

British Grenadiers;

O R, T H E
C R O W N ' S S a f e g u a r d .

To which are added,

O the Days when I was YOUNG.

T H E R I V A L .

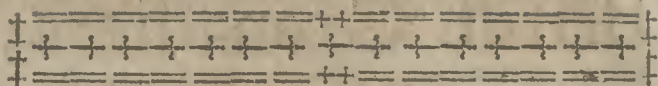
W I L L Y was a W A N T O N W A G .

S W E E T P E G G Y O ' L A V E N .

B A U C I S A N D P H I L E M O N .



Entered according to Order,



The BRITISH GRENA DIERS.

SOME talk of Alexander,
 and some of Hercules,
 Of Hector and Lyfander,
 and such great men as these;
 But all the world acknowledges,
 true valour best appears,
 With a tow, row, row, row row, row,
 brave British Grenadiers.

These ancients of antiquity,
 ne'er saw a cannon ball;
 Nor knew the force of powder,
 to slay their foes withal:
 But braver boys have known it,
 and banish'd all their fears,
 With a tow, row, row, row, row row,
 brave British Grenadiers.

When we receive the orders,
 to storm their palisadoes;
 Our leaders march with fuzces,
 and we with hand grenadoes,
 We toss them from the glacis,
 amongst our enemies ears,
 With a tow, row row row, row, row,
 brave British Grenadiers.

Then Jove the God of Thunder,
 and Mars the God of War:
 Rough Neptune with his Trident,
 Apollo in his Car,
 And all the Gods celestial,
 descending from their spheres,
 Behold with admiration,
 brave British Grenadiers.

But be you Whig or Tory,
 or any other thing,
 I'd have you still remember,
 to obey great George our King;
 For if you prove rebellious,
 we'll thunder in your ears,
 With a tow, row, row row, row, row,
 brave British Grenadiers.

And when the siege is over,
 we to the town repairs,
 The Citizens cry out, huzza,
 here come the Grenadiers,
 Here come the Grenadiers,
 without e'er dread or fear,
 With a tow, row, row, row, row, row,
 brave British Grenadiers.

Come fill us up a bumper,
 and let us drink to those,
 Who carry caps and pouches,
 and wear the laced clothes,

May they and their commanders,
 live hapy many years,
 With a tow, row, row, row, row, row,
 brave British Grenadiers,



O the DAYS when I was YOUNG.

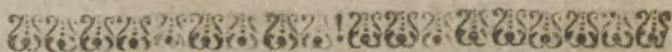
O The days when I was young.
 when I laugh'd at fortune's spight
 Talk'd of love the whole day long,
 and with nectar crown'd the night;
 Then it was Old Father Care,
 little reck'd I of thy crown.
 Half thy malice youth could bear,
 and at night a bumper drown.

C H O R U S.

O the days when I was young,
 when I laugh'd at fortune's spight,
 Talk'd of love the whole day long,
 and with nectar crown'd the night.

Truth they say lies in a well;
 why; I vow I ne'er cou'd see;
 Let the water-drinkers tell,
 there it always lay for me:
 For when sparkling wine went round,
 never saw I falsehood's mask;
 But still honest truth I found,
 in the bottom of the flask,
 O the days when I was young! &c.

True, at length my vigour's flown,
 I have years to bring decay,
 Few the locks that now I own,
 and the few I have, are grey;
 Yet Old Jerome thou may'st boast,
 while thy spirits do not tire,
 Still beneath thy aged frost,
 glows a spark of youthful fire.



T H E R I V A L.

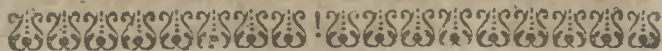
To its own Proper Tune.

OF all the torment, all the care,
 by which our lives are curst,
 Of all the sorrows that we bear,
 a rival is the worst.

By partners in another kind,
 afflictions easier grow;
 In love alone we hate to find,
 companions in our woe.

Sylvia, for a' the griefs you see,
 arising in my breast,
 I beg not that you'd pity me,
 wou'd you but slight the rest.

Howe'er severe your rigours are,
 alone with them I'd cope;
 I can endure my own despair,
 but not another's hope.



WILLY was a WANTON WAG.

To its own Proper Tune.

WILLY was a wanton wag,
 the blythest lad that e'er I saw,
 At bridals still he bore the brag,
 and carry'd ay the gree awa,
 His doublet was of Zetland shag,
 and wow! but Willy he was braw,
 And at his shoulder hang a tag,
 that pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
 his heart was frank without a flaw,
 And ay whatever Willy said,
 it was still ha'den as a law.

His boots they were made of the jag,
 when he went to the weapon-shaw,
 Upon the green nane durst him brag,
 the sien'd a ane amang them a'.

And was not Willy well worth gowd,
 he wan the love of great and sma':
 For after he the bride had kifs'd,
 he kifs'd the lasses hale-sale a',
 Sae merrily round the ring they row'd
 when be the hand he led them a',
 And smack on smack on them bestow'd
 by virtue of a standing law.

And was na Willy a great lown,
 as shyre a lick as e'er was seen;
 When he danc'd with the lasses round
 the bridegroom speer'd where he had
 Quoth Willy I've been at the ring, (been
 with bobbing, faith, my shanks are
 Gaeca' your bride and maidens in, (fair
 for Willy he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willy. I'll gae out,
 and for a wee fill up the ring,
 But, shame light on his souple snout,
 he wanted Willy's wanton fling.
 Then straight he to the bride did fare
 says Wells me on your bonny face,
 With bobbing Willy's shanks are fair,
 and I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the
 & at the ring you'll ay belag, (dance,
 Unless, like Willy ye advance;
 (O! Willy has a wanton wag;)
 For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
 and foremost ay bears up the ring;
 We will find nae sic dancing here,
 If we want Willy's wanton fling.



SWEET PEGGY O'LAVEN.

I am restiefs in my mind and always uneasy,
 Since I lost my dear jewel, nothing can please me,

Her breast is like a swallow on the water a playing,
Sure no mortal on earth's like my Peggy O'laven.

When first I Beheld this dear angel so bright,
She appear'd like Aurora she dazzl'd my sight;
Her skin is so fair and her meaning so pleasing,
I would choose for my valentine sweet Peggy O'laven.

My Peggy she is fair, she is charming and young,
And if she don't love me I'm surely undone,
Let me rove where I will I can find no such maiden,
She is the prime of all swains my Peggy O'laven.

Had I but my Peggy I would ask for no more,
She's a far greater treasure than the rich India shore,
Her smiles so inviting she's got me so enslaven,
I shall sure a martyr die for sweet Peggy O'laven.

BAUCIS and PHILEMON.

THo' Baucis and I are both ancient and poor,
We never yet drove the distress from our door,
But still of our little, a little can spare,
To those who like us life's infirmities bear.

Come, come my good friends, let us go in together,
A cup of good liquor will keep out the weather,
Our hearts they are great, tho' our means are but small,
You're heartily welcome, and that's best of all.

You're welcome at our humble board to partake,
Of a jug of good ale, and a good barley cake,
A good rousing fire as high as your nose,
A cleanly warm bed your old limbs to repose.

We know no ambition, we have no estate,
No porter to worry the poor from our gate:
We earn what we spend, and we pay as we go,
It were not amiss if the rich would do so.

F I N I S.