



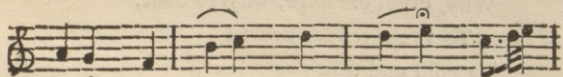
## TO THEE, OH! GENTLE SLEEP.



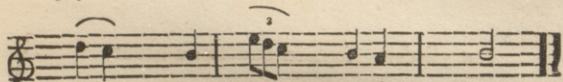
To thee, oh, gen - tle sleep, a -



lone Is ow - ing all our peace, By thee our



joys are heigh - ten'd shown, By



thee our sor - row's cease.

The nymph, whose hand by fraud or force  
Some tyrant has possess'd,  
By thee obtaining a divorce  
In her own choice is blest.

Oh! stay, Arpsasia bids thee stay,  
The sadly weeping fair  
Conjures thee not to lose in day;  
'The object of her care.



To grasp whose pleasing form she sought,  
That motion chas'd her sleep ;  
Thus, by ourselves are oft'nest wrought,  
The griefs for which we weep.

---

SONG.

Why, cruel creature, why so bent,  
To vex a tender heart ?  
To gold and title you relent,  
Love throws in vain his dart.

Let glitt'ring fops in courts be great,  
For pay let armies move :  
Beauty should have no other bait,  
But gentle vows and love.

If on those endless charms you lay  
The value that's their due ;  
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,  
A thousand worlds too few.

But if a passion without vice,  
Without disguise or art,  
Ah, Celia ! if true love's your price,  
Behold it in my heart.

## THE DUSKY NIGHT.

The dus-ky night rides down the sky, And  
u-shers in the morn, The hounds all make a  
jo-vi-al cry, The hounds all make a jo-vi-al cry, The  
hunts-man winds his horn, The hunts-man winds his  
horn, Then a - hunt - ing let us go, Then a  
hunt - ing let us go, Then a - hunt - ing let us  
go, Then a - hunt - ing let us go.

The wife around her husband throws

Her arms to make him stay,

‘My dear, it hails—it rains—it blows;

You cannot hunt to-day.’

But a-hunting we will go, &c.



Th' uncavern'd fox like light'ning flies,  
His cunning's all awake,  
To gain the race he eager tries,  
His forfeit life the stake,  
When a hunting we do go, &c.

Arous'd, e'en Echo huntress turns,  
And madly shouts her joy;  
The sportsman's breast enraptur'd burns,  
The chace can never cloy.  
Then a hunting we will go, &c.

Despairing, mark! he seeks the tide,  
His heart must now prevail;  
Hark! shouts the miscreants, death betide,  
His speed, his cunning fail,  
When a hunting we do go, &c.

For lo! his strength to faintness worn,  
The hounds arrest his flight,  
Then hungry homewards we return,  
To feast away the night.  
Then a drinking we will go, &c.

## THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

Ye fair, pos - sess'd of ev' - ry charm, To  
 cap - ti - vate the will, Whose smiles can rage it -  
 self dis - arm, Whose frowns at once can  
 kill ; Say, will you deign the verse to  
 hear, Where flat - t'ry bears no part, An ho - nest  
 verse that flows sin - cere, And can - did from the heart.

Great is your pow'r, but greater yet  
 Mankind it might engage,  
 If, as ye all can make a net,  
 Ye all could make a cage ;

*o o o o*

Each nymph a thousand hearts may take,  
 For who's to beauty blind ;  
 But to what end a prisoner make,  
 Unless we've strength to bind.

Attend the counsel often told,  
 Too often told in vain ;  
 Learn that best art, the art to hold,  
 And lock the lover's chain.  
 Gamesters to little purpose win,  
 Who lose again as fast,  
 Though beauty may the charm begin,  
 'Tis sweetness makes it last.

---

### THE BLUSHING ROSE.

Come, blushing rose, recline thy head,  
 And on my sorrowing bosom die ;  
 Thy precious odours shall, when dead,  
 From thence be wafted by a sigh.

Thus friendship shall thy healing pow'r,  
 Divest my bosom of its woe,  
 And like this balmy, fragrant flow'r,  
 A grateful essence shall bestow.



## THE WANTON GOD.

The wan-ton God who pierces hearts,  
 Dips in gall his point-ed darts, But the nymph dis-  
 dains to pine, Who bathes the wound with  
 ro-sy wine, ro-sy wine, ro-sy wine, who  
 bathes the wound with ro-sy wine. Fare-well,  
 fare-well lo-vers, when they're cloy'd, If I am  
 scorn'd be-cause en-joy'd, Sure the squea-mish  
 fops are free, To rid me of dull com-pa-ny, Sure they're  
 free, Sure they're free, To rid me of dull com-pa-ny.

They have their charms, while mine can please,  
 I love them much, but more my ease ;  
 Jealous fears me ne'er molest,  
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.  
 Why, why, why should they e'er give me pain,  
 Who to give me joy disdain,  
 All I ask of mortal man,  
 Is but to love me while he can.

---

### CHEVY HO!

Unkennel, uncouple the hounds,  
 And wind the echoing horn ;  
 Hark, hark, the huntsman sounds  
 Tantivy, to welcome the morn !  
 To horse, to horse ! and away we fly,  
 Chevy ho ! and hark forward, for Reynard must die.

Unkennel'd, to cover he flies,  
 But all his cunning's in vain :  
 Yoicks, yoicks ! the huntsman cries,  
 Tantivy, upon him we gain.  
 To earth, to earth, he would vainly try,  
 Chevy ho, and hark forward, for Reynard must die.



## BRIGHT PHŒBUS.

Bright Phœ - bus has mount - ed the  
cha - ri - ot of day, And the horns and the  
hounds call each sports - man a - way, And the  
horns and the hounds call each sports - man a -  
way ; Thro' woods and thro' mea - dows with  
speed now they bound, While health, ro - sy  
health is in ex - er - cise found ; Thro' woods and thro'  
mea - dows with speed now they bound, While  
health, ro - sy health is in ex - er - cise found,

Hark, a - way! hark, a - way! hark a - way is the  
 word, to the sound of the horn - - -  
 - - - and  
 E - cho, and E - cho, and E - cho, blithe  
*tr*  
 E - cho makes jo - vi - al the morn.

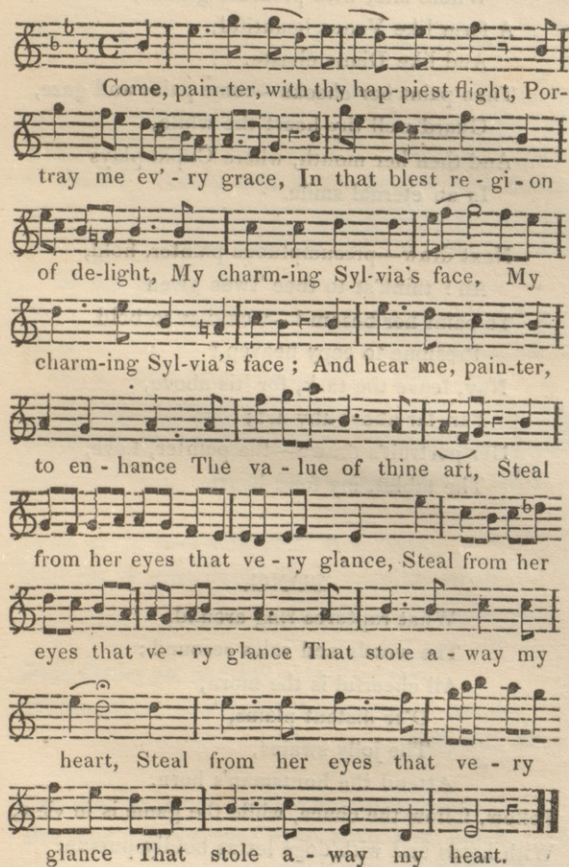
Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,  
 While puss flies the covert, and dogs quick pursue;  
 Behold where she flies, o'er the wide-spreading plain,  
 While the loud op'ning pack pursue her amain.

Hark away, &c.

At length puss is caught, and lies panting for breath,  
 And the shout of the huntsman's the signal of death;  
 No joys can delight like the sports of the field,  
 To hunting all pastimes and pleasures must yield

Hark away, &c.

## THE PORTRAIT.



Come, pain-ter, with thy hap-piest flight, Por-  
 tray me ev'-ry grace, In that blest re-gi-on  
 of de-light, My charm-ing Syl-via's face, My  
 charm-ing Syl-via's face; And hear me, pain-ter,  
 to en-hance The va-lue of thine art, Steal  
 from her eyes that ve-ry glance, Steal from her  
 eyes that ve-ry glance That stole a-way my  
 heart, Steal from her eyes that ve-ry  
 glance That stole a-way my heart.



Her forehead paint—in sway and rule,  
Where sits, with pleasure graced,  
A form like Venus beautiful,  
And like Diana chaste.  
Then paint her cheeks—come paint and gaze,  
Guard well thy heart the while,  
And then her mouth, where Cupid plays  
In an eternal smile.

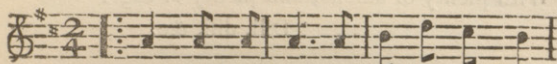
Next draw—presumptuous painter, hold,  
Ah! think'st to thee 'twas given  
To paint her bosom?—would'st so bold  
Presume to copy heaven?  
Nay, leave the task, for 'tis above,  
Far, far above thy art;  
Her portrait's drawn—the painter, Love,  
The tablet, my fond heart.

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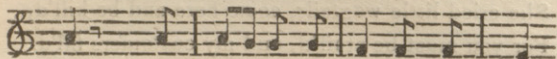
### SONG.

What raptures ring around,  
The woods and vales resound;  
All cheerful is the morn,  
O'er distant plains,  
The jolly swains,  
Attend the huntsman's horn.  
Follow, follow the chace, while the game is in view,  
With horns and with dogs let us boldly pursue.

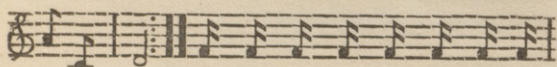
## WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DINNER ?



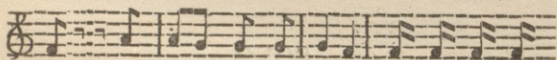
What shall we have for din-ner, Mis-tress



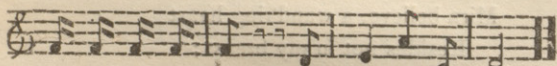
Bond? There's beef in the lar-der, and ducks



in the pond. Dill - - - -



Dill'd, come here, and be kill'd, Dill - -



- - - Dill'd, Come here, and be kill'd.

Send us the beef first, good Mrs. Bond,

And get us some ducks drest out of the pond,

Dill, dill, &c.

John Ostler go, and kill a duck or two,

Ma'am, says John Ostler, I'll try what I can do,

Dill, dill, &c.

I've been to the ducks that are in the pond,

But they will not come to be kill'd Mrs. Bond,

Dill, dill, &c.



Mrs. Bond then flies to the pond in a rage,  
With plenty of onions, and plenty of sage.  
Dill, dill, &c.

She cried little wagtails, come here and be kill'd,  
For you must be stuff'd, and my customers fill'd.  
Dill, dill, &c.



## SONG.

Mira believe, a wand'ring heart  
Resides not in my breast ;  
From thee I never wish to part,  
So soothe thy soul to rest.

Sooner the orb that lights the day  
Its course must cease to move ;  
Blossoms forget to bloom in May,  
Than I forget to love.

And should your heart e'er seek to know,  
What would my passion hold ;  
To others always be as snow,  
To all but me as cold.



## MY PHILLIDA, ADIEU !

My Phil - li - da a - dieu, love, For e - ver -  
 more fare-well ; Ah, me ! I've lost my true love, And  
 thus I sing her knell, Ding dong, ding dong, ding  
 dong, My Phil-li-da is dead ! I'll stick a branch of  
 wil-low, At my fair Phil-lis' head, Ding dong, ding  
 dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong.

For my fair Phillida  
 A bridal bed was made,  
 But 'stead of silks so gay,  
 She in her shroud is laid.

Ding dong, &c.

o-o-o-o

Her corpse shall be attended,  
 By maids in fair array,  
 Till the obsequies are ended,  
 And she is wrapt in clay.  
 Ding dong, &c.

I'll deck her tomb with flowers,  
 The rarest ever seen,  
 And with my tears as showers,  
 I'll keep them fresh and green.  
 Ding dong, &c.

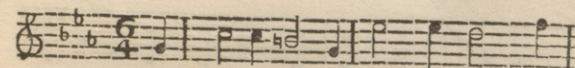
Instead of fairest colours,  
 Set forth with curious art,  
 Her image it is painted,  
 On my distressed heart.  
 Ding dong, &c.

In sable will I mourn,  
 Black shall be all my weed ;  
 Ah ! me, I am forlorn,  
 Since Phillida is dead.  
 Ding dong, &c.

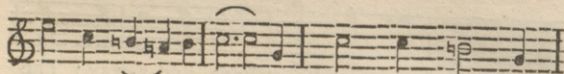




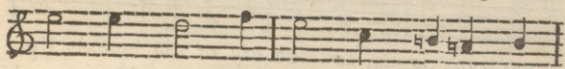
## THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER.



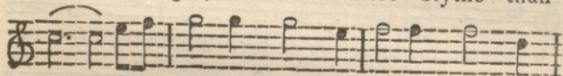
There was a jol - ly mil - ler once liv'd



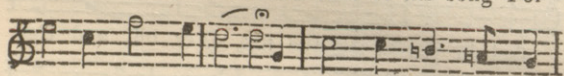
on the ri - ver Dee, He work'd and sung from



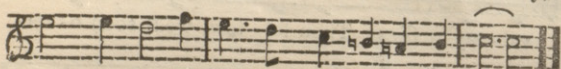
morn till night, No lark more blythe than



he. And thus the bur - then of his song For



e - ver us'd to be, I care for no - bo - dy,



No, not I, if no - bo - dy cares for me.





## THE ECHOING HORN.

The e - cho - ing horn calls the sports-man a-  
 broad ; To horse, my brave boys, and a-way ; The  
 morn-ing is up, and the cry of the hounds Up-  
 braids our too te-di-ous de-lay. What plea-sures we  
 feel in pur-su-ing the fox, O'er hill and o'er  
 val - ley he flies ; Then fol - low, we'll soon o-ver-  
 take him, huz-za ! The trai-tor is seiz'd on and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,  
 Like Bacchanals shouting and gay ;  
 How sweet with a bottle and lass to refresh,  
 And lose the fatigues of the day ;

With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy,  
Dull wisdom all happiness sours ;  
Since life is no more than a passage at best,  
Let's strew the way over with flowers.

---

SONG.

I early found my tender heart,  
Too apt to take a lover's part,  
And sometimes lost, or nearly;  
I straight resolv'd to be a wife,  
And whomsoe'er I chose for life,  
I vow'd to love him dearly.

Around me then came many a lad,  
Some for the little wealth I had,  
And some for fancy merely ;  
I still was deaf to all they said,  
For I resolv'd no man to wed,  
Till I should love him dearly.

But soon my will to one inclin'd,  
For my true sailor told his mind,  
In honest plainness clearly ;  
Ah ! never let my sailor doubt,  
Though far he roam the world about,  
His girl will love him dearly.



## IN LOVE SHOULD THERE MEET.

In love should there meet a fond  
 pair Un - tu - tor'd by fash - i - on or art, Whose  
 wishes are warm, are warm and sin - cere, Whose  
 words are th' ex - cess of the heart - - - Whose  
 words are th' ex - cess of the heart. If  
 aught of sub - stan - tial de - light On this side the  
 stars can be found, 'Tis sure when that cou - ple u -  
 nite, And Cu - pid by Hy - men is crown'd

oioioio

### WHILST HAPPY IN MY NATIVE LAND.

Whilst hap - py in my na - tive land, I  
 boast my coun - try's char - ter, I'll ne - ver base - ly  
 lend my hand Her li - ber - ties to bar - ter. The  
 no - ble mind is not at all By po - ver - ty de -  
 gra - ded, 'Tis guilt a - lone can make us fall, And  
 well I am per - sua - ded, Each free - born Bri - ton's  
 song should be Or give me death or li - ber - ty, Or  
 give me death or li - ber - ty, Or give me death or  
 li - ber - ty, Or give me death or li - ber - ty.

Though small the power which fortune grants,  
 And few the gifts she sends us ;  
 The lordly hireling often wants,  
 That freedom which defend us.  
 By law secur'd from lawless strife,  
 Our house is our castellum ;  
 Thus bless'd with all that's dear in life,  
 For lucre shall we sell 'em ? No !  
 Every Briton's song shall be,  
 Or give me death or liberty.

---

SONG.

Proud woman, I scorn you, brisk wine's my delight,  
 I'll drink all the day, and I'll revel all night ;  
 As great as a monarch the moments I'll pass,  
 The bottle my globe and the sceptre my glass.  
 The table's my throne, and tavern my court,  
 The drawer's my subject, and drinking's my sport.  
 Here's the queen of all joy,  
 Here's a mistress ne'er coy,  
 Dear cure of all sorrows, and life of all bliss,  
 I'm a king when I hug you, much more when I kiss.





## COLIN STOLE MY HEART AWAY.

The fields were green, the hills were  
 gay, And birds were sing-ing on each spray,  
 Young Co-lin met me in a grove, And told me  
 ten-der tales of love. Was e'er a swain so blythe as  
 he, So kind, so faithful, and so free, In spite of all my  
 friends could say Young Co-lin stole my heart a-way.

And when he trips the meadows along,  
 He sweetly joins the wood-lark's song ;  
 And when he dances on the green,  
 There's none so blythe as Colin seen ;  
 For when he's by I nothing fear,  
 For I alone am all his care.

In spite, &c.



My mother chides me that I roam,  
 And seems surpriz'd I quit my home ;  
 She would not wonder why I rove,  
 Did she but know how much I love :  
 Full well I know the generous swain,  
 He ne'er will give my bosom pain.  
 In spite, &c.

---

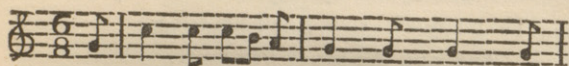
 SONG.

Adieu, sweet Rose of Claremont's bower,  
 For thee we weep, for thee we sigh ;  
 'Tis sad to think so sweet a flower,  
 Should only bloom to fade and die.

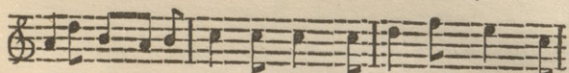
Peace to thy ashes gentle fair,  
 Thy virtues will for ever shine,  
 Thy name to us will e'er be dear,  
 For all thy actions were divine.

Sweet blossom ! evermore adieu !  
 A seraph bright calls thee away,  
 Thou'lt bloom again with brighter hue,  
 In realms of bliss and endless day.

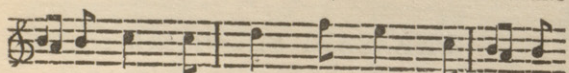
## MY FAIR A WREATH HAS WOVE.



For me, my fair a wreath has wove, Where



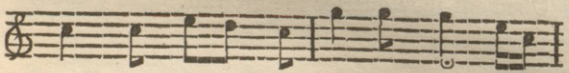
ri-val flow'rs in u-ni-on meet, As oft she kiss'd this



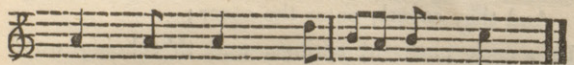
gift of love, Her breath gave sweet-ness to the



sweet, As oft she kiss'd this gift of love Her



breath gave sweet - ness to the sweet, Her



breath gave sweet - ness to the sweet.

A bee within a damask rose,  
 Had crept the nectar'd dew to sip,  
 But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,  
 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.

---

### PHEASANT' SHOOTING.

The spaniels uncoupl'd, dash over the mead,  
 And in transport high frolicsome bound,  
 Till check'd in their speed, by the well-known 'take  
 heed,'  
 Obedient they quarter the ground.

O'er the trees, yellow autumn her mantle now flings,  
 And they eagerly enter the cover;  
 Up a cock pheasant springs, and th' echoing wood  
 rings,  
 With 'dead, dead, my boys, come in here, Rover!'

The sportsman pursues, over hill, over heath,  
 Each dingle, each thicket, keen tries;  
 Till quite out of breath, and seated with death,  
 He's in turn kill'd by Chloe's bright eyes.

## CRAZY KATE.

A - las ! poor Kate, sad cra - zy maid, thy  
 woe, E - ven from in - dif - fer - ence might force a  
 sigh, Bid list - less ap - a - thy its ease fore -  
 go, And pi - ty's tear, and pi - ty's tear, be - deck  
 the fro - zen eye ; Af - flic - tion's fa - mi - ly, at thy hard  
 fate, Af - flic - tion's fa - mi - ly, at thy hard  
 fate, For - get their woes, For - get their  
 woes and weep for cra - zy Kate, For - get their  
 woes and weep for cra - zy Kate.



Those tatter'd garments, sport of ev'ry wind,  
That ill conceal a form divinely fair,  
Are emblems sad of thy distracted mind,  
And tell the madd'ning grief that labours there.  
Propitious heaven, arrest the hand of fate,  
Dissolve the charm, and ease poor Crazy Kate.

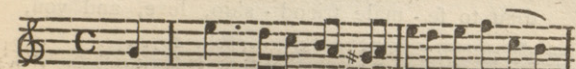
When night, pale mourner, clouds the sable skies,  
And silence, universal silence reigns,  
Beneath yon oak the hapless maiden lies,  
And to the friendly list'ning grove complains;  
E'en pitying angels, as they view her fate,  
Must drop a tear, and sigh, poor Crazy Kate.

---

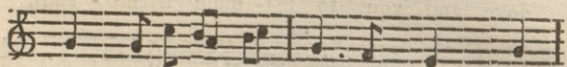
### SONG.

How great is the pleasure, how sweet the delight,  
When soft love and music together unite.  
How great is the pleasure, how sweet's the delight,  
When love, soft love, and music unite.  
Sweet, sweet, how sweet the delight,  
When harmony, soft harmony and love do unite.

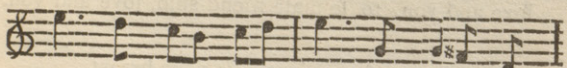
## LOVE'S SOLICITUDE.



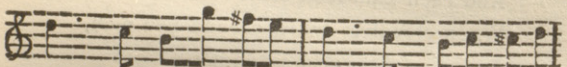
When clouds that an - gel face de - form,



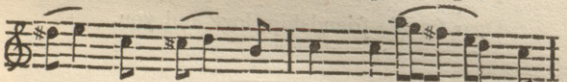
Anx - i - ous I view the grow - ing storm; When



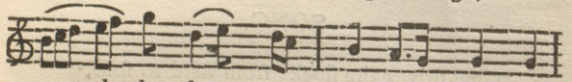
an - gry light - nings arm thine eye, And



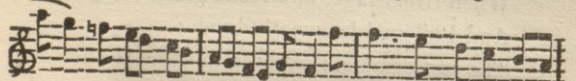
speak the threat - en'd tem - pest nigh, And



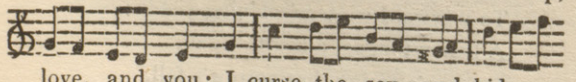
speak the threat - en'd tem - pest nigh, And



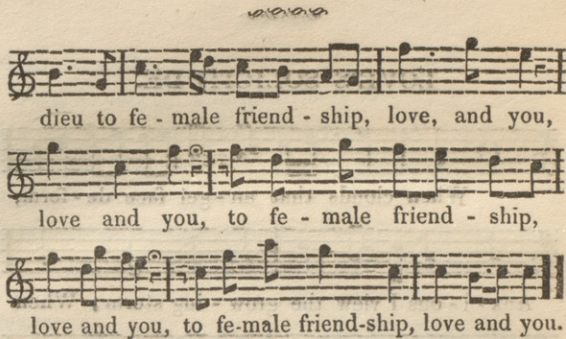
speak the threat - en'd tem - pest nigh, I



curse the sex, and bid a - dieu To fe - male friend - ship,



love, and you; I curse the sex, and bid a -



dieu to fe - male friend - ship, love, and you,  
 love and you, to fe - male friend - ship,  
 love and you, to fe - male friend - ship, love and you.

But when soft passions rule your breast,  
 And each kind look some love has dress'd;  
 When cloudless smiles around you play,  
 And give the world a holiday,  
 I bless the hour when first I knew  
 Dear female friendship, love and you.

---

SONG.

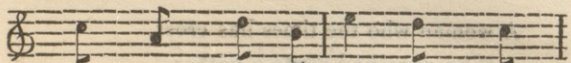
Time drives the flocks from field to fold,  
 When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,  
 And Philomel becometh dumb;  
 The rest complain of cares to come.  
 The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
 To wayward winter reck'ning yields;  
 A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.



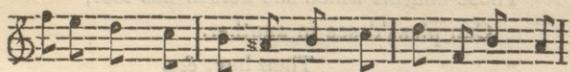
## THE FAIRY TRAIN.



Be-hold the fai-ry's jo-cund band, Who

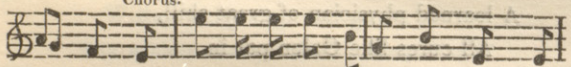


firm, though low in sta-ture, 'Gainst

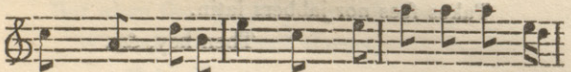


gi-ant vice shall make a stand, Por-tray-ing hu-man

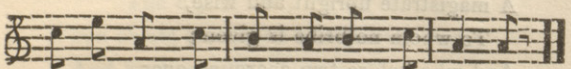
Chorus.



na-ture. Then, hey for the fai-ry's jo-cund band, Who



firm, though low in sta-ture, 'Gainst gi-ant vice shall



make a stand, Por-tray-ing hu-man na-ture.

We have a priest who never swears,

But who is always ready

With money, or advice, or prayers,

To help the poor and needy.

Then hey, &c.



A man and wife who now on crutch  
 Are both obliged to hobble ;  
 Yet fifty years, or near as much,  
 Have never had a squabble.  
 Then hey, &c.

A woman who the times has crost,  
 Who once had made a pother,  
 Those charms which she herself has lost,  
 Can pleas'd see in another.  
 Then hey, &c.

A learned physician of great skill,  
 All cures like Galen pat in,  
 Who never does his patients kill,  
 Takes fees nor jabbers latin.  
 Then hey, &c.

A magistrate upright and wise,  
 To whom no bribe is given ;  
 And who before two charming eyes,  
 Can hold the balance even ?  
 Then hey, &c.

A country squire, who hates the smell  
 Of stingo or October ;  
 A modern poet who can spell,  
 And a musician sober.  
 Then hey, &c.

~~~~~

Away then, comrades, beat to arms,
Display your sportive banners,
Strike hard at vice, expose false charms,
And catch the living manners.
Then hey, &c.

SONG.

To every fav'rite village sport,
With joy thy steps I'll guide ;
Thy wishes always will I court,
Nor e'er stir from thy side :
But when the sprightly fife and drum,
With all their dread alarms,
Echo far,
The cry of war,
When chiefs are heard to cry—we come,
And honour calls—to arms !

Thy pain and pleasure will I share,
For better and for worse ;
And if we have a prattling care,
I'll be its tender nurse.
But when, &c.



FAL LAL LA.

A shep - herd lov'd a nymph so fair,
 Fal lal la lal lal lal lal lal lal, And
 thus his pas-sion did de-clare, Fal lal lal lal
 lal lal lal lal la, For thee, dear maid, I
 long in vain Have sigh'd nor ven - tur'd
 to com plain, Oh, now consent to ease my pain.
 Fal lal la, lal lal lal lal lal la.

For thee I'll cull each early sweet,

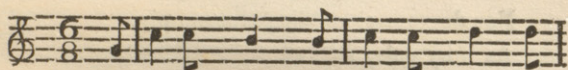
Fal lal la, &c.

To lay their treasures at thy feet,

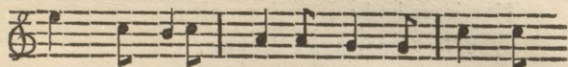
Fal lal la, &c.



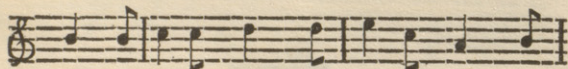
HOW ONE MAY BE MISTAKEN.



I vow I thought you at first sight, A



mop - pet, a ba - boon, a fright, or some hob -



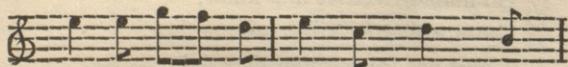
gob - lin of the night That guil - ty crea - tures



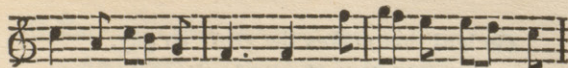
wa - ken; With nose and chin like ram's - horns



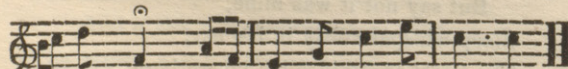
curl'd, And brows in fur-row'd wrin - kles furl'd; Well



'tis a - maz - ing in this world, How



one may be mis - ta - ken! Well, 'tis a - maz - ing



in this world, How one may be mis - ta - ken!



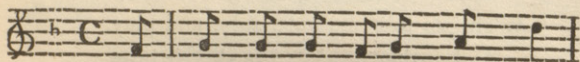
For now I see with half an eye,
You are not old, nor made awry,
Nor do your shambling trotters ply,
As if by palsy shaken.
You're young as Ganemede, and fair,
Narcissus had not such an air ;
Well, 'tis amazing, I declare,
How one may be mistaken.

SONG.

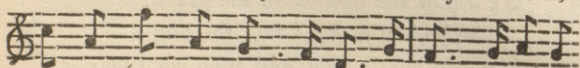
Go breeze that sweeps the orange grove,
And breathe a sigh to him I love,
 But whose pray do not tell ;
Go limpid river let him know,
Tears with your silver waters flow,
 But not from whom they fell.

Go bird that makes the grove so gay,
Still let him hear the tender lay,
 But say not it was mine,
Sleep whisper softly in his ear,
The heart that hides his image here,
 But do not say 'tis mine.

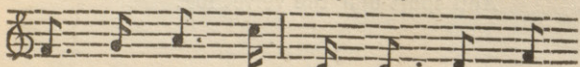
YOUNG LAIRD AND EDINBURGH KATY.



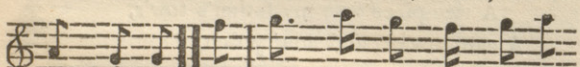
Now, what ye wha I met yes - treen,



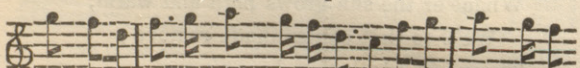
Com-ing down the street, my jo? My mis-tress in her



tar - tan screen; Fu' bon - nie, braw, and



sweet, my jo; My dear, quoth I, thanks to the



night. That never wish'd a lover ill, Since ye're out of



your mo-ther's sight, Let's tak a wauk up to the hill.

O Katy, wilt thou gang wi' me,

And leave the dinsome town awhile,

The blossoms sprouting frae the tree,

And a' the summer's gawn to smile;

The mavis, nightingale, and lark,

The bleating lambs and whistling hind,

In ilka dale, green shaw, and park,

Will nourish health, and glad ye'r mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day,
 Bends his morning draught of dew,
 We'll gae to some burn side, and play,
 And gather flow'rs to busk ye'r brow ;
 We'll pow the daisies on the green,
 The lucken gowans frae the bog ;
 Between hands now, and then we'll lear,
 And sport upo' the velvet fog.

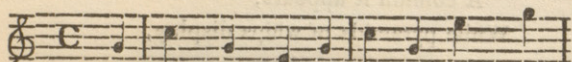
There's up into a pleasant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
 A canny, saft, and flow'ry den,
 Where circling birks have form'd a bow'r ;
 Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to that cauler shade remove ;
 There will I lock thee in my arms,
 And love, and kiss, and kiss, and love.

DUET.

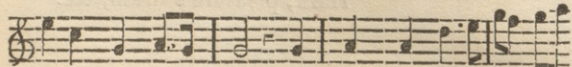
Quoth Jack on a time to Tom, I'll declare it,
 I've a mind we should fuddle our noses with claret ;
 Says Tom, it will do you more harm than you think,
 Fie on you, says Jack, who can live without drink ?
 I'll ne'er baulk my wine, here's to thy dispose,
 Tom pretends not to drink, pray look at his nose.



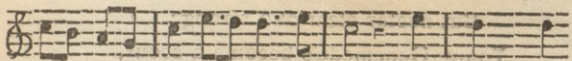
THE INVITATION.



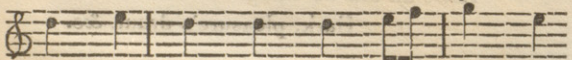
A - way, and join the ren-dez-vous, Good



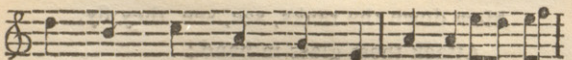
fellowship reigns here, Joy's standard flying in your



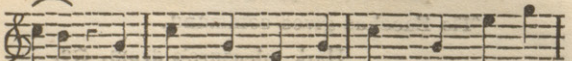
view, T' in-vite each vo-lun-teer. Hark, plea-sure's



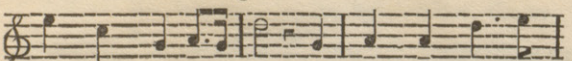
drum cries come, come, come, Hark! plea-sure's



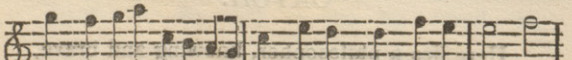
drum cries, come, come, come, O - bey the kind sa-



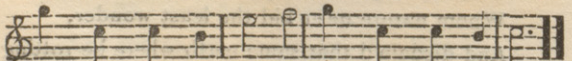
lute. The e-cho-ing hall re-sounds the call To



wel-come each re-cruit, The e-cho-ing hall re-



sounds the call To wel - come each re - cuit To



wel-come each re-cruit To wel come each re-cruit.



Behold the dinner in array,
A column it appears,
While pyramids of whips display,
A corps of grenadiers.
Hark, pleasure's drum, &c.

See rivers, not of blood poured out,
But nectar clear and strong;
Young Ganemede's become a scout,
Hebe an aid-de-camp.
Hark, pleasure's drum, &c.

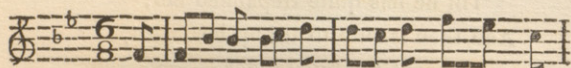
Mow down the ranks, see, see, they fly,
Attack them glass in hand;
Close quarters, rally, fight, or die,
'Tis Bacchus gives command.
Hark, pleasure's drum, &c.

CATCH.

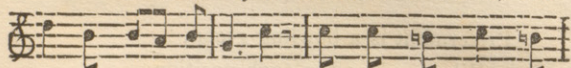
Here lies a philosopher, knowing and brave,
Who looking to heav'n, tumbled into his grave,
Whom nature ne'er hid the least wonder,
And disdain'd that same earth where he rotting
lies under.



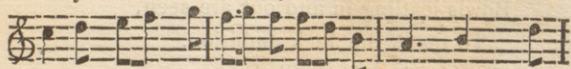
THE BY-STANDER.



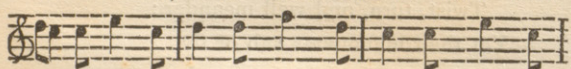
Look fair - ly all the world a - round, And



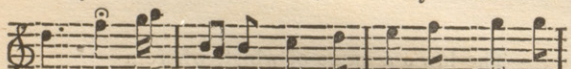
as you truth de - li - ver, Tell me what cha - rac -



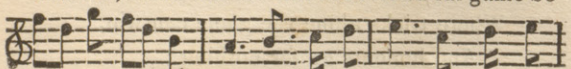
ter is found, A re - al sa - voir vi - vre ! Who



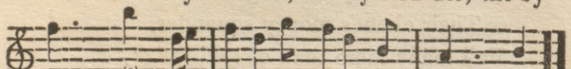
tru - ly me - rits so - ber fame, To find you need not



wan - der, None can de - tect life's fraud - ful game So



well as the by - stand - er, the by - stand - er, the by -



stand - er, So well as the by - stand - er.

The lo - ver cogs, and palms, and slips,
 The easy fair to baffle,
 And still to win that stake—her lips,
 Will deal, and cut, and shuffle.

Still will he ply each subtle art,
Till he has quite trepanned her,
And then is sure to trump her heart,
If absent the by-stander.

Preferment is a bowling green,
Where, placed in each position,
Bowls jostling in and out are seen,
To reach the Jack ambition.
The bias interest still they try,
Twist, turn, and well meander ;
Yet their manouvres rub or fly,
Are known to the by-stander.

The law's a game of whist, wherein
The parties nine are both in,
Where tricks alone the game can win,
And honours go for nothing ;
And while they a sure game to nick,
Their client's money squander,
Full many more than one odd trick,
Discovers the by-stander.

The coxcomb plays at shuttlecock,
The wit commands and questions,
The carking cits to commerce flock,
Each follows his suggestions.

Yet he alone who merits fame,
Who blunts the shafts of slander,
And on the square life's motley game,
Best play is—the by-stander.

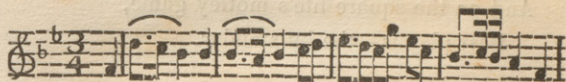
SONG.

To be gazing on those charms,
To be folded in those arms,
To unite my lips to those,
Whence eternal sweetness flows ;
To be lov'd by one so fair,
Is to be bless'd beyond compare.

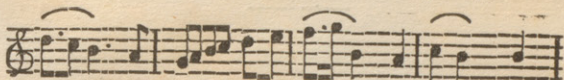
On that bosom to recline,
While that hand is lock'd in mine,
In those eyes myself to view,
Gazing still, and still on you ;
To be lov'd by one so fair,
Is to be bless'd beyond compare.



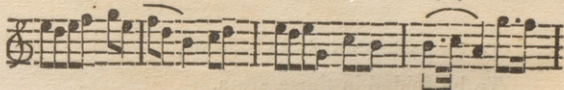
THE LOVER'S PETITION.



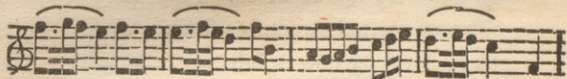
Gay son of Ve - nus, love - ly boy, Great



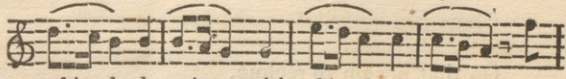
source of grief that leads to joy, Oh,



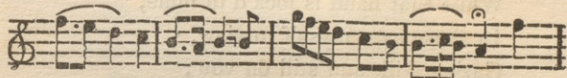
let me not un - heard com - plain, But



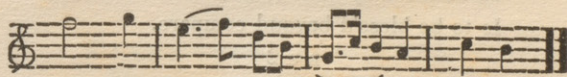
draw thy bow and ease my pain; With



friend - ly aim, with friend - ly aim, with



friend - ly aim di - rect thy dart, And



fix it's point in He - be's heart.



Let fickle thoughts no more controul,
The soft'ning passion of the soul ;
My fair one's bosom teach to prove,
The hopes and fears of fervent love,
And all her panting breast does feel,
O make her tell-tale eyes reveal.

Make ev'ry look and smile approve,
The force of unaffected love,
Her tongue compel without disguise,
To speak the language of her eyes,
And make both tongue and eyes agree,
That all her love is fix'd on me.

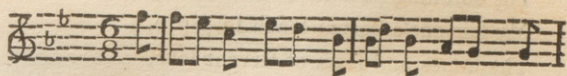
SONG.

Love and folly were at play,
Both too wanton to be wise,
They fell out and in the fray,
Folly put out Cupid's eyes.

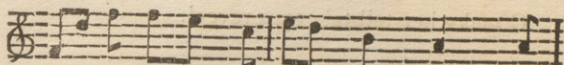
Straight the criminal was tried,
And had this punishment assign'd,
Folly should to love be tied,
And condemn'd to lead the blind.



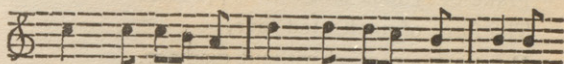
I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD ON'T.



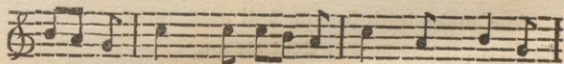
That all the world is up in arms, And



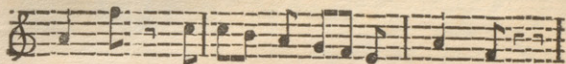
talks of nought but Ce - lia's charms, That



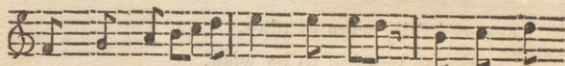
crowds of lo - vers near and far Come all to



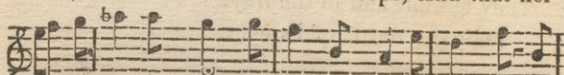
see this bla - zing star Is true, who has not



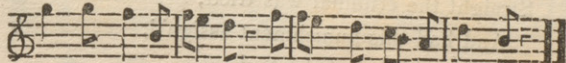
heard on't? Is true, who has not heard on't?



But, that she all at dis-tance keeps, And that her



vir-tue ne-ver sleeps, I don't be-lieve a word on't. I



don't believe a word on't, I don't believe a word on't.

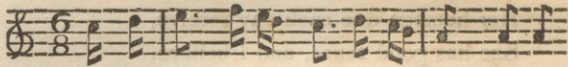


That for one lover had she ten,
In short, did she from all the men,
Her homage due each day receive,
She has good sense, and I believe,
 Would never grow absurd on't ;
But for soft dalliance she'd refuse,
Some favorite from the crowd to chuse,
 I don't believe a word on't.

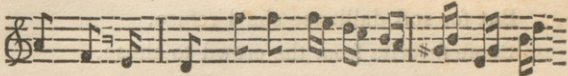
That in the face of stander's by,
She's modesty itself's, no lie,
That then were men rude things to say,
'Twould anger her—Oh! I would lay,
 A bottle and a bird on't :
But to her bedchamber d'ye see,
That Betty has no private key,
 I don't believe a word on't.



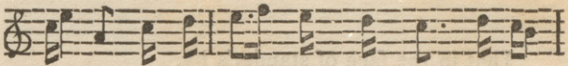
NORAH.



In the gar - den of love, as the gar - den of



Flo-ra, Are flow'rs of all hue to ad-mire and a-



dore - a ; As the rose bears the sway in the



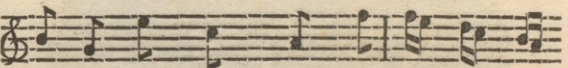
gar- den of Flo-ra, In the gar- den of love the first



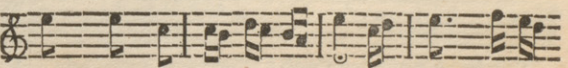
flow' - ret is No - rah ; Not the rose of the



spring should in - vite me to sing, Not the

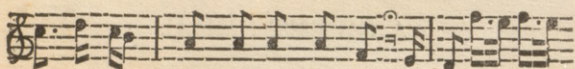


rose of the spring should in - vite me to

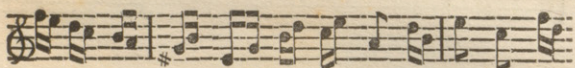


sing, should in - vite me to sing The flow' - ret of

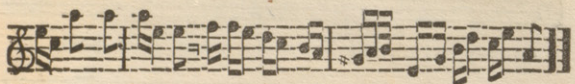
10.10.10



Flo-ra new-grac'd by Au - ro - ra, Au - ro - ra, nor



Flo-ra can match with my No-rah, my No-rah, my



No-rah, Au-ro-ra, nor Flo-ra can match with my No-rah.

How long then, dear girl, must I kneel and implore-a,
 How long must I kneel and thy beauty adore-a?
 As the rose fades away in the garden of Flora,
 So the rose will decay that delights in my Norah.
 Thee, my rose, will I sing,
 Thou sweet bud of the spring;
 No rose blooms so fair in the garden of Flora,
 A rose without thorn is the beauty of Norah.

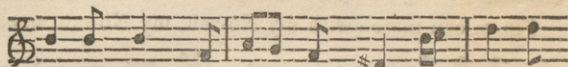




A SWEET SMILE.



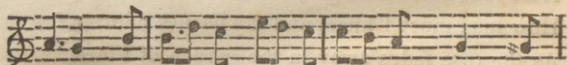
'Tis true, the marks of ma - ny years Up -



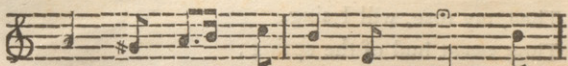
on my wrin - led front ap - pears, Yet have I



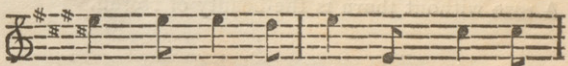
no such i - dle fears, This will my for - tune



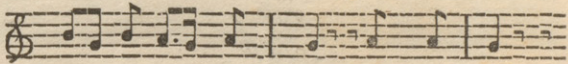
spoil; Gold still some hap - pi - ness be - stows, E - ven



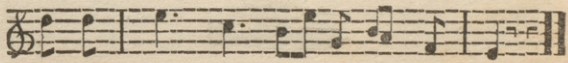
where no youth - ful ar - dour glows For



proof, dear girl, take these rou - leaus, And



give me a sweet smile, A sweet smile,



a sweet smile, And give me a sweet smile.



'Tis true, upon my haggard face,
No marks of beauty can you trace,
Nor wears my figure ought of grace,
 To ensure the lover's bliss :
Yet am I no such horrid fright,
But that bank notes may set things right ;
Take then these bills all drawn at sight,
 And give me a sweet kiss.

'Tis true, I know not to be kind,
And that within my hardened mind,
No more a jewel can you find,
 Than beauty in my face ;
But one within this casket here,
May make amends, it lustre's clear,
Nor shall I think I've sold it dear,
 Paid by a sweet embrace.



THE PROMPTER'S WHISTLE.

I've made to marches Mars des-cend, Jus-
 tice in jigs her scales sus-pend, Ma-gi-cians in ga-
 vottes por-tend, And fu-ries' black-wigs
 bris-tle; To horn-pipes Pa-lus El-gis blaze, And
 Jove whole towns with light-ning raze, And
 Jove whole towns with light-ning raze, And
 Jove whole towns with light-ning raze, And Jove whole
 towns with lightning raze, At sound of the prompter's
 whis-tle, At sound of the promp-ter's whis-tle.

I've made a sun of polished tin,
Dragons in wood with ghastly grin,
A canvas sea the which within,
 Did leather dolphin's caper :
I've strung with packthread Orpheus' lyre,
Made sheep and oxen dance with wire,
And have destroyed with painted fire,
 Grand temples of cartridge paper.

I've made a swain his love asleep,
Chide warbling birds and bleating sheep,
Though he himself did bawling keep,
 Like boatmen at a ferry :
I've rocks made that no blood can spill,
Foul poison that could do no ill,
And daggers, queens, and princes kill,
 Who are alive and merry.

SONG.

Full bags, a fresh bottle, and a beautiful face,
Are the three greatest blessings poor mortals embrace,
But alas, we grow muckworms, if bags do but fill,
And a bonny gay dame often ends in a pill.
Then hey for brisk claret, whose pleasures ne'er waste,
By a bumper we're rich, and by two we are chaste.



THE WILY FOX.

The morn - ing breaks, Those rud - dy
 streaks Pro - claim the op'n - ing day, With
 glowing health, The sportsman's wealth, Away, boys,
 come a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, boys,
 come a - way. With glow - ing health, the sports - man's
 wealth, A - way, boys, come a - way. The mel - low
 horn - - The mel - low horn On the still morn pours
 sounds which e - cho mocks, which e - cho mocks, The
 mel - low horn On the still morn Pours sounds that

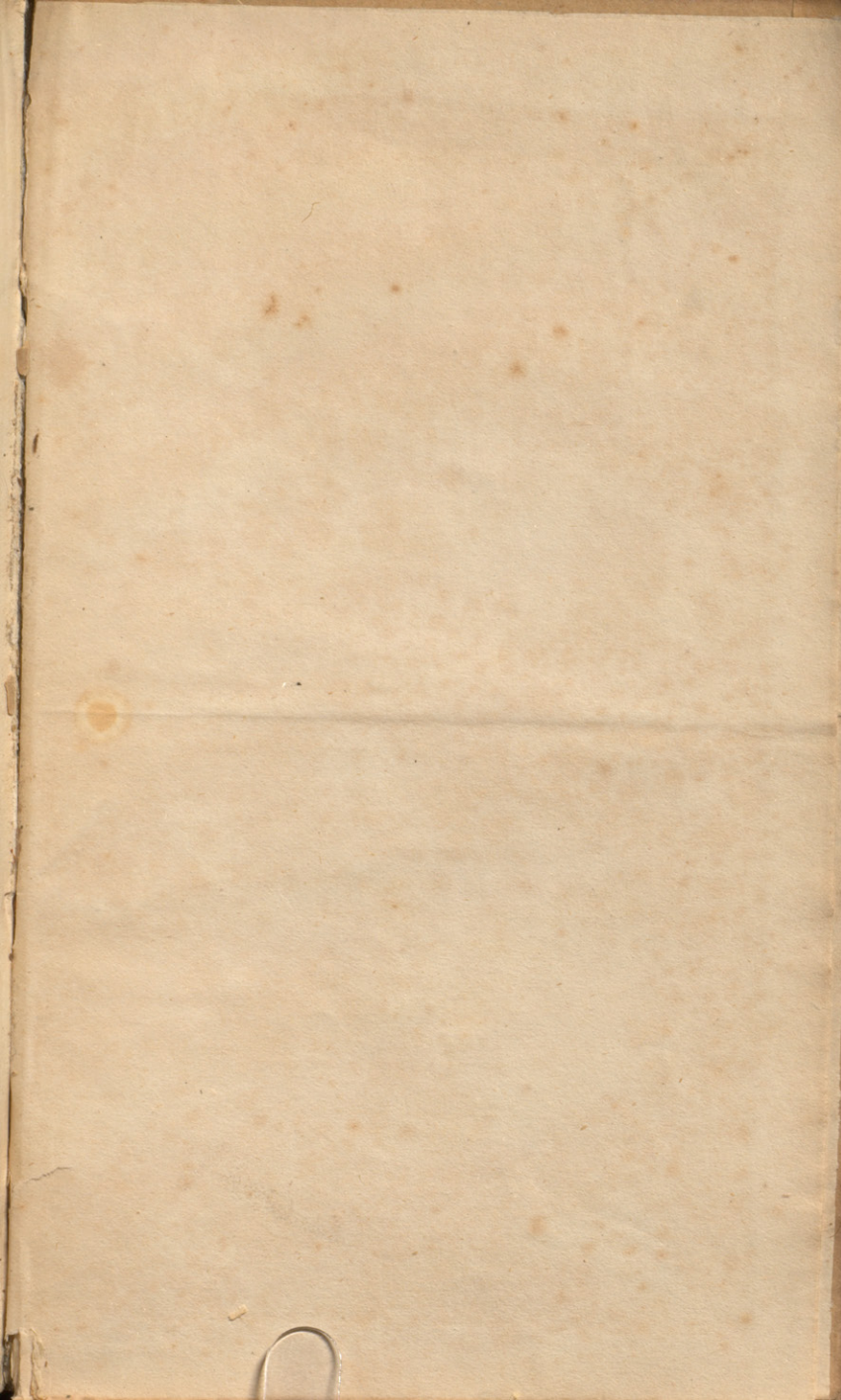


e - cho mocks, While fol - low - ing bound Man,
 horse and hound T'un - earth the wi - ly fox. Hark,
 e - cho mocks the wind - ing horn, Hark, e - cho
 mocks the wind - ing horn - - That on th'expanded
 wing of morn, Though sweet the sound, In
 dread - ful yell, Tolls out a knell, To
 the de - vo - ted fox, To the de - vo - ted fox.

Now off he's thrown, the day's our own,
 See yonder where he takes ;
 To cheat our eyes in vain he tries
 The rivers and the brakes.

The mellow horn breaks on the morn,
And leads over hills and rocks;
While following bound, man, horse and hound,
To entrap the wily fox.
Hark! echo mocks the winding horn,
That on the list'ning ear of morn,
Though sweet the sound,
Like dreadful yell,
Tolls out a knell
To the devoted fox.

Now, now he's seiz'd, the dogs well pleas'd,
Behold his eye-balls roll;
He yields his breath, and from his death
Is born the flowing bowl.
The mellow horn, that through the morn,
Led over hills and rocks;
Now sounds a call, to see the fall
Of the expiring fox.
Hark! echo mocks the winding horn,
That truly now in strains forlorn,
That sadly sounds,
Plaintive and well,
Tolls out the knell
Of the devoted fox.



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