

# Black Bird.

To which is added,

Love is the Cause of my Mourning.

The BETRAYED DAMSEL.

The F O U R M I S S E S.

The CONTENTED MAN.


The LADS of the VILLAGE.

A L L A N W A T E R.

The HAPPY MARRIAGE.



Entered according to Order.

  
 The BLACK BIRD.

**U**PON a fair morning for soft recreation,  
 I heard a fair lady was making her moan,  
 With sighing and sobbing, and sad lamentation,  
 Saying, My Black Bird most royal is flown.

My thoughts they deceive me,  
 Reflections do grieve me,  
 And I am o'erburden'd with sad misery,  
 Yet if death should blind me,  
 As true love inclines me,

My Black Bird I'll seek out, wherever he be.

Once into fair England my Black Bird did flourish,  
 He was the chief flower that in it did spring;  
 Prime ladies of honour his person did nourish,  
 Because that he was the true son of a king:

But since that false fortune,  
 Which still is uncertain,  
 Has caused this parting between him and me,  
 His name I'll advance,

In Spain and in France,  
 And seek out my Black Bird wherever he be.

The birds of the forest are all met together,  
 The turtle has chosen to dwell with the dove;  
 And I am resolv'd in foul or fair weather,  
 Once in the Spring to seek out my love.

He's all my hearts treasure,  
 My joy and my pleasure,  
 And justly (my love) does my heart follow thee,  
 Who art constant and kind,  
 And couragious of mind,

All bless on my Black Bird, wherever he be.

In England my Black Bird and I were together,  
 Where he was still noble and gen'rous of heart,  
 Ah! wo to the time that first he went thither,  
 Alas! he was forc'd from thence to depart,

In Scotland he's deem'd,  
 And highly esteem'd,  
 In England he seemeth a stranger to be;  
 Yet his fame shall remain,  
 In France and in Spain;  
 All bless on my Black Bird wherever he be.

What if the fowler my Black Bird has taken,  
 Then sighing and sobbing will be all my tune;  
 But if he is safe I'll not be forsaken,  
 And hope yet to see him in May or in June,  
 For him through the fire,  
 Through mud and through mire,  
 I'll go; for I love him to such a degree,  
 Who is constant and kind,  
 And noble of mind,  
 Deserving all blessings wherever he be.

It is not the ocean can fright me with danger,  
 Nor though, like a pilgrim, I wander forlorn,  
 I may meet with friendship of one who's a stranger,  
 More than of one that in Britain is born.  
 I pray heav'n so spacious,  
 To Britain be gracious,  
 Tho' some there be odious to both him and me,  
 Yet joy and renown,  
 And laurels shall crown,  
 My Black-Bird with honour wherever he be.



## Love is the Cause of my Mourning.

**B**Y a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay,  
 Beside kind, O ye nymphs, I oft-times heard her say,  
 Tell Strephon I die, if he passes this way,  
 And that love is the cause of my mourning,  
 False shepherds, that tell me of beauty and charms,  
 Deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never warms,  
 Yet bring me this Strephon, let me die in his arms,  
 Oh Strephon! the cause of my mourning.

But first, said she, let me go,  
Down to the shades below,  
E'er ye let Strephon know,  
That I lov'd him so;

Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show,  
That love was the cause of my mourning.

Her eyes were scarce closed when Strephon came by,  
He thought she'd been sleeping and softly drew nigh,  
But finding her breathless, O heavens! he did cry,  
Ah Chloris! the cause of my mourning.

Restore me my Chloris, ye nymphs use your art,  
They sighing, reply'd, 'Twas yourself shot the dart,  
That wounded the tender young shepherd's heart,  
And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.

Ah then! is Chloris dead,  
Wounded by me? he said,  
I'll follow thee, chaste maid,  
Down to the silent shade,

Then on her cold snow breast leaning his head,  
Expir'd the Strephon with mourning.

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The BETRAYED DAMSEL.

Down in this town there lives a sweet lovely creature,  
For wit and parentage, few can exceed her;  
She is just in her prime, both brisk and airy,  
Is at this very time the flower of many.

When first to her I came, I said fair creature,  
My heart is so inflam'd with your sweet feature,  
That I can take no rest my dearest jewel,  
For love torments my breast, so pray don't be cruel.

O fy, young man, she said, you should give over,  
And don't depend on me to be your lover;  
For since my heart is free from Cupid's motions,  
I pray don't trouble me with no such notions.

If I young man should give way to love you,  
Your parents would say that you are above me;  
Then your regard to me would be as a rove,  
And I shall find it hard for to recover.

Talk not of parentage, nor of relation,  
 My dear, I have for you such veneration,  
 Was I Lord, Duke or Earl, Cupid direct me,  
 In rich diamonds and apparel, love I would deck yo.

Was I but King myself for to rule this nation,  
 And had I all the world in my possession,  
 And you as poor as Job, I would ne'er forsake you,  
 But Mistress of the globe I would make you.

On hearing what he said, she stood amazed,  
 She nothing to him said, but on him gazed,  
 But when her silence broke, Cupid directed her,  
 You'd thought an angel spoke if you had heard her.

Witness ye Pow'rs above who first created us;  
 There's nothing else but death shall separate us;  
 This heart which once was mine, to you I'll deliver,  
 So take it in exchange, and keep it for ever.

When of her heart he had bereav'd her,  
 He play'd a traitors part, and went and left her;  
 He left her for to cry, false man I find you,  
 But since he is gone, farewell, I no more will mind you.

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## The FOUR MISSES.

**T**O think on one's follies, sometimes, is but right,  
 And reflection is good, tho' there's nothing got  
 How many ways mortals pursue after bliss, (by't:  
 But still the genteelst is keeping a Miss;  
 The prudent are constant to one, and no more;  
 But I, like a blockhead, must dabble with four:  
 I'll tell you their names, tho' you'll call me a rake,  
 Miss-for:une, Miss-conduct, Miss-chance, & Miss-take.

Four jilts so destructive, four bristlones so bad,  
 By Jove! were sufficient to drive a man mad:  
 Though jealousy oft makes the fair disagree  
 Yet these all united in kindness to me;  
 In life's wanton paths they seduc'd me to stray,  
 And seem'd to spread flow'rs of delight in the way:

So simple was I, I'd have dy'd for the sake, (take,  
Of Miss-fortune, Miss-conduct, Miss-chance, and Miss-

At length fair Discretion, with Reason combin'd,  
Thus whisper'd advice, and it dwelt on my mind,  
" You've surely not got 'em, For better for worse ;  
" Get at once into bus'ness, you'll get a divorce.  
I thought 'twas my duty to part with 'em too ;  
Because they so long had detain'd me from you :  
And now, do but smile, and I'll ever forsake,  
Miss-fortune, Miss-conduct, Miss-chance, & Miss-take.

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## THE CONTENTED MAN.

**M**Y dog and my mistress are both of a kind,  
As fickle as fancy, inconstant as wind ;  
My dog follows every strange heel in the streets,  
And my mistress as fond of each fellow she meets.  
Yet, in spite of her arts, I'll not make the least strife,  
But be cheery, and merry, and happy thro' life.

Go Miss where she will, and whenever she please,  
Her conduct shall ne'er my philosophy tease ;  
Her freedom shall never imbitter my glee,  
One woman's the same as another to me.  
So, in spite of her airs, I'll not make the least strife ;  
But be cheery, and merry, and happy thro' life.

I laugh at the wretches who stupidly pine,  
For false-hearted gipsy's, they title 'divine ;  
At worst of my love-fits, no physic I ask,  
But that which is found in the bowl or the flask.  
For go things how they will, I'll not make the least strife  
But be cheery, and merry, and happy thro' life.

The girl that behaves with good humour and sense,  
Shall still to my heart have the warmest pretence ;  
And for those that would jilt me, deceive and betray,  
In honest bumpers I'll wash them away.  
'Tis my final resolve, not to make the least strife,  
But be cheery, and merry, and happy thro' life.

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 The LADS of the VILLAGE.

While the lads of the village shall merrily ah;  
 sound their tabors, I'll hand thee along,  
 And I say unto thee, that verily, ah!  
 thou and I will be first in the throng.  
 While the lads, &c.

Just then when the swain who last year won the dow'r,  
 with his mates shall the sports have begun, (bow'r,  
 When the gay voice of gladness resounds from each  
 & thou long'st in thy heart to make one. While &c.  
 Those joys which are harmless no mortal can blame,  
 'tis my maxim that youth should be free,  
 And to prove that my words & my deeds were the same  
 believe me thou'lt presently see. While &c.

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 A L L A N W A T E R.

WHAT numbers shall the muse repeat?  
 what verse be found to praise my Annie?  
 On her ten thousand graces wait,  
 each swain admires and says she's bonny,  
 Since first she trode the happy plain,  
 she set each youthful heart on fire;  
 Each nymph does to her swain complain,  
 that Annie kindies new desire.  
 This lovely darling dearest care,  
 this new delight, this charming Annie,  
 Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,  
 when Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.  
 All day the am'rous youths conveen,  
 joyous they sport and play before her:  
 All night, when she no more is seen,  
 in blefsful dreams they still adore her.

Among the crowd Amyntor came,  
 he look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie!  
 His rising sighs express his flame,  
 his words were few, his wishes many.

With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,  
 kind Shepherd why should I deceive ye,  
 Alas! your love must be deny'd,  
 this destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came with Cupid's art,  
 his wyles, his smiles, his charms beguiling,  
 He stole away my virgin heart;  
 cease poor Amyntor, cease bewailing,  
 Some brighter beauty you may find,  
 on yonder plain the nymphs are many,  
 Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,  
 and leave to Damon his own Annie.



## The HAPPY MARRIAGE.

**H**OW blest has my time been? what joys have I  
 known?

Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own,  
 So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,  
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.  
 That freedom is tasteless, &c.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines as often we stray,  
 Around us our boys do frolick and play,  
 How pleasing their sport is! the wanton one's see,  
 And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.

To try her sweet temper, oft times am I seen,  
 In revels all day with the nymphs of the green:  
 Though painful my absence my doubts she beguiles,  
 And meets me at night with complacence and smiles.

What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,  
 Her wit and good humour blooms all the year thro':  
 Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,  
 And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay who make love to ensnare  
 And cheat with false vows, the too credulous Fair;  
 In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam,  
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

F I N I S.