

ASTONISHING

ABRAHAM NEWLAND.

To which are added,

PEACE with FRANCE.

HARVEST HOME.

Thundering, Roaring, Guns.



Stirling, Printed by M. Randall



ASTONISHING
ABRAHAM NEWLAND.

Never was a map so bandied by Fame,
Thro' air thro' ocean, and thro' land,
As one that is writte upon every Bank Note,
And you all must know Abraham Newland:

O, Abraham Newland!
Notorious Abraham Newland
I've heard people say sham Abraham you may,
But you mus'n't sham Abraham Newland,

For fashions of arts should you seek foreign parts,
It matters not where ever you land,
From Christian to Greek a language will speak,
If the language of Abraham Newland,

O, Abraham Newland!
Astonishing Abraham Newland
Whatever you lack, you'll get in a crack,
By the credit of Abraham Newland.

But what do you think, without victuals or drink,
You may tramp like the wand'ring Jew land,
From Dublin to Dover, nay, all the world over,
If a stranger to Abraham Newland.

O, Abraham Newland!

Wonderful Abraham Newland,

Who with compliments cram'm'd you may die out of
head

If you hav'n't an Abraham Newland.

The world is inclin'd to think Justice is blind,

Yet Lawyers know well she can view land;

But what of all that?—she'd blink like a bat.

At the sight of a friend, Abraham Newland,

O, Abraham Newland?

Magical Abraham Newland,

Who Justice 'tis known can see thro' a mill-stone,

She can't see thro' Abraham Newland.

Our Patriots who bawl, for the good of us all,

And, good souls, like mushrooms they grew land,

Put thro' lead as a drum, each prev's Orator Mum,

If attack'd by stout Abraham Newland.

O, Abraham Newland!

Invincible Abraham Newland,

Whose arguement's fluid in the words half so found,

As the logic of Abraham Newland.

The French say they're coming, but surely they're
humming:

We know what they want, if they do land,

It we'll make their eas' a log, in defence of our King,

Our country, and Abraham Newland.

O, Abraham Newland!

Excellent Abraham Newland!

Whom tri-coas'r'd elf, nor the devil himself,

Shall rob us of Abraham Newland,

PEACE WITH FRANCE.

LET ev'ry Briton's heart rejoice,
 Come Mornus! raise thy cheerful voice,
 And sing wsth merry glee;
 Let sound of drums no more be heard,
 Nor warlike weapons more be fear'd,
 By either land or sea.

Let factions persecuting band,
 Be drove from this now happy land?
 And Commerce raise her head;
 And let the wretch whoever dare,
 Light up the horrid torch of War,
 Be numbered with the dead!

O, happy and delightful news,
 That opens with propitious views,
 To this much favour'd Isle,
 Infants unborn shall bless the day,
 That curb'd the sanguinary away.
 And makes all nature smile.

To mourn the fate of thousands slain,
 Creates but unavailing pain,--
 The present blissings ours,
 'Tis ours with gratitude to shew,
 We can forgive our erring foe;
 Peace strews the way with flowers;

The poor no more shall pine for bread;

Starvation shall not raise her head;
 The Speculator's cross'd;
 His hoarded stores he now must sell,
 His prospects gone—the markets tell,
 His character is lost

Let all our sufferings be forgot,
 Let Peace and Freedom be the lot,
 Of every virtuous man:
 While grateful bosoms never cease,
 To thank kind Providence for Peace,
 With all the powers they can.

The trumpet's direful clang no more,
 Shall e'er be heard, nor cannons roar,
 The Warrior sheaths his sword;
 The plough shall wind along the vale,
 And Ceres bows before the gale,
 To swell the Peasant's beard.

The Shepherd's pipe in sweeter strains,
 Is heard at eve upon the plains,
 Behind the snowy fleece;
 The Loom resumes its former hue,
 The Weavers' toils again renew,
 And hails the dawn of Peace.

Now man and man are brothers all,
 The olive leaf throughout the ball,
 And joy appears apace,
 Tho' Winter peeps behind the scene,
 The spring with all its charms serene,
 With all our ills efface.

Now Parents, with a cheerful voice,
 Shall welcome to their native place,
 The darlings of their age,
 And cheerful around their evening fire,
 Chat o'er their toils and troubles dire,
 While long they did engage.

O, may the few who such shall miss,
 Be soothed by some unseen bliss,
 And heal the pangs of woe;
 And let them think that thousands more,
 Are lifeless laid upon the shore,
 Neglected long ago.

O, may this Island never trace,
 Again the scourge of human race,
 Upon her fertile coast,
 But may her favourite King live long,
 And be the theme of loyal song,
 Till time itself is lost.

Harvest Home.

Come Roger, come Ne'l,
 Come Siskia, come Bell,
 Each lad with his lads, hither come,
 With singing and dancing,
 In pleasures advancing,
 To celebrate harvest home,
 For Ceres bids play,
 And keep holiday,
 To celebrate harvest home, harvest home,
 To celebrate harvest home.

Our labours are o'er,
Our barns in full store,
Now swell with rich gifts of the land,
Then let each man take
His prone and rake,
With his con and his lass in his hand!

What mortal can be,
So happy as we,
In innocent pastime and mirth,
While this we carouse,
With our sweethear's and spouse,
And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth.

Thundering Roaring Guns.

Gentlemen all come listen to my merry song,
Tis of the noble ~~terrible~~ & bold Foudroyant,
The bravest engagement that ever was seen,
Was by a British Ship in the bay of Carthage,
Chor. Where was thundering and roaring,
Roaring and roaring,
Where was thundering and roaring guns,
Thundering and roaring guns!

So clear was the morning and glorious the day,
As we were a cruising in Carthage bay,
Five sail of the French we chasc'd for to meet,
Came bearing down directly upon the British fleet,
With their thundering and roaring, &c.

Then our admiral gave the signal for to chase,
When courage appear'd in each Britan's face,
The Manmouth got up with the brave Foudroyant,

And so fell to firing with their beyding-o-dang;
With their thundering and roaring, &c.

At six in the evening we saw them engage,
The Foudroyant and Mornmouth were so engag'd,
They strive for victory, but all was in vain
For Britons will always be lords of the main!
With their thundering and roaring, &c.

But straight a summons dispatch'd by pale death,
When brave col'nel Gard'ner surrendered his breath,
Fight on my brave heroes, 'tis all I require,
Then like a British fallow so bravely did expire,
By his thundering and roaring, &c.

Then like a little devil the Manmouth did fight,
Against the great Goliah in the dead of night,
With broadside for broadside, each other alike,
And after thirteen g'alles compell'd them to strike,
By our thundering and roaring, &c.

E I N I S.