

T H E

# *Irish Widow.*

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A S T R Æ A ' S S M A R T.  
FROM CLIME TO CLIME.  
THE TEMPEST OF WAR.  
THE GREENWOOD TREE.  
GOOD NATUR'D NANCY.



G L A S G O W,

Printed by J. & M. Robertson, Saltmarket, 1802.

## THE IRISH WIDOW.

**A** Widow bewitch'd with her passion,  
 Tho' Irish, is not quite ashamed,  
 To think that she's so out of fashion,  
 To marry and then to be tam'd :

'Tis love the dear joy,  
 That old fashion'd boy,  
 Has got into my breast with his quiver,  
 The blind urchan he,  
 Struck the crush law maw chree ;  
 And a husband secures me for ever !  
 Ye fair ones I hope will excuse me,  
 Tho' vulgar phay do not abuse me,  
 I cannot become a fine Lady,  
 O love has bewitch'd Mother Brady.

Ye criticks to murder so willing,  
 Pray see all our errors with blindness ;  
 For once change your method of killing,  
 And kill a fond widow with kindness,  
 If you look so severe,  
 In a fit of despair,  
 Again I will draw forth my steel, Sirs,  
 You know I've the art,  
 To be twice thro' your heart,  
 When I make you it for to feel, Sirs,  
 Brother fogers, I hope you'll protect me,  
 Nor let cruel criticks dissect me ;  
 To favour my cause be but ready,  
 And grateful you'll find widow Brady.

Ye leaders of dress and the fashions,  
 Who gallop post haste to your ruin,  
 Who taste has destroy'd all your passions,  
 Pray what do you think of my wooing?  
 You call it d—n'd low,  
 Your head and arms so,  
 So listless, so loose, and so lazy;  
 But pray what can you,  
 That I cannot do?

O fie, my dear creatures be azy:  
 Ye patriots and courtiers so hearty,  
 To speech it and vote for your party,  
 For once be so constant and steady,  
 And vote to support widow Brady.

To all that I see here before me,  
 The bottom, the top, and the middle,  
 For music we now must implore you,  
 No wedding without pipe and fiddle,  
 If all are not in tune,  
 Pray let it be soon,

My heart in my bosom is prancing!  
 If your hands should unite,  
 To give us delight,  
 That's the best piping and dancing,  
 Your plaudits to me are a treasure,  
 Your smiles a dow'r for a Lady,  
 O joy to you all in full measure,  
 So wishes and prays Mother Brady.

## ASTRÆA'S SMART.

When wit and beauty meet in one,  
 That acts an amorous part;  
 What nymph its mighty power can shun  
 or 'scape a wounded heart?

Those potent, wondrous potent charms,  
 where'er they bless a swain;  
 He need not sleep with empty arms,  
 He need not sleep with empty arms,  
 nor dread severe Disdain.

Astræa saw the shepherds bleed,  
 regardless of their pain;

Unmov'd she heard their oaten reed,  
 they danc'd and fung in vain;

At length Aminto did appear,  
 that miracle of man;

He pleas'd her eyes, and charm'd her ear,  
 He pleas'd her eyes, and charm'd her ear,  
 she lov'd, and call'd him Pan.

But he, as though design'd by fate,  
 revenger of the harms,

Which others suffer'd from their hate,  
 rish'd and left their charms;

Then nymphs no longer keep in pain,  
 a plain well-meaning heart,

Lest you shou'd join for such disdain,  
 Lest you shou'd join for such disdain,  
 in poor Astræa's smart.

## FROM CLIME TO CLIME.

**F**rom clime to clime my heart does rove,  
Smell ev'ry sweet, yet dares not love:  
Smell ev'ry sweet, &c.

With wanton beauty often fir'd,  
But ah! how vain whene'er admir'd,  
But ah! how vain, &c.

I sing and toy with every art,  
Invade the tender virgins heart; Invade, &c.  
In gentle murmurs tell my pain,  
But tears are idle, vows are vain. But, &c.

Ye Gods am I the man alone  
Of love and beauty doom'd to scorn, &c.  
Must fordid gold the mind controul,  
Enslave the will and bribe the soul? &c.

With strictest scorn I'll brave the sex,  
And ne'er with love my heart perplex, &c.  
'Till Cupid sends some generous fair,  
To ease my grief and end my care. &c.

As thus the pensive Sylvan stood,  
And sighing view'd the refluent flood, &c.  
The Tritons gaz'd to hear him mourn,  
And thus reply'd from vocal horn: &c.

Forbear dear youth, the plaintive song,  
Nor blindly censure fate with wrong, &c.  
'Tis fickle Strephon coldly flies,  
And constant Amarillis dies. &c.

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The TEMPEST of WAR.

**L**ET the tempest of war,  
 Be heard from afar,  
 And the trumpet's shrill clangor alarms,  
 Let the vallies around,  
 With echo resound,  
 And terrible clashing of arms.

Let rivers of blood,  
 Run down in a flood,  
 While mortals are gasping for breath,  
 Let the brave if they will,  
 By honour and by skill,  
 Seek glory and conquest in death.

To live sole and retire,  
 Is all my desire,  
 Of my flocks and my Chloe possess;  
 For with them we obtain,  
 True peace without pain,  
 And a lasting enjoyment of rest.

In a cottage or cell,  
 Where the shepherds do dwell,  
 With innocent freedom and ease;  
 They live peaceable lives,  
 That are blest with good wives,  
 Who study their husbands to please.

What blessings below,  
 Doth Heaven bestow,

Excelling such pleasure as this,  
 Where no sorrow comes near,  
 Nor grief interfere  
 To sully our measure of bliss.



## THE GREENWOOD TREE.

**Y**OUNG Colin having much to say,  
 in secret to a maid,  
 Persuaded her to leave the hay,  
 and seek the embow'ring shade,  
 When after roving with his mate,  
 where none cou'd hear or see,  
 Upon the velvet ground they sat,  
 under the green wood tree.

Your charms, says Colin, fire my breast,  
 what must I for them give?  
 No night nor day can I have rest,  
 I can't without you live;  
 My herds, my flocks, my all is thine,  
 cou'd you and I agree.  
 Oh! wou'd you to my wish incline,  
 under the green wood tree.

All this but serv'd to fire his mind,  
 she knew not what to do,  
 'Till to his suit she wou'd be kind,  
 he wou'd not let her go:  
 His love, his wealth, the youth display'd,  
 no longer coy was she,  
 To church he led the blushing maid,  
 from under the green wood tree.

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 GOOD N A T U R ' D N A N C Y .

**T** Was underneath the May blown bush,  
 where violets blow & sweet primroses,  
 With voice melodious as the thrush,  
 young Roger sat collecting posies ;  
 These to the heart must be convey'd,  
 of her who sways my dearest fancy,  
 My tender, blushing, blooming maid,  
 my smiling, mild, good-natur'd Nancy.

I know that some her youth will jeer,  
 and call me witlefs ca'f, and zanny,  
 But I from constant heart declare,  
 I none will wed except my Nanny ;  
 I envy not their pomp and dress,  
 nor conquests made o'er hearts of many,  
 The study of my life's to bless,  
 and please my dear my graceful Nanny.

How much unlike my fair to those,  
 whose wanton looks are free to any,  
 I'd give the world could I disclose,  
 the fifteenth part the worth of Nanny ;  
 Let bucks and bloods in burnt champaign,  
 toast Lucy, Charlotte, Poll, and Fanny,  
 At nothing so absur'd and vain,  
 I'd smile and clasp my blameless Nanny.

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