

Joys of the Harvest.

To which are added,

THE TEMPEST.

*The Cambridge Tender; with
the Answer.*

FAIR SUSANNA.



Entered according to Order



The JOYS of the HARVEST.

COME all ye lads and lasses,
 together let us go,
 Into some pleasant corn field,
 our courage for to show ;
 With the edges of our sickles,
 so brave we clear the land ;
 Work on my boys the farmer cries,
 here's liquor at Command.
 With a good old leathern bottle,
 and beer that is so brown,
 We strip and reap together,
 while bright Phœbus does go down.
 So early in the morning,
 the birds begin to sing,
 Such echoes of sweet harmony,
 makes all the groves to ring.
 And in comes pretty Nancy,
 her colour for to raise,
 She is a lovely creature,
 I must speak in her praise :
 She is a lovely creature,
 the flower of my delight,
 Through all the groves and forests,
 I'll range both day and night

John Preston has good liquor,
 good liquor it is said,
 Good liquor makes good blood,
 and good blood pretty maids.
 She gathers it and she binds it,
 she loads it in her arms,
 She pitch'd it to the waggoner,
 for to fill up his barns.

And thus the industrious farmer,
 by the sweat of his brow,
 He labours and endeavours,
 to make his barley mow.

Now harvest it's all over,
 and corn it's free from harm;
 Before we to the market go,
 we must thresh in the barn.

And at the harvest supper,
 so merrily we will sing,
 We'll drink a health to the barley-mow,
 and to good George our King.

So here's a good health to the farmers,
 or else we are to blame,
 We'll wish them health and happiness,
 'till harvest comes again.

T H E T E M P E S T .

CEase, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
 list ye landmen unto me:
 Mess-mates, hear a brother sailor,
 sing the dangers of the sea,

From bounding billows first in motion,
 where the distant whirlwinds rise,
 To the tempest-troubled ocean,
 when the seas contend with skies.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
 by top-sail sheets and haulyards stand,
 Down top-gallants, quick be hauling,
 down your stay-sails, hand boys, hand.

Now it freshens, set the braces,
 the lee top-sail sheets let go;
 Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
 up your top-sails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
 fondly lock'd 'twixt beauty's arms,
 Fresh enjoyment, wanting courting,
 safe from all but love's alarms.

Around us roars the tempest louder;
 think what fears our minds enthrall:
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
 now again the boatswain's call.

The top-sail-yards point to the wind, boys,
 see all clear to reef each course;
 Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
 tho' the weather should be worse;

Fore and aft the spritsail-yard get,
 reef the mizzen, see all clear;
 Hands up, each preventure brace set,
 man the fore-yard; cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunders roaring,
 peals on peals contending clash,
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
 in our eyes blue lightning flash.

One wide water all around us,
 all above but one black sky!
 Diff'rent deaths at once surround us,
 Hark! what means yon dreadful cry?

The foremast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
 o'er the lee, twelve foot 'bove deck!
 A leak beneath the chestree'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's in the hold!

While o'er the ship the wild waves beating,
 we for wives and children mourn:
 Alas! from them there's no retreating,
 alas! to them 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!
 only He can save us now.

On the lee-beem is the land, boys,
 let the guns o'er board be thrown;
 To the pumps come ev'ry hand, boys,
 see! her mizzen mast is gone.

The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
we've lighten'd her a foot or more;

Then up and rig a jury foremast, (shore.
she's tight, she's tight, boys, we're off

Now, once more, on joys we're thinking,
since kind Fortune sav'd our lives:

Come, the cann, boys, let's be drinking,
to our sweet-hearts, and our wives.

Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
close to the lips the brimmer join.

Where's the tempest now? who feels it,
none;—our danger's drown'd in wine.

THE CAMBRIDGE TENDER.

To its own proper Tune.

HARD was my lot to be display'd,
by Cupid's cruel arrow;
Since I'm oblig'd to go to sea,
I go in grief and sorrow.

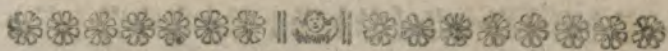
Now from your arms I must away,
Peggy take my heart in keeping,
May the Pow'rs above protect my love,
till our next happy meeting.

False information, my dear jewel,
proved our separation;
And forc'd me from your breast amain,
into some foreign nation.

My reputation they disdain'd,
 their might I could not hinder,
 Which caus'd me to be prefs'd away,
 and sent aboard the tender.

Peggy, my jewel, Do not grieve,
 suppose I must retire,
 Since I'm oblig'd to go to sea,
 it's you I do admire.

When I'm upon the raging sea,
 and in the midst of strangers,
 The thoughts of you my dearest dear,
 will help me out of dangers.



T H E A N S W E R.

MY jewel's gone to range the sea,
 to face the blustering ocean;
 May the God of fortune on him smile,
 send him honour and promotion.

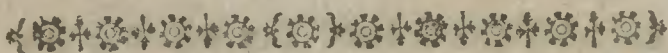
No rain, or hail, or lighting fly,
 nor roaring claps of thunder,
 Nor swelling billows loudly bawl
 my darling to make wonder.

Great Alexander, God of war,
 tenderly smile upon him;
 Let no disappointment attend my dear,
 send him honour and promote him.

May not my jewel be dismay'd,
 with cruel wars alarm,
 Some things in view may turn a prize,
 till it fills my love-sick arm.

No cursed gold nor beauty bright,
 shall ever gain him from me,
 But like the turtle I shall remain,
 until he returns unto me.

No costly robes, nor beds of down,
 shall make me to surrender,
 Although we part, he has my heart,
 on board the Cambridge Tender.



F A I R S U S A N N A.

ASK if yon damask rose be sweet,
 that scents the ambient air,
 Then ask each shepherd that you meet,
 if dear Susanna's fair.

Say, will the vulture quit his prey,
 and warble thro' the grove!
 Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,
 then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share,
 let pride and splendor shine;
 Ye bards, unenvy'd laurels wear,
 be fair Susanna mine.

F I N I S.