

Hark, The Hollow Woods Resounding.

Dash along to the mellow-toned horn.

Come, Tell me where the Maid
is Found.

The Jovial Sons of Jove.

Life is darkened o'er with woe.

Ah ! Men, what silly things ye are.

Let's drink, my Friends.

Farewell, my Donkey Neddy:



GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

Hark, The Hollow Woods
Resounding.

dash along to the mellow-toned horn
Come, Tell me where the Maid
is found.

The Love SONGS.

Late is darkened o'er with gloom
Ah! Men what silly things you do.

Hark! The Hollow Woods
Resounding.

Hark! the hollow woods resounding,
With the joyful hunters' cry ;
See the stag o'er hedges bounding,
Now proclaims that they are nigh.

Now the hounds the stag approaching,
Now the huntsmen doth appear ;
On his swiftness they're approaching,
He distracted runs with fear.

Now the stag himself defending
With his antlers, but in vain—
For his trembling limbs are bending,
Weakened with distracting pain.

Now their pleasure it is ending,
 And the tears flow from his eyes ;
 Now no more for life contending,
 Plunging forward, falls and dies.

Dash along to the mellow-toned Horn.

Bright Sol. from the east spreads
 His beauties around,
 O'er mountain and valley so low ;
 The chase our delight when we follow the hound
 And the musical sound of the huntsman's hallo !

This is our song—Dash dash along,
 To chase the boar, streaming with gore,
 With fiery eyes, his bristles rise.
 Still we, undaunted, tune our song,
 With forward, my boys, dash dash along,
 To the mellow-toned horn !



Come, Tell me where the Maid
is Found.

Come, tell me where the maid is found,
Whose heart can love without deceit—
And I will range the world around,
To sigh one moment at her feet.

O tell me where's her sainted home,
What air receives her blessed sigh !
A pilgrimage of years I'll roam,
To catch one sparkle of her eye !

And if her cheek be rosy bright,
While truth within her bosom lies ;
I'll gaze upon her morn and night,
Till my heart leave through my eyes !

Show me on earth a thing so rare,
I'll own all miracles are true ;
To make one maid sincere and fair,
O, 'tis the utmost Heaven can do !



The Jovial Sons of Jove.

When Heaven, to soften human care,
 Bade pity sympathize with woe —
 That sorrow's child should fortune share,
 Friendship bestowed on man below,
 Whose balm dispelling every grief—
 Brought to the aching soul relief ;

To inspire the jest, create the smile.
 Gay Momus reach'd our wave-bound isle—
 Proclaiming loud the thunderer's love,
 To bless with mirth the sons of Jove.
 As Bacchus raised the generous vine,
 As Vulcan formed the sparkling bowl,

Apollo struck the lyre divine,
 And music's charms inspired the soul :
 Through heaven was heard the sacred sound,
 From heaven the pleasing notes rebound ;
 When harmony arrived at earth.
 By wit inspired, to song gave birth ;

And love his choicest chaplets wove,
 To deck the favorite sons of Jove.
 In peals of thunder swell the sound,
 Echo the mandate as it floats ;
 Louder the enchanting theme resound,
 And catch the mirth-inspiring notes.

Sacred to harmony and love,
 Inspired by friendship and by Jove,
 Our bowls with nect'rous vigour flow,
 Our bosom share the mutual glow ;
 While mirth, descending from above,
 Hail us the jovial sons of Jove.

Life is Darkened o'er with Woe.

Life is darkened o'er with woe,
 Bid the ruddy nectar flow,
 Wine's the soul of joy below :
 Blessed by Bacchus, rosy wine
 Makes a mortal half divine.
 Fill, oh fill the cup before thee,
 Bacchus, Bacchus, I adore thee.

Life is darkened o'er with woe,
 Bid the ruddy nectar flow ;
 Love's the soul of life below ;
 Blessed by beauty, rosy wine
 Makes a mortal all divine—
 Fill, oh fill the cup before thee,
 Venus, Venus, I adore thee.



Ah ! Men, what silly things you
are.

Ah, men, what silly things you are,
To women thus to humble ;
Who, fowler-like, but spreads her snare,
Or at her silly game takes aim,
Pop pop, and down you tumble.

Ah, men, &c.

She marks you down, fly where you will,
Over clover, grass. or stubble—
Can wing you, feather you, or kill,
Just as she takes the trouble.

Ah, men, &c.

Then fly not from us, 'tis in vain,
We know the art of setting ;
As well as fighting, we can train
The shyest man our net in,

Ah men, &c.



Let's Drink, my Friends.

Let's drink, my friends, while here we live :
 The fleeting moments, as they pass,
 This silent admonition give—
 To improve our time, and push the glass.

When once we've entered Charon's boat,
 Farewell to drinking, joys divine !
 There's not a drop to wet our throat,
 The grave's a cellar void of wine.

Farewell my Donkey Neddy.

Then farewell my donkey Neddy.
 Scales and panniers all good bye !
 Never more you'll hear old Teddy,
 Through the Streets ' Salt cod, O ! ' cry.

Now with tears of grief and sorrow,
 Across the herring pond I go ;
 Is there no friend I can borrow,
 Blunt to pay the deb'ts I owe

P'rhaps when I've cut my lucky,
 Folks of me will turn their head ;
 Give my love to Poll my ducky,
 Bid her think on her poor Ted.