



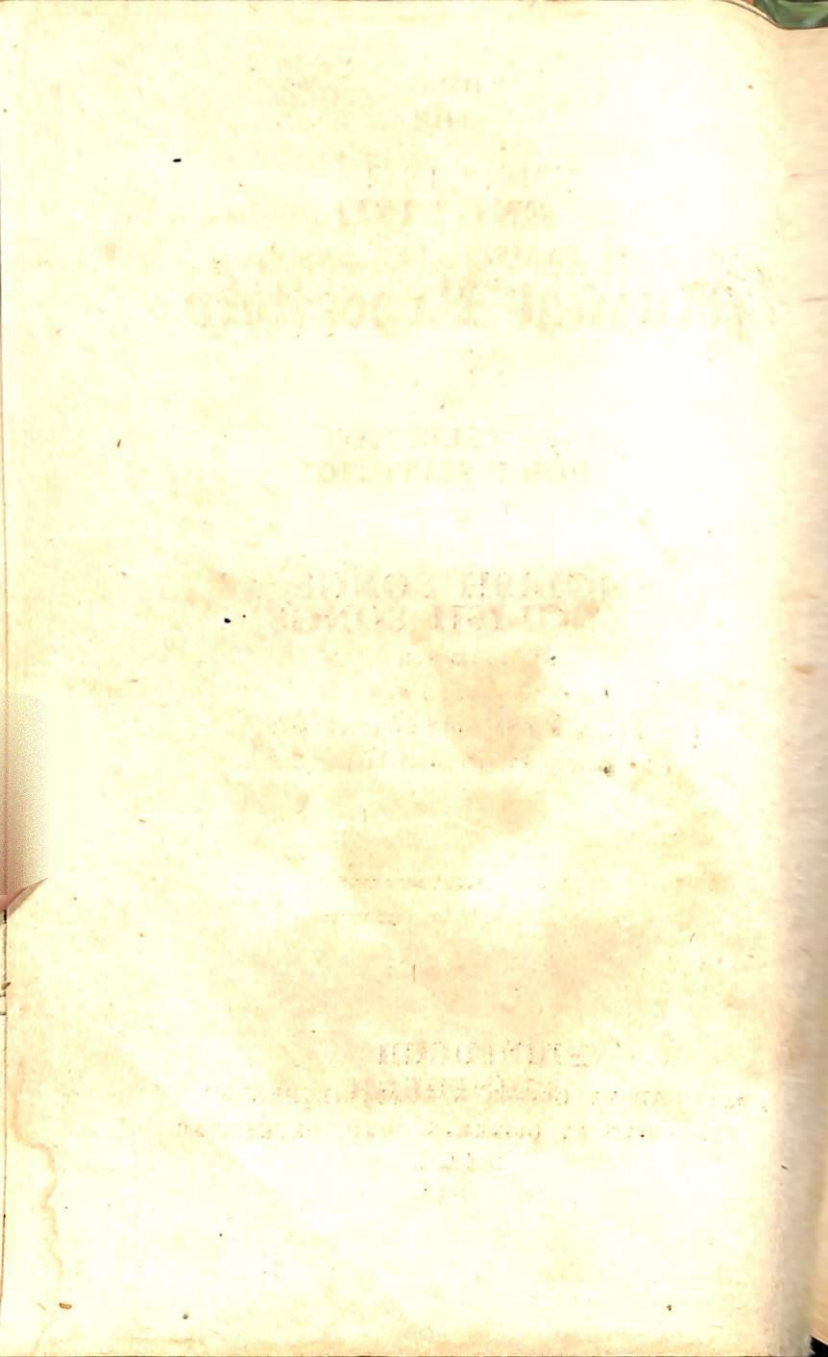
FRONTISPIECE.



E. Mitchell fecit

*"For d'ye see ther's a cherub suts smiling deti'
"To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack:"*

Page 172



THE
ENGLISH
Musical Repository :

A
CHOICE SELECTION
OF ESTEEMED
ENGLISH SONGS,

ADAPTED FOR
The Voice, Violin, and German Flute.

EDINBURGH:
PUBLISHED BY OLIVER & BOYD, NETHERBOW.

1811.

THE

ENGLISH

Musical Repository

CHOICE COLLECTION

ENGLISH SONGS

AND

The First, Second, and Third Parts

EDINBURGH:

Printed by James Ballantyne, in the Strand.

1811

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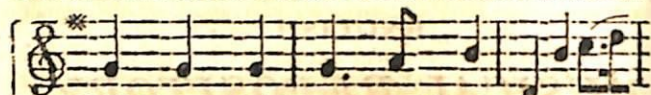
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THE
ENGLISH
MUSICAL REPOSITORY.

THE KING'S ANTHEM.

The musical score is arranged in three systems. Each system contains a vocal line in treble clef and a bass line in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The first system has a 3/4 time signature, while the second and third systems have an 8/4 time signature. The lyrics are: 'FAME! let thy trumpet sound; Tell all the world around, Great George is King.' The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and repeat signs.

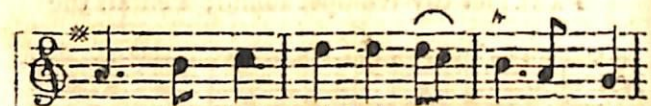
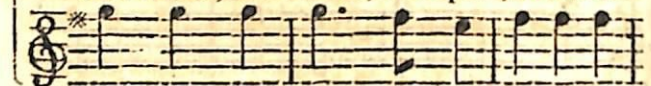
FAME! let thy trumpet sound; Tell all the
Fame! let thy trumpet sound; Tell all the
world around, Great George is King.
world around, Great George is King.



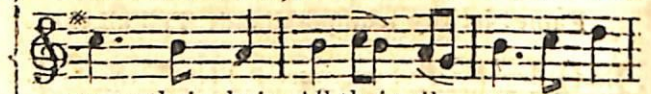
Tell Rome, and France, and Spain, Britannia



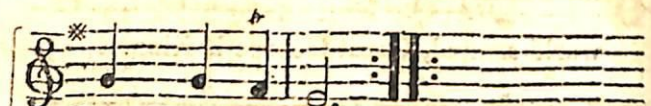
Tell Rome, and France, and Spain, Britannia



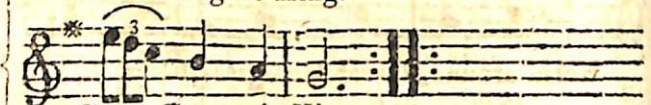
scorns their chain, All their vile arts are vain;



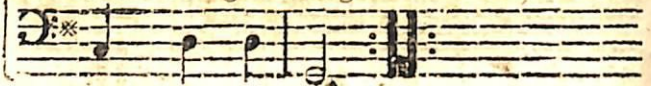
scorns their chain, All their vile arts are vain;



Great George is King.



Great George is King.



O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
 And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks !
On him our hearts are fix'd,
 O save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleas'd to pour,
 Long may he reign !
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the King !

O ! grant him long to see,
Friendship and unity
 Always increase †
May he his sceptre sway,
All loyal souls obey,
Join heart and voice, huzza !
 God save the King !

RULE BRITANNIA.



WHEN Britain first, at Heav'n's command, A-



rose - - - - from out the a - zure main.



Arose from out - - - the azure main ;



This was the charter, the charter of the



land, And guardian an - - - gels sung the strain:



Rule Britannia, Bri-tan-nia rules the waves!

To thee belongs the rural reign ;

Thy cities shall with commerce shine,

Thy cities, &c.

All shall be, shall be subject to the main,

And every shore it circles thine.

Rule Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,

Shall to thy happy coast repair,

Shall to, &c.

Blest isle, with beauty, with matchless beauty
crown'd,

And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule Britannia, &c.



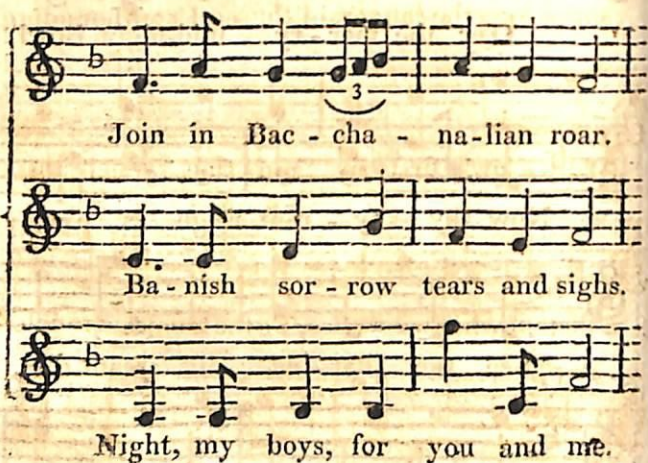
MIDNIGHT BOWL.

CARE, thou can-ker of our joys,
Seize the vil - lain plunge him in,
O'er the mer - ry mid-night Bowl,
Now thy ty - rant reign is o'er,
See the hat - ed mis - creant dies,
O! how hap - py shall we be,

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Midnight Bowl'. It consists of six staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with a C-clef and a common time signature. The music is written in a simple, clear style typical of 18th-century sheet music. The lyrics are: 'CARE, thou can-ker of our joys, Seize the vil - lain plunge him in, O'er the mer - ry mid-night Bowl, Now thy ty - rant reign is o'er, See the hat - ed mis - creant dies, O! how hap - py shall we be,'.



Fill the mer - ry bowl, my boys,
Mirth and all thy train come in,
Day was made for vul - gar souls,



Join in Bac - cha - na-lian roar.
Ba - nish sor - row tears and sighs.
Night, my boys, for you and me.

THE STORM.



CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer, List, ye



landsmen all to me; Messmates, hear a brother



sailor Sing the dangers of the sea; From bounding



bil -- lows first in mo - tion, When the



distant whirlwinds rise, To the tempest-troubled



o - cean, Where the seas contend with skies.

LIVELY.

Hark ! the boatswain, hoarsely bawling...
 By topsail sheets and haulyards stand !
 Down top-gallants, quick be hauling !
 Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand !
 Now it freshens, set the braces ;
 Quick the top-sail-sheets let go ;
 Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces !
 Up your top-sails nimbly clue

SLOW.

Now all you on down beds sporting,
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
 Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
 Free from all but love's alarms ;...
 Round us roars the tempest louder ;
 Think what fears our mind inthralls.
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder ;
 Now again the boatswain calls...

QUICK.

The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys ;
 See all clear to reef each course !

Let the foresheet go ; don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the sprit-sail-yard get ;
Reef the mizen ; see all clear :
Hand up ! each preventer-brace set ;
Mann the fore-yard ; cheer, lads, cheer !

SLOW.

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

QUICK.

The foremast's gone, cries every tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck.
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out ;
Call all hands to clear the wreck.

Quick the laniards cut to pieces ;
 Come, my hearts, be stout and bold !
 Plumb the well, the leak increases !
 Four feet water in the hold !

SLOW.

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

QUICK.

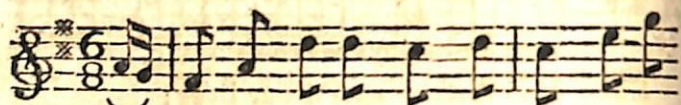
O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys ;
 Let the guns o'erboard be thrown ;
 To the pump come every hand, boys ;
 See, our mizzen-mast is gone.
 The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast ;
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;

Up, and rig a jury foremast ;
She rights, she rights, boys! wear off shore.

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



WHEN WILLIAM AT EVE.



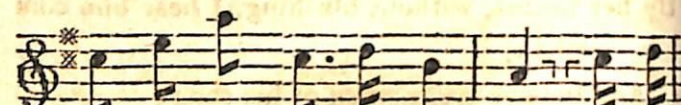
WHEN William at eve meets me down at the



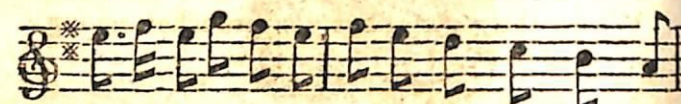
stile, How sweet is the nightingale's song; When



William at eve meets me down at the stile, How



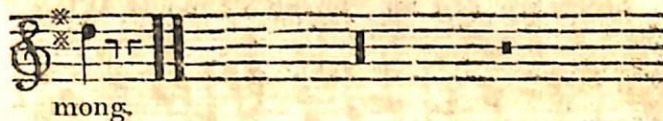
sweet is the night-in-gale's song: Of the



day I forget all the labour and toil, Whilst the



moon plays yon branches a-meng, Whilst the



By her beams, without blushing, I hear him com
plain,

And believe every word of his song;

You know not how sweet 'tis to meet the dear swain,

Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.



THE ARETHUSA.



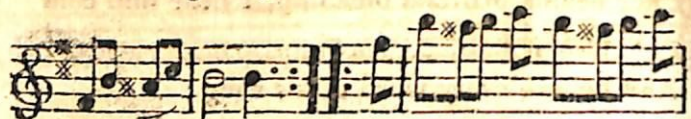
COME all ye jol-ly sail-ors bôld, Whose



hearts are cast in ho-nour's mould, While



British glo-ry I unfold, Huz-za to the



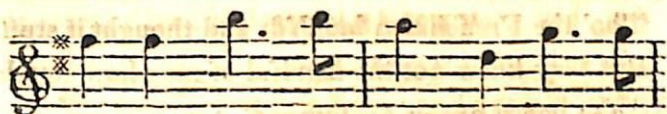
A - re-thu-sa! She is a fri-gate



tight and brave, As e - - ver stemm'd the



dash-ing wave: Her men are staunch To their



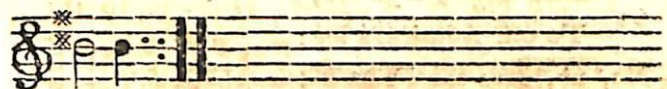
fav'-rite launch; And when the foe shall



meet our fire, Sooner then strike we'll



all ex-pire, On board of the A--re-



thusa.

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out,
 The English Channel to cruize about,
 When four French sail, in show so stout,
 Bore down on the Arethusa.
 The fam'd Belle Poole straight a-head did lie,
 The Arethusa seem'd to fly;
 Not a sheet or a tack,
 Or a brace did she slack,

Tho' the Frenchmen laugh'd, and thought it stuff;
 But they knew not the handful of men how tough
 On board of the Arethusa.

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

Our Captain hail'd the Frenchmen, Ho!
 The Frenchmen they cried out, Hallo!
 Bear down, d'ye see,
 To our Admiral's lee:

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

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

And now we've driven the foe ashore,
 Never to fight with Britons more

Let each fill a glass
To his favourite lass ;
A health to our Captain and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew,
On board of the Arethusa.

THE DEATH OF NELSON!

To England's fame another ray
Is added, boys, this glorious day,
And sad despair is on its way
To gall the bold invader ;
Who swore he would our isle subdue ;
Said Nelson, " D—me if you do !
" For should your fleet
" With Britain's meet,
" We'll make you yield like dastard slaves,
" For Britain still must rule the waves
In spite of gasconaders."

In Cadiz harbour long confin'd,
The French and Spanish fleet, combin'd,
Came out, to future evil blind,

Nor dream'd we were so near, boys.

Brave Nelson's heart it beat with glee ;

“ Now is the time, my boys,” said he,

“ To give the blow,

“ Lay Frenchmen low :

“ Of twenty, boys, we may make sure,

“ And honours for that king secure,

“ Whom Britain doth revere, boys.”

To arms we flew, their line was broke,

And all around was lost in smoke,

While Nelson gave the potent stroke

That crush'd their proud armada.

But fate for us had ill in store,

A loss which we must e'er deplore ;

A fatal shot,

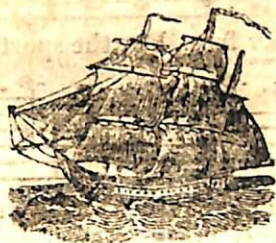
Oh, cruel lot !

Wounded the Hero of the Nile,

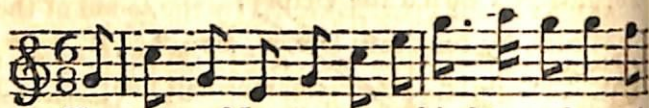
While envy did malignant smile,

On board the *Trinidad*.

Then to revenge his loss let's fly,
Like Britons conquer, boys, or die !
For dearly's earn'd the victory,
Which by his death is won, boys !
But, though he dies, his name shall live,
In future ages ardour give,
Our tars inspire
With martial ire,
While to each Briton ever dear,
They'll sigh, and drop a briny tear,
To think his race is run, boys !



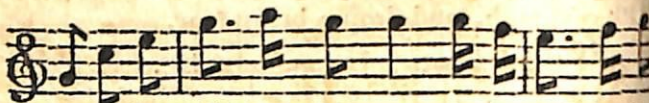
THE TWINS OF LATONA.



THE twins of La-to-na, so kind to my boon, A



rise to par-take of the chace, And Sol lend a



ray to chaste Di-an's fair moon, And a smile to the



smiles on her face. For the sport I delight in, The



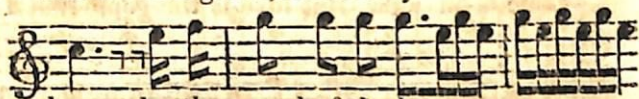
bright Queen of Love With myrtles my brows



shall a-dorn, While Pan breaks his chanter, and



skulks in the grove, Excell'd by the sound of the



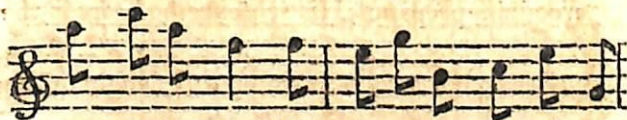
horn, by the sound of the horn, - - -



- - - Excell'd by



the sound of the horn. The dogs are uncoupl'd, and



sweet is their cry, Yet sweeter the notes of sweet



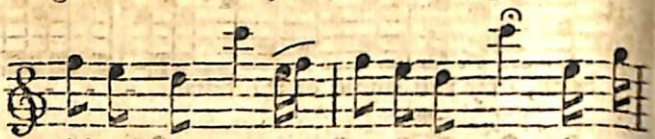
E - cho's re - ply, Sweet E - cho's, Sweet



E - cho, Hark for-ward, hark for-ward, the



game is in view, But love is the game that I



wish to pur-sue, But love is the game that I



wish to pursue. The stag from his chamber of



woodbine peeps out, His sentence he hears in the



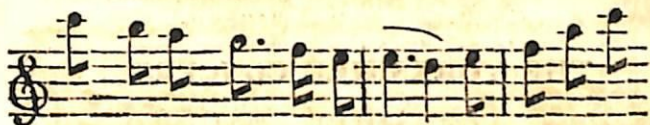
gale; Yet flies still en-tang-led in fear and in



doubt, His courage and con-stan-cy fail. Sur-



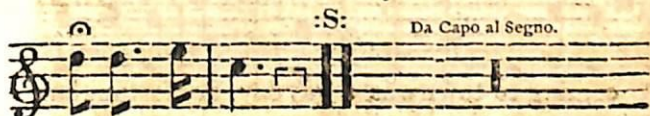
round-ed by foes, he pre-pares for the fray, De-



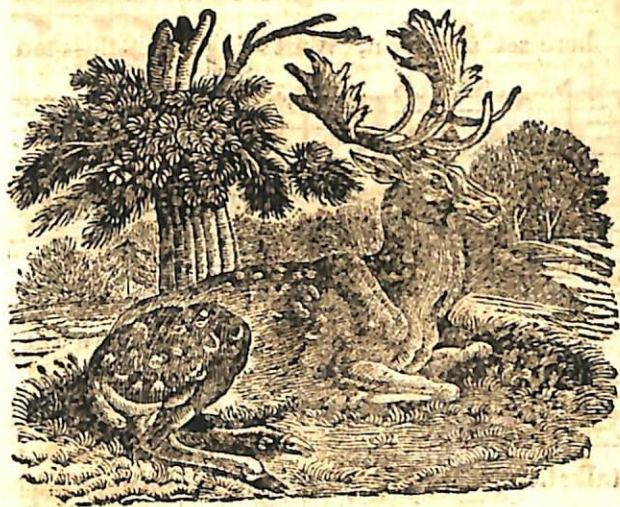
spair tak-ing place of his fear; With antlers e-



rected, awhile stands at bay, Then surrenders his



life with a tear.



THE YORKSHIRE CONCERT.



Ize a Yorkshireman just come to town, And my



coming to town was a gay day, For fortune has



here set me down, Wait - ing gen - tle - man



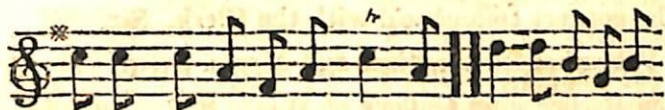
to a fine la - dy. My la - dy gives ga - las and



routes, And her treats of the town are the



talks here, But nothing Ize seen hereabouts Equals



one that were given in Yorkshire. Rum ti id-di-ty



id-di-ty, Rum ti id-di-ty ti-do, Rum ti



id-di-ty id-di-ty, Fal deral lal de ral li-do.

Johnny Fig were a white and green grocer,
 In business as bright as an eel, Sir;
 None than John to his shop could stick closer,
 But his wife thought it quite ungenteel, Sir:
 Her neighbours resolv'd to cut out,
 And astonish the rustic parishioners,
 She invited them all to a route, Sir,
 And ax'd all the village musicianers.

Rum ti, &c.

The company met gay as larks, Sir,
 Deck'd out all as fine blown roses;

The concert commenc'd with the Clerk, Sir,
Who chanted the Vicar and Moses.

The Barber sung Gallery of Wigs, Sir,
The gemmen all swore 'twas the dandy,
And the ladies encor'd Johnny Fig, Sir,
Who volunteer'd Drops of Brandy.

Rum ti, &c.

The Baker he sung a good batch,
While the Lawyer, for harmony willing,
With the Bailiff he join'd in the catch,
And the notes of the Butcher were killing;
The Wheelwright he put in his spoke,
The Schoolmaster flogg'd on with furor,
The Coalman he play'd the Black Joke,
And the Fishwoman sung a bravura.

Rum ti, &c.

To strike the assembly with wonder,
Madam Fig scream'd a song loud as Boreas,
That awak'd Farmer Thrasher's dog Thunder,
Who, jumping up, join'd in the chorus;

While a jack-ass the melody marking,
Chim'd in too, which made a wag say, Sir,
Attend to the Rector of Barking's
Duet with the Vicar of Bray, Sir.
Rum ti, &c.

A brine-tub half full of beef salted,
Madam Fig had truck'd out for a seat, Sir,
Where the taylor to sing was exalted,
But the cov'ring crack'd under his feet, Sir;
Snip was sous'd in the brine, but soon rising,
Bawl'd out, while they laugh'd at his grief, Sir,
Is't a matter so monstrous surprising,
'To see pickled cabbage with beef, Sir?
Rum ti, &c.

To a ball then the concert gave way,
And for dancing no souls could be riper;
So they struck up the Devil to Pay,
While Johnny Fig paid for the piper.
But the best thing com'd after the ball,
For to finish the whole with perfection,

Madam Fig ax'd the gentlefolks all,
To sup on a cold collection.

Rum ti, &c.

A PEEP AT THE FORTY THIEVES.

Your pardon, kind gentlefolks, pray,
But I'ze call'd on to roar out a song, Sirs,
And when a man's call'd on, they say,
It's ill manners to make you wait long, Sirs;
So I'll e'en try my hand at a stave,
Tho' mayhap you my jeer me, and flout it;
But it's one of the best that I have,
And so you shall hear all about it.

Rum ti, &c.

It isn't long since I first com'd
Fra' the North, and so you must needs think, Sirs,
Ize a lad that's not easily humm'd,
Unless it be whan I'ze in drink, Sirs:

And somehow, I don't know which way,
But the folk up in town be so droll, Sirs,
That I must ha' been drunk every day,
For they've humm'd me, by gum, one and all,
Sirs.

Rum ti, &c.

I waur ganging one night by the play,
Never heeding about it a pin, Sirs,
When I fairly wur carried away
Off my legs, by the crowd getting in, Sirs;
I shouted as loud as I could,
And I tell'd 'em I war'nt o' their party;
But a lady insisted I should,
And said, "Push on, keep moving, my hearty."
Rum ti, &c.

"Heave a-head," says a sailor, "you lubbard;"
No odds about my being willing;
So I com'd to a man in a cupboard,
Who bade me lug out my two shilling;
And while I wur groping about,
My money to find, I declare, Sirs,

My pockets I found inside out,
And the devil a penny was there, Sirs.
Rum ti, &c.

The crowd which before had so push'd,
Thinks I, dang you, push on now, or never:
For I didn't mind now being crush'd;
And I got in for nothing quite clever.
The play wur soon ended, and then
Forty Thieves they com'd in all so funny:
I suppose it were some of them men
That had diddled me out of my money.
Rum ti, &c.

So in town as I'd not long to stay,
I resolv'd to see all that I could, Sirs,
And I went once again to the play,
Where I paid for a seat, tho' I stood, Sirs.
Common Garden I think wur the spot,
And some beautiful posies they show there;
And if oft to come here was my lot,
I as oft should be tempted to go there.
Rum ti, &c.

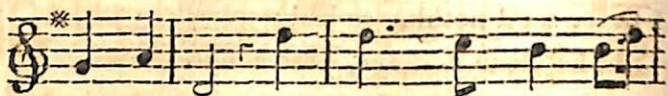
There wur one fellow walk'd on to th' stage,
Said he'd newly just com'd out o' Yorkshire ;
By gum, he put me in a rage,
He made game so of our country talk, Sirs.
Folk call'd him a comical lad,
But for what, I declare, I can't tell, Sirs ;
I never see'd nothing so bad ;
I'd ha' done it, ay, better mysel, Sirs.
Rum ti, &c.



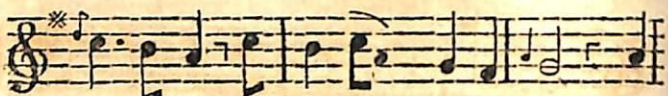
WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS.



'Tis said we vent'rous die-hards, When we



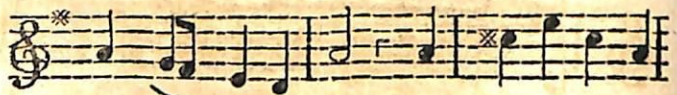
leave the shore, Our friends should mourn lest



we re-turn to bless their sight no more. But



this is all a no-tion, Bold



Jack can't understand; Some die upon the



o-cean, And some on land. Then



since 'tis clear, How - e'er we steer, No



man's life's un - der his com-mand; Let



tem-pests howl, and bil-lows rowl, And



dan - ger press, Of those in spight there



are some joys, Us jol-ly tars to bliss; For



Sa - tur - day night still comes, my boys, To



drink to Poll and Bess.

One seaman hands the sails, another heaves the log,
 The purser swops,
 Our pay for slops,
 The landlord sells us grog.
 Thus each man to his station,
 To keep life's ship in trim,
 What argues noration,
 The rest is fortune's whim,
 Cheer'ly my hearts,
 Then play your parts,
 Boldly resolv'd to sink or swim;
 The mighty surge
 May ruin urge,
 And danger press;
 Of those in spite there are some joys,
 Us jolly tars to bliss;
 For Saturday night still comes, my boys,
 To drink to Poll and Bess.

For all the world's just like the ropes aboard a ship;
 Each man's rigg'd out
 A vessel stout,
 To take for a life a trip:

The shrouds, and stays, and braces,

Are joys, and hopes, and fears;

The halliards, sheets, and traces,

Still as each passion veers;

And whim prevails,

Direct the sails,

As on the sea of life he steers.

Then let the storm

Heaven's face deform,

And danger press;

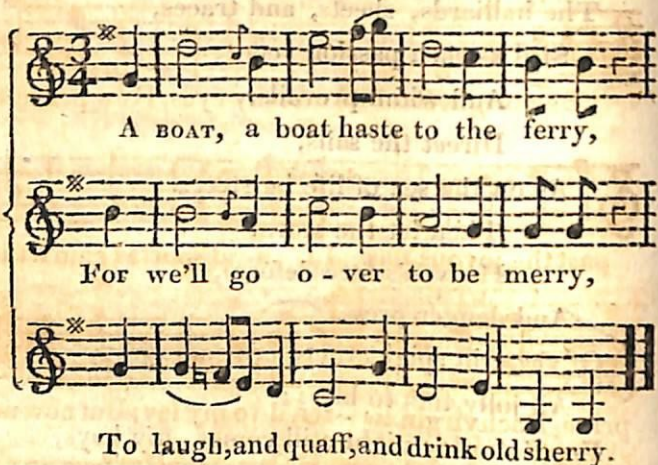
Of these in spight there are some joys,

All jolly tars to bless;

For Saturday night still comes, my boys,

To drink to Poll and Bess.

A CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.



A musical score for three voices, consisting of three staves of music. Each staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are printed below each staff.

A BOAT, a boat haste to the ferry,
F'or we'll go o - ver to be merry,
To laugh, and quaff, and drink old sherry.



ERE BRIGHT ROSINA.



ERE bright Rosi-na met my eyes, How peaceful



past the joyous day, In ru-ral sports I gain'd the



prize, Each virgin lis - ten'd to my lay; But now no



more I touch the lyre, No more the



rustic sports can please, I live the slave of fond de-



sire, Lost to my-self, to mirth and ease.

The tree, which in a happier hour,
 Its boughs extended o'er the plain;
 When blasted by the lightning's pow'r,
 Nor charms the eye, nor shades the swain,
 The tree, &c.

OLD TOWLER.



BRIGHT Chanticleer proclaims the dawn, And



spangles deck the thorn, The lowing herd now



quit the lawn, The lark springs from the corn.



Dogs, huntersmen, round the window throng, Flect



Towler leads the cry, A - rise the bur-den



of their song, This day a stag must die, With a



hey, ho, chivey, Hark forward, hark forward tan-



ti-vey, With a hey, ho, chi - yey, Hark



for-ward, hark for - ward, tan-ti-vey, Hark

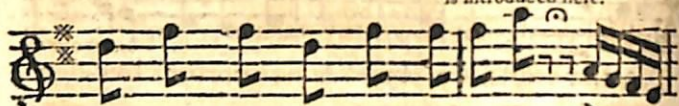


forward, hark forward, Hark forward, hark



for-ward, tan-ti-vey, tan-ti-vey, Hark, hark

The Huntsman's hallo
is introduced here.



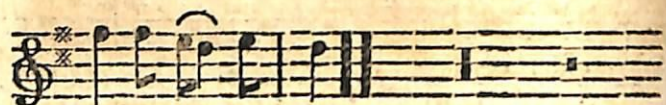
for-ward, hark forward, tantivey, A-



rise the burden of their song, This day a stag must



die, 'This day a stag must die. This



day a stag must die.

The cordial takes its merry round,
The laugh and joke prevail,
The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
The dogs snuff up the gale.
The upland lands they sweep along,
O'er fields, thro' brakes, they fly,
The game is rous'd, too true the song,
This day a stag must die.

With a hey, ho, &c.

Poor stag, the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face ;
The huntsman's pleasure is no more,
His joys were in the chace :
Alike the sportsmen of the town,
The virgin game in view,
Are full content to run them down,
Then they in turn pursue,
With their hey, ho, &c.



THE BROWN JUG.



DEAR TOM, this brown jug, that now



foams with mild ale, (In which I will drink to sweet



Nan of the vale), Was once To-by Filpot, a



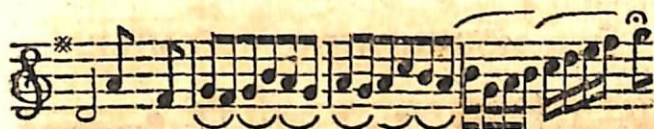
thirsty old soul, As e'er crack'd a bottle, or



fathom'd a bowl. In boozing a - - bout 'twas his



praise to ex-cel, And among jol-ly to-pers he



bore off the bell, - - - - -



he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd, as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
 In his flow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
 With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
 And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
 His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
 And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
 And time into clay had dissolv'd it again,
 A petter found out in its covert so snug,
 And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug.
 Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale,
 So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

D

HER MOUTH, WHICH A SMILE.



HER mouth, which a smile, De-void of all



guile, Half o-pens to view, Is the bud of the



rose, Is the bud of the rose, in the morning that



blows, Im-pearl'd with the dew, im-



pearl'd with the dew ; The bud of the rose, im-



pearl'd with the dew. More fra-grant her

Fine.



breath than the flow'r-scent-ed heath, Than the



flow'r-scented heath, at the dawning of day, The



hawthorn in bloom, the li - ly's perfume, The



li - ly's perfume, or the blossoms of May. --

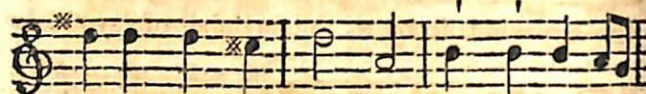


Her

YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.



YE gen-tle-men of Eng-land, That



live at home at ease, Ah! lit-tle do you

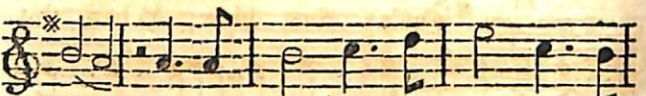


think u-pon The dangers of the seas. Give

Dolce.



ear un-to the Mariners, And they will plain-ly



show, All the cares and the fears, All the



cares and the fears, All the cares and the fears,

If enemies oppose us,
When England is at war
With any foreign nation,
We fear not wound nor scar :
Our roaring guns shall teach them
Our valour for to know,
Whilst they reel on their keel,
When the stormy winds do blow.
When the stormy winds, &c.

Then courage, all brave Mariners,
And never be dismay'd :
Whilst we have bold adventurers,
We ne'er shall want a trade.
Our merchants will employ us,
To bring them gold, we know ;
Then be bold, work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.
When the stormy winds, &c.

Here's a health to noble Cochrane,
And all our gallant tars ;

Long may these British heroes bold
Despise both wounds and scars;
Make France, and Spain, and Holland,
And all their foes to know,
Britons reign o'er the main,
When the stormy winds do blow.
When the stormy winds, &c.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE Mariners of England,
Who guard our native seas,
Who for these thousand years have brav'd
The battle and the breeze,
Your glorious standard launch again,
And match another foe,
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow.
While the stormy winds do blow.
While the stormy winds do blow,

While the battle rages long and loud,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirit of your fathers
Will start from every wave ;
The deck it was their field of fame,
The ocean was their grave ;
Where Blake, the boast of freedom, fought,
Your manly hearts will glow,
As you sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow.
While the stormy winds, &c.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep :
With thunder from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As she sweeps through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow.
While the stormy winds, &c.

The meteor-flag of England
Must yet terrific burn,
Till the stormy night of war depart,
And the star of peace return:
Than to our faithful Mariners
The social cann shall flow,
Who sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds did blow.

While the stormy winds did blow,
While the stormy winds did blow,
While the battle raged long and loud,
And the storms of war did blow.



GLEE, FOR THREE VOICES.

Larghetto.

BE-NEATH the si--lent ru - ral

Be - neath the si--lent ru - ral

Be - neath the si--lent ru - ral

cell, Of in - no - cence and peace.

cell, Of in - nocence and peace.

cell, Of in - no - cence and peace.

with sage re - tirement let me

with sage re - tirement let me

with sage re - tirement let me

dwell, And taste each home-felt bliss.

dwell, And taste each home-felt bliss.

dwell, And taste each home-felt bliss.

O let me pierce the secret shade,
 Cheer'd by the warbling woods ;
 Or woo the venerable maid,
 Lull'd by the gliding floods.

Then learn, when noon of life is past,
 To calmly meet my end,
 And feel my setting sun at last,
 The grave unfear'd descend.

A SUP OF GOOD WHISKY.



A SUP of good whisky will make you



glad ; Too much of the crea - ture will



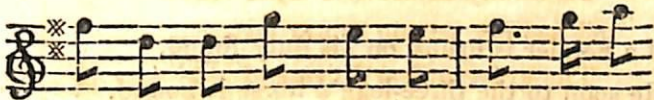
make you mad ; If you take it in reason 'twill



make you wise; If you drink to excess it will



close up your eyes; Yet father and mother and



sis - ter and bro - ther, They all love a



sup in their turn.

Some Preachers will tell you to drink is bad;
 I think so too, if there's none to be had;
 The Swadler will bid you drink none at all,
 But while I can get it, a fig for them all.

Both Layman and Brother,
 In spite of this pother,
 Will all take a sup in their turn.

Some Doctors will tell ye, 'twill hurt your health,
And Justice will say, 'twill reduce your wealth;
Physicians and Lawyers will all agree,
When our money's all gone, they can get no fee;
 Yet Surgeon and Doctor,
 And Lawyer and Proctor,
Will all take a sup in their turn.

If a Soldier is drunk on his duty found,
He soon to the three-legg'd horse is bound,
In the face of his regiment obliged to strip;
But a naggin softens the nine-tail'd whip!
 For Serjeant and Drummer,
 And likewise his Honour,
Will all take a sup in their turn.

The Turks who arrived from the Porte Sublime,
Told us that drinking was held a great crime;
Yet, after their dinner, away they slunk,
And tippled their wine till they got quite drunk.
 The Sultan and Crommet,
 And even Mahomet,
They all take a sup in their turn.

The Quakers will bid you from drink abstain,
By yea, and by nay, 'tis a fault in the vain ;
Yet some of the Broad-brims will get to the stuff,
And tittle away till they've tippl'd enough ;

For Stiff-rump and Steady,
And Solomon's Lady,
Will all take a sup in their turn.

The Germans do say they can drink the most,
The French and Italians do also boast ;
Hibernia's the country (for all their noise)
For generous drinking and hearty boys ;

There each jovial fellow
Will drink till he's mellow,
And take off his glass in his turn.

THE CHAPTER OF KINGS.

THE Romans in England they once did sway,
And the Saxons after them led the way ;
There they tugg'd with the Danes till an overthrow,
Which both of them got from the Norman beau.

Yet, barring all pother,
The one and the other,
Were all of them kings in their turn.

Little Willy the Conqueror long did reign,
But Billy his son by an arrow was slain;
And Harry the First was a scholar bright,
But Stephen was forc'd for his crown to fight.

Yet, barring, &c.

Second Harry Plantagenet's name did bear,
And Cœur de Lion was his son and heir;
But Magna Charta we gain'd from John,
Which Harry the Third put his seal upon.

Yet, barring, &c.

There was Teddy the First, like a tyger bold,
But the Second by rebels was bought and sold,
And Teddy the Third was his subjects pride,
Though his grandson Dicky was pop'd aside.

Yet, barring, &c.

There was Harry the Fourth, a warlike wight,
And Harry the Fifth like a cock would fight ;
Though Henry his son like a chiek did pout,
When Teddy his cousin had kick'd him out.

Yet, barring, &c.

Poor Teddy the Fifth he was kill'd in bed,
By butchering Dick, who was knock'd in the head ;
Then Harry the Seventh in fame grew big,
And Harry the Eighth was as fat as a pig.

Yet, barring, &c.

With Teddy the Sixth we had tranquil days,
Tho' Mary made fire and faggot blaze ;
But good Queen Bess was a glorious dame,
And bonny King Jemmy from Scotland came.

Yet, barring, &c.

Poor Charley the First was a martyr made,
But Charley his son was a comical blade ;
And Jemmy the Second, when hotly spurr'd,
Run away, d'ye see, from Willy the Third.

Yet, barring, &c.

E

Queen Anne was victorious by land and sea,
 And Georgey the First did with glory sway ;
 And as Georgey the Second has long been dead,
 Long life to the Georgey we have in his stead ;
 And may his son's sons,
 To the end of the chapter,
 All come to be kings in their turn.

THE CHAPTER OF POLITICIANS.

My friends, so good-humour'd, I hope won't be
 vex'd,
 If the *Chapter of Politics* furnish my text ;
 The times are all bustle, the folks all alive,
 Politicians increase just like bees in a hive.
 And barring all pother,
 Of this, that, or t'other,
 We're all politicians in turn.

The Blacksmith he swallows the Tailor's news,
 And forges supplies, while old Dobbin he shoes ;

He *blows* up the authors of Englishmens wrongs,
And hopes we will go at it *hammer* and *tongs*.

For barring, &c.

The flag of defiance the Tailor lets loose,
And values a Frenchman no more than a *goose* ;
He works for the army, and therefore he knows
We shall certainly *stick* in the *skirts* of our foes.

For barring, &c.

The Barber exclaims, with true *technical* trope,
'That we're all in the *suds*, though he ventures to
hope,

In *dressing* a foe that our *powder* may tell,
Do the job to a *shaving*, and *lather* him well.

For barring, &c.

The Cobler, good soul, says our *all* must soon *end*,
And be worn out at *last*, unless matters we *mend* ;
The Doctor conceives to despond there's no call ;
Let him physic our foes, and he'll soon kill 'em
all.

For barring, &c.

The Exciseman says, war will our *spirits* raise
higher;

The Chandler exclaims, all the *fat's* in the *fire*;
'Tis the Lawyer's advice, if the French we must
meet,

To support the *King's Bench* by the help of the
Fleet.

For barring, &c.

Old Chissel the Carpenter saw very *plain*,
A *deal* of our *work* must be done o'er again;
And should foes set a *foot* on our *beech* but one
inch,

He augurs they'll find *heart* of *oak* never flinch.

For barring, &c.

Says the *Builder*, what *stories* they raise with
their *tricks*;

Says the *Baker*, those *stories* are built with French
bricks,

The *Landlord* he swears he'll ne'er *trust* 'em again;
The *Sexton* looks *grave*, and the *Clerk* says, *Amen*.

For barring, &c.

The Cheesemonger thinks these are *mighty* affairs;
'Twill be *diamond cut diamond*, the Glazier de-
clares;

The Soldier and Sailor don't like to say much,
But brandish their cudgels, and long for a touch.

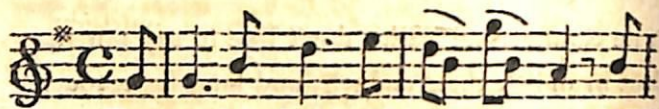
For barring, &c.

In short, all the town have their con's and their
pro's,

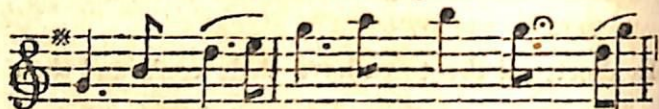
And as each politician tells all that he knows;
Of our foes I'll say this, if you won't take it ill,
'They ne'er thrash'd us yet, and I don't think they
will.

For barring, &c.

THE FRIEND AND PITCHER.



THE wealthy fool, with gold in store, Will



still de - - sire to grow rich - er; Give



me but these, I ask no more, My charming



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



girl so fair, With such what mor-tal



can be rich - er; Give me but these, a



fig for Care, With my sweet girl, my



friend, and pitcher.

From morning sun I'd never grieve

To toil a hedger, or a ditcher,

If that, when I came home at eve,

I might enjoy my friend, and pitcher.

My friend so rare, &c.

Though Fortune ever shuns my door,

(I know not what can thus bewitch her),

With all my heart can I be poor,

With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

My friend so rare, &c.

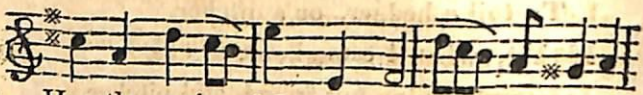
BY THE GAILY CIRCLING GLASS.



By the gaily circling glass, We can see how



minutes pass; By the hol-low flask we're told



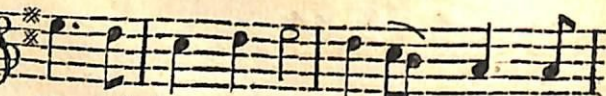
How the waning night grows old, How the waning



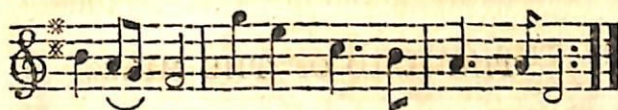
night grows old. Soon, too soon, the bu - sy day



Drives us from our sport a - way; What have



we with day to do? Sons of Care, 'twas



made for you! Sons of Care, 'twas made for you!

By the silence of the owl;

By the chirping on the thorn;

By the butts that empty roll;

We foretel th' approach of morn.

Fill, then, fill the vacant glass;

Let no precious moment slip;

Flout the moralizing ass;

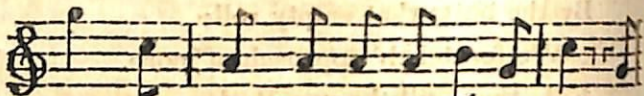
Joys find entrance at the lip.

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

WILLIAM.



I've kiss'd and I've prattled with fif - ty fair



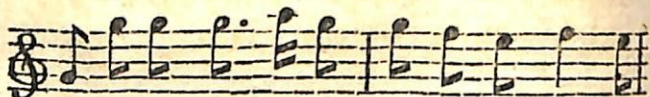
maids, And chang'd 'em as oft-en, D'ye see, I've



kiss'd and I've prattled with fifty fair maids, And



chang'd 'em as oft - en, d'ye see; But of



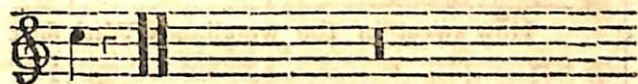
all the fair maidens that dance on the green, The



maid of the mill for me, The maid of the mill, the



maid of the mill, The maid of the mill for



me.

PHOEBE.

There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,
And call'd me the fairest she ;
But of all the gay wrestlers that sport on the green,
Young Harry's the lad for me.

WILLIAM.

Her eyes are as black as the sloe in the hedge,
Her face like the blossoms in May ;
Her teeth are as white as the new-shorn flock,
Her breath like the new-made hay

PHOEBE.

He's tall and he's straight as the poplar tree,
His cheeks are as fresh as a rose ;
He looks like a squire of high degree,
When drest in his Sunday's clothes.

HOW SWEET IN THE WOODLANDS.

How sweet in the woodlands, With fleet

hound and horn, To a-wak-en shrill

e-cho, and taste the fresh morn.

But hard is the chase my fond heart must

The musical score consists of five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The music is written in treble clef. The lyrics are: "How sweet in the woodlands, With fleet hound and horn, To a-wak-en shrill e-cho, and taste the fresh morn. But hard is the chase my fond heart must".

pur-sue, For Daphne, fair Daph-ne is

lost to my view. Is lost! Fair Daph-

ne is lost to my view.

Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,
 More wild than the roebuck, and wing'd with dis-
 dain :

In pity o'ertake her, who kills as she flies ;
 Tho' Daphne's pursu'd, 'tis Myrtilla that dies.

THE GALLANT LIEUTENANT.



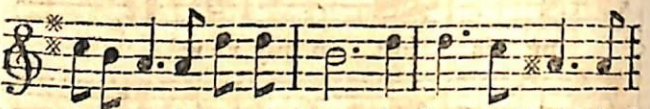
PREPARE, prepare, we're hail'd on board, 'Tis



fam'd Britannia gives the word: See the Gallie



bird on high! Turn, turn u - - pon your



e-nemy. Be steady, hearts, be firm and bold, And



fight as Bri - - tons fight of old; Then



swift-ly fly, with ea-gle's wing, To guard your



coun-try, your country and your king. Then



swiftly fly, with ea-gle's wing, To guard your



country, your country and your king.

The lion roars within his den,
 The ancient crest o' Englishmen,
 Undaunted, bids you meet the foe,
 And lay their mighty vaunting low.
 Be steady, hearts, &c.

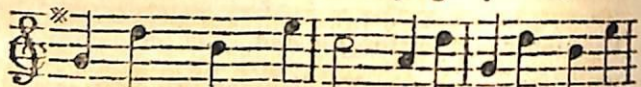
Behold the fair Edina stand,
 Surrounded by her warlike band;
 And see, she draws the hostile blade,
 To lend her neighb'ring sisters aid.
 Be steady, hearts, &c.

Ere yet the battle is begun,
 Unite, true Britons, be as one;
 Be firm, true-hearted, and sincere,
 And then, O then, you've nought to fear.
 Be steady, hearts, &c.

YEO, YEO.



I AM a brisk and sprightly lad, But



just come home from sea, Sir; Of all the lives I



e-ver led, A sailor's life for me, Sir. Yeo, yeo,



yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo; When the boatswain



pipes all hands, With yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, Sir.

What girl but loves the merry tar ?

We o'er the ocean roam, Sir ;

In ev'ry clime we find a port,

In ev'ry port a home, Sir.

Yeo, yeo, &c.

But when our country's foes are nigh,

Each hastens to his gun, Sir ;

We make the boasting Frenchmen fly,

And bang the haughty Don, Sir.

Yeo, yeo, Sir.

Our foes subdu'd, once more on shore,

We spend our cash with glee, Sir,

And when all's gone, we drown our care.

And out again to sea, Sir.

Yeo, yeo, &c.

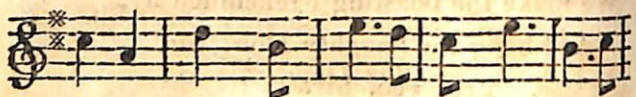
ALLEN BROOKE OF WINDERMERE.



SAY, have ye in the val-ley seen, A gentle



youth of pensive mein? And did you mark his



pal-lid cheek, Which se-cret sorrow seems to



speak? Perhaps you'd wish his name to hear, 'Tis



Al-len Brooke of Windermere.

But ah! the cause that prompts his sigh,
That dims with tears his sparkling eye;
That bids his youthful cheek turn pale,
And sorrow's hue o'er health's prevail.

That cause from me you must not hear;
Ask Allen Brooke of Windermere.

Yet needless were his words to prove,
His sorrow springs from hopeless love;
Go to the youth, of Jessy speak,
Then mark the crimson on his cheek;
That blush will make the secret clear
Of Allen Brooke of Windermere.

And oh! believe his Jessy's breast
Is still by answering cares oppress'd;
But know, a father's stern command,
Withholds from him my willing hand:
All but a father's frown I'd bear
For Allen Brooke of Windermere.

Then, pitying stranger, seek the youth,
And tell him of his Jessy's truth;
Say, that you saw my faded cheek,
My faithful bosom's anguish speak:
Say, that till death I'll hold most dear
My Allen Brooke of Windermere.

LIRA LIRA LA.



LIT-TLE thinks the towns-man's wife,



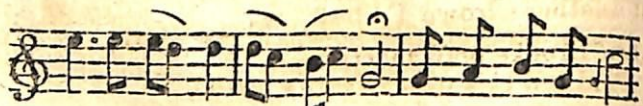
While at home she tar - - ries,



What must be the las-sie's life, who a sol-dier



mar-ries; Now with wea-ry marching spent,



Dancing now be-fore the tent, Li - ra li-ra la,

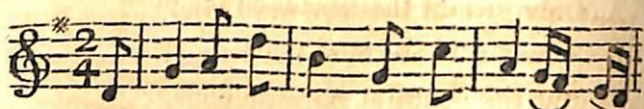


li-ra li-ra la, With her jol - ly sol-dier.

In the camp at night she lies,
Wind and weather scorning,
Only griev'd her love must rise,
And quit her in the morning ;
But the doubtful skirmish done,
Blythe she sings, at set of sun,
Lira lira la, lira lira la,
With her jolly soldier.

Should the Captain of her dear,
Use his kind endeavour,
Whisp'ring nonsense in her ear,
Two fond hearts to sever ;
At his passion she will scoff,
Laughing she will put him off,
Lira lira la, lira lira la,
For her jolly soldier.

THE COTTAGE ON THE MOOR.



My mam is no more, and my dad in his



grave, Little orphans are sis - ter and I, sad - ly



poor; In - dus - try our wealth, and no dwelling we



have, But yon neat lit - tle cot - tage that



stands on the moor. Yon neat lit - tle



cottage, Yon neat little cottage, Yon neat little



cot - - - tage that stands on the moor.

The lark's early song does to labour invite ;
Contented we just keep the wolf from the door ;
And, Phœbus retiring, trip home with delight
To our neat little cottage that stands on the
moor.

Yon neat little cottage, &c.

Our meals are but homely, mirth sweetens our
cheer ;

Affection's our inmate, the guest we adore ;
And heart-ease and health make a palace appear
Of our neat little cottage that stands on the
moor.

Yon neat little cottage, &c.

POOR TOM.



THEN farewell, my trim-built wherry, Oars and



coat, and barge fare-well, Never more at Chelsea



fer-ry Shall your Thomas take a spell. Then fare-



well, my trim-built wher-ry, Oars and



coat, and badge farewell, Never more at Chelsea



fer--ry, Shall your Tho-mas take a



spell, Shall your Thomas take a spell.

But to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I'll go,
Where expos'd to every danger,
Some friendly ball will lay me low.

Then, mayhap, when homeward steerin'
With the news my messmates come,
Even you, my story hearing,
With a sigh, may cry, poor Tom!



THE TOBACCO-BOX.

THOMAS.



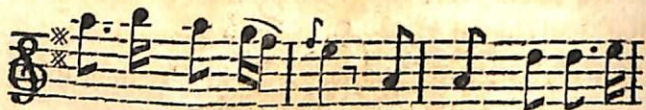
Tho' the fate of bat-tle on to-mor-row



wait, Let's not loose our prat-tle, now, my



charm - ing Kate, Till the hour of glo-ry



love should now take place, Nor damp the joys be-



fore you with a fu - ture case.

KATE.

Oh, my Thomas, still be constant, still be true!
Be but to your Kate, as Kate is still to you;
Glory will attend you, still will make us blest;
With my firmest love, my dear, you're still possest.

THOMAS.

No new beauties tasted, I'm their arts above;
Three campaigns are wasted, but not so my love;
Anxious still about thee, thou art all I prize;
Never, Kate, without thee, will I bung these eyes.

KATE.

Constant to my Thomas, I will still remain,
Nor think I will leave thy side the whole cam-
paign;
But shall cherish thee, and strive to make thee bold:
May'st thou share the victory! may'st thou share
the gold!

THOMAS.

If, by some bold action, I the halbert bear,
Think what satisfaction, when my rank you share;

Dress'd like any lady, fair from top to toe;
 Fine lac'd caps and ruffles then will be your due.

KATE.

If a Serjeant's lady I should chance to prove,
 Linen shall be ready always for my love;
 Never more will Kate the Captain's laundress be:
 I'm too pretty, Thomas, love, for all but thee.

THOMAS.

Here, Kate, take my 'bacco-box, a soldier's all;
 If by Frenchmens blows your Tom is doom'd to
 fall,
 When my life is ended, thou may'st boast, and
 prove,
 Thou'd'st my first, my last, my only pledge of
 love.

KATE.

Here, take back thy 'bacco-box, thou'rt all to me;
 Nor think but I will be near thee, love, to see;
 In the hour of danger let me always share;
 I'll be kept no stranger to my Soldier's fare.

THOMAS.

Check that rising sigh, Kate, stop that falling tear;
Come, my pretty comrade, entertain no fear;
But, may Heav'n befriend us! Hark! the drums
command:

Now I will attend you, love, I kiss your hand.

KATE.

I can't stop these tears, tho' crying I disdain;
But must own 'tis trying hard the point to gain:
May Heaven defend thee! Conquest on thee wait!
One kiss more, and then I give thee up to fate.

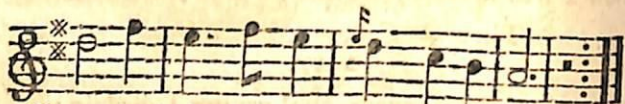
Both repeat this verse, Thomas says, yield myself to fate.



GAFFER GRAY.



Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake, Gaffer



Gray? And why does thy nose look so blue?

With expression.



“ ’Tis the wea-ther that’s cold, ’Tis I’m



“ grown ve - ry old, And my dou-blet is



“ not ve - ry new; Well-a-day! And my



“ doublet is not ve-ry new; Well-a-day!”

Then line thy worn doublet with ale, Gaffer Gray,
And warm thy old heart with a glass.

“ Nay, but credit I’ve none,

“ And my money’s all gone;

“ Then say, how may that come to pass? Well-

“ a-day!

“ Then say,” &c.

Hie away to the house on the brow, Gaffer Gray,
And knock at the jolly priest’s door.

“ Oh! the priest often preaches

“ Against worldly riches,

“ But ne’er gives a mite to the poor; Well-a-day!

“ But ne’er,” &c.

The lawyer lives under the hill, Gaffer Gray,
Warmly fenc’d both in back in front.

“ He will fasten his locks,

“ And will threaten the stocks,

“ Should he ever more find me in want; Well-a-

“ day!

“ Should he,” &c.

The squire has fat beeves and brown ale, Gaffer
Gray,

And the season will welcome thee there.

“ Oh ! his beeves and brown beer,

“ And his merry new-year,

“ Are all for the flush and the fair ; Well-a-day ;

“ Are all,” &c.

My keg is but low, I confess, Gaffer Gray ;

What then ! while it last, man, we'll live.

The poor man alone,

When he hears the poor moan,

Of his morsel a morsel will give ; Well-a-day !

Of his, &c.

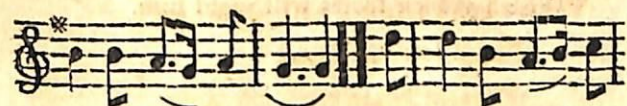
TASTE LIFE'S GLAD MOMENTS.



TASTE life's glad moments, Whilst the wasting



ta - per glow, Pluck, e'er it withers, The



quickly fad-ing rose: Man blindly follows



grief and care, He seeks for thorns, and



finds his share; Whilst violets, to the passing



air, Un - heed-ed shed their blos-sons.

Da Capo.

When tim'rous Nature veils her form,
And rolling thunder spreads alarm,
Then ah! how sweet, when lull'd the storm,
Then sun smiles forth at even.

Taste life's, &c.

When Spleen and Envy anxious flies,
And meek Content, in humble guise,
Improves the shrub, a tree shall rise,
Which golden fruits will yield him.

Taste life's, &c.

Who fosters faith in upright breast,
And freely gives to the distress'd,
There sweet Contentment builds her nest,
And flutters round his bosom.

Taste life's, &c.

And when life's path grows dark and strait,
And pressing ills on ills await,
Then Friendship sorrow to abate,
The helping hand will offer.

Taste life's, &c.

She dries his tears, she strews his way,
E'en to the grave with flow'rets gay ;
'Turns night to morn, and morn to day,
And pleasure still encreases.

Taste life's, &c.

Of life she is the fairest band,
Joins brothers truly hand in hand ;
Thus onward to a better land,
Man journeys light and cheer'ly.

'Taste life's glad moments,
Whilst the wasting taper glows,
Pluck, e'er it withers,
The quickly fading rose.



FROM NIGHT TILL MORN I TAKE MY
GLASS.

FROM night till morn I take my glass, In

hopes to for-get my Chloe, From night

till morn I take my glass, In hopes to

for-get my Chloe; But as I take
the pleasing draught she's ne'er the less be-
fore me: Ah! no, no, no, Wine cannot
cure the pain I en-dure for my Chloe,

3

Con Espressione.

Ah! no, no, no, Wine cannot cure the

pain I en-dure for my Chloe.

To wine I flew, to ease the pain
 Her beauteous charms created ;
 But wine more firmly bound the chain,
 And love would not be cheated.

Ah! no, no, no, &c.

HAPPY TAWNY MOOR.

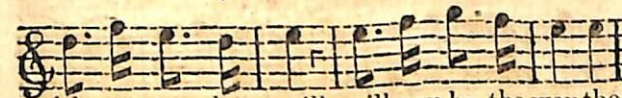
SADI.



Oh! hap-py tawny Moor, hap-py tawny



moor, when you, love, Climb the mountain



with your true-love, will, will you by the way the



mu-sic play. Your sweet gui-tar a-tinkling,



Sa - di Listens to his Spanish la - dy ; Tang



tan-ki tan-ki tan-ki tan-ki tan-ki tay.

AGNES.

O bonny tawny Moor, together,
 As we brave the wind and weather,
 Won't you by the way
 From Agnes stray?
 While their guitars are tinkling, Sadi,
 Love no other Spanish lady.
 Tang tanki, &c.

SADI.



Cease, pretty Agnes, cease, pretty Agnes cease, no



beauty E'er could draw me from my duty, Let,

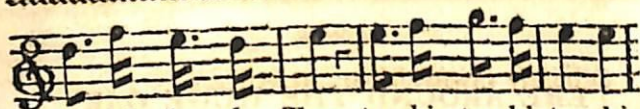
AGNES.



let them all the day their music play. Then



my guitar a-tinkling, Sa-di, Follow now your



Spanish la - dy. Tang tan-ki tan-ki tan-ki



tan-ki tan-ki tay. Then my guitar a-



tinkling Sa - di, Follow now your Spanish lady.



Tang tanki tanki tang tanki tanki tanki



tanki tanki tay.

ERE AROUND THE HUGE OAK.



ERE around the huge oak that o'ershadows yon



mill, The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine; Ere the



church was a ru-in that nods on the hill, Or a



rook built his nest on the pine, Or a



rook built his nest on the pine.

~~~~~  
Could I trace back the time, a far distant date,  
Since my forefathers toil'd in this field ;  
And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate  
Is the same that my grandfather till'd.

He, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,  
Which unsullied descended to me ;  
For my child I've preserv'd it, unblemish'd with  
shame,  
And it still from a spot shall be free.

~~~~~  
THE SWEET SOCIAL HOUR.

THE fav'rites of fortune their treasures may boast,
And may tempt us to bow at their shrine ;
The gay thoughtless lover his mistress will toast,
And, transported, believe her divine.

Diana, she points to the joys of the field,
And offers a scene of delight ;
But all (say the vot'ries of Bacchus) must yield,
When the charms of the bottle invite.

Yet pleasures, when varied, appear like a dream,
Though her traits are so often espied ;
But sons of true mirth, ye may drink of the stream,
If fair virtue...if reason preside.

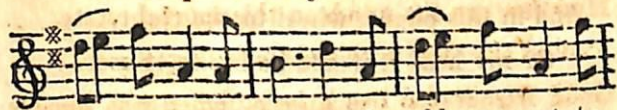
How few are the minds in this mortal estate,
Who are blest with content's happy score !
Good friends too I've known, when was humble
their fate,
But, exalted, they knew me no more.

The beauty of women I feel with a glow,
And of love I have tasted the pow'r ;
Yet, amid the enjoyments I wish for below,
Gods, give me the sweet social hour !

THE AWKWARD RECRUIT.



BEHOLD poor Will just come from drill, Not



long a - go I list-ed, I sold my cart to



pay the smart, But money they re-sist-ed.



I don't know what will be my lot, But



think it mighty odd, Sir, That they should pop a



lad like I, A-mong their awkward squad, Sir.

I wish I was at home again,
And got my working clothes on,
My greasy hat as here it sat,
And Sunday woollen hose on.
But at command I'm forc'd to stand
As stiff as any poker,
And in this plight, wheel to the right,
Or my head it would be broke, Sir.

I walk'd and run with Corporal Fun,
Till I wore three pair of shoes out,
And got such knocks as tho' i' the stocks,
To make me turn my toes out.
I'm sure that they can mean no good,
To run me out of breath, Sir;
And then this thing under my chin,
It throttles me to death, Sir.

Here like a māukin I must stand,
With fingers below my breeches,
And dare not even move my hand,
To scratch my head when it itches.

And then the soap and flour too,
Is plaster'd on my head, Sir ;
But for my king, and country,
I'll fight until I'm dead, Sir.

If Serjeant Kite informs me right,
I cuts a pratty figure,
And why mayn't I in battle try ?
Sure I can pull a trigger.
It is my will the French to kill ;
I'll do it with all my heart, Sir :
Perhaps a recruit may chance to shoot
Great Emperor Bonaparte, Sir.

If I should kill this great Frenchman,
My country'd be befriended ;
'Twould be a thunderbolt to France,
And make the war be ended.
No doubt but I should Captain be ;
Lord, that's a pratty thing, Sir !
I'd tear my throat from morn to night,
Shouting, " God save our King ! " Sir.

Zounds! now my blood begins to rise!

It shows that I'm a Briton;

And if the French should dare to land,

Huzza, my boys! we'll spit 'em!

Each man must to his motto stand,

And that, you know's a lion:

If Englishmen go heart in hand,

Why, damn 'em, we defy 'em.

THE SAILOR'S ALLEGORY.



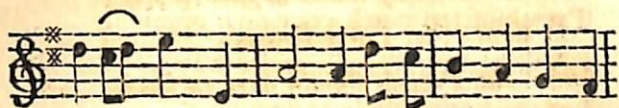
LIFE'S like a ship in constant motion, Sometimes



high and sometimes low, Where ev'-ry



one must brave the o - cean, What - so -



ever winds may blow. If unassail'd by squall or



shower, Wafted by the gen-tle gales, Let's not



lose the fav' -- ring hour, Whilst suc-



cess attends our sails.

But if the wayward winds should bluster,

Let us not give way to fear ;

But let us all our passion muster,

And learn from reason how to steer.

Let Judgment keep you ever steady,

That's a ballast seldom fails ;

If dangers rise, be ever ready

To manage well the swelling sails.

H

Trust not too much your own opinion,
 Whilst your vessel's under way ;
Let good example bear dominion,
 That's a compass will not stray.
When thundering tempests make you shudder,
 Or Boreas o'er the surface rails,
Let good Discretion guide the rudder,
 And Providence attend the sails.

Then, when you're safe from danger riding,
 In some welcome port or bay,
Hope be the anchor you confide in,
 And Care a while in slumbers lay :
Then, when each can's with liquor flowing,
 And good fellowship prevails,
Let each heart, with rapture glowing,
 Drink success unto our sails.



A ROSE-TREE FULL IN BEARING:



A ROSE-TREE full in bear-ing, Had



sweet flowers fair to see; One rose, without com-



par-ing, For beauty at-tract-ed me. Tho'



ea-ger once to win it, Love-ly, blooming,



fresh, and gay, I find a canker in it, And



now throw it far a-way.

How fine this morning early,
 All sun-shiny, clear, and bright;
 So late I lov'd you dearly,
 Though lost now each fond delight.
 The clouds seem big with showers,
 Sunny beams no more are seen:
 Farewell, ye happy hours!
 Your falsehood has chang'd the scene.

THE ORIGIN OF BRITISH LIBERTY.



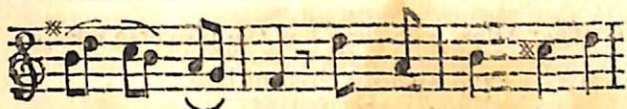
ONCE the gods of the Greeks, at am-bro-si-al



feast, Large bowls of rich nec - tar were



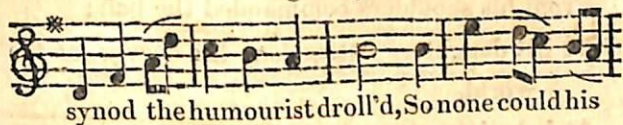
quaffing; Merry Momus among them was



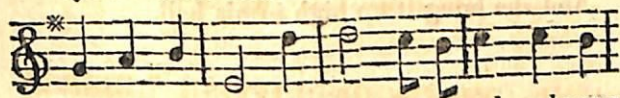
set as a guest, Ho - mer says the ce-



les-tials love laugh-ing: On each in the



synod the humourist droll'd, So none could his



jokes dis-approve; He sang, reparteed, and some



smart sto - ries told, And at last thus be-



gan u - pon Jove, - - - - -



- - And at last thus be-gan u - pon Jove:

“ Sire, Atlas, who long has the universe bore,
“ Grows grievously tired of late ;
“ He says, that mankind are much worse than be-
“ fore,
“ So he begs to be eas’d of their weight.”
Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl’d,
From his shoulders commanded the ball ;
Gave his daughter, Attraction, the charge of the
world,
And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss, pleas’d with the present, review’d the globe
round,
To see what each climate was worth ;
Like a diamond the whole with an atmosphere
bound,
And she variously planted the earth.
With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow’d,
France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear ;
What suited each clime, on each clime she be-
stow’d,
And Freedom she found flourish’d here.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,
As guardians to cherish the root ;
The blossoms of Liberty 'gan for to smile,
And Englishmen fed on the fruit.
'Thus fed, and thus bred, from a bounty so rare,
O preserve it as free as 'twas given !
We will while we've breath, nay, we'll grasp it
in death,
And return it untainted to heaven.

THE DEATH OF WOLFE.

In a mouldering cave, a wretched retreat,
Britannia sat, wasted with care ;
She wept for her Wolfe, then exclaim'd against fate,
And gave herself up to despair.
'The walls of her cell she had sculptur'd around
With th' exploits of her favourite son ;
Nay, even the dust, as it lay on the ground,
Was engrav'd with some deeds he had done.

The Sire of the gods, from his crystalline throne,

Beheld the disconsolate dame,

And, mov'd with her tears, sent Mercury down,

And these were the tidings that came :

“ Britannia, forbear, not a sigh nor a tear

“ For thy Wolfe so deservedly lov'd ;

“ Thy grief shall be chang'd into tumults of joy,

“ For Wolfe is not dead, but remov'd.

“ The Sons of the Earth, the proud giants of old,

“ Have fled from their darksome abodes ;

“ And, such is the news that in heaven is told,

“ They are marching to war with the gods.

“ A council was held in the chamber of Jove,

“ And this was their final decree :

“ That Wolfe should be call'd to the army above ;

“ And the charge was entrusted to me.

“ To the plains of Québec with the orders I flew ;

“ Wolfe begg'd for a moment's delay :

“ He cried, Oh, forbear ! let me victory hear,

“ And then the command I'll obey.

“ With a darkening film I encompass’d his eyes,
“ And bore him away in an-urn,
“ Lest the fondness he bore for his own native
“ shore
“ Might tempt him again to return.”

THE BLUSH OF AURORA.



THE blush of Au - ro - ra now tinges the



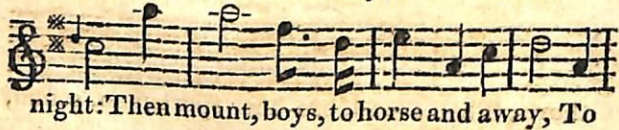
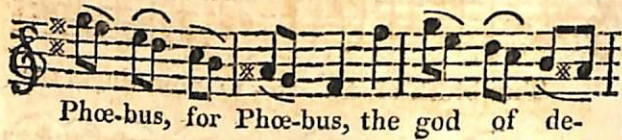
morn, And dew-drops bespangle the sweet-scented

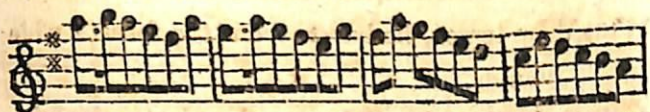


thorn; Then sound, bro-ther sportsman, sound,



sound the gay horn, Till Phœbus a - wakens the





way, - - - - -



Then



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



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

What raptures can equal the joys of the chace?
 Health, bloom, and contentment, appear in each
 face,
 And in our swift coursers what beauty and grace,
 While we the fleet stag do pursue,
 While we, &c.
 At the deep and harmonious sweet cry of the
 hounds,
 Wing'd by terror, wing'd by terror,

Wing'd by terror, he bursts from the forest's wide
bounds,

And tho' like the lightning he darts o'er the
grounds,

Yet still, boys, we keep him in view.

We keep him in view, &c.

When chac'd till quite spent, he his life does resign,

Our victim we'll offer at Bacchus's shrine,

And revel in honour of Nimrod divine,

That hunter so mighty of fame,

That hunter, &c.

Our glasses then charge to our country and king;

Love and beauty, love and beauty,

Love and beauty we'll fill to, and jovially sing,

Wishing health and success, till we make the house
ring,

To all sportsmen and sons of the game.

And sons of the game, &c.

CHEROKEE INDIAN DEATH-SONG.



THE sun sets in night, and the
stars shun the day, But glory re-mains when their
lights fade a-way. Be-gin, ye tor-mentors, your
threats are in vain, For the son of Alknomook shall
never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow ;
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low.
Why so slow ? Do you wait till I shrink from the
pain ?
No ! the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation
away :

Now the flame rises fast ; ye exult in my pain ;
But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

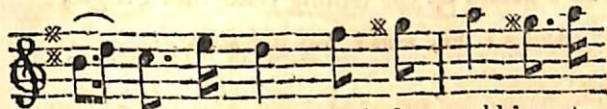
I go to the land where my father is gone :
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.
Death comes as a friend, to relieve me from pain ;
And the son of Alknomook has scorn'd to complain !



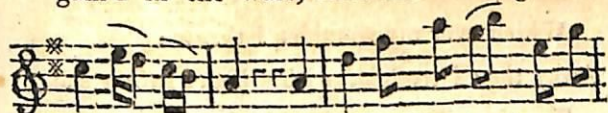
THE DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.



WHEN my mo - ney was gone that I



gain'd in the wars, And the world 'gan to



frown on my fate, What matter'd my zeal, or my



ho - nour - ed scars, When in - diff' - rence



stood at each gate ?

The face that would smile when my purse was
well lin'd,

Shew'd a different aspect to me :

And when I could nought but ingratitude find,
I hied once again to the sea.

I thought it unwise to repine at my lot,
Or to bear with cold looks on the shore,
So I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got,
And a trifle, alas! was my store.

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
Which over my shoulder I threw;
Away then I trudg'd, with a heart rather sad,
To join with some jolly ship's crew.

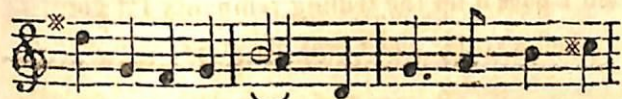
The sea was less troubled by far than my mind;
For, when the wide main I survey'd,
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
And Fortune a slippery jade.

And vow'd, if once more I could take her in tow,
I'd let the ungrateful ones see,
That the turbulent winds and the billows could shew
More kindness than they did to me.

IN GAUDY COURTS.



IN gau-dy courts, with ach-ing hearts, The



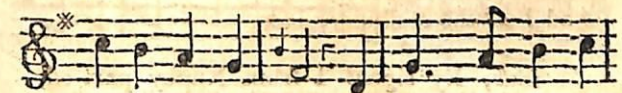
great at fortune rail; The hills may high-er



honour claim, But peace is in the vale. In



gau-dy courts, with ach-ing hearts, The



great at fortune rail; The hills may higher



honours 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.

See high-born dames, &c.

THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.



'Twas past me - - ri - - dian, half past



four, By signal I from Nancy part-ed,



At six she ling - er'd on the shore, with uplift



hands and broken-hearted; At sev'n, while



tight'ning the fore-stay, I saw her



faint, or else 'twas fan-cy; At eight we



all got un-der weigh, And bid a



long-a-dieu to Nancy.

Night came, and now eight bells had rung,

While careless sailors, ever cheery,

On the mid-watch so jovial sung,

With tempers labour cannot weary;

I little to their mirth inclin'd,
While tender thoughts rush'd on my fancy,
And my warm sighs increas'd the wind,
Look'd on the moon, and thought of Nancy.

And now arriv'd that jovial night,
When every true-bred tar carouses,
When o'er the grog all hands delight
To toast their sweethearts and their spouses :
Round went the can, the jest, the glee,
While tender wishes fill'd each fancy ;
And when, in turn, it came to me,
I heav'd a sigh, and toasted Nancy.

Next morn, a storm came on at four,
At six, the elements in motion,
Plung'd me, and three poor sailors more,
Headlong into the foaming ocean ;
Poor wretches ! they soon found their graves !
For me, it may be only fancy,
But love seem'd to forbid the waves
To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd,
Scarce winds and waves had ceas'd to rattle,
When a bold enemy appear'd,
And, dauntless, we prepar'd for battle:
And now, while some lov'd friend or wife,
Like lightning rush'd on ev'ry fancy;
To Providence I trusted life,
Put up a prayer, and thought on Nancy.

At last, 'twas in the month of May,
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three, A. M. discover'd day,
And England's chalky cliffs together;
At seven, up Channel how we bore,
While hopes and fears rush'd on my fancy;
At twelve, I gaily jump'd ashore,
And to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy.

YO HEAVE HO.



My name d'ye see's Tom Tough, I've



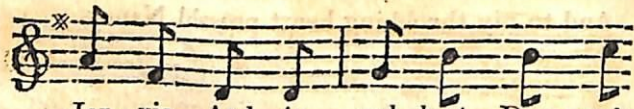
seen a lit-tle sarvice, where mighty billows



roll, and loud tem-pests blow, I've



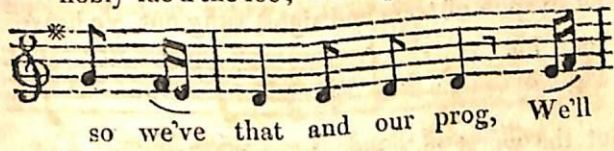
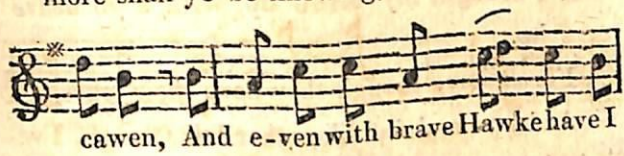
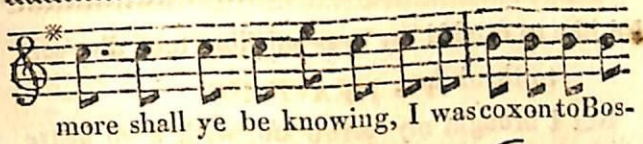
sail'd with valiant Howe, I've sail'd with no-ble



Jar-vis, And in gal-lant Dun-can's



fleet I've sung out, yo heave ho. Yet



When from my love to part I first weigh'd anchor,
And she was sniv'ling seed on the beach below;

I'd like to catch'd my eyes sniv'ling too, d'ye see,
to thank her,

But I brought my sorrow up, with a yo heave
ho.

For sailors, though they have their jokes,

And love and feel like other folks,

Their duty to neglect must not come for to go;

So I seiz'd the capstern bar,

Like a true honest tar,

And in spite of tears and sighs, sung out, yo heave
ho.

But the worst on't was that time when the little
ones were sickly,

And if they'd live or die the doctor did not
know:

The word was gov'd to weigh, so sudden, and so
quickly,

I thought my heart would break, as I sung, yo
heave ho.

For Poll's so like her mother,

And as for Jack her brother,

The boy, when he grows up, will nobly fight the
foe ;

But in Providence I trust,

For you see what must be must,

So my sighs I gave the winds, and sung out, yo
heave ho.

And now at last laid up in a decentish condition,

For I've only lost an eye, and got a timber toe;

But old ships must expect in time to be out of
commission,

Nor again the anchor weigh, with a yo heave ho.

So I smoke my pipe, and sing old songs,

For my boy shall well revenge my wrongs,

And my girl shall breed young sailors nobly for to
face the foe.

Then to country and king,

Fate no danger can bring,

While the tars of Great Britain, sing out, yo heave
ho.

BACHELORS HALL.



To Bachelors Hall we good fel-lows in-



vite, To par-take of the chace, that makes



up our delight; We have spirits like fire, and of



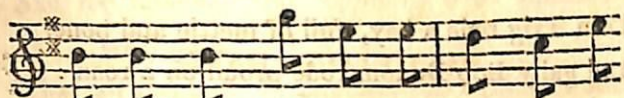
health such a stock, That our pulse strikes the



seconds as true as a clock. Did you see us, you'd



swear, as we mount with a grace, Did you



see us, you'd swear, as we mount with a



grace, That Di - a - na had dubb'd some new



gods of the chase, That Diana had dubb'd some new



gods of the chase. Hark away, hark away, All



nature looks gay, And Aurora with smiles ushers



in the bright day.

Dick Thickset came mounted upon a fine black,
A better fleet gelding ne'er hunter did back ;

Tom Trig rode a bay, full of mettle and bone,
And gaily Bob Buxom rode proud on a roan :
But the horse of all horses that rival'd the day,
Was the Squire's Neck-or-nothing, and that was
a grey.

Hark away, hark away,
While our spirits are gay,
Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

Then for hounds, there was Nimble, that so well
climbs rocks,
And Cocknose, a good one at scenting a fox ;
Little Plunge, like a mole who would ferret and
search,
And beetle-brow'd Hawk's-eye, so dead at a lurch ;
Young Slylooks, that scents the strong breeze
from the south,
And musical Echowell, with his deep mouth.
Hark away, &c.

Our Horses thus all of the very best blood,
'Tis not likely you'll easily find such a stud ;

And for hounds, our opinions with thousands
we'll back,

That all England throughout can't produce such
a pack.

Thus having describ'd you, dogs, horses, and
crew,

Away we set off, for the fox is in view.

Hark away, &c.

Sly Reynard's brought home, while the horn
sounds a call,

And now you're all welcome to Bachelors Hall;

The sav'ry sirloin grateful smokes on the board,

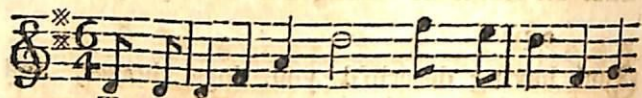
And Bacchus pours wine from his favourite hoard.

Come on then, do honour to this jovial place,

And enjoy the sweet pleasures that spring from
the chace.

Hark away, &c.

TO ANACREON IN HEAVEN.



To Anacreon in heav'n, where he sat in full



glee, A few sons of harmony sent a pe-ti-tion, That



he their inspirer and patron would be; When this



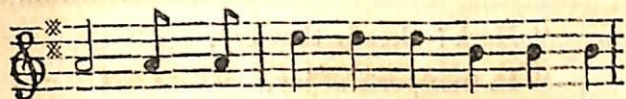
answer arriv'd from the jolly old Grecian: Voice,



fiddle, and flute, No longer be mute, I'll



lend you my name, and in - spire you to



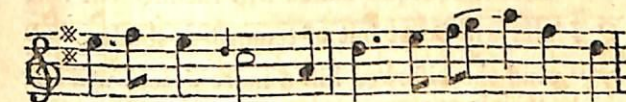
boot; And, be - sides, I'll in-struct you like



me to en-twine The myr-tle of Venus with



Bac-chus's vine. And besides I'll instruct you like



me to en-twine The myr-tle of Venus with



Bacchus's vine.

The news through Olympus immediately flew,
When Old Thunder pretended 'to give himself
airs :.....

“ If these mortals are suffer'd their scheme to pur-
“ sue,

“ The devil a goddess will stay above stairs,

- “ Hark ! already they cry,
 “ In transports of joy,
 “ Away to the sons of Anacreon we'll fly,
 “ And there with good fellows we'll learn to en-
 “ twine
 “ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.
- “ The yellow-hair'd god, and his nine fusty maids,
 “ From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee,
 “ Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,
 “ And the biforked hill a mere desert will be :
 “ My thunder, no fear on't,
 “ Shall soon do its errand,
 “ And, damn me ! I'll swinge the ringleaders, I
 “ warrant ;
 “ I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine
 “ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.”
- Apollo rose up, and said, “ Prythee ne'er quarrel,
 “ Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries
 “ below ;

“ Your thunder is useless”.....then shewing his laurel,

Cried, “ *Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know !

“ Then over each head

“ My laurels I'll spread,

“ So my sons from your crackers no mischief

“ shall dread,

“ Whilst snug in their club-room they jovially

“ twine

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

Next Momus got up with his risible phiz,

And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join.....

“ The full tide of harmony still shall be his,

“ But the song, and the catch, and the laugh,

“ shall be mine.

“ Then Jove be not jealous

“ Of these honest fellows.”

Cried Jove, “ We relent, since the truth you

“ now tell us ;

“ And swear by old Styx, that they long shall

“ entwine

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

Ye sons of Anacreon, then, join hand in hand;
 Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love:
 'Tis yours to support what's so happily plann'd;
 You've the sanction of gods, and the fiat of Jove.
 While thus we agree,
 Our toast let it be,
 May our club flourish happy, united, and free!
 And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine
 The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

SALLEY IN OUR ALLEY.

The musical score is written on three staves in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. The second staff continues the melody, featuring a triplet of eighth notes. The third staff concludes the melody with quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are printed below the staves.

OF all the girls that are so
 smart, There's none like pret - ty Sal - ley;
 She is the darling of my heart, And she lives in



our al - ley. There's ne'er a la - dy in the



land, That's half so sweet as Sal - ley;



She is the darling of my heart, And she lives in



our al - ley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,

And thro' the streets does cry 'em,

Her mother she sells laces long,

To such as please to buy 'em:

But sure such folks could not beget

So sweet a girl as Salley;

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 Salley ;
She is, &c.

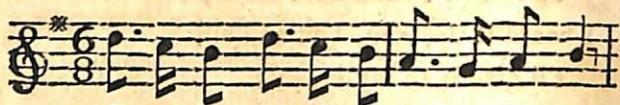
Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday ;
For then I'm drest in all my best,
To walk abroad with Salley ;
She is, &c.

My master carries me to church,
And often I am 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 Salley ;
She is, &c.

When Christmas comes about again,
Oh! then I shall have money;
I hoard it up, and, box and all,
I'll give it to my honey;
And would it were a dozen pounds,
I'd give it all to Salley;
She is, &c.

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

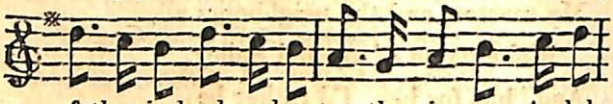
THE BEGGAR GIRL.



O-VER the mountain, and o - ver the moor,



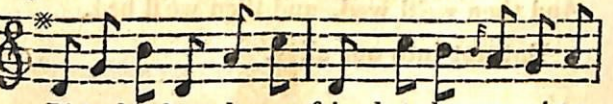
Hungry and bare-foot I wander forlorn, My



father is dead, and my mother is poor, And she



grieves for the days that will ne-ver re-turn.



Pi-ty, kind gentlemen, friends to hu-ma-ni-ty,



Cold blows the wind, and the night's coming on,



Give me some food for my mother in cha-ri-ty;

THE CUCKOO.



Now the sun is in the west, Sinking slow be-



hind the trees, And the cuckoo, welcome guest,



Gently woos the ev'ning breeze, Cuckoo, cuckoo,



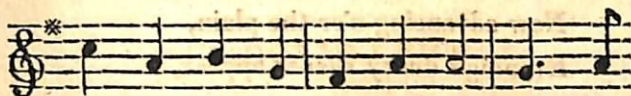
cuckoo, cuckoo, Gently woo's the ev'n-ing breeze.



Sportive now the swallows play, lightly skimming



o'er the brook, Darting swift they wing their way,



Homeward to their peaceful nook, Whilst the



cuckoo, bird of spring, Still amidst the



trees doth sing, Cuc-koo, cuc-koo,



cuc-koo, cuc-koo, Still a-midst the



trees doth sing.

Cheerful, see yon shepherd boy,
 Climbing up the craggy rocks;
 As he views the dappled sky,
 Pleas'd the cuckoo's notes he mocks;
 Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo;
 Pleas'd the cuckoo's notes he mocks.

Now advancing o'er the plain,
 Evening's dusky shades appear,
 And the cuckoo's voice again
 Softly steals upon mine ear,
 While retiring from the view,
 Thus she bids the day adieu :

Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo,
 Thus she bids the day adieu.

THE BONNY BOLD SOLDIER.



I've plenty of lovers that sue me in vain; My



heart is with Willy far o - ver the plain; For



handsome and wit-ty, and brave is the swain: The



bonny bold soldier, young Willy's for me. For



handsome and wit-ty, and brave is the swain. The



bonny bold soldier, young Willy's for me. In the



trumpet's shrill sound my soldier delights; For



honour, his king, and his coun-try, he fights,



He fights,





fights, - -



- - - For ho - nour, his king, and his



country, he fights, For honour, his king, and his



country, he fights.

I share with his dress, in the heart of a beau,
 The doctor my pulse feels, 'and ne'er takes a fee;
 The one is pedantic, the other all show :
 The bonny bold soldier, young Willy, for me.
 - - - In the trumpet's shrill sound, &c.

The lawyer so crafty, I fly from in fear ;
 The dangling poet I shun when I see.

Once more, O ye powers! restore me my dear,
The bonny bold soldier, young Willy, to me.
In the trumpet's shrill sound, &c.

POOR JACK.



Go patter to lubbers and swabs, do yesee, 'Bout



danger, and fear, and the like; A tight water



boat and good sea-room give me, And 'ten't to a



lit-tle I'll strike. Tho' the tem-pest top-



gallant-masts smack-smooth should smite, And



shi-ver each splin-ter of wood, And



shi-ver each splinter of wood; Clear the



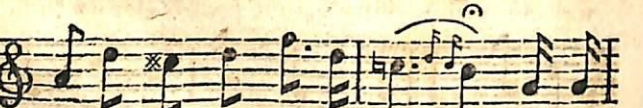
wreck, stow the yards, and bouze ev'-ry thing



tight, And under reef'd foresail we'll scud. A-



vast! nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft, To be



ta-ken for tri-fles, a- - back; For they



say there's a Providence sits up a-loft, They



say there's a Providence sits up a-loft, To keep



watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Why, I heard the good Chaplain palaver one day
 About souls, heaven, mercy, and such,
 And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay!

Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch:
 But he said, how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
 Without orders that come down below,
 And many fine things, that prov'd clearly to me,
 That Providence takes us in tow.

For, says he, Do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
 Take the topsails of sailors aback,

There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

I said to our Poll (for you see she would cry),
When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye?
Why, what a damn'd fool you must be:
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room
for us all,

Both for seamen and lubbers ashore,
And if to Old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
Why, you never will hear of me more.
What then? All's a hazard: come, don't be so
soft;

Perhaps I may laughing come back;
For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world, without offering to
flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip.

As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and
ends,

Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my
friend's,

And as for my life, 'tis the king's.

Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so
soft

As with grief to be taken aback:

That same little cherub that sits up aloft,

Will look out a good birth for Poor Jack.



GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

DRINK to me on-ly with thine eyes, and

Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes, and

Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes, and

I will pledge with mine ;

I will pledge with mine ;

I will pledge with mine ;

Or leave a kiss with-in the cup, and

Or leave a kiss with-in the cup, and

Or leave a kiss with-in the cup, and

I'll not ask for wine. *Da Capo.*

I'll not ask for wine. *Da Capo.*

I'll not ask for wine. *Da Capo.*

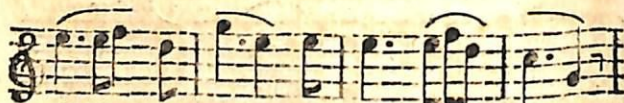
HENRY'S COTTAGE MAID.



Ah! where can fly my soul's true love?



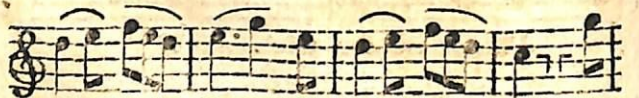
Sad I wan - der this lone grove;



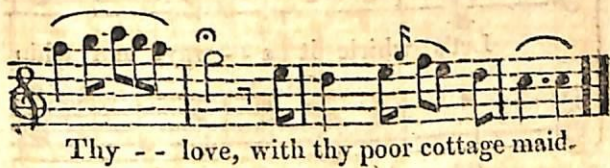
Sighs and tears for him I shed;



Hen -- ry is from Lau -- ra fled. Thy

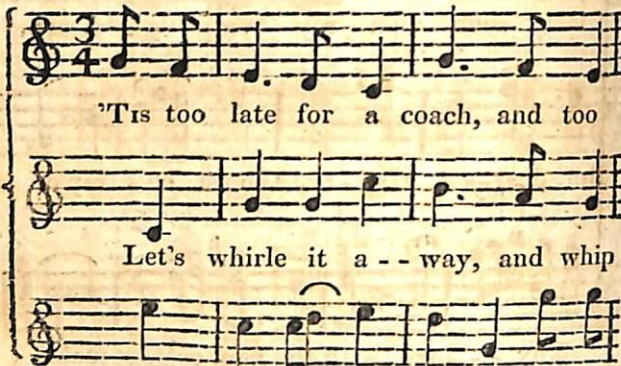


love to me thou didst im-part, Thy

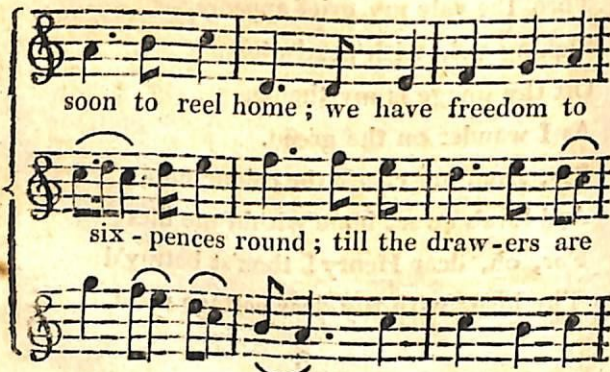


Thro' the vale my grief appears,
Sighing sad, with pearly tears ;
Oft thy image is my theme,
As I wander on the green.
See, from my cheek the colour flies,
And love's sweet hope within me dies ;
For, oh, dear Henry ! thou'st betray'd
Thy love, with thy dear cottage maid.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.



'Tis too late for a coach, and too
 Let's whirle it a - - way, and whip
 The glasstayswithyouTom,saveyour



soon to reel home ; we have freedom to
 six - pences round ; till the draw - ers are
 tide, pull a - - way ; one mi - nute of



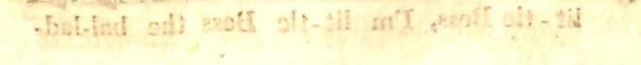
stag-ger, when the town is our own.



founder'd, and the hogshead does sound.



mid-night, is worth a whole day.



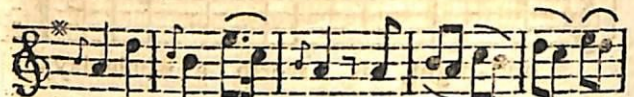
LITTLE BESS THE BALLAD-SINGER.



WHEN first a babe up - on the knee, My



mo-ther us'd to sing to me; I caught the



accents from her tongue, And ere I talk'd I



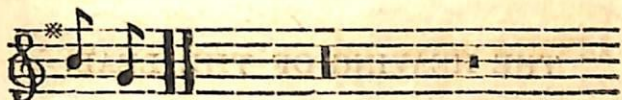
lisp'd in song, I'm lit - tle Bess the



bal-lad - singer. I'm lit - tle Bess, I'm



lit - tle Bess, I'm lit - tle Bess the bal-lad-



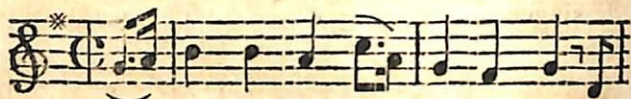
singer.

In every village where I came,
They call'd me by my infant name ;
And pensive as I rove along,
This still's the burden of my song,
I'm little Bess the ballad-singer.

'Thro' woods and village-scenes I stray,
With plaintive suit and artless lay,
And every passenger I meet,
With lowly curtesy thus I greet,
I'm little Bess the ballad-singer.



THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.



FOR England, when with fav'ring gale, Our



gal - lant ship up Chan - nel steer'd, And



scudding under ea - sy sail, The high blue western



land ap-pear'd; To heave the lead the



seaman sprung, And to the pi - lot cheer - ly sung,



"By the deep nine! By the deep nine!" To

heave the lead the sea - man sprung, And
to the pi - lot cheer'ly sung, "By the deep
nine!"

And bearing up to gain the port,
Some well-known object kept in view,
An abbey tow'r, a harbour fort,
Or beacon to the vessel true ;
While oft the lead the seaman flung,
And to the pilot cheer'ly sung,
" By the mark seven !"

And, as the much-lov'd shore we near,
With transport we behold the roof,
Where dwells a friend, or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof ;

The lead once more the seaman flung,
 And to the watchful pilot sung,
 "Quarter less five!"

Now to her birth the ship draws nigh;
 We shorten sail...she feels the tide...
 "Stand, clear the cable!" is the cry;
 The anchor's gone...we safely ride.
 The watch is set, and through the night,
 We hear the seaman, with delight,
 Proclaim... "All's well!"

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

To our Mu - si - cal Club, here's long

May con - cord, and har - mo - ny,

May the catch, and the glass, go a-



life and pros-pe - ri-ty, may it flourish with



e-ver a - bound, and di - visions here



bout and a - bout, and a - no-ther suc-



us, and so on to pos - te - ri - ty.



on-ly in our mu - sic be found,



ceed to the bot - tle that's out.

TOM STARBOARD.



Tom Starboard was a lo - ver true, As



brave a tar as e - - ver sail'd; The



du - - ties a - - blest sea - men do, Tom



did, and ne - ver yet had fail'd. But



wreck'd, as he was homeward bound, With-



in a league of England's coast, Love



sav'd him, sure, from be - ing drown'd, For



all the crew but Tom were lost.

His strength restor'd, Tom hied with speed,

True to his love as e'er was man;

Nought had he sav'd, nought did he need,

Rich he in thoughts of lovely Nan.

But scarce five miles poor Tom had gain'd,

When he was press'd; he heav'd a sigh,

And said, tho' cruel was his lot,

Ere flinch from duty he would die.

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear,

Nay, when he'd lost an arm, resign'd,

Said, Love for Nan, his only dear,

Had sav'd his life, and fate was kind.

The war being ended, Tom return'd,

His lost limb serv'd him for joke,

For still his manly bosom burn'd

With love ; his heart was heart of oak.

Ashore, in haste Tom nimbly ran

To cheer his love, his destin'd bride,

But false report had brought to Nan,

Six months before, that Tom had died.

With grief she daily pin'd away,

No remedy her life could save ;

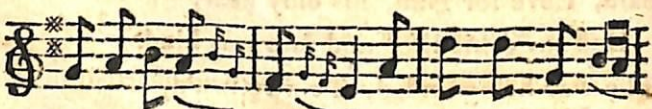
And Tom arriv'd the very day

They laid his Nancy in her grave.

THE SAILOR'S EPITAPH.



HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling, The



darling of our crew ; No more he'll hear the



tem-pest howl-ing For death has brought him



to. His form was of the manliest beauty, His



heart was kind and soft; Faithful below he



did his du-ty, And now he's gone a-



loft, - - And now he's gone a - loft.

Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare,
 His friends were many, and true-hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair;

M

And then he'd sing so blythe and jolly,
 Ah, many's the time and oft!
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When He who all commands,
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands.
 Thus death, who kings and tars dispatched,
 In vain Tom's life has doff'd;
 For, tho' his body's under hatches,
 His soul is gone aloft.

THE MORN RETURNS.



THE morn returns 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 blushing morn a-



wakes the strain, awakes the tuneful choir; But



sad Ro-si-na ne'er a-gain shall strike the ex-

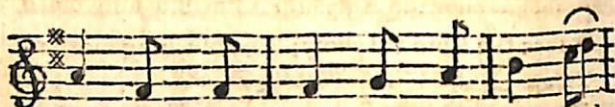


ult-ing lyre.

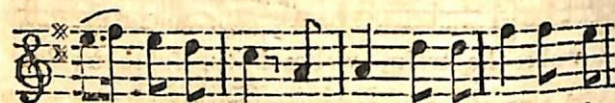
PARTING MOMENTS.



WHILE I hang on your bosom, dis-tracted 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



tarry, Nor e'er feel a wish from Mari-a to



go; But if it gives pleasure to you, my dear



Har-ry, Shall I blame your de-parture? Oh!



no, my love, no! Shall I blame your de-



parture? Oh! no, my love, no!

Now do not, dear Hal, while abroad you are stray-
ing,

That heart which is mine on a rival bestow;

Nay, banish that frown, such displeasure betray-
ing;

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!

BONNY BET.



No more I'll court the town-bred fair, Who



shines in ar-ti-fi-cial beauty, For na-tive

Yet, ask me where those beauties lie?

I cannot say in smile or dimple,
In blooming cheek or radiant eye;

'Tis happy nature, wild and simple.

O, my bonny, &c.

Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,

And sigh in numbers trite and common;

Ye gods, one darling wish be mine,

And all I ask is lovely woman.

O, my bonny, &c.

Come, dearest girl, the rosy bowl,

Like thy bright eye with pleasure dancing;

My heaven art thou, so take my soul,

With rapture every sense entrancing.

O, my bonny, &c.

WITH AN HONEST OLD FRIEND.



With an hon-est old friend, and a mer-ry



old song, And a flask of old port, let me



sit the night long; And laugh at the



ma-lice of those who re - - pine, That



they must swig por-ter, While I can drink



wine.

I envy no mortal, tho' ever so great,
 Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate ;
 But what I abhor, and esteem as a curse,
 Is poorness of spirit not poorness in purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay ;
 Let's merrily pass life's remainder away :
 Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise ;
 For the more we are envied the higher we rise.

BLACK-EY'D SUSAN.



ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,



The streamers wav - ing in the wind,



When black-ey'd Su - - san came on board,



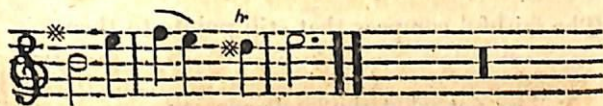
Oh ! where shall I my true-love find ?



Tell me, ye jo-vial sail-ors, tell me true,



Does my sweet William, Does my sweet William



sail a-mong your crew ?

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below.
 The cord glides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear),
And drops at once into her nest.

The noblest Captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!

My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.

Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt to doubt thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find:

Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,

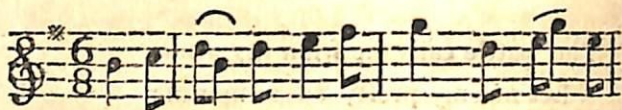
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,

Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white:
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
No longer she must stay aboard;
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, 'he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
Adieu, she cried, and wav'd her lily hand.

THE FAIRY.

A Midnight Madrigal.

FAIREST of the virgin train, That trip it



o'er the ma-gic plain, Come and dance, and



sing with me, Un-der yon-der a - ged tree:



Come and dance, and sing with me, Un-der



yon-der a - ged tree.

There I'll tell you many a tale,
Of mountain, rock, of hill, and dale;
Which will make you laugh with me,
Under yonder aged tree.

See the moon all silver bright,
Shining with a tenfold light;
To try to see my queen with me,
Under yonder aged tree.

Who is that which I espy,
Just descended from thy sky?
E'en faith 'tis Cupid, come to see
My fair beneath yon aged tree.

A little rogue! but he shall smart....
I'll take away his bow and dart,
And give them, 'fore his face, to thee;
Under yonder aged tree.

Then we'll play, and dance, and sing,
Celebrating Pan our king;
And I'll always live with thee,
Under yonder aged tree!

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

LIGHTLY tread, 'tis hallow'd ground,
 Lightly tread, 'tis hallow'd ground,
 Lightly tread, 'tis hallow'd ground,

Hark! a-bove, be-low, a-round,
 Hark! a-bove, be-low, a-round,
 Hark! a-bove, be-low, a-round,



Fai-ry bands their vi-gils keep,



Fai-ry bands their vi-gils keep,



Fai-ry bands their vi-gils keep,



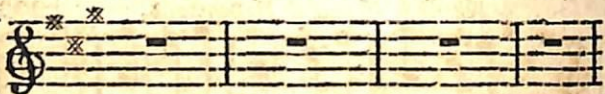
Whilst frail mor-tals sink to sleep.



Whilst frail mor-tals sink to sleep.



Whilst frail mor-tals sink to sleep.



And the moon, with fee - ble rays,



And the moon, with fee - ble rays,



Gilds the brook that bub-bling plays,



Gilds the brook that bub-bling plays,

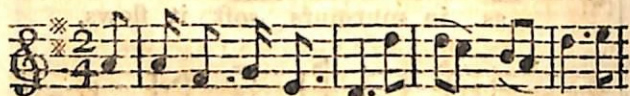


Gilds the brook that bub-bling plays,

as in murmurs soft it flows,
as in murmurs soft it flows,
as in murmurs soft it flows,

Mu-sic meet for lo-vers' vows.
Mu-sic meet for lo-vers' vows.
Mu-sic meet for lo-vers' vows.

LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF LOVE.



O LISTEN, lis-ten to the voice of love, He



calls my Daph-ne to the grove; The



prim-rose sweet be-decks the field, The



tuneful birds in-vite to rove; To soft - er



joys let splendour yield, O lis-ten, lis-ten



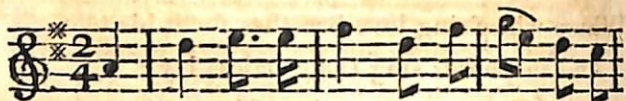
to - - - - the voice of love.

Where flowers their blooming sweets exhale,
My Daphne fondly let us stray,
Where whisp'ring love breathes forth his tale,
And shepherds sing their artless lay :
O listen, listen to the voice of love,
He calls my Daphne to the grove.

Come share with me the sweets of spring,
And leave the town's tumultuous noise ;
The happy swains all cheerful sing,
And echo still repeat their joys ;
Then listen, listen to the voice of love,
He calls my Daphne to the grove.



THE GALLEY SLAVE.



Oh, think on my fate! once I freedom en-



joy'd, Was as hap-py as hap-py could be;



But pleasure is fled, e--ven hope is de-



stroy'd, A cap-tive, a - las! on the sea. I was



ta'en by the foe, 'twas the fi - at of Fate, To



tear me from her Iadore: When thought brings to



mind my once hap-py e-state, I sigh, I



sigh, as I tug at the oar.

Hard, hard is my fate! Oh, how galling my chain!

My life's steer'd by Misery's chart;

And tho' 'gainst my tyrants I scorn to complain,

Tears gush forth to ease my full heart.

I disdain ev'n to shrink, tho' I feel sharp the lash,

Yet my breast bleeds for her I adore;

While around me the unfeeling billows will dash,

I sigh, and still tug at the oar.

How Fortune deceives! I had pleasure in tow,

The port where she dwelt we'd in view,

But the wish'd nuptial morn was o'erclouded with

woe,

And, dear Anna! I hurried from you.

Our shallop was boarded, and I borne away,
 To behold my dear Anna no more ;
 But despair wastes my spirits, my form feels de-
 cay :
 He sigh'd, and expir'd at the oar.

THE POOR BLACK BOY.



You care of money? ah, care no more; No



tink if you be rich or poor, No



tink if you be rich or poor My mind employ:



Me stay wid you, no sor - ry, no, And where a-



way my mas-sa go, Go poor black boy, Go



poor black boy; And where away my massa go,



Go poor black boy.

You good to me dat keepy here ;

No, massa, dat you never fear,

Long time destroy.

Me know death kill, but leave one part ;

He never kill de loving heart

Of poor black boy.

TO-MORROW.



IN the downhill of life, when I find I'm de-



clin - ing, May my fate no less fortu - nate



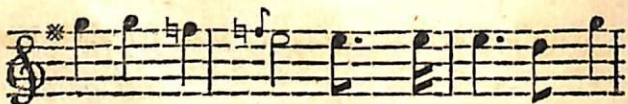
be, Than a snug elbow chair can afford, for re-



clin-ing, And a cot that o'er-looks the wide



sea; With an ambling pad po - ney to



pace o'er the lawn, While I ca - rol a-



way i - dle sor - row; And blythe as the



lark that each day hails the dawn, Look



for - ward with hope for to - mor - row, to -



mor - row, to - mor - row, Look for - ward with



hope for to - mor - row.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and
shade too,

As the sunshine or rain may prevail,

And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade
too,

With a barn for the use of the flail:
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
I'll envy no Nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honours may wait him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast, may my cot be
completely

Secur'd by a neighbouring hill,
And at night may repose steal upon me more
sweetly

By the sound of a murmuring rill:
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow;
With my friends will I share what to-day may af-
ford,

And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail co-
vering,

Which I've worn for threescore years and ten;

On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep
hovering,

Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again:
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,
As this old worn-out stuff which is thread-bare
to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow.

THE FATAL SHAFTS.

Thy fa-tal shafts un - err - ing move, I



bow be - fore thine al - - tar love; I



feel the soft re - sist-less flame Glide



swift through all my vi - - tal frame.

For while I gaze my bosom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows;
Hope, fear, and joy, alternate roll,
And floods of transport 'whelm my soul.

My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain,
In soothing numbers to complain;
My tongue some secret magic ties,
My murmurs sink in broken sighs.

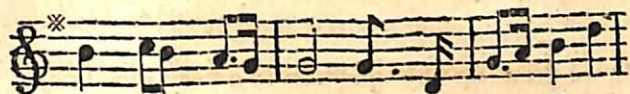
Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop the silent tear;
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
Unfriended live, unpitied die.



THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL BENBOW.



O we sail-ed to Vir-gi-nia, and



thence to Fay-al, Where we water'd our



ship-ping, and so then weigh'd all; Full in



view on the seas, boys, se-ven sail we did es-



py! O we mann-ed our cap-tern and



weigh'd spee-di-ly.

The first we came up with, was a brig and a sloop,
We ask'd if the other five were as big as they
look'd ;

But turning to windward, as near's we could lie,
Found they were French men of war cruising hard
by.

O we drew up our squadron in a very nice line,
And fought them courageous for four hours time;
But the day being spent, boys, and night coming on,
We let them alone till the very next morn.

The very next morning, the engagement prov'd
hot,

And brave Admiral Benbow receiv'd a chain-shot:
O when he was wounded, to his merry men he did
say,

Take me up in your arms, boys, and carry me
away.

O the guns they did rattle, and bullets did fly,
While brave Admiral Benbow for help loud did cry:

Carry me down to the cockpit, there is ease for
my smarts;

If my merry men should see me, 'twill sure break
all their hearts.

The very next morning, at break of the day,
We hoisted our topsails, and so bore away;
We bore down to Port Royal, where the people
flock'd much,

To see brave Admiral Benbow carried to Kingston-
Town church.

Come all ye brave fellows, wheresoever you have
been,

Let us drink a good health to our king and our
queen,

And another good health, boys, to the girls that
we know,

And a third in remembrance of brave Admiral
Benbow.

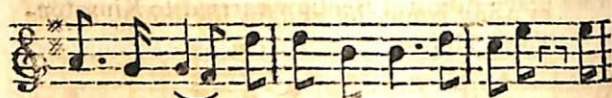
DULCE DOMUM.

Largo.

DEEP in a vale a cottage stood, Oft



sought by trav'lers wea-ry, And long it prov'd the



blest a - bode Of Edward and of Mary, Of



Edward and - - - of Mary. For



her he'd chase the moun - tain goat, O'er



Alps and glaciers bound - - - ing, For



her the cha-mois he would shoot, Dark



hor-rors all sur-round-ing: But

Allegretto,



ev'n-ing come, he sought his home, While



anxious, lovely wo - man, She hail'd the



sight, and ev'-ry night The cottage rung



as they sung, The cottagerung as they sung, Oh,



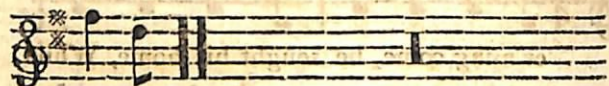
dulce dulce do-mum! Oh, dul-ce dul-ce



do - mum! The cottage rung as they sung, Oh,



dul - ce dul - ce domum! Oh, dulce dul - ce



domum!

But soon, alas! this scene of bliss,
 Was chang'd to prospect dreary;
 For war and honour rous'd each Swiss,
 And Edward left his Mary.
 To hold St Gothard's height he rush'd,
 'Gainst Gallia's foes contending;
 And, by unequal numbers crush'd,
 He died his land defending.
 The evening come,
 He sought not home,

Whilst she, distracted woman,
Grown wild with dread,
Now seeks him dead,
And hears the knell
That bids farewell
To dulce dulce domum.

LOVE'S FATAL POWER.



NEVER till now I knew love's smart;



Guess who it was that stole away my heart?



'Twas on-ly you, if you'll be-lieve me;



'Twas on-ly you, if you'll be-lieve me.

Since that I've felt love's fatal pow'r,
 Heavy has pass'd each anxious hour ;
 If not with you, if you'll believe me,
 If not with you, &c.
 Honour and wealth no joys can bring,
 Nor I be happy, tho' a king,
 If not with you, if you'll believe,
 If not with you, &c.

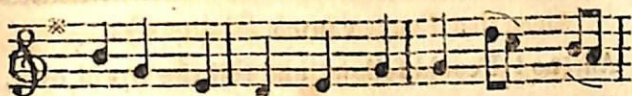
When from this world I'm call'd away,
 For you alone I'd wish to stay,
 For you alone, if you'll believe me,
 For you alone, &c.
 'Grave on my tomb, where'er I'm laid,
 Here lies one who lov'd but one maid,
 That's only you, if you'll believe me,
 That's only you, &c.

 INKLE AND YARICO.

INKLE.



O SAY, sim-ple maid, have you form'd any



no-tion, Of all the rude dan-gers in



crossing the ocean? When winds whistle



shrill-ly, ah! won't they re-mind you, To



sigh with re-gret for the grot left be-



hind you? When winds whistle shrill-ly, ah!



won't they re-mind you, To sigh with re-



gret for the grot left be-hind you?

YARICO.

Ah, no ! I could follow, and sail the world over,
 Nor think of my grot when I look on my lover :
 The winds which blow round us, your arms for
 my pillow,
 Shall lull us to sleep, while we're rock'd by each
 billow.

INKLE.

Then say, lovely lass, what if haply espying
 A rich gallant vessel, with gay colours flying ?

YARICO.

I'll journey with thee, love, to where the land nar-
 rows,
 And fling all my cares at my back with my arrows.

BOTH.

O say, then, my true love, we never will sunder,
 Nor shrink from the tempest, nor dread the loud
 thunder ;
 While constant, we'll laugh at all changes of wea-
 ther,
 And journey all over the world both together.

FAIR ELLEN.



FAIR El - len like a li - - - ly



grew, Was beau - - ty's, beau - - ty's



fav' - rite flow'r, Till false-hood chang'd her



lovely, lovely hue, She wither'd in an



hour. Fair El-len, fair El - len, She



wi - - - ther'd, wi - - - ther'd in an hour.

Antonio in her virgin breast,
 First rais'd a tender sigh;
 His wish obtain'd, the lover blest;
 Then left the maid to die.

SOMEHOW MY SPINDLE I MISLAID.



SOMEHOW my spin-dle I mis-laid, And



lost it underneath the grass; Damon advancing



bow'd his head, And said, what seek you,



pret-ty lass? Damon advancing bow'd his



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

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

LET'S SEEK THE BOWER.



LET'S seek the bower of Ro-bin Hood, This
 is his bri - dal-day ; And cheer-ful-ly, in





blythe Sherwood, bridemaids and bride-men



play. Then fol - low, fol - low me, my



bon-ny, bon-ny lads, and we'll the pastime



see; For the min-strels sing, and the



sweet bells ring, And they feast right mer-ri-ly,



mer - ri - ly; And they feast right mer-ri-ly,



mer - ri - ly.

The humming beer flows round in pails,

With mead that's stout and old,

And am'rous virgins tell love-tales,

To thaw the heart that's cold.

Then follow me, my bonny lads,

And we'll the pastime see ;

For minstrels sing,

And the sweet bells ring,

And they feast right merrily.

There, dancing sprightly on the green,

Each lightfoot lad and lass,

Sly stealing kisses when unseen,

And gingling glass with glass.

Then follow me, my bonny lads,

And we'll the pastime see ;

For the minstrels sing,

And the sweet bells ring,

And they feast right merrily.

A JOLLY JACK TAR.



A JOLLY Jack Tar, but a lit-tle time since, As



poor as a beg-gar, as drunk as a prince, Ran



foul of an ale-house, and thinking it sin To pass



by without calling, reel'd jovially in. Der-ry



down, down, down der-ry down.

Scarce seated was he, when the landlord pass'd by,
With pudding and beef, which attracted Jack's eye,

By the main-mast, a sail, boys ! then he leap'd
from his place,
And grasping his bludgeon, gave orders for chace.
Derry down, &c.

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

At the heels of the landlord the sailor appears,
And made the room echo with three British
cheers ;
Then he sets himself down without further de-
bate,
And claps a chew'd quid in his next neighbour's
plate.
Derry down, &c.

Sure nothing could equal the Frenchmen's sur-
prize,

Who shrugg'd up their shoulders, and turn'd up
their eyes ;

From one dropt a ha, and the other a hem,

All gap'd at the landlord, the landlord at them.

Derry down, &c.

One, more bold than the rest, by his brethren's
advice,

Made a sneaking attempt to come in for a slice ;

Jack, cutting his hand, quickly gave him a check,

Crying, Down with your arms, or I'll soon sweep
the deck.

Derry down, &c.

The landlord, enrag'd, now approach'd from afar,

And, sneaking behind, seiz'd the arms of the tar ;

I have him, says he ; but he could say no more,

Ere he found his dull pate where his heels stood
before.

Derry down, &c.

P

The landlord thus sprawling, the Frenchmen unite,
 Each takes up his knife, and prepares for the fight,
 Of quarter, cries Jack, I would not have you think,
 Strike, strike, ye frog-eaters, strike, strike, or ye
 sink.

Derry down, &c.

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

Derry down, &c.

The rest all dismay'd at their countrymen's fate,
 For fear that Jack's stick should alight on their
 pate,

Acknowledg'd him victor, and lord of the main;
 Then humbly intreated to bury their slain.

Derry down, &c.

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

They agreed; so the sailor reel'd off to his
wench,
And roar'd as he reel'd, Down, down with the
French.

Derry down, &c.

HOW TO TELL A STORY.

OVER port, pipe, or snuff-box, there's always some
wight

To tell you a story at club every night;

Wanting wit, at a pinch, the box helps a bad joke,

Or deficient in fire, he supplies ye with smoke.

Derry down, &c.

Since we're told to believe only half that we hear,

Every tale we attempt shou'd from fiction be clear,

Probability carefully keeping in view;

Example, I'll tell a short story or two,

Derry down, &c.

Once a man advertis'd the metropolis round,
 He'd leap off the monument on to the ground,
 But when just half way down, felt some nervous
 attack,

Grew frighten'd, reflected, turn'd round, and
 jump'd back.

Derry down, &c.

A boatswain who ne'er had seen Punch or his wife,
 To a puppet-shew went, the first time in his life;
 Laugh'd and wonder'd at ev'ry odd trick and gri-
 mace,

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'd,
 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 Lochaber axe;

But his comrade replac'd it so nice, ere it fell,
That a handkerchief tied round his neck made all
well.

Derry down, &c.

Now, his mem'ry 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 all equally true.

Derry down, &c.

THE LAST SHILLING.



As pen - sive one night in my



garret I sat, My last shilling produc'd on the



ta-ble, That advent'rer, cried I, might a



hist'ry relate, If to think and to speak it were



a-ble, it were a-ble; If to think and to



speak it were a - ble. Whether



fancy, or magic, 'twas play'd me the freak, The



face seem'd with life to be fill-ing, And cried,



instantly speaking, or seeming to speak, Cried,



instantly speaking, or seeming to speak, Pay at-



ten-tion to me thy last shil-ling, Thy last



shil-ling, thy last shil-ling, Pay at-



tention to me thy last shill-ing.

I was once the last coin of the law, a sad limb,
Who in cheating was ne'er known to falter ;
'Till at length brought to justice, the law cheated
him,

And he paid me to buy him a halter :
A Jack tar, all his rhino but me at an end,
With a pleasure so hearty and willing,
Though hungry himself, to a poor distress'd friend,
Wish'd it hundreds, and gave his last shilling.

'Twas the wife of his mess-mate, whose glistening
eye

With pleasure ran o'er, as she view'd me ;
She chang'd me for bread, as her child she heard
cry,

And at parting, with tears she bedew'd me :
But I've other scenes known, riot leading the
way,

Pale want their poor families chilling ;
Where rakes in their revels, the piper to pay,
Have spurn'd me, their best friend and last
shilling.

Thou thyself hast been thoughtless, for profligates
bail,

But to-morrow all care shalt thou bury ;
When my little hist'ry, thou offerest for sale :
In the interim, spend me and be merry !
Never, never, cried I, thou'rt my mentor, my
muse,
And grateful, thy dictates fulfilling,
I'll hoard thee in my heart. Thus men counsel
refuse,
'Till the lecture comes from the last shilling.



CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

How great is the pleasure, how

How great is the pleasure, how

Sweet, sweet, how

sweet the delight, when soft love, and

sweet the delight, when love, soft

sweet the delight, when harmony, soft

mu - sic to - - ge - ther u - nite.

love and mu - sic u - - nite.

har - mo - ny and love do u - nite.



LOVELY NAN.



SWEET is the ship that, under sail, spreads



her white bo - som to the gale;



Sweet, oh sweet's the flow - ing can;



Sweet, oh sweet's the flow - ing can;



Sweet to poise the lab'-ring oar, That



tugs us to our na-tive shore; When the



boatswain pipes the barge to man; When the



boatswain pipes the barge to man; Sweet



sail - ing with a fav'r - ing breeze; But



oh much sweeter than all these, But



oh much sweeter than all these, Is



Jack's de - light, his love - ly Nan.

The needle faithful to the north,
 To shew of constancy the worth,
 A curious lesson teaches man;

The needle time may rust, a squall

Capsize the binnacle and all,

Let seamanship do all it can :

My life in worth shall higher rise,

Nor time shall rust, nor squall capsize,

My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was penn'd,

For serving of a worthless friend,

And every creature from me ran,

No ship performing quarantine

Was ever so deserted seen ;

None hail'd me, woman, child, nor man ; :

But tho' false friendship's sails were furl'd,

Tho' cut adrift by all the world,

I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,

Love truth and merit to defend,

To moan their loss who hazard ran ;

I love to take an honest part,

Love beauty, and a spotless heart,

By manners, love to shew the man ;

To sail thro' life, by honour's breeze.....
'Twas all along o loving these,
First made me doat on lovely Nan.

MARIAN'S COMPLAINT.

SINCE truth has left the shep - herd's
tongue, A - dieu the cheer - ful pipe and
song; A - - dieu the dance at
clos - ing day, And ah! the hap - py
morn of May.

The musical score consists of five staves of music in 2/4 time, written in treble clef. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 2/4 time signature. The second, third, and fourth staves each begin with an asterisk (*). The fifth staff also begins with an asterisk. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

How oft he told me I was fair,
And wove the garland for my hair ;
How oft for Marian cull'd the bow'r,
And fill'd my cap with ev'ry flower.

No more his gifts of guile I'll wear,
But from my brow the chaplet tear ;
The crook he gave in pieces break,
And rend his ribbons from my neck.

How oft he vow'd a constant flame,
And carv'd on ev'ry oak my name !
Blush, Colin, that the wounded tree
Is all that will remember me.



Under sweet friendship's sacred name,
 My bosom caught the tender flame.
 May friendship in thy bosom be
 Converted into love for me:

Ma chere amie, &c.

Together rear'd, together grown,
 O let us now unite in one!
 Let pity soften thy decree!
 I droop, dear maid! I die for thee!

Ma chere amie, &c.

OWEN.



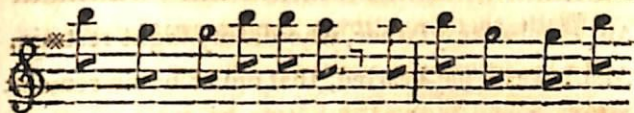
Tho' far be-yond the mountains that



look so dis-tant here, To fight his country's



bat-tles last May-day went my dear: Ah!



well shall I remember, with bit-ter sighs, the



day: Why, Ow-en, didst thou leave me? at



home why did I stay? Ah! well shall I re-



member, with bit-ter sighs, the day; Why,



Ow--en, didst thou leave me? At



home why did I stay?

Ah! cruel was my father, who did my flight restrain,
 And I was cruel-hearted, that did at home remain:
 With thee, my love, contented, I'd journey far
 away;

Why Owen, &c.

To market at Langollen each morning do I go,
 But how to strike a bargain no longer do I know:
 My father chides at ev'ning, my mother all the day;

Why, Owen, &c.

When thinking of my Owen, my eyes with tears
 they fill,

And then my mother chides me, because my wheel
 stands still;

How can I think of spinning when Owen's far away?

Why, Owen, &c.

Oh, could it please kind heaven to shield my love
 from harm,

To clasp him to my bosom would ev'ry care disarm;
 But, ah! I fear 'tis distant, that happy happy day.

Why, Owen, &c.

HOW BLEST HAS MY TIME BEEN.



How blest has my time been, what



joys have I known, Since wedlock's soft



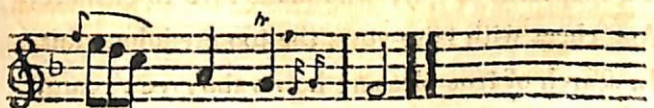
bondage made Jes -- sy my own :



So joyful my heart is, so ea - sy my



chain, That free - dom is taste - less, and



rov - ing a pain.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines as often we
stray,

Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
How pleasing their sport is! the wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.

To try her sweet temper, oft times am I seen,
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green:
Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles;
And meets me at night with complacence and
smiles.

What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Her wit and good humour bloom all the year
thro':

Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her
youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair,
In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam,
To hold it for life you must find it at home.

DEAR IS MY LITTLE NATIVE VALE.



DEAR is my lit-tle na-tive vale, The



ring-dove builds and war-bles there;



Close by my cot she tells her tale, To



ev' - - ry pass - ing vil - la - ger: The



squir-rel leaps from tree to tree, And



shells his nuts at li - ber - ty.

In orange groves, and myrtle bow'rs,
 That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
 I charm the fairy-footed hours
 With my lov'd lute's romantic sound ;
 Or crowns of living laurel weave,
 For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn, at break of day ;
 The ballet danc'd at twilight glade ;
 The canzonet, and roundelay,
 Sung in the silent greenwood shade :
 These simple joys, that never fail,
 Shall bind me to my native vale.

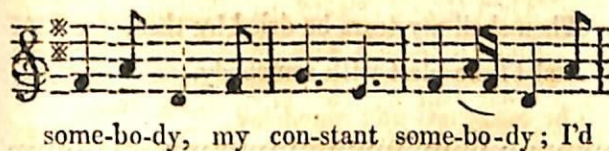
SOMEBODY.



WERE I o-blig'd to beg my bread, And



had not where to lay my head, I'd



When I'm laid low, and am at rest,
And maybe number'd with the blest,
Oh! may thy artless, feeling breast,
Throb with regard for somebody:

Ah! will you drop the pitying tear,
And sigh for the lost somebody?

But should I ever live to see
That form so much ador'd by me,
Then thou'lt reward my constancy,
And I'll be blest with somebody:
Then shall my tears be dried by thee,
And I'll be blest with somebody.

HOW TO NAIL 'EM.



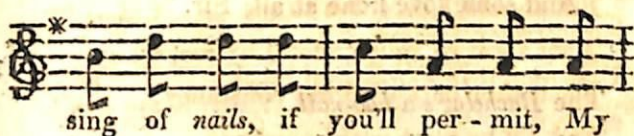
My mer - ry gen - tle peo - ple, pray,



will you list a mi - nute? For



tho' my song it is not long, There's



The world is a *bag of nails*,

And some are very queer ones,

And some are *flats*, and some are *sharps*,

And some are very dear ones.

We've *sprigs*, and *spikes*, and *sparables*,
 Some *little*, *great*, and *small*, Sir ;
 Some folks love *nails* with *mon'strous heads*,
 And some love none at all, Sir.

The *Bachelor's* a *hob-nail*,
 He rusts for want of use, Sir ;
 The *Misers* they've no *nails* at all,
 They're all a *pack* of *screws*, Sir ;
 The *French Monseers* will get some *clouts*,
 If here they chance to roam, Sir,
 For *Englishmen*, like *hammers*, will
 Be sure to *drive them home*, Sir.

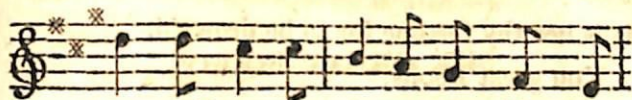
The *Doctor* nails you with his *bill*,
 Which often proves a *sore nail* ;
 The *Undertaker* wishes you
 As *dead* as any *door-nail* ;
 You'll often find *each agent*
 To be *nailing* his *employer*,
 The *Lawyer* nails his *client*,
 And the *Devil* nails the *Lawyer*.

Dame Fortune is a *brawd aul*,
And often does contrive it,
To make each *nail* go easily,
Whene'er she likes to *drive it* ;
Then if I gain your kind applause,
For what I've sung or said, Sir,
Then you'll admit, that I have *hit*,
The *right nail* on the head, Sir.



THE GREAT BOOBY.

FEATHER put me to the school, All
for to learn my book, But
I were al-ways such a fool, I'd
sel-dom in it look. For
seven long years, as I have been told, And
now I tell to thee, I



ne'er could say my A, B, C, like a



great Boo - - by.

Now I would go to Lunnan town,
 And bide at school no more,
 Nor be bang'd by measter so,
 And made to cry and roar.
 So without more ado I went up to town,
 Fine fashions there to see,
 Where they call'd me a fool, and a country clown,
 And a great Booby.

Now I would cross the water, Sirs,
 As you shall understand,
 But I tumbled out of the boat, Sirs,
 Before I reach'd the land;
 The watermen took me in again,
 And thus he said to me,

It is not thy fortune for to be drown'd,
You great Booby.

Now of all the sights that I have seen,
Tho' many I delight in,
To go and see the Circus, Sirs,
To me was most inviting;
For the music did play and the ladies did sing,
Which so delighted me,
I thought I was going to Heaven in a string,
Like a great Booby.

To frighten me the other day,
They said the French were coming,
But tho' I be a simple clown,
I knew they were but humming:
In defence of our right like lions we'll fight,
For Britons will be free,
And he who does fear Bonaparte will come
here,
Is a great Booby.

The best of sights that I have seen,
Which now concludes my story,
Is those smiling faces which
I now see here before me ;
So if you are pleas'd, my mind is eas'd,
And I shall be happy, d'ye see,
And every year I'll come and sing here,
Like a great Booby.

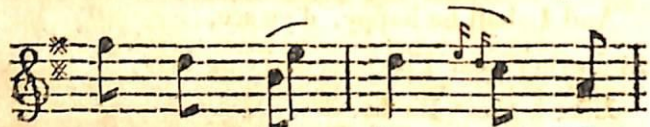


R

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.



ON Richmond hill there lives a lass, More



bright than May - - day morn, Whose



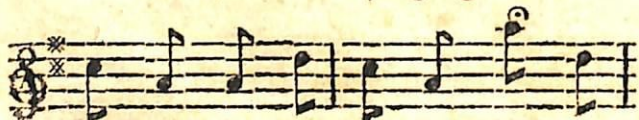
charms all o - ther maids sur-pass, A



rose without a thorn. This lass so neat, with



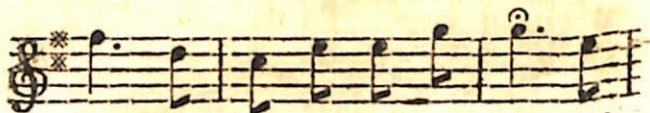
smiles so sweet, Has won my right good will, I'd



crowns re - sign, to call thee mine, Sweet



lass of Richmond hill, Sweet lass of Richmond



hill, Sweet lass of Richmond hill; I'd



crowns re-sign, to call thee mine, Sweet



lass of Richmond hill.

Ye zephyrs gay, that fan the air,
And wanton through the grove,
Oh! whisper to my charming fair,
I die for her and love.

This lass so neat, &c.

How happy will that shepherd be,
Who calls the nymph his own :

O may her choice be fixed on me,

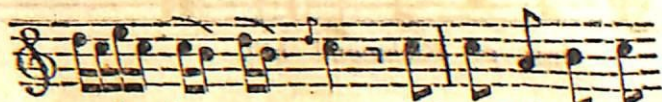
Mine's fixed on her alone.

This lass so neat, &c.

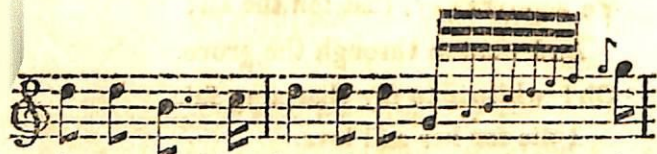
IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT.



In the dead of the night, when with



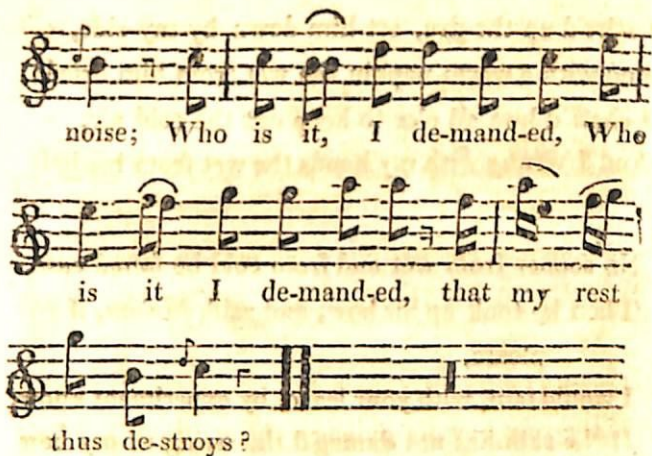
la - bour op - prest, All mortals en-joy



the sweet bles-sing of rest, A



boy knock'd at my door, I awoke with the



noise; Who is it, I de-mand-ed, Who
is it I de-mand-ed, that my rest
thus de-roys?

He answer'd so softly, so gentle, so mild,
I am a poor little unfortunate child:
It's a cold rainy night, I am wet to the skin,
And I have lost my way, so pray let me in.

In compassion I rose, and striking a light,
I open'd the door, when a boy stood in sight;
He had wings on his shoulders, the rain from them
dripp'd,
And with bow and with arrows the boy was e-
quipp'd.

I stirr'd up the fire, set him down by my side,
And with a warm napkin the wet from him dried:
I chaff'd him all o'er to keep out the cold air,
And I wrung with my hands the wet from his hair.

No-sooner from wet and from-cold he found ease,
Then he took up his bow, and said, Ma'am, if you
please,
I would fain, with your leave, by experiment know,
If the rain has not damag'd the string of my how.

Then straight from his quiver an arrow he drew,
Which he aim'd at my heart, and twang went the
yew:

My bow is undamag'd, and so is my dart,
But you will find trouble in bearing the smart.

THE ORIGIN OF OLD BACHELORS.



DAME Na - ture, one day, in a



co-mi-cal mood, while mixing the mould to make



man, Was struck with a thought, as th' in-



gredients she view'd, to al-ter a lit-tle her



plan. Her chil-dren, she knew, were much



gi-ven to rove, so temp'ring the clay with great



art, She spa - ring - ly threw in the



soft seeds of love, that usually spring round the

Presto.



heart; But she quickly re - pent - ed, tho'



too late, 'tis true, for a fus - ty old Ba - che - lor

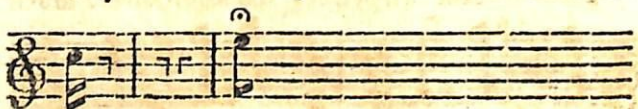
Moderato.



stood forth to view: Yes, an old Bachelor, A



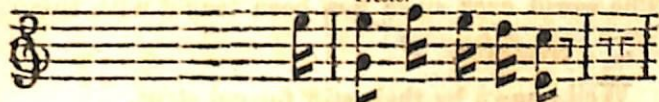
fus - ty old Bachelor, What's an old Bach'lor



like?

Why, I'll tell ye, an old Bachelor

Presto.



is like—is like—A tree without a branch,



A buck without a haunch, A knife without a fork,



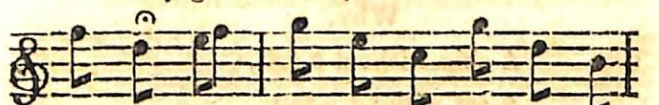
Bottle without a cork, A key without



a lock, A wig without a block; Thus you



see, my good friends, what a whim-si-cal



creature was form'd in a fro-lic by



old Ma-dam Na-ture.

The world ever since has been teaz'd with these
creatures,

Well known by their stiff formal strut,
Their dull down-cast looks, crabbed vinegar fea-
tures,

And dress of true bachelor cut.

The bright blaze of beauty can't warm their old
clay,

Dislik'd by maid, widow, and wife,

In a kind of half stupor, the days pass away,

Of these blanks in the lott'ry of life :

Thus curtail'd of pleasure, a stranger to love;

The fusty old bachelor's destin'd to rove ;

Yes, the old bachelor,

The fusty old bachelor ;

What's an old bachelor ?

Why,

A ship without a sail,

A cat without a tail,

Cellar without wine-o,

Purse without the rhino,

A watch without a chain,

A scull without the brain;

Thus you see, my good friends, what a whimsical
creature,

Was form'd in a frolic by old Madam Nature.

Now mark, if the sexes in number agree,

As some queer philosophers think,

(Full many a damsel's soft heart, I foresee,

At this part of my story would sink,)

As two wives at once men are not here allow'd,

Unless their suit parliament aids,

And as bachelors stupid our streets daily crowd,

It follows there must be old maids :

Thus we get from the smoke, nearly into the
smother,

For one evil treads fast on the heels of another.

O fye on all old bachelors,

All flinty-hearted bachelors ;

What's an old bachelor ?

Why,

A bell without a clapper,

A door without a rapper,

A drum without a fife,

Butcher without a knife,

A sun without a moon,
 A dish without spoon,
 Thus you see, my good friends, what a whimsical
 creature,
 Was form'd in a frolic by old Madam Nature.

GOLDEN DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS.



To my muse give at - ten - tion, and



deem it not a my - ste - ry, If we



jum - ble to - ge - ther mu - sic, po - e - try, and



his - to - ry: The times to dis - play in the



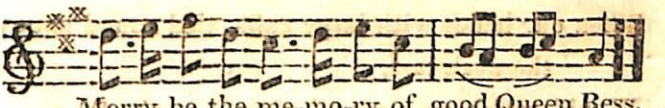
days of Queen Bess, Sir, Whose name and



whose mem'ry po - ste - ri - ty may bliss, Sir.



O the golden days of good Queen Bess;



Merry be the me-mo-ry of good Queen Bess.

Then we laugh'd at the bugbears of Dons and ar-
 madas,

With their gunpowder puffs, and their blust'ring
 bravadoes;

For we knew how to manage both the musket
 and the bow, Sir,

And could bring down a Spaniard just as easy as a
 crow, Sir.

O the golden days, &c.

Then our streets were unpav'd, and our houses
were thatch'd, Sir ;

Our windows were lattic'd, and our doors only
latch'd, Sir ;

Yet so few were the folks that would plunder and
rob, Sir,

That the hangman was starving for want of a job,
Sir.

O the golden days, &c.

Then our ladies with large ruffs, tied round about
the neck fast,

Would gobble up a pound of beef-steaks for their
breakfast ;

While a close quill'd-up coif their noddles just did
fit, Sir,

And they truss'd up as tight as a rabbit for the
spit, Sir.

O the golden days, &c.

Then jerkins, and doublets, and yellow worsted
hose, Sir,

With a huge pair of whiskers, was the dress of
our beaus, Sir ;

Strong beer they preferred to claret or to hock,
Sir,

And no poultry they priz'd like the wing of an
ox, Sir.

O the golden days, &c.

Good neighbourhood then was as plenty too as
beef, Sir,

And the poor from the rich ne'er wanted relief, Sir;
While merry went the mill clack, the shuttle, and
the plough, Sir,

And honest men could live by the sweat of their
brow, Sir.

O the golden days, &c.

Then football, and wrestling, and pitching of the
bar, Sir,

Were preferred to a flute, to a fiddle, or guitar,
Sir:

And for jaunting, and junketting, the fav'rite re-
gale, Sir,

Was a walk as far as Chelsea, to demolish buns
and ale, Sir.

O the golden days, &c.

Then the folks, ev'ry Sunday, went twice at least
to church, Sir,

And never left the parson or his sermon in the
lurch, Sir ;

For they judg'd that the Sabbath was for people
to be good in, Sir,

And they thought it Sabbath-breaking if they din'd
without a pudding, Sir.

O the golden days, &c.

Then our great men were good, and our good men
were great, Sir,

And the props of the nation were the pillars of the
state, Sir ;

For the sov'reign and subject one interest sup-
ported,

And our powerful alliance by all powers then was
courted.

O the golden days, &c.

Then the high and mighty states, to their ever-
lasting stain, Sir,

By Britons were releas'd from the galling yoke of
Spain, Sir,

And the rous'd British lion had all Europe then
combin'd, Sir,

Undismay'd, would have scatter'd them, like chaff
before the wind, Sir.

O the golden days, &c.

Thus they ate, and they drank, and they work'd,
and they play'd, Sir,

Of their friends not asham'd, nor of enemies a-
fraid, Sir :

And little did they think, when this ground they
stood on, Sir,

To be drawn from the life, now they're all dead
and gone, Sir.

O the golden days, &c.

THE GOLDEN DAYS WE NOW POSSESS.

A Sequel to the favourite Song of Good Queen Bess.

IN the praise of Queen Bess lofty strains have
been sung, Sir ;

And her praise has been echo'd by old and by
young, Sir ;

But from times that are past we'll for once turn
our eyes, Sir,

As the times we enjoy 'tis but wisdom to prize, Sir,
Then whate'er were the days of Good
Queen Bess,

Let us praise the golden days we now
possess.

Without armies to combat, or armadas to with-
stand, Sir,

Our foes at our feet, and the sword in our hand, Sir,
Lasting peace we secure while we're lords of the
seas, Sir,

And our stout wooden walls are our sure guaran-
tees, Sir,

Such are the golden days we now possess,
Whatever were the days of Good Queen
Bess.

No bigots rule the roast now, with persecution
dire, Sir,

Burning zeal now no more heaps the faggot on
the fire, Sir:

No bishop now can broil a poor Jew like a pigeon,
Sir ;

Nor barbacie a Pagan, like a pig, for religion, Sir,
Such are, &c.

Now no legendary saint robs the lab'rer of one day,
Except now and then, when he celebrates St
Monday :

And good folks ev'ry Sabbath, kept church with-
out a pother, Sir,

By walking in at one door, and stealing out at
t'other, Sir.

Such are, &c.

Then for dress—modern belles bear the bell be-
yond compare, Sir,

Though farthingales and ruffs are got rather out
of wear, Sir ;

But when truss'd up like pullets, where fat, lean,
or plump, Sir,

'Tis no matter, so they've got but a merry thought
and rump, Sir,

Such are, &c.

Such promontories, sure, may be styl'd inaccessible ;
 As our small-cloaths, by prudes, are pronounc'd
 inexpressibles ;

And the taste of our beaux would admit of dispute, Sir,

When they ride in their slippers, and walk about
 in boots, Sir.

Such are, &c.

Our language is refin'd, too, from what 'twas of
 yore, Sir,

As a shoe-string's the dandy, and a buckle's quite
 a bore, Sir ;

And if rais'd from the dead, it would sure poze
 the noddle, Sir,

Of a Shakespeare, to tell what's the tippy or the
 twaddle, Sir.

Such are, &c.

Then for props of the state, what can equal in
 story, Sir,

Those two stately pillars, call'd a Whig and a
 Tory, Sir ;

Though by shifting their ground, they sometimes
get so wrong, Sir,
They forget to which side of the house they be-
long, Sir.

Such are, &c.

But as props of their strength and uprightness
may boast, Sir,
While the proudest of pillars may be shook by a
post, Sir;
May the firm friends of freedom her blessings in-
herit, Sir,
And her foes be advanc'd to the post which they
merit, Sir.

Then shall the golden days we now possess
Far surpass the boasted days of good
Queen Bess.

And as the name of Brunswick claims duty, love,
and awe, Sir,
Far beyond a Plantagenet, a Tudor, or Nassau, Sir,
Let the sceptre be sway'd by the son or the sire, Sir,
May their race rule this land till the globe is on
fire, Sir;

And may their future days, in glory and
success,

Far surpass the golden days we now possess.

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.



A-DIEU! a-dieu! my on-ly life, My



no - nou calls me from thee! Re-



mem-ber thou'rt a sol-dier's wife, Those



tears but ill be - - come thee. What



though by du - ty I am call'd Where

thund'r-ing can - - - nons rat - tle, Where
va-lour's self might stand appal'd, Where
va-lour's self might stand ap-pal'd, When
on the wings of thy dear love, To
heaven above thy fervent orisons are flown; The
ten-der prayer thou put'st up there, Shall
call a guardian angel down, Shall call a guardian
an-gel 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 peril come, let horror threat,
Let thund'ring cannons rattle,
I'll fearless seek the conflict's heat,
Assur'd when on the wings of love,
To heav'n above, &c.

Enough, with that benignant smile,
Some kindred god inspir'd thee,
Who saw thy bosom void of guile,
Who wonder'd and admir'd thee.
I go, assur'd, my life, adieu !
Tho' thund'ring cannons rattle,
Tho' murd'ring carnage stalk in view,
When on the wings of thy true-love,
To heav'n above, &c.

FINIS.

