THE

Banks of the DEE;

THE ANSWER.

To which is added,

To LETHE REPAIR.

The BEGGAR'S Refolution.

The TOPER'S DELIGHT.

The RETURN of the SPRING.

A N E W S O N G.



Entered according to Order.

The BANKS OF THE DEE.

Was summer & softly the breezes were blowing, And sweet the nightingale sung from the tree, At the foot of a rock where the river was slowing,

I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee: Flow on lovely Dee. slow on thou sweet river, Thy banks, purest stream, shall be dear to me ever, For there first I gain'd the affectionate savour,

Of Jamie the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me and left me thus mourning To quell the proud en'my for valiant is he:

And ah! there's no hope of his speedy returning,

To wander again on the banks of the Dee, He's gone haples youth, o'er the loud roaring billows, The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows, And lest me to stray 'mongst these once loved willows The lonliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore him, Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me, And when he returns with such care I'll watch o'er him.

He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee then shall slow, all its beauties displaying,
The lambs on the banks shall again be seen playing,
While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee-

The ANSWER.

Thy voice my dear jewel the winds have wast to me, Tho' now at great distance at this time we be, But yet I hope soon that time will restore me,

When happy we'll be on the banks of the Dee.
Thy purling clear streams, thou sweet running river,
Where I and my Jean will be happy for ever,
It was the first spot where she gained the savour,
And call'd me her lover and pride of the Dee.

(3)

It was in our youth when these sweet banks we haunt-And sported together with innocent glee, (ed, So happy we were, that no pleasure we wanted,

No mortal more happy than Jeany and me.

Flow on still thou sweet stream, nor cease thy running,
But by thy sweet murmurs, tell Jeany I'm coming,
We've beat the proud en'my, who from us are running,
And soon I shall taste of the sweets of the Dee.

Then the lambs on the banks shall again be seen playing
The streams of the fountain shall then run more clear,
Pray my dearest Jeany think not I'm delaying,
I hasten with victory to my young dear.
Tell these pretty lambs that Jamie is coming.
Then they'll leap with joy and bless the good omen,
In hopes that soon after some good news are coming,
When we meet again on the banks of the Dee.

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LETHE.

YE mortals, whom fancy and trouble perplex,
Whom folly misguides and instrmities vex;
Whose lives hardly know what it is to be bless,
Who rise without joy, and ly down without rest,
Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the stream and forget all your care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain, And young one's the rover they cannot regain; The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd, And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd, Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair, And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife, at one draught, may forget all her wants, Or drench her fond fool, to forget her gallants; The trouble in mind shall go chearful away, And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to day, Obey the glad summons to Lethe repair, Drink deep of the stream & forget all your care.

(4)

The BEGGAR'S RESOLUTION.

A Beggar, a beggar, a beggar I'll be,
For none lives a life so jovial as he;
A beggar I was, and a beggar I am,
A beggar I'll be, from a beggar I came;
And if that it happens our trading should fail,
We, in the conclusion, shall beggars be all:
Tradesmen are unsortunate in their affairs,
And sew men are thriving but courtiers or players.

A carver my father, a maunder my mother,

A filer my fister, a filcher my brother,

A canter my uncle, who values no pelf,

A lifter my aunt, and a beggar myself:

In white wheaten straw, when their bellies were full,

There i was begotten, 'twixt tinker and trull,

And therefore a jolly brave beggar I'll be,

For none lives a life so jovial as he.

When boys they come to us, & fay their intent is, To follow our calling, we ne'er bind them 'prentice; Soon as they come to't, we learn them to do't, We give them a staff, and wallet to boot; We learn them our lingo, to crave and to cant, So the devil is in it if e'er they can want; Therefore, he or she that a beggar will be, Without an indenture may soon be made free.

We beg for our bread, yet sometimes it happens, We seast it on pig, pullets, conies, or capons; For churchmen's affairs, we are no men slayers, We have no religion, yet live by our prayers: And oft when we beg, & men draw not their purses, We charge and give fire with a volley of cutses; Then the devil confound your good worship we cry, And such a bold brazen sac'd beggar am I.

We have things in season, & have so much reason, We raise no rebellion, nor ever talk treason; We bill with our mates, at very low rates, Yet some keep their quarters as high as their gates.

With Shenkin, or Morgan, or Lousman, or Teague, We into no covenant enter, or league, And therefore a jolly bold beggar I'll be. For none lead a life so jovial as he.

For such pretty pledges, as shirts from the hedges. We never do fear being drawn upon fledges. Yet sometimes the whip does make us to skip. And then we from tithing to tithing do trip: But when in a poor boozing-ken we do bib it, We are more afraid of the stocks than the gibbet: And if from the stocks we keep out our feet. We fear not the Compter, Kings-bench or the Fleet.

Sometimes we frame ourselves to be lame, And when a coach comes, we hop to our game: We seldom miscarry, or ever do marry, By Gown, common prayer, or Clerk Directory: They laugh, and they kifs, & they ly down together. Like pigs in the peafe, intangled they lie. And there they begot such a beggar as I.

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The TOPER'S DELIGHT.

To itsown proper Tune.

Ontented I am. and contented I'll be. of for what can this world more afford, Than a girl that will fociably fit on my knec. and a celiar that's very well flor'd my brave boys. and a cellar that's very well stor'd.

My vault door is open, descend every guest. broach that cask, aye, that wine we will try: 'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taste, and as bright as her cheek to the cye.

In a piece of sit hoop I my candle have stuck, it will light us each bottle to hand, " The foot of my glass for the purpose is broke, for I hate that a bumper should stand.

- (6)

We are dry where we sit, tho' the oozing drops seem, the moist walls with wet pearls to embose,

From the arch mouldy cob webs in gothic taste stream, like stucco-work cut out of moss.

Astride on a butt, as a butt should be strode,
I sit my companions among,

Like grape bleffing Bacchus, the good fellow's god, and a fentiment give, or a fong.

I charge spoil in hand, and my empire maintain, view that heap of old hock in the rear; You bottles of Burgundy, see how they're pil'd,

like artillery tier over tier.

My cellar's my camp, and my foldiers my flasks, all gloriously rang'd in review; When I cast my eyes found, I consider my casks.

as kingdoms I've yet to subdue.

Like Macedon's madman, my drink I'll enjoy, in defiance of gravel and gout, Who cry'd, when he had no more worlds to subdue,

I'll weep when my liquor is out.

When the lamp is brimful, see the slame brightly shines but when wanting moisture decays; Replenish the lamps of my life with red wine,

or else there's an end of my blaze.

Tis my will when I die, not a tear should be shed, no Hic Jacet be cut on my stone;
But pour on my cossin a bottle of red, and say, A choice spirit is gone, my brave boys, and say, A choice spirit is gone.

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The Return of the SPRING.

Y muses, don't sail, to the spring give all hail, 'is the pleasantest time of the year:
When the sun doth accost, snow mountains & frost, make their hoary heads to disappear.

(7)

Then like bees from a hive, men start up reviv'd, at the sight of bright Phœbus's ray;

Some whistle, some sing; all welcome the Spring, which drove the cold Winter away.

The peasant and peer, with spirits that's clear, repairs to their sabour and sport,

The court, and its state, with attendants that's great, to the gardens and fields do resort.

In the Spring of the year, when the ladies appear, in colours all glorious and gay,

Which nothing surpass, but lilies and grass, that drove the cold Winter away.

See trees how they bud, see birds how they stud, hear cows how they low for their young, On each rape and bush, the black bird and thrush,

in concert join chorus and fong.

See fowls of the air, how they lovingly pair, fee lambs how they skip all—and play:

In mirth there's no bounds, all nature resounds, Which drives the cold Winter away.

The ploughman with speed, and a sack full of seed, the carter drives out with his teams;

The shepherd with crook, and the angler with hook, repairs to the vallies and sreams.

The farmer with brake, and the gard'ner with rake, all chearfully work out the day;

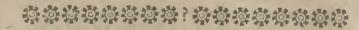
Some whistle, some sing, all welcome the Spring, which drove the cold Winter away.

Let misery pack, and a whip at her back, down—down the tartarian flood:

And let envy be drown'd, with malice new crown'd, he who envies any man's good,

May good fortune attend ev'ry merry man's friend, that does the best that he may:

Forgetting all wrong, in a cup and a fong, we'll drive the cold Winter away.



A NEW SONG.

MY love waits on a lady fair,
And I do belong to a flout privateer;
Rich prizes we have taken fince the war did begin,
From the lofty Monsieur and brought them fafe in.

And all those rich prizes my true love she shall share, And richest of apparel my true love shall wear, With gold rings & diamonds my true love I'll deck, With a broad chain of gold to wear round her neck.

I'll fet my love a lodging in yonder valley so fair, Near some chrystal fountain to take the fresh air, And I'll buy my love a spinnet for to play upon, And we'll live as happy as Darby and Joan.

And when that money begins to grow fcant, I'll away to the seas, for my love shall not want; I'll away to the sea boys, where loud cannons do roar, And we'll bring home rich prizes as we've done before.

So fare you well father, and fare you well mother; Fare you well fifter, and adieu to my brother; Fare you well friends and comerades also, For I am bound a sailing where I do not know.

All you noble ladies wherever that you be, Don't you slight a bold failor that sails on the sea, Don't you slight abold seaman that ploughs on the main For richly he'll clothe you when he returns again.

O the moon shall be dark'ned & give no more light, The stars in the sirmament shall melt in one night, The tide in the ocean it never shall be, If ever I prove salse to my charming Polly.