

Waste life's glad moments

To which are added,

Begone dull care.

Lovely Nan.

The Woodman.

Cuckoo:

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TASTE LIFE'S GLAD MOMENTS.

TASTE life's glad moments,  
Whilst the wasting taper glows,  
Pluck, e'er it withers,

The quickly fading rose :  
Man blindly follows grief and care,  
He seeks for thorns, and finds his share ;  
Whilst violets, to the passing air,  
Unheeded shed their blossoms.

When tim'rous nature veils her form,  
And rolling thunder spreads alarm,  
Then ah ! how sweet, when lull'd the storm,  
The sun smiles forth at even,

How spleen and envy anxious flies,  
And meek content, in humble guise  
Improves the shrub, a tree shall rise ;  
Which golden fruits shall yield him.

Who fosters faith in upright breast,  
And freely gives to the distress'd,  
There sweet contentment builds her nest,  
And flutters round his bosom

And when life's path grows dark and strait,  
 And pressing ills, on ills await,  
 Then friendship, sorrow to abate,  
 The helping hand will offer.

She dries his tears, she strews his way,  
 E'en in the grave with flowrets gay;  
 Turns night to morn, morn to day,  
 And pleasure still increases.

Of life she is the fairest band,  
 Joins brothers truly hand in hand;  
 Thus onward to a better land,  
 Man journeys light and cheerly.

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### BEGONE DULL CARE.

BEGONE dull care,  
 I prithee begone from me;  
 Begone dull care,  
 You and I shall never agree.  
 Long time thou hast been tarrying here,  
 And fain thou would'st me kill,  
 But I' faith dull care,  
 Thou never shall have thy will.  
 'O much care,  
 Will make a young man grey;

And too much care,  
 Will turn an old man to clay.  
 My wife shall dance and I shall sing,  
 So merrily pass the day,  
 For I hold it one of the wisest things  
 To drive dull care away.

My wife shall dance, and I will sing,  
 So merrily pass the day,  
 For I hold it one of the wisest things,  
 To drive dull care away.

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### LOVELY NAN.

SWEET is the ship that under sail,  
 Spreads her white bosom to the gale;  
 Sweet, oh! sweet's the flowing can;  
 Sweet to poise the lab'ring oar,  
 That tugs us to our native shore,  
 When the boatswain pipes—the barge to man  
 Sweet sailing with a fav'ring breeze;  
 But oh! much sweeter than all these,  
 Is Jack's delight—his lovely Nan.

The needle, faithful to the north,  
 To shew of constancy the worth,

A curious lesson teaches man—  
 The needle time may rub, a squall  
 Capsize the binnacle and all,  
 Let seamanship do all it can;  
 My love, in worth, shall higher rise,  
 Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize  
 My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was penn'd,  
 For serving of a worthless friend,  
 And every creature from me ran  
 No ship performing quarantine,  
 Was ever so deserted seen;  
 None hail'd me, woman, child nor man:  
 But though false friendship's sail's were fur'd,  
 Though cut adrift by all the world,  
 I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,  
 Love truth and merit to defend,  
 To moan their loss, who hazard ran:  
 I love to take an honest part,  
 Love beauty, and a spotless heart,  
 By manners love to shew the man:  
 To sail through life, by honor's breeze,  
 'Twas all along of loving these,  
 First made me doat on lovely Nan.

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 THE WOODMAN.

IT was far retir'd from noise and smoke,  
 O hark ! I hear the woodman's stroke,  
 Who dreams not as he fells the oak,  
     What mischief dire he brews ;  
 Or what may shape the falling trees  
 He knows no luxury nor ease,  
 Nor weighs not matters such as these,  
     But sings, and backs, and hews.

The tree now fell'd by this good man,  
 Perhaps may form the spruce sedan,  
 Or wheelbarrow, where Oyster Nan  
     So vulgar runs her rigs :  
 The stage, where boxers crowd in flocks,  
 Or else the quacks, perhaps the stocks,  
 Or poles for signs for barber's blocks,  
     Where smiles the parson's wig.

It makes, bold peasant, O what grief,  
 The gibbet, on where hangs the thief,  
 The seat where sits the great Lord chief,  
     throne, the cobbler's stall :  
     pompous life in ever y stage,

Makes folly's whim prize equipage,  
 And children's toys and crutches for age,  
 And coffins for us all.

Yet justice let us still afford,  
 Those chairs and this convivial board,  
 The binn that holds gay Bacchus' hoard,  
 Confess the woodman's stroke;  
 He made the press that bled the vine,  
 The butt that holds the generous wine,  
 The hall itself where tipplers join,  
 To crack their mirthful joke.

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### THE CUCKOO.

WHEN daisies py'd and violets blue,  
 And cuckoo buds, of yellow hue,  
 And lady smocks all silver white,  
 Do paint the meadows with delight;  
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he—  
 Cuckoo, cuckoo, O word of fear!  
 Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws  
 And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,

And turtles tread, and rooks and daws  
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks,  
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he:  
 Cuckoo, cuckoo, O word of fear;  
 Unpleasing to a married ear.

When icicles hang by the wall,  
 And Dick the shepherd blows his pipe,  
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
 And milk comes frozen home in pail;  
 When blood is nipt, and way's be foul,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
 Tu-whit to-who, a merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
 And Marion's nose looks red and raw;  
 Then roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
 And nightly sings the staring owl  
 To-whit tu-who, a merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth heel the pot.