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## COLLECTION

# OF <br> SO N G S, 

SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF

## Mr. DIBDIN.

TO WHICII ARE ADDED,
THE NEWEST AND MOST FAVOURITE

## AMERICAN PATRIOTIC SONGS.

Let there be Mufic, let the Mafter touch
The, 'prightly String, and Softly breathing Flute.

- Even Age itfelf is checr'd with MuSic;

It wakes a glad remembrance of our youth,
Calls back paft joys, and warms us into tranjport !
Rove.
If to be merry's to be wife, to be wife is to be merry.

## PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED BY J. BIOREN FOR H.GGPRICZ, $A N D S O L D B Y J, R I C E, B A L T I M O R E$.

$$
\text { I } 799
$$

## SONG-in the wedding rinc.

1 saw what feem'd a harmlefs child, With wings and bow,
And afpect mild,
Who folb'd, and figh'd, and pin'd,
And begg'd I would fome boon beflow
On a poor little boy fone blind.
Not aware of the danger, I inflant comply'd,
When $h$ : drew from his quiver a dart, Cry'd
'My power you fliall know,'
Then he levelled his bow, And wounded me right in the heart.

## BALLAD-IN THE deserter.

THERE was a miller's daughter Liv'd in a ccrtain village,
Who made a mighty flaughter:
For I'd have you to know
Both friend and foe,
The clown and the beau, She always laid low;
And her portion, as I underfand,
Was thrce acres of land,
Befides a mill,
That never ftood ftill, Some flierp and a cow, A harrow and plough,
And other things for tillage :
What d'ye think of my miller's daughter?


This miller's pretty daughter
Was a damfel of fuch fame fir,
That knights and fquires fought her;
But they foon were told
That fome were too bold,
And fome too cold,
And fome too old;
And the gave them to underfand
That, though they were grand,
She'd never be fold :
For fays Betty, fays fle,
Siace my virtue to me
Is dearer than gold,
Let'en go from whence they came fir.
What d'ye think of my miller's daughter?
But when the miller's daughter
Saw Ned, the morrice-dancer, His perfon quickly caught her;

For who fo clean
Upon the green
Ms Ned was feen,
For her his quech:
Then blithe as a king,
His bells he'd ring,
And dance, and fing,
Like any thing:-
Says he, ' My life,
'Wnot be my wife?'
A blufh, and ycs, was Betty's anfwer. What d'ye think of my miller's daughter ?

##  <br> BALLAD-in the waterman.

TWO youths for my love are contending in vain; For, do all they can,
Their fuff'rings I rally, and laugh at their pain;
Which, which is the man
That defervas me the moft? Let me afk of my heart;
Is it Robin, who fmirks, and who dreffes fo fmart?
Or Tom, honef ' Com , who makes plainneis his plań?
Which, which is the man?
Indeed to be prudent, and do what I ought,
I do what I can;

Yet furcly papa and mamma are in fault;
"'o a difterent man
They, each, have advifed me to yield up my heart, Munma praifes Robin, who dreffes fo fimatt:
Papa honeft Tom, who makes plainnefs his plan: Which, which is the man?
Be kind then, my heart, and but point ont the yonth, l'll do what 1 can
His love to return, and return it with truth; Which, which is the man?
Be kind to my wifhes, and point out, my heart, Is it Robin, who fmirks, and who dreffes fo finart ? Or Tom, honeft Tom, who makes plainnefs his plan? Which, which is the man?

BALLAD-in the waterman.

AND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman, Who at Black friar's bridge ufed for to ply; And he feather'd his oars with fuch fkill and dexterity, Winning each heart, and delighting each cye
He look'd fo neat, and row'd fo feadily,
The maidens all flock'd in his boat fo readily, And he ey'd the young rogues with fo charming an air, That this waterman ne'cr was in wam of a iare. What fights of fine folks he oft row'd in his whersy, 'Twas clean'd out fo nice, and fo painted withat; He was always firft oats when the fine city ladics In a party to Ranelagh went, or Viuxhali And oftentimes would they he gigglin? and leering, But 'twas all ene to Tom, their jibing and jecring, For loving or liking he little did care.
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.
And yet but to fee how frangely things happen, As he row'd along, thinking of nothiog at all, He was ply'd ty a damfel fo lovely and charming, That lie fimil'l, and fo ftraitway in love he did fall. And would this young damfel but banifh his forrow, He'd wed her to-night, befure to-morrow,
And how flould this "a erman ever know care, When hes married, and never in want of a fare.

## EIBDIN'S SELICTED SONǴS.


B.ALLAD-IN THE WATERMAN.

TIIEN farewcl my trim-huilt wherry,
Oars, and coat, and badge farewel;
Never more at Chelfea ferry,
Shall your Thomas take a fpell.
Rut to hope and peace aftranger,
In the bactle's heat I'll go,
Where expoicd to every danger,
Some friendly ball may lay me low.
Then, may-hap, when homeward fteering,
With the news my meflimates come,
Even you, the fory hearing,
With a figh-may cry poor Tom!

## BALLAD-In the waterman.

INDEED, Mif, fuch fwecthearts as I ant, I fancy you'll meet with but few,
To love you more true I defy them, I always am thinking of you,
There are maidens would have me in plenty, Nell, Cicely, Prifcilla, and Sue,
But inftead of all thefe were there twenty,
I never thould think but of you.
Falfe hearts all your money may fquander,
And only have pleafure in view,
Ne'er from you a moment I'll wander,
Unlefs to get money for you.
The tide, when 'tis ebhing and flowing,
Is not to the moon half fo true,
Nor my nars to their time when I'm rowing, As my heart, my fond heart is to you.


## BALLAD-IN THE COBLER.

'TWAS in a village, near Caflebury, A cobler and lis wife did dwell;
And for a time no two fo merry.
Their happinefs no tongue can tell.

But to this couple, the neighbours tell us, Something did happen that caus'd much ftrife, For going to a neighb'ring alchoufe, The man got drunk and beat his wife.
But though he treated her fo vilely, What did this wife, good creature do?
Kept finug, and found a method fily 'Io wring his heart quite through and through:

For Dick the tapher and his mafter, By the repert that then was rife,
Were hoth in hopes, by this difafter, To gaia the cobler s pretty wiie.
While things went on to rack and ruin, And all their furniture was fold,
She fecm'd toi approve what each was doing, And got from each a purfe of gold.
So when the cobler's cares were over, He fwore to lead an alter'd life,
To mind his work, ne'er be a rover, And love no other than his wife.

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! ..&>...<<..@@
BALLAD-IN THE SERAGLIO.
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THE world's a ftrange world, child, it muft be confeft, We all of difrefs have our fhare;
But fince I muft truggle to live with the reft, By my truth 'tis no great matter where.
We all muft purp with. what fortune has fent, Be therefore one's lot poor or rich,
So there is but a portion of eafe and content,
By my troth 'tis no great matter which.
A living's a living, and fo there's an end;
If one honeftly gets juft enow,
And fomething to fpare for the wants of a friend,
By my troth 'tis no great matter how.
In this world about nothing we bufy'd appear;
And I've faid it againand again,
Since quit it one muft, if ones confcience be clear,
By my troth 'tis no great matter when.

## RONDEAU-IN THE SERAGLIO.

Blow high, blow low, let tempefts tear,
The main maft by the board;
My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dcar,
And love well-ftor'd,
Shall brave all danger, foorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging fea,
In hopes on flore
To be once more
Safe moor'd with thee.
Aloft while mountains high we go,
'The whifling winds that feud along,
And the furge roaring from below,
Shall my fignal be-
To think on thee.
And this flall he my fong.
Blow high, blow low, \&c.
And on that night when all the erew
The mem'ry of their former lives,
O'er flowing vans of flip renesw.
And drink their fweethearts and their wives, I'll heave a figh, and think on thee; And, as the fip rolls through the fea, The burthen of my fong fhall be

Blow high, \&c.

## BALLAD-IN THE SERAGLIO.

THE little birds, as well as you, I've mark'd with anxious care. How free their pleafures they purfue, How void of every care.
But hirds of various kinds you'll meet, Some conflant to their loves:
Are chati'ring fuarrows half fo fweet. As tender couing doves?
Birds have their prix'e, like human kind, Some on their notes prefume,

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS:

Some on their form, and fome you'll find Fond of a gaudy plume.
Some love a hundred; fome you'll meet
Still conftant to their loves;
Are chatt'ring fparrows half fo fweet
As tender, cooing doves?

## SONG-IN YOOR VULCAN.

VENUS now no more behold me,
But an humble vi lage rame,
Coarfe and homely trappings fold me,
And Miftrefs Maudlin is my name.
Yet here no lels is paid that duty Ever due to Venus's worth,
Not more infenfible of beauty
Than gods in heaven, are men on earth.

BALLAD-IN POOR VULCAN.

THAT nature's every where the fame,
Each paffing day difcuvers;
For that in me
Some charms they fee,
Beho'd me, though a country dame,
Leading a crowd of lovers.
Miy fporting fquire to keep at bay
The courfe I'll double over,
Whiff he, intent
On a wrong fcent,
Shall always find me fole away
When he cries 'Hark to cover.'
With new-coin'd oaths, my grenadier
May thinls to form and blufter, And fwear by Mars, My eyes are flars,
That light to love :-he'll fonn find here
Such fuff will ne'er pafi mufter.
Thas will 1 ferve thofe 1 -diftruft,
Firlt laugh at, then refufe 'em;

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

But, ab!not fo My flepherd Joe? He like Adonis look'd, when firft

I prefs'd him to my bufom.

## BALLAD-in poor vulcan.

'THE moment Aurora peep'd into my room, I put on m cloaths, and I call'd to my groom; And, my head heavy fill, from the fumes of laft night, Took a bumper of hrandy to fet all things right ; And now were well faddled Fleet, Dapple, and Gray, Who feem'd longing to hear the glad found hark away.

Will Whifle by this had uncoupled his hounds, Whofe extacy sothing could ketp, within hounds; Firft forward came Jowler, then Scentwell, then Snare,
Three better faumch harriers ne'er ftarted hare; Then Sweetlips, then Driver, then Staunch, and then Tray, All ready to open at hark, hark away.
'Twas now by the clock about five in the morn, And we all gallop'd oif to the found of the horn; Jack Gater, Bill Babler, and Dick at the gun, And by this time the merry Tom Fairplay made one, Who, while we were jogging on blithfome and gay, Sung a fong, and the chorus was-Hark, hafk away.

And n:ow Jenmy Lurcher had every buth beat, And no figns of madam, nor trace of her fect: Nay, we jut hadi bcgan our hard fortunes to curfe, When a I of a fudden out narts miftrefs Pufs; Men, horfes, and doge all the glad cail obey, And ccho was heard to cry-Hark, hark away.

The chaíe was a fine one, fhe took o'er the plain, Which fie doubled, and doubled, and doubled again; Till at laft fie to enver return'd out of breath, Where 1 and Will Whinte were in at the dearh; Then in triumph for you : the hare did difplay, And cry'd $d_{2}$ to the horns my boys, hark, haik away.

## BALEAD-IN POOR vULCAN.

COME all ye gem'men volunteers,
Of glory who would flare,

And leaving with your wives your fears,
To the drum head repair;
Or to the noble ferjeant Pike,
Come, come, without delay,
You'll enter into prefent pay,
My lads the bargain frike.
A golden guinea and a crown,
Befides the Lord knows what renown,
His majefty the donor,
And if you die,
Why then you lie
Stretch'd on the bed of henor.
Does any 'prentice work too hard,
Fine cloaths would any wear,
Wou!d any one his wife difcard,
To the drum head repair.
Or to the, \&c.
Is your eftate put out to nurfe,
Are you a caft-off heir,
Have you no money in your purfe,
To the drum head repair.
Or to the, \&c.

## BALiLAD-in foor vulcar.

COME, every man now give his toaft, Fill. up the glafs, I'll tell you mine,
Wine is the miftreis I love moft, This is my toalt-now give me thinc.
Well faid my lad, ne'er let it ftand, I give my Chloe, nymph divine, My love and wine go hand in hand :This is my toaft-now give me thine.
Fill up your glafes to the hrink,
Hebe let no one dare lecline,
Twas Hele taught me firft to drink:-
This is my teat-now give me thine.
Gem'men I give my wife, d'ye fee;
May all to make her bleft combine,
So fle be far enough foon me;-
This is my toaft, now give me thine:

Let confant lovers at the feet
Of palc-fac'd wenches figh and pine,
For me the firft hind girl I meet
shall be my coaft--now give me thine.
You toaft your wife, and you your lafe,
My boys, and welcome; here's the wine,
Formy part, he who fills my glafs
Shall be my toaft-now give ne thine.
spirit, my lads, and toall away,
I have fill one witk yours to join ;
That we may have enough to pay:
This is my toaft-now give me thine.

## BALLAD-IN poor vulcan.

MrADAM, yon know my trade is war, And what thould I deny it for?
Whene'er the trumpet ioupds from far, I long to hack aad hew;
Yet inadam credit winat I fay,
Were I this noment cal'd away,
And ail the troopg drewom in array, l'd rather tiay wi hyou.
Did drumis and fprightly trumpets found,
Did Ueath and Carnege naik around,
Did dying horfes bite the ground, Had we no hope in view;
Were the whole army luft in fmoke,
Were they the lalt words that I fpoke,
I'd fay, and dam'me if Ijoke,
I'd rather Ray with you,
Did the foe charge us front and rear,
Did e'en the braveft face appear
Imprefs'd with figns of mortal fear,
Thuugh never veteran knew
So terrible and hot a fight,
Though all my laurels it fiould blight,
Though Ifould lonfe fo fine a fight,
I'd rather ftay with you.

##  DU̇ET.

JOE.
WHEN Serjeant Belfwagger, that mafculine brute, One day had been drinking, to fwear a recruit, He kifs'rl you, I faw hin, or elfe may I die, And you crucl Maudlin, ne'er once cry'd $\cap$ fic! Again, when the fquire had come lome from the chafe, You receiv'd him, O Gods, with a fmile on your face, Henceforth, then, my flicep harum fkarum may run, For Maudlin is faithlefs, and I am undone.
maUbilin.
Ah, Joe! you're a good one; one day in my placeMy hufband at home-I was forced to fend Grace: I know for a truth, which you cannot gainfay, You touzled her well on a cock of new hay. Nay, fwore you'd be hers-and, what is worfe yet, 'That you only lov'd me juft for what you could get; As for charms then I ne'er will believe I have one; For Joey is faithlefs, and I am undone.

JOE.
Will you knoty then the truth on't ? I touz'd her I own, 'Though I rather ny half would have left it alone;
But I did it to fee if you jealous would prove, For that, people fay, is a fure lign of love.
maUDLIN.
And for me, if the fquire faid foft things in my ear, I fuffer'd it, thinking he'd call for frong beer;
Aud as to the ferjeant, 'tis always a rule,
One had better be kifs'd, than be tcaz'd-by a fool.
 BALLAD-IN THE QUAKER.

I Lock'd up all my treafure,
I journied many a mile,
And by my grief did meafure
The pafliug time the waile.

My bulinefs done and over,
I hanen'd back back amain,
Like an expecting lover,
To view it once again.
But this delight was fiffect, As it began to datwn:
1 found the cafket rifled, And all my treafure gonc.

##  SONG-IN THE CUAKER.

WOMEN are Will o' th' Wifps 'tis p'ain, The elofer they feem, fllit the more they retire;

They teaze you, and jade you,
And round ahout lcad you?,
Without bopes of nelter,
Ding dong, helter fkelter,
Throunh water and fire;
And, when you believe every danger and pain
Fronl your heart you may banifi,
And you're near the poffeffion of what you scire,
That inftant they vanifin,
And the devil a bit can you catch them again.
By fome they're not badly commared to the fea, Which is calm and tempefuous within the fame hour, So ne fay they are Sirens, but, take it from me, They're a fweet race of angels o"er man that has pow'r, His perfon, his heart, nay lis 1 eafon to feize, And lead the poor devil wherever they pleafe.

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { BALLAD-IN THE QUAKER. } \\
& \text { A. Kernel from an apple's core } \\
& \text { One day on either cheek I wore, } \\
& \text { I uhin was plac'd onn iny right cheek, } \\
& \text { 'Ihat on my left did Hodge befpeak; }
\end{aligned}
$$

Hodge in an inflant dropt to ground, Sure token that his love's unfound, But Lubin nothing could remove, Sure token his is conftant love.
Laft May I fought to find a fuail,
That might my lover's name revea?,
Which finding, home I quickly fped
And on the hearth the cmbers fpread;
When, if my letters I can tell,
I faw it mark a curious $L$ :
O may this omen lucky prove,
For L's for Lubin and for love.

## RONDEAU-IN THE QUAKER.

Whale the lads of the village flall merrily ah, Sound their tabors, I'll hand thee along,
And I fay unto thee, that merrily ah,
I hou and I will be firft in the throng.
Juff then, when the youth who laf rear won the dow'r,
And his mate flall the fports have logem,
When the gay voice of glat nefs. refomends from each borv'r, And thou long't in thy heart to make one, While the lads, \&c.
Tho.e joys that are harulefs what mortal can blame?
'Tis my $11.2 \times \mathrm{m}$ that youth fhould be frec;
And to prove that my words and ny detds are the farme, Believe thou flait prefently fee,

While the ladi, \&c.


BALLAD-IN ROSEAND COLIN.

I lof my poor mother When only a child, And I fear'd fuch another,

So gentle and mild,
Was not to be fround:

But I faw my miftake,
For farce was the gone,
But I prov'd 1 had mother and father in one:
And though at this minute he makes my heart achs There's not fuch another fearch all the world round.

I'd reach'd my tcens fairly,
As blithe as a bee,
His care, late and early,
Being all to pleafe me:
No one thing above ground
Was too good for his Rofe;
At wake, or at fair,
I was dreft out fo gaily, lord, people would fare,
And I fay it again, though he's peevifh, God knows, There's not fuch another, fearch all the world round,

But love, who, they tell us,
Docs many frange things,
Makes all the world jealous,
And mad-even kings
They fay he can wound.

## This love is the fore:-

since Colin came here,
This father fo kind is a father fevere;
Yet fill will I fay, though he fcolds more and mere, There's not fuch another, fearch all the world round.

## BALLAD-IN ROSE AND COLIN.

HERE's all her geer, her wheel, her work;
Thefe little bobbins to and fro,
How oft l've feen her fingers jerk,
Her pretty fingers, white as fnow.
Fa h object to me is fo dear,
My heart at fight on't throbbings goes;
'Twas here the fat her down, and here
she told me the was Colin's Rofe.
This poefy for her when fhe's drefs'd,
I've brought, alas! how happy 1,
Cunh! I be, like thefe flowers, carefs'd, Ard, like them, on her bofon die.

The violet and pink I took, And every pretty flower that blows; The rofe too, hut how mean twill look When by the fide of my fwcet Rofe.


## BALLAD-IN ROSE AND cotIN.

There was a jolly fhepherd lad,
And Colin was his name,
And all unknown to her old dad, He fometimes to fce Peggy cameThe nbject of his flame.
One day of his abfence too fecure, Her father thunder'd at the door, When, fcaring of his frown, Says fhe, 'dear love the chimney climb;' 'I can't,' cries he, ' there is not time
' Befides, I flould tumble down.'
What could they'do, ta'en unawares?
They thouglit, and thought again;
In clofets underncath the flairs
To hide himfelf 'twere all in vain, He'd foon be found, 'twere plain:
'Get up the chimney, love yo muft,'
Cry'd flue, 'or elle the door he'll burft,
'I would not for a crown;'
Young Colin feeing but this flift,
E'en mounted up-Peg Icnt a lift,
And cry'd; 'don't tumble down.'
With throbbing heart, now to the door, Poor Peggy runs in hafte;
Thinking to trick her father fure;
But hafte, the proverb fays, makes wafte,
Which proverb's here well plac'd.
Her father fcolded her his beft,
Call'd names, and faid, among the re@,
'Pray have you feen that clown?'
She farce had time to anfiver no,
When all over black as a crow,
Poor Colin tumbled down.

#  <br> BALLAD-in rose and colin. 

EXCUSE me, pray ye do, dear neighbour, But Rofe, ynu know, and I
Have oft partook one foort or labour, While you have pleas'd food by.
And fince from little children playing You've kindly called me fon,
I thought to Rofe I might he faying ' Good day,' and no harm done.
When you and father gravely counted, One morning in the barn,
To how much in a day it mounted
That both of us could earn,
Since then you down the law were laying,
And calling me your fon,
I thought to Rofe 1 might be faying ' Good day,' and no harm done.

## BALLAD-in annette and lubin.

YOUNG, and void of art or guile, From ill intention free,
If love I've cherifh'd all this white, It came in fpight of me.
When you've to me. and I've to yon, Try'd who could kindeft prove,
If that was love-what then to do To fly from this fame love?
When abfent from you I have mourn'd, And thought each hour a fcore;
When ou a fudden you returned, t've thrill'd with joy all o'er ;
They fay 'twas love-l thought 'twas you Ha I made my lieart thus move;
Alas what can a poor girl do, Tu fly from this fame love?
'ro every thing that you can afk; What frould I fay but yes?

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

It is beeaufe I like the tafk,
I freely grant each kifs.
You're all to me-I'm all to you -
This truth our deaths would prove,
Were we to part :-What then to do
To fly from this fame love ?


THEY tell me you liften to all that he fays; That each hour of the day you are full of his praife ;
That you always together your flocks lead to graze :
Is this true damfel?

> ANNETTE Yes, Mifer Bailly: BAILIFF.

They tell me alfo you are fo void of grace As to brag that dear form, and that dear pretty face, That young dog fiall be welcome to kifs and embrace : Is this true damfel ?

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { AnNette. } \\
& \text { Yes, Mifter Bailly? } \\
& \text { balliff. }
\end{aligned}
$$

The neighbours all fay, though I credit them not, They have heard you declare that, content with your lot, Any king you'd refufe for that lout and a cot : Is this true damfel?

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { ANNETTE. } \\
& \text { Yes, Mifter Bailly. } \\
& \text { BAlLfF. }
\end{aligned}
$$

But one thing I vow frights me out of my life, 'Tis allow'd on all hauds, that is, barring the ftrife, That you both live together juft like man and wife: Is this true damfel?

> ANNETTE,
> Yef, Mifter Bailly. $\mathrm{B}_{2}$

DUET-in annette and lúbin.

## LUBIN.

'Tis true that oft, in the fame mead,
We both have led our flocks to feed,
Where by each other's fide we've fat;
ANNETTE.
Alas! there was no harm in that.
lubin.
${ }^{3}$ Tis true for thee this cot I rofe, Where thou tak'ft pleafure to repofe?
For which I found the greeneft plat?
ANNETTE.
Alas! there was no harm in that.
LUBIN.
'Tis true when tired thou fain would'f reft,
And thy dear lips to mine l've prefs'd,
Thy breath, fo fweet!' I've wonder'd at:
ANNETTE.
Alas! there was no harm in that.

## LUBIN.

Ah, but 'tis true, when thou haft 月ept, Clofer and clofer have I crept;
And while my heart went pit-a-pat-

> ANNETTE.

Alas! there was no harm in that.

BALLAD-IN ANNETTE AND LUBIN.

A plagur take all fuch grumbling elves, If they will rail, fo be it ;
Becaufe we're hap Jier than themfelves, They can't endure to fee it.
For me, I never fhall repine.
Let whate'er fate o'ertake us;
For love and Annette thall be mine, 'Though all the world forfake us.

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Then, dear Annette, regard them not, The hours fliall pafs on gaily, In fpite of every fnare and plot Of that old doating Bailly.
No, never, Annette, thou'lt repine, Let whate'er fate o'ertake us;
For love and Lubin fhall be thine,
Though all the world forfake us.

BALLAD-IN ANNETTE AND LUBIN.

MY Lord, and pleafe you, he and I,
Morn, noon, and night, in every weather,
From little children, not this high, In the fame cottage liv'd together.
Our parents left me to his care,
Saying, Iet no one put upon her :

- No, that I won't, fays he, ' 1 fwear;' And he nc'er lies, and like your honour.
As I was faying, we grew up,
For all the world fifing and brother,
One never had nor bit wor fup,
Unlefs it was partook by t'other:
And I am fure, inftead of nee, Were it a duchefi, he had won her;
He is fo good, and l've, d'ye fee,
A tender heart, ank like your honour.
But, woe is ours, now comes the worf, To-day our forrows are beginning,
What I thought love-oh, I fhall burfThat nafty Bailly fays was finning.
With Lubin, who, of all the blifs I ever tafed is the donor, I took delight to toy and kifs, Till I'm with child, and like your honour.

[^0]BALLAD-IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONEK.

BROTHER foldiers why caft down?
Never, boys, be melancholy:

You fay our lives are not our own, But therefore fhould we not bs jolly?
This poor tenement, at beft, Depends on fickle chance: : mean while,
Drink, laugh, and fing; and, for the reft,
Wcll boldly brave each rude campaign;
Secure, if we return again, Our pretty landlady flall fmile.
Fortune his life and yours commands, And this moment, fhould it pleafe her.
To require it at your hands,
You can but die, and fo did Cæfar.
Our fpan, though long, were little worth,
Did we not time with joy beguile :
Laugh then the while you flay on earth, And boldly brave, \&c.
Life's a debt we all muft pay,
'Tis fo much pleafure, which we borrow,
Nor need, if on a diftant day
It is demanded, or to-morrow.
The bottle fays we're tardy grown, Do not the time and liquor fpoil,
Laugh out the little life rivi own, And boldly brave, \&č.

## BALLAD-in the chelsea pensioner.

SING the loves of John and Jean,
Siug the loves of Jean and John;
John, for her, would leave a queen,
Jean, for him, the noblell don.
She's his quéen,
He's her don ;
John loves Jean,
And Jean loves John.
Whate'cr rejoices happy Jean,
Is fure to burft the fides of John,
Does fle, for grief, look thin and lear
He inftantly is pale and wan:
Thin and lean,
Pale and wan,
John loves Jean.
And Jean loves Joln.
"Fwas the lily hand of Jean
Fill'd the glafs of happy John:
And, heavens! how joyful was the feen
When he was for a licenfe gone!

- Joyful feen,

They'll dance anon, For John weds Jean, And Jean weds John.
John has ta'en to wife his Jean, Jean's become the fpoufe of John,
She no longer is his queen,
He no longer is her don.
No more queen,
No more don;
John liates Jean,
And Jean hates John.
Whatever 'tis that pleafes Jean,
Is certain now to difpleafe John;
With fcolding they're grown thin and lean,
With fpleen and fpite they're pale and wan.
Thin and lean,
Pale and wan,
John lates Jean,
And Jean hates John.
John prays heaven to take his Jean,
Jean at the devil wifhes John;
He'll dancing on her grave be feen,
She'll laugly when he is dead and gone.
They'll gay be feen,
Dead and gone.
For John hates Jean',
And Janc hates John.

BALLAD-IN The chelsea pensioner.

WHEN, thou fhalt fee his bofom fwelling, When foft compaflion's tear fhall fart,
As my poor father's woes thou'rt telling,
Come back and claim my hand and heart.
The caufe bleft eloquence will lend thees
Nay, hafte, "and eafe my foul's diftrefs;
To judge thy worth, l'il here attend thee,
And rate thy love by thy fucects.

BALLAD-IN The chelsea pensioner.
'TWAS not her eyes, though orient mincs
Can boaft no gem fo bright that glows;
Her lips, where the deep ruby fhines,
Her cheeks, that fhame the blufling rofe,
Nor yet her form, Minerva's mien,
Her bofom, white as Venus' dove,
That nade her my affection's queen, But 'twas alone her filial love.
The ruby lip, the brilliant eye,
The sofy cheek, the graceful form,
In turn for commendation vie,
And juftly the fir'd lover charm:
But tranfient thefe-the charm for life,
Which reafon ne'er flall difapprove,
Which truly flall enfure a wife,
Faithful and kind, is filial love.

SONG-in the ehelsea pensioniz.
L.ET your courage boy be true t'ye,

Hard and painful is the foldier's duty;
'Tis not alone to bravely dare,
To fear a ftranger, Each threat'ning danger,
That whiftes through the durky air;
Where thund'ring jar.
Conflicting arms,
All the alarms,
And dreadful havock of the wrar.

- Your duty done, and home returning,

With felf-commended ardour burning,.
If this right pride
Fees hould deride,
And from your merit turn afide,
Though than the war the conflict's more fevere,
This is the trial you muft learn to bear.

## BALLAD-IN THE FRIENDLY TARs.

WHILE up the flrouds the failor goes,
Or ventures on the yard,
The landfman, who no better knows,
Believes his lot is hard.
But Jack with fmiles each danger meets,
Cafts anchor, heaves the $\log$,
Trims all the fails, belays the flieets,
And drinks his cian of grog.
When mountians high the waves that fwell
The veffel rudely bear,
Now finking in the hollow dell,
Now quiv'ring in the air. Bold Jack, \&c.
When waves 'gainft rocks and quickfands roar
You ne'er hear him repine,
Freezing near Greenland's icy fhore,
Or burning near the line.
Bold Jack,' \&c.
If to engage they give the word, To quarters all repair,
While fplinter'd mafts go by the board,
And thot ling through the air.
Bold Jack, \&c.

BALLAD-IN THE FRIENDLY TARS。
I saIL.'D in the good flaip the Kitty, With a fmart blowing gate and rough fea,
Left my Folly, the lads call fo pretty, Safe here at an auchor, Yo Yea.
She blabber'd falt tears when we parted,
And cry'd now be conflant to me;
1 tol 1 her not to be down hearted, so up went the anchor, Yu Yea.
And from that time no worfe nor no better, I've thought on juft nothing but fhe ;
Nor could grog nur flip make me forget her, \$he's my beft bower anchor, Yo Yea.

When the wind whifted larboard and farboard, And the form came on weather and lee,
The hope I with her flould be harbour'd Was my cable and anchor, Yo Yea.
And yet, my boys, would you believe me,
I returned with no rhino from fea,
Miftrefs Polly would never receive me, So again I heav'd anchor, Yo Yea.

## BALLAD-IN the Friendly tars,

IF 'tis love to wifh you near,
To tremble when the wind I hear, Becaufe at fea you floating rove: If of you to dream at night, To languifl when you're cut of aight, If this be living-then I love.
If, when you're gone, to count each hour,
To afk of every tender power
That you mar kind and faithful prove;
If void of falfhood and deceit,
I feel a pleafure now we meet,
If this be loving-then I love.
To wifl your fortune to partake, Determin'd never to forfake,
Though low in poverty we frove:
If, fo that me your wife you'd call,
I offer you my little all;
If this be loving-then I love.


BALDAD-IN THE FRIENDLY TARS.

Yet though I've on fortune to offer, I've fomething to put on a par;
Come then, and accept of my proffer, 'Tis the kind honeft heart of a tar.
Ne'er let fuch a triffe as this is, Girls, be to my pleafure a bar,
You'll be rich, though 'tis only in kifies, W'ith the kind honeft heart of a tar.

Befides, I am none of your nimics:
The next time 1 come from afar
I'll give you your lao full of guineas,
With the kind, honeft heart of a tar.
Your lords, with fuch fine bally faces,
That frut in a garter and far,
Have they, under their tambour and laces,
The kind, honeft heart of a tar.
I've this here to fay, now, and mind it, If love, that no hazard can mar,
You are feeking, you'll certainly find it In the kind honeft heart of a tar.

## BALLAD-IN THE OLD WOMAN OF EIGHTY.

Come here ye rich, come here ye great,
Come here ye grave, come here ye gay,
Behold our bleft, though humble fate,
Who, while the fun flines, make our liay.
The gay plum'd lady, with her fate,
Would the in courts a moment fay.
Could flie but guefs our lappy fate, Who, while the fun fhines, make our hay.
Nature we love, and art we hate, And, blithe and cheerful as the day,
We fing, and blefs our humble fate, And, while the fun flines, make our hay.
Hudge goes a courting to his mate, Who ne'er coqucts, nor fays hin! nay,
But flares content, an humble fate,
And, while the fun thincs, they make hay.
The captain puts on board his freight, And cuts through waves his dangerous way,
But we enjoy a gentler fate,
And, while the fun thines, make our hay.
See Hodge, and Dick, and Nell, and Kate,
In the green meadow frifk and play,
And own that happy is our fate,
Who, while the fun flincs, make our hay.
Come then, and quit each glittring bait, Simplicity flail point the way

## 26 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

To us, who blefs our humble itite, And, while the fun bincs, make our hay.

## BALLAD-IN THE OLD WOMAN UFEIGHTY.

HOW kind and how good of his dear majefly,
In the midnt of his matters fo weighty,
To think of fo lowly a creature as me,
A poor old woman of eighty.
Were your fparks to come round me, in love with each charm,
Says I, I have nothing to fay t'ye;
I can get a young fellow to keep my back warm,
Though a poor old woman of eighty.
John Strong is as comely a lad as you'll fec,
And one that will never fay nay t'ye;
I cannot hut think what a comfort he'll be
To me, an old woman of eighty.
Then fear not, ye fair ones, though long paft your youth,
You'll have lovers in fcores heg and pray t'ye,
Only think of my fortune, who have but one tooth,
A puor old woman of eighty.

## BALLAL-IN THE TOUCHSTONE.

PARENTS may faitly thank themfelves,
Should love uur duty mafter,
Checking his power, the fenfelefs elves
But tie the knot the fatter.
To trick fuch dotardz, weak and vain,
Is duty and allesiarce,
Whilf love, and all his pleafing train,
To fly were difobedience.
As fickic fancy, or caprice,
Or headiong whin, advifes,
Children, and all their futare peace,
Pecame the facrifice: :
Then irick thefo dotards, weak and vain,
'Tis chuty and allegiance;
Whilt loic, and all his nea ing tran,
20 n. were dik bediences

SONG-IN The touchstone.

THIS life is like a troubled fea,
Where, helm a-weather ot a-lee, The fhip will neither flay nor wear,
But drives, or every rock in fear ;
All fermanhlip in vaiu we try,
We cannot keep her fteadily,
lunt, juft as fortune's wind may blow,
The veffel's toflicated to and fro;
Yet, come hut love on board,
Oor hearts with pleafure for'd,
Noftorm cau overwhim,
Still hlows in vain
The hurricane,
While he is at the helm.

BALLAD-inthe toưchstone.

MY name's Ted Elarncy, l'll be bound, And man and boy, upon this ground, Full twenty years l've beat my round,

Crying Vauxhall watch:
And as that time's a litt'e flort, With fome fmall folks that hore refort, To he fure I have not had fome liport, Crying Vauxhall watch.
Oh of pretty wenches direll fo tight,
And macaronics what a fight,
Of a moonlight morn I've bid good night, Crying Vauxhall watch.
The lover cries no foul will fce,
You are deceived my love, cries the,
Dare's that Irifh taef there-meaning me-
Crying Vauxhall watch.
So they goes on with their amorons talk,
Till they gently fteals to the dark walk,
While Ifteps afide, no fport to balk,
Crying Vauxhall watch.
Oh of pretty wenches, \&e.

BALLAD-1nthe wives'revenge.
CURTIS was old Hodge's wife, For virtae mone was ever fuch,
She led fo pure, fo chafle a life, Hodge faid 'twas vartue over mach:
For lays ीy old Hodge, fays he,
Great talkers do the leaft d'ye fee.
Curtis faid if men were rude
She'd feratch their eyes out, tear their hair ;
Cry'd Hodge, I believe thou'rt wond'rous good, However, let us nothing fwear.

For fays, \&c.
One night the dreamt a drunken fool Be rude with her in fpight would fain ; She makes no more, but, with joint fool, Falls on her hufband might and main. Still fays, \&c.
By that time flie had broke his nofe, Hudge made flifi to wake his wife;
Dear Hodge, faid fhe, judge by thefe blows, I prize my vartue as my life. Still fays, \&e.
I dreamt a rude man on me fell ; However I his project marr'd :
Dear wife, cried Hodge, 'tis mighty well, Butnext time don't hit quite fo hard. For fays, \&c.
At break of day Hodge crafs'd a nile, Ncar to a field of new-mown hay, And faw, and curf his fars the while, C'urtis and Numps in am'rous play. Was'nt I right, fays Hodge, fays he, Great talkers do the leatt d'ye fee.

GLEE-IN the wives' reverce.

[^1]Venus' charms gain'd the prize, what an idiot was he!
The apple of gold l'd have parted in three;
And, contenting them all by this witty device,
Given juno, and Pallas, and Venus a flice.

BALLAD-IN THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

WHEN jealous out of reafon,
When deaf and blind to reaton,
Of truth we've no belief;
With rage we're ovcrflowing,
Nor why, nor wherefore knowing,
And the heart goes throl, with grief.
But when the fit is over,
And kindncfs from the lover
Does every doubt deftroy,
Away fly thoughts alarming,
Each objec appears charming,
And the heart goes throl with joy.

BALLAD-IN theshepherdess of the alps,

BY love and fortune guided,
I quit the bufy town;
With cot and flicep provided, And veftrnents of a clown,
'Thus have I barter'd riches
For a fliepherd's little flock;
A crook to leap o'er ditches,
And well to climb each rock:
A faithful dog, my ftcps to guide,
A fcrip and hautboy by my fide,
And my horn, to give the alarm,
When wolves would harm
My flock.
All, fay then, who can blame me?
For beauty 'tis I roam ;
But, if the chafe fhould tame me,
Perlaps I may come home.
Till then I'll give up riches, \&c.

# BALLAD-IN the shepherdess of the alys. 

THE rifing fun Lyfander found, Shedding tears o'er Phillis' tomb, Who fwore he ne'er would leave the ground,

But pafs his life in that dear gloom.
Tearing his hair, the frantic youth
Cry'd, food and raiment I deny;
And with my life fhall end my truth,
For love of Phillis will I die.
The radient god made half his tour,
The kine fought flelter from his heat,
Which pafs'd within the cottage door,
Where poor Lyfander drank and eat.
His dinner finifh'd, up he rofe,
Stalk'd, fighing, Gilently and flow,
To where were hung his Sunday's clothes,
Then took a walk to chafe his woc.
The fun to Thetis made his way, When, underneath a friendly thade,
A flicpherd fung in accents gay,
His paflion for a gentle maid.
O lovers, what are all your cares!
Your fighs! your fufferings! tell me what !
To Daphne 'tis Lyfander fivears,
And lovely Phillis is for got.

SONG-intheteuchstone.

MY tears-alas! I cannot fpeak!
Muft thank this goodnefs, fure, divine!
For had I words-worts are too weak,
Too poor to vent fuch thoughts as mine.
The fun, in its meridian heigh',
Will gratitude like this infpire;
Whofe kindly heat and picreing light,
We wonder at, and we admire.

BALLAD-IN THE SHEPHERGESS OF THE ALPS.

THE coy Paftora Damon woo'd,
Damon the witty and the gay ;
Damon, who never fair purfu'd
But the became an eafy prey.
Yet, with this nymph, his ev'ry power
In vain he tries, no language moves;
Thus do we fee the tender flower
Shrink from the fun whofe warmth it loves.
Piqued at the little angry pufs,
Cry'd he, fle fets me all on fire!
Then plagues herfelf, and makes this fufs,
Only to raife her value higher.
For, that the loves me every hour,
Each moment fome new inflance proves:
Thus do we fee the tender flower
Shrink from the fun, whofe warmth it lores.
How to refulve then? what refource?
By fair means fhe will near cone to ;
What of a little gentle force?
Suppofe I try what that will do?
I know fhe'll tears in torrents pour:
I know her cries will pierce the groves :
Thus do we fee the tender flower
Shrinkefrom the fun, whofe warmth it loves.

## RONDEAU-IN The shepherdess of the alps.

AH men! what filly things you are.
To woman thus to humbic,
Who, fowler like, but fpreads her fnare,
Or, at her timid game
Takes aim,
Pop, rop, and down you tumble.
She marks you down, fly where you will,
Or'e elover, grafs, or flubble;
Can wing you, feather you, or kill, Juft as flie takes the trouble.

Ah men, \&c.

Then fly not from us, 'tis in vain, We know the art of fetting,
As well as flooting, and can train
The flyeft man our net in.
Ah men, \&c.

BALLAD-in the shepherdess of the alps.

BRIGHT gems that twinkle from afar, Planets, and every leffer ftar,
That darting each a downward ray,
Confole us for the lofs of day,
Begone! e'en Venus, who fo bright,
Reflects her vifions pure and white,
Quick difappear, and quit the fkies,
For lo! the moon begins to rife!
Ye pretty warblers of the grove,
Who chant fuch artlefs tales of love,
The throfle, gurgling in his throat,
The linnet with his filver note,
The foaring lark, the whinling thrufl,
The mellow blackbird, goldfinch, hufl,
Fly, vanifh, difappear, take wing,
The nightingale begins to fing.

## BALLAD-in the shepherdess of the alps.

HERE fleeps in peace, bencath this rufic vafe,
The tendereft lover a hufband could prove;
Of all this diffrefs, alas! I am the canfe,
So muct I ador'd him, heaven envied my lore.
The fighs I refpire ev'ry morn I arife,
The mifery I cherifl, the grief, and the pain,
The thoufand of tears that fall from my eyes,
Are all the fad comforts for me that remain.
When, his colours difplay'd, honour call'd him to arms, By tender perfuations I kept him away,
His glory forgetting for thefe fatal charms,
And to punilh me lie is deprived of the day.

Since when to his memory I've rais'd this fad tomb, Where to join him, alas! I nhall fhortly defcend; Where forrow, nor pain, nor affliction can come, And where both my love and my crime flall have end:

B.ALLAD-IN harlequin freemason.

IN all your dealings tảke good care, Infructed by the friendly fquare, To be true, upright, juft, and fair,

And thou a fellow-craft fhalt be:
The level fo muft poife thy mind, That fatisfaction thou fialt find, When to another fortune's kind :-
'And that's the drift of mafonry.
The compafs t'other two compounds,
And fays, though anger'd on juft grounds,
Keep all your paffions within bounds,
And thou a fellow craft flatt be.
Thus fymbols of our order are
The compals, level, and the fquare ;
Which teach us , be jutt and fair:
And that's the drift of mafonry.

BALLAD-IN HARLEQUIN FREEMASON.

THE Sun's a free mafon, he works all the day,
Village, city, and town to adorn;
Then from labour at reft,
At his lodge in the weft,
Takes with good brother Neptune a glafs on his way.
Thence ripe for the fair,
He flies from all care,
To Dame' Thetis' charms,
Till rous'd from her arms
By the morn.
So do we, our labour d ine,
Firft the glafs,
And then the lafs, And then

## Sweet flumbers give frefl force

 To run our courfe, Thus with the rifing fun.The courfe of the fun all our myfferies defines:
Firft mafonry rofe in the eaft,
Then, to 110 point confin'd,
His rays checr mankind;
Befides, who'll deny but he well knows the figus?
The Grand Mafter he
Then of macons fhall be,
Nor fhall ought the craft harm,
Till to fline and to warm
He has ceas'd.
Then like him, our labour done, \&c.


- BALLAD-In harlequin freemason.

AT a jovial meeting of gods once on high, Ere Bacchus was hatch'd from old Jupiter's thigh, This one told his Qory, and that fung his fong, And did what he could left the time thould feem long. Apollo read verfes, the Graces wreath'd flowers, 'The Mufes of harmony fung forth the powers, Bully Mars crack'd his joke, and fly Momus his jef; Yet their mirth wanted fomething to give it a zeft.

Said Jove, our afiembly to-day's pretty full, Yet, I den't know how 'tis, we are horridly dull; We have all the ingredients that mirth fhould infpire, But fome clay-born alloy damps our heavenly fire, 1 have it-in this I'll a mirture inclofe Of all the delights whence good fellownip flows, And we'll tane of its produce, for mirth's bad at hef When there's any thing wayting to give it a zeft.

So faying, fo doing, he buried the fhrine,
Which quickly fprung up in the form of a vine,
The lcaves broad and verdant, the fruit deepeft blue,
Whence a juice flow'd that health, love, or youth might renew.
Its influence to feel, they came round it in fwarms,
Mars took draughts of courage, and Venus drank charms;
Momus fivallow'd bon mots, Cupid love-fo the reft, While Jove, fpurning neetar, cry'd-'This is the zeft.

## B.allad-in harlequin freemáson.

HERE I was, my good mafters, my name's Teddy Clinch, My cattle are found, and I drives 10 an inch;
From Hyde Park to White Chapel I well know the town,
And many's the time I've touk up and fot down :
In Mort, in the bills I'll be bound for't there's not A young youth who, like Teddy, can tip the long trot.
Oh the notions of life that I fee from my box, While faces of all kinds come about me in flocks;
The fot whom I drive home to neep out the day, The kind one who plies for a fare at the play ; Or, your gents of the law, there, who, four in a lot, To Weftminfter Hall I oft tip the long trot.
My coach receives all, like the gallows and fea, So I touch but my fair you know all's one to me; The men of the gown, and the men of the fword, A ma'am, or a gambler, a rogue, or a lord; To wherever you're going I well know the fpot, Aiad, do you tip a tizzy, I'll tip the long trot.

Billead-in theislanders.

THE ladies' faccs, now a-davs,
Are various as their humours,
And on complexions of we gaze,
Brought home from the periumer's.
Hid as it were beneath a cloak,
The beauty's falle that wins you,
Then parpon me, by way ol jokt,
If 1 prefer my Dingg.
A handkerchief can rub away Your rofes and your lilies ;
The more you ruls,' the more you may. My Dingy dinzy fill is.
Beffides, her hair is black as jet,
Her eyes are gems from India :
Rail as you lift then, I na'lyet,
For joke's fake love poor Dingy.


## BaLLAD-in the islanders.

D:D fortune bid me chufe a flate From all that's rich, and all that's great, From all that oftentation brings,
The fplendor, pride, and pomp of kings; Thefe gifts, and more, did Ge difplay, With health, that felt not life's decay, I'd fpurn with fcorn the ufelefs lot, Wcre my Camilla's name forgot.
But did flue for my fate affign, That I fhould labour in a mine; Or, with many wretches more, In flavery chain me to an oar; Or from the fight of men exiled, Send me to a Siberian wild, For this and inore would fhe attone, Were my Camilla all my own.

## BALLAD-in the islanders.

WHEN Yanko dear fight far away, Some token kind me fend;
One branch of olive, fur dat fzy
Me wifl de battle end.
The poplar tremble as himgo, Say of dy life take care,
Me fend no laurel, forme know Of that him find him flare.
De ivy fay my heart be true, Me droop fay willow tree,
De torn he fay me fick for you, De fun-flower tink of me.
Till laft me go, wcep wid the pine, For fear poor Yanko dead ;
He come, and I de myrtle twine, In chaplet for him head.

SONG－in the islanders．

I＇LL mount the cliffs，I＇ll watch the coaf， Anxicus fome welcome tidings foon to bear，
Nor let your fortitude be loft，
Confiding fill in honeft Yanko＇s care，
Though to my comrades I＇m untrue， Honour fhall infidelity applaud，
And call in charity to you， My broken faith to them a pious fraud．

## BALLAD－IN The ISLANDERS．

ORRA no talk，no fay fine word，
No drefs lim，no look gay，
Vay little fing you hear von bird，
Him mate be gone away．
Orra tell truc，the have no grace
Of lady for him part，
Dare beauty all be in him face，
But Orra in him heart．
Orra do little，all the do；
Frogive，for the no gall，
To every ting the promife true，
Love Yanko，and dat all．
But Orra，\＆c．

BALLAD－IN THE ISLANDERS．

POOR Orra tink of Yanko dcar，
Do he be gone forever，
For he no dead，he fill live here，
And he from here go never．
Like on a fand me mark him face，
De wave come roll him over，
De mark him go，but ftill the place
＇Tis eafy to difcover．

I fee fore now de tree de flower, He droop like Orra, furely,
And den by'm bye there come a hower,
He hold him head up purcly:
And fo fome time me tink me die,
My heart fulick he grieve me,
But in a lily time me cry
Good deal, and dat relieve me.

## SONG-IN THEISLANDERS.

PASSION is a torrent rude,
Which rapid bears down every height,
A turbulent, unruly flood,
Which with the ocean would unite.
Reafon's a fountain, calm ferene,
Which, near gay fields, and laughing how'rs,
While it refleçs th' enchanting feene,
Is born among a bed of flowers.
 BALLAD-IN Theislanders.

A BED of mefs we'll fraight prepare,
Where, near him gently creeping,
We'll pat his cheeks, and ftroke his hair,
And watch him while he's flecping.
Sweet flowers of every feent and huc,
Pinks, violets, and rofes,
And blooming hyacinths we'll frew,
As fweetly he repofes.
And we'll with fond emotion flart,
And while, with admiration,
WG foftly feel his fluttering heart,
Partake its palpitation.

## BALLAD-IN THE ISLANDERS.

COME, courage lads, and drink away,
A man upor his wedding day
Ought rarely well his part to play
At Stingo, or October:

For, who would be that fupil elf For whim, caprice, or love, or pelf, To poifon, hang, or drown hiunfelf, Or marry when he's fober.
For madam's will at nothing fops, She muf have balls, and routs, and fops, And ofien ranfack all the thops,

In gay attire to rulse her:
Then drink the day you take a wife,
As the lan enmfort of your life:
For, cver after, noife and Itrife
Are fure to kecp you fober.

## BALLAD-intended for the guaker.

THOU'S'T heard thofe o!d proverbs, ne'er lean on a ru@i, A hird in the hand is worth two in the buth, 'I'is the moncy paid down that decides who's the winner, Who waits upon fortune's ne'er fure of a dinner : Out of fight out of mind, delaying breeds danger, He ought to be cozen'd whotrufts to a ftranger Heaven take my friend, and the old one my brother, Promifing's one thing, performing another.

Much may fall out 'twixt the cup and the lip, 'the builder's receipt's the beff fail in the flip, ' $\Gamma$ is a good thing to lend, but a better to borrow, Pay me to-day, and l'll truft you to-morrow. Brag is a good dog, but hold-faft a better, Youmay guefs at a word when you know the firft letter, There's not the mof fire where you fee the moft fmothep, Promifing's one thing, performing another.

## BaLLAD-inthemischance.

## 프를

O THINK on the tine when you came home at night, And fupp'd upon mufeles, no lily more white, When I u ed to provide you with many a treat Of as fine Melton oyfters as cver were cat. Nuw fee what a clange! all che mufcles for me May he thod under fout, or thrown iuto the fea; My Jey is faife! and the once fprightly tone Wicta which I cry'd oyfters is funk to a drone!

## 40 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

When the laft kit of falmon we fat down to broach, And you told me your heart was as found as a roach, How fweet was my temper ! what joys did I fell, Little thinking you'd fip through my Lands like an cel. But my temper's now chang'd-I, that once was fo mild, I was thought to be gentle and meek as a child, Su crufty ann grown, I ne'er fpeak a word civil, And my cuftomers fay I'm as crofs as the devil. My fall was fo clean, and my tubs were fo white, They were perfealy-people would tell me-a fight: I liften'd with joy when the folks told me fo, For my ftall and my tuls were both foower'd for Joe. But now they're all dirty, neglected they lic, I oft take them up, and as oft throw them by, For his fake I pleafure in cleaning them found, He has left me, and now they're as black as the ground.

## BALLAD-IN PANDORA.

WHAT nanghty things we women are, Who long for fruit forbidden;
Though 'twere our bane, we cannot bear The leaft thing from wis hidden.
Jout what we fee will we helieve, 'Though ill on ill we're heaping, Though to this day, from mother Ere, We have always paid for peeping.
Thus curions gitls, urged by their youth, Thoughtlefs what they were doing,
Have fallhood found difguis'd like truth, And malk'd like pleafure, ruin.
Inflead of fiziling, who muft grieve, Whofe joys are turu'd to weeping, And who toolate, like mother Eve, Find they have paid for peeping.
Should I to my defires give way, I may enconnter forrow,
And that I think a goed to. day, May prove an ill to-morrow.
Yct, catutions prudence, by your leave. The lecret's in my kerping ;
1 am weak woman, aud, like Eve, Connut rofain from pecping.

BALLAD-IN THE REASONABLE ANIMALS.

- A Wolf who had been a Lazuyer.-

By roguery, 'tis true,
I opulent grew,
Jult like any other profeffional finner ;
Ali orphan, d'yc fee,
Would juft wafh down my tea,
And a poor friendlefs widow would ferve me for dimner.
I was, to be fure,
OF the helplefs and poor
A guardian appointed to manage the pelf;
And I manag'd it well,
But how-fays you-tell?
Why I let them all farve, to take care of my felf.
With thefe tricks I went on
Till, faith fir, anon,
A parcel of Rupid, mean-fpirited fou's,
As they narrowly watch'd me,
Soon at my tricks catch'd me.
And, in their own words, hatald ne over the cuals.'
In the pilory, that fate
For rogues, foon or late,
Iftood, for the fport of a dilolute mob;
Till my neck Mafter Ketch
Was fo ealger to ftretch,
That I gave the thing up as a dangereus jol.
Now a wolt-from their dams
Ifeal plenty of lambs,
Pamper'd high, and well fed-an infatiable glutton-
In much the fame fphere
When a man, I move here,
Make and break laws at pleafure, and kill my onn mutton.
Then fince, for their fport,
No one here movesthe sourt,
Nor am I aneuable to an employer,
I fhall ever prefer;
With your leave, my good fir,
The life of a wolf to the life of a layyer.

## 42 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

##  <br> BALLAD-IN Thereasonagle anrmals.

- A bog wbo bad been an alderman-

FOR dainties I've had of them all, At taverns, Lord Mayor's, and Guildhall, Whare the purveyors, nuthing fingy,

To fill the wallet,
And pamper the palate,
Have rarities brought from India.
Then what fignifies what one takes in, For, when one's cram'd up to the chin, Why, really, good friend to my thinking,

If on venifon and wines,
Or on hogwafli, one dines, At laft 'tis but eating and drinking. Befides, I've no books I arrange, Nor at two need I e'er go to change ; Have no bufinefs with note, bond, or tally,

Nor need I, from any ill luck,
Either hull, or a bear, or lame duck, Ever fear waddling out of the alley. For dainties, \&c.

## HALLAD-IN the reasonable animals.

- A bull rwbo bad been an Irijbman-

IS'T my ftory you'd know? - 1 was Yatrick Multooney, A jolman, and Ireland my nation,
'r'o be fure I was not a tight fellow too, honey,
Bcfore my tranfinogritication.
I did not at all talk of flames and of darts,
To conquer the fair-the dear jewels!
And wid hufbands, becafe why I won their wives' hearts,
I did not fight plenty of detels.
Then arrah, bodder how you can, You'll ne'er peifuade me, honey,
For I thall ahways, bull or man,
Le Patrick Mulrooney:

When at Almack's, or White's, or at Brookes's, or Boodle's, I've fat up all night in the morning,
'Mongt biack legs, and coggers, and pigeons, and noodles, The calling to ufe I was born in:
' $\Gamma$ o be fure many honeft gold guineas it yields, But, fince 'tis a fervice of danger,
I'm a better man now I'm a bull in the fields, To popping and tilting a ftranger.

## 

## BALLAD-IN Liberty-haly.

WERE Patience kind to me
Oh he de nos!
Far plyther than a coat I'd be,
Oh he de nos!
Lcap, ikip, and pound, would poor Ap Hugh,
And capriole, and caper too,
And friik, and jump, and dance, look you,
Oh he de nos!
But Patience very cruel is, Oh he de nos!
With jibes, and cheers, and mockeries,
Oh he de nos!
Which makes to figh and foh $\Lambda$ p Hugh,
And whining, his fad fortune rue,
And crieve, and croan, and crunt, look you,
Oh he de uos !
BALLAD-IN LIBERTY-HALL,

WHEN faintly gleams the doubtful day,
Ere yet the dew drops on the thorn,
Borrow a luftre from the ray
That tips with gold the dancing corn, Health bids awake, and homage pay

To him who gave another morn.
And, well with ftrength his nerves to braet,
Urges the fuortiman to the chafe.
Do we purfue the timid hare,

- As trembling o'er the lawn fhe bounds?

Sill of ber fafecy have we care

## 44 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

While fceming death her fteps furrounds, We the defencelefs creature fpare,
And inflant fop the well taught hounds:
For cruelty flould ne'er difyrace
The well-earn'd pleafure of the chafe.
Do we purfue the fubte fox,
Still let him breaks and rivers try,
Through marfles wade, or climb the rocks,
'The deep-mouth'd hounds fhall following fly And while he every danger mocks,
Unpitied flall the culprit die:
To quell this cruel, arcful race,
Is labour worthy of the chafe.
Return'd, with flaggy fpoils well for'd,
To our convivial joys at night, We toaft, and firft our country's lord,

Anxious who mont flall do him right; The, fair next crowns the focial board,
Britons thould love as well as fightFor he who flights the tender race, I. held unvorthy of the chafe.

## SONG-in liberty-hall.

WHO to my wounds a balm advifes, But little knows what I endure; The patient's pain to torture rifes When medicine's try'd, and fails to cure.
What can the wifeft counfel teach mc, But fad remembrance of my grief?
Alas! your kindnefs cannot reach me, It gives but words-I alk relief.

## BALLAD-in liferty-hall.

JACK RATLIN was the ableft fea-man, None like him could band, reef, and flecr, No dangerous toil but he'd encounter, With fill, and in contenipt of fear:
In fight a lion-the batile ended, Mcek as a bleating lamb he'd frove;

Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit, Yet did he figh, and all for love.
The fong, the jeft, the flowing liquor, For none of thefe had Jack regard; He, while his meffimates were caroufing, High fitting on the pendant yard, Would think upon his fair ones beauties, Swear never from fuch charms to rove, That truly he'd adore them living, And, dying, figh-to end his love.
The fame exprefs the erew commanded Once more to view their native land, Among the reft, brought Jack fome tidings; Would it had been his love's fair hand! Oh fate-her death defac'd the letter, Inftant her pulfe forgot to move, With quiv'ring lips, and cyes uplifted, He heav'd a figh-and dy'd for love!

## GLEE-IN LieERTY hall.

WHAT if my pleafures fools condem, Becaufe I am not dull, like them, Becaufe no minute I let pafs, Unnark'd by a convivial glafs ? Or elfe retir'd from frife and noife, 1 tempt the fair to fofter joys; A mortal with a foul divine, Alternate crown'd with love and wine. Thefe fhall on earth my being flare, And when I'm gone, if in my heir My fpirit live, let him not mourn, But fee embofs'd upon my urn.
Bacchus and Venus in a wreath,
With this infeription underneath :
"This mortal had a foul divine,
"Alternate crow'd with love and wine."

BALLAD-IN Liberty-hadi.

WHEN fairies are liohted by night's filver queen. And feaft in the meadow, or dance on the green, My Lambkin afide lays his plough and his nai!,

By yon oak to fit near me, and tell his fond tale. And though l'm affiur'd the fame vows were belicved By Patty and Ruth, he forfook and deceived, Yet, fo fiveet are his worde, and like truth fo appear, I pardon the treafon, the traitor's fo dear.
If faw the fraw bonset he bought at the fair,
The rofe-colkur'd rilbon to derk Jenny'E hair.
The floo-ties of Bridget, and fill worfe than this,
The gloves he gave Peggy for ficaling a kifs.
All thefe did I fee, and with heart-rending pain, Swore to part; yet I know, when I fee limi again, His words and his looks will like truth fo appear, 1 fhall pardon the treafon, the traitor's fo dear.

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## BALLAD-in lieerty hall.

SEE the courfe throng'd with gazers, the fports are begun
The confurion but hear !- 1 'll het you fir-done, done;
Ten thoufand Arange murmurs refound far and near,
Lords, hawkers, and jockics, affail the tir'd ear :
While with neek like a rainbow, erecting his cref,
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching his breaft
Scarcely frnffing the air, he's fo proud and elate, The high-mettled racer firf farts for the plate.
Now renard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch rufh, Hounds, hories, and huntimen, all hard at thisbrufh; They run him at length, and they have him at bay, And by fcent and by view cheat a long tedious way: While, alike born for fiports of the ficld and the courfe, Always fure to come thorough, a faunch and fleet horfe; When fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath, The high-mettled racer is in at the death.
Grown aged, ufed up, and turn'd out of the flud. Lame, fpavin'd, and windgali'd, but yet with fone blocd; While kuowing poftillions his pedigree trace, Tell his dam won the fweeplleakcs, his frec gain'd that race; And what natches he won to the oflers comint o'er, As they lester their time at fome hedge ale houfe door, While the harnefs fore galls, and the fpurs his fides goad, The bigh-metted raccr's a thack on the road.

Till at laft, having labour'd, drudg'd carly and late,
Bow'd down-hy degrees, he bends on his fae $e$, Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill, Or draws fand, till the fand of his hour-glafs ftands fill: And now, cold and lifelefs, expofed to the view, In the very fame eart which he vefterday drew, While a pitying crowd his fad relicks firrounds, The high-mettled racer is fold for the hounds.

## BALLAD-in liberty hale.

DO falmonds love a lueid fream?
Do thirlty fheep love fountains?
Do Druids love a doleful theme?
Or gnats the craggy mountains?
If it be true thefe things are fo,
Astruly fhe's my lovey,
And os witI yng carie I,
Rooifit dwyn de garie di,
As cin, dai, tree, pedwar, pimp, chweck go .
The bells of Aberdavey.
Do keffels love a whifp of hay?
Do fprightly kids love prancing?
Do curates crowdies love to play?
Or peafants morice dancing?
If it be true, \&c.

BALLAD-IN THE BENEVOLENT TAR.

A PLAGUE of thofe multy old lubhers, Who tell us to falt and to rhink, And patient fall in with life's rubbers,

With nothing but water to drink.
A can of good Ituff! had they twigg'd it,
'T'would have fet the in for pleafure agog,
And, fpight of the rules
Of the fchools,
The old fools
TVould have all of 'em fwigg'd it,
And fwore there was nothing like grog.

My father when laft I from Guinea Return'd, with abundance of wealth, Cry'd Jack, never be fuch a ninny To drink:-faid I-father your health.
So I fhew'd him the fuff, and he twigg'd it,
And it fet the old codger agog,
And he fwigg'd, and mother, And fifter, and brother,
And I fwigg'd, and all of us fwigg'd it, And fwore there was nothing like grog.
T'other day as the chaplain was preaching,
Behind him I curioufly flunk,
And while he our duty was teaching,
As how we fhould never get drunk,
I fhew'd him the fuff, and he twigg'd it,
And it foon fet his rev'rence agog.
And he fwigg'd, and Nick fwigg'd,
And Ben fwigg'd, and Dick fwigg'd,
And I fwigg'd, and all of us fwigg'd it,
And fwore there was nothing like grog.
Then truft me there's nothing like drinking,
So pleafant on this fide the grave;
it keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes e'en thev aliant more brave.
As forme, from the moment I twigg'd it,
The good ftuff has fo fet me agog,
Sick or well, la e or early,
Wind foully or fairly,
Helm a-lee or a-weather,
For hours together,
l've confantly fivigg'd it,
And, dam'me, therc's nothing like grog.

## BALLAD-IN THE BENEVOLENT TAR。

WHAT argufies pride and ambition ?
Soon or late deatly will take us in tow;
Each bullet has got its commiffion,
And when our time's come we mult ge.
Then drink and fing-hang pain and forrow,
The halter was marle for the neck;
He that's now live and lufty-to-morrow
Perhaps may be fretch'd on the deck.

Then drink and ing-hang pain and furrow,
The halter was made for the neck;
'He that's now live and lu'ty-to-morrow Perhape may be feretch'd on the deck.
There was little Tom Linfock of Dover Got kill'd, and left Polly in pain, Poll cry'd, but her gricf was foon over,

And then the got inarried again.
Then drink, \&c.
Jack Junk was ill ufed hy Bet Crocker, And fo took to guzzling the ftuff, 'Till he tumbled in old Davy's locker, And there he got liquor enough. Then drink, \&c.
For our frize money then to the proctor,
Take of joy while 'tis going our freak:
For what argufies calling the doctor When the anchor of life is apeak.

Then drink, \&ic.

A Sailor's.love is void of art, Plain failing to his port, the heart, He knows no jealous folly :
'Twere hard enough at fea to war
With boifterous elements that jar-
All's peace with lovely Polly.
Enough that, far from fight of Chore,
Clouds frown, and angry billows roar,
Still is he hrifk and jolly:
And while caroufing with his mates,
Het health he drinks-anticipates
The fmiles of lovely Polly.
Should thunder on the horizon prefs,
Mocking our fignals of diftrefs,
E'en then dull melancholy,
Dares not intrude :-he braves the dir,
In hopes to find a calm within
The fnowy arms of Polly.

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BALLAD-IN THE MILK MAID.
SWEET dities would my Patty fing,
Old Chery Chafe, God fave the King,
Fair Rofemy, and Sawiy Scot,
Lilebularo, the Irifh Trot,
All thefe would fing my hlue-cy'd Patty.
As with her pail ne'd trudge along,
While fill the burthen of her fong
My hammer beat to bluc-ey'd Patty.
But nipping frofts and chilling rain
Too foon alas choak'd every ftrain;
Too foon, alas! the miry way
Her wet flod feet did fore difmay,
And hoarfe was heard my blue-ey'd Patty.
While I for very mad did cry;
Ah could I but again, faid I,
Hear the fweet voice of blue-ey'd Patty!
Love taught mc how-I work'd, Ifung,
My anvil glow'd, my hammer tung,
'rill I had form'd from out the fire,
To bear her feet above the mire,
An engine for my bluc-cy'd Patty.
Again was heard each tuneful clofe,
My fair one on the patten rofe,
Which takes its name from blue-ey'd Patty.

BALLAD-IN HARVESIHOME.
As Dermot toil'd one furmmer's day,
Young Shelah, as the fat behind him,
Fairly fole his pipe away-
Oh den to hear how fle'd deride him.
Where, poor Dermot is it gone,
Your lity lily loodle?
They've left you nothing but the drone.
And that's yourfelf, you noodle.
Beum bum boodle, loodle lo,
loor Dermot's pipe is loft and gone,
And what will the poor devil do?

Fait, now I am undone and more, Cry'd Dermot-ah will you be adfy ?
Did not you fale my heart before?
Is it you'd have a man run crazy ?
Tve nothing left me now to nojan,
My lily lily loodle,
That ufed to chear me fo is gone -
Ah Dermot thou'rt a noodle.
Beum bum boodle, loodle lo,
My heart, and pipe, and peace are gone-
What next will cruel shelah do?
But Shelah hearing Dermot vex,
Cry'd Mae, 'twas little Cupid mov'd me,
Ye fool to fteel it ont of tricks,
Only to fee how much you lov'd me.
Come cheer thee Dermont, never moan,
But take your lily loodle,
And for the heart of you that's gone,
You hhall have mine, you noodle.
Beum bum boodle, londle lo,
Shela's to church with Dermot gone,
And for the ref-what's dat to you.

## BALLAD-IN CLUMP AND CUDDEN.

THIS, this my lad's a foldier's life,
He marches to the fprightly fife,
And in cach town to fome new wife, Siwears he'll be ever true;
He's here-he's there-where is he not?
Variety's his envied lot.
He eats, drinks, fleeps, and pays no nhot,
And follows the lond tattoo.
Call'd out to face his country's foes,
The tears of fond domeftic woes
He kiffes off, and boldly goes
To earn of fame his duc.
Religion, liberty, and laws,
Both his are, and his country's caufe -
For thefe, through danger, without panfe,
He follows the loud tatton.
A id if at laft, in honour's wars,
He carns his lhare of danger's fears,

## Still he feels bold, and thanks his nars

He's no worie fate to sue :
At Chelfea, free from ioil and pain, He wiclds his crutch, points out the flain, And, in fund fancy, once again,

Fullows the loud tattoo.

## BALLAD-IN TOM THUMB.

IS it little Tom Thumb that you mean, and his battles? Arrah fend him for playthings fome whifles and rattles: At the fight of a fword all his nerves would be quaking, He fight! he kill giants! is it gane you are making? As well may you tell us that cagics fear larks,
That nice cat up lions, and furats fwallow fharks :
Then talk not of any fuch nonfenfe to me-
Wid your confounded boderum bumboodle liddle lee.
Ton Thumb! fuch a flurimp fure no eyes ever faw'He handles his arms as a fly hugs a fraw:
To be fure in the wars dangers certain to quit him, For the taef's fuch if flea dare's no bullet can hit him. And then as to courage, my jewel-lioot, hoot! Arrah did not I find him chin deep in my boot?
Then talk not of any fuch nonfenfe to me,
Wid your ecnfounded boderum humboodle lictdle ice.
Tom Thumb narry you!-mufla honey he aefy, Were it not for your fenfe, I thould think you gone crazy : Shall a fine fately ofrich thus wed a cock-fparrow?
'Tivere a haberd ftuck up by the fide of an arrow-
Or a fly on a clurch, or a mountain and moufe, Or a pifmire that cratis by the fide of a boufe: Then talk net of any fuch nonfenfe to ine, Wid your confounded boderum, burrboodle liddle lee.


## B ALLAD.

THAT all the world is up in arms, And talka of nought but velia's charms, That crowds of lovers near and far, Conee all to lee this bazing far,

## DIBDIN'S.SELECTED SONGS.

Is true-who has not heard on't.
But that flie all at diftance keeps,
And that her virtue never flecps-
I don't believe a word on't.
That for one lover had fhe ten,
In fhort, did fhe from all the inen
Her homage due each day receive,
She has good fenfe, and, I helieve,
Would never grow abfurd on't :
But for foft dalliance fhe'd refufe.
Some favourite from the rrowd to chufe-
I don't believe a word on't.
That in the face of ftanders-by
She's modefty itfelf's no lie;
That then were men rude things to fay,
'Twould anger her-oh I would lay
A bottle and a bird on't :
But to her bedchamber, d'ye fee,
That Betty has no private key
I don't believe a word on't.


B ALLAD.

I Thought we were fidule and bow, So well ws in concert kept time,
But, to frike up a part bafe and low,
Without either reafon or rhime:
What a natural was I fo foon With pleafure toquaver away!
For I'm huinm'd, I think, now to fome tune ${ }_{2}$ She has left me the piper to pay.
I plainly perceive flue's in glee, And thinks I Itall be fuch a flat
As to fhake, but fie's in a wrong key,
For fhe never fliall catch me at that.
Whoe'er to the crotches of love Lets his heart dance a jig in his brealt,
"Twill a bar to his happinefs prove, And fhall furely deprive him of reft.

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## B ALLAD.

I fing of a war fet on foot for a toy,
And of Paris, and Helen, and Hector, and Troy, Where on women, kings, gen'rals, and coblers you fumble,

- And of mortals and gods mect a very ftrange jumble,

Sing didderou bubberoo, oh my joy,
Hivw fwectly they did one another deftroy !
Come, fill up your bumpers, the whifky enjoy,
May we ne'er fee the like of the fiege of 'roy!
Menclaus was happy wid Helen his wife,
Except that the led him a devil of a life,
Wid dat handfome tafe Paris fhe'd toy and fle'd pay,
'IIll they pack'd up their alls, and they both ran away. Sing didderoo, \&c.
Agamemnon, and all the great chicfs of his houfe, Soun took u: the caufe of this hornified fpoufe, While Juno faid this thing, and Venus faid that,
And the geds fell a wrangling they knew not for whate Sing didderoo, \&c.
Oh den fucls a flaughter, and cutting of trotes, And flaying of bullocks, and offering up goats !
'I'ill the cunning Ulyites, the Irojans to crols, Clapt forty fiad fellows in one wouden horle. Sing didderoo, \&c.
Oh den for to fee the maids, widows, and wives, Grying lome for their virtue, and fome for their lives:
'Thus after ten years they'd defended their town,
Puor dear Troy in ten minutes was all hurnt dowa! Sing didderoo, \&c.
But to fee how it cnded's the beft joke of all, Searee had wrong'd Menelaus afcencled the wall, But he blubb'ring faw Helen, and, of frange to tell .
The man took his nare, and fo all was weil.
sing diciceroo, \&c.

> B A L. L A D.

1 Sing Ulyffes, and thofe chiefs Who, out cf near a million,

So luckily their bacon fav'd Before the walls of llion.
Yankee doodle doodle doo,
Black negro he get fumbo,
And when you come to our town
We'll make you drunk with bumbo.
Who having taken, fack'd, and burnt,
That very firft of cities,
Return'd in triumph, while the bards
All fruck up amorous ditties.
Yankee doodle, \&c.
The Cyclops firf we vifited,
Ulylles made him cry out;
For he eat his mution, drank his wine,
And then he pok'd his cye out.
Yankee doudle, \& c .
From thence we went to Circe's land,
Who faith a girl of fpunk is,
For fue made us drunk, and chang'd us all
To affes, goats, and monkics.
Yankee doodle, \&c.
Aud then to hell and back again,
Then where the Syrens Cara,
Swell cadence, trill, and Alake, almore
As well as Madam Mara.
Yanker doodle, \&c.
To fell Charibdis next, and then
Where yawning Seylla grapple
Six men at once, and eats them all,
Juft lixe fo many apples.
Yankec doodle, \&e
From thence to where Apollo's bulio
And fheep all play and ficip fo,
from whence Ulyffes went alonc
To the 1Rand of Calypfo.
Yankee doodle, 《<c.
And there he kifs'd, and toy'd, and play' ${ }^{\prime}$,
' 1 is true upon my life fir,
Till, having turn'd his miftrefo off,
He's coming to his wife fir.
Yantice doodle \&e.

## GLEE.

WE, on the prefent hour relying,
Think not of future, nor of paft,
But feize each monent as 'tis flying,
Pcrhaps the next may be our latt.
Perhaps old Charon, at bis wherry,
This moment waits to waft us o'er;
Then charge your glaffes, and be merry,
For fear we ne'er fhould charge them more.
With brow auftere, and head reclining,
Let envy, age, and haggard care
Grow four, and at our joy repining,
Blarze pleafures which they cannot fhare.
Put round the glaffes, and be jolly,
In fight of all fuch idle fuff,
Whether'tis wifdom or 'tis folly,
'I is pleafure boys, and that's enough.
м м - BALLAD.

I'VE made to marches Mars defcend,
Juftice in jigs her fcales fufpend. Magicians in gavots portend,

And Furics black wigs brifle:
To preftos Pallas 硅gis' blaze,
Snakes twift to fugues a thoufand ways,
And Jove whole towns with lightning raze
At found of the prempter's, whille.
I've made a fun of polin'd tin,
Dragons of wood, with ghanly grin,
A canvas fea, the which within
Did Icather Dolphins caper;
I've ftrung with packthread Orpheus' lyre,
Made fheep and oxen dance with wire,
And have deftroyed, with painted fire,
Grand temples of cartridge paper.
I've made a fwain, his Inve afleep,
Chide warbling birds and bleating fleep?
While he himfelf did hawling keep,
Like boatman at a ferry:

I've racks made that no blood could fpill,
Foul poifon that could do no ill,
A d daggers queens and princes kills, Who are alive and merry.

## BALLAD.

WHEN lan from the fraights we had fairly caft anchor.
I went, bonny Kitty to hail,
With quintables flor'd, for our voyage was a fpanker,
And bran new was every fail:
But I knew well enough how, with words fweet as honex,
They trick us poor tars of our gold,
And when the fly gipfies have finger'd the money,
The bag they poor Jack give to hold.
So I chafed her, d'ye fec, my lads, under falfe colours, Swore my riches were all at an end,
That l'd fported away all my good-looking dollars,
And borrow'd my togs of a friend:
Oh then had you feen her, no longer my honey,
'Twas varler, audacious and bold,
Begone from my fight-now you've fpent all your money.
For Kitty the bag you may hold.
With that I took out double handfuls of fliners,
And fcorufully bid her good bye,
'Twould have dione your heart good had you then feen her fine airs,
How fle'd leer, and fle'd fob, and fhe'd figh ;
But I food well the broadfide, while jewel and honey
She call'd me, I put up the gold,
And bearing away, as 1 fack'd aill the moncy,
Leff the bag for Ma'am Kitty to hold.


BaLLAD-intended for the cuarer.
THOU man of firmuefs turn this way,
Nor time by abfence meafure,
The fportive dance, the fprightly lay
Shall wake thee into pleafure:
Spite of thy formal outward man,
Thou'rt gay, as we fhall prore thee;

Then checr thee, laugh away thy fpan, And let the fpirit move thee,
None are more juft, more true, more fair,
More upright in their dealings,
Than men of thy profeffion are, But are they witheut feelings?
E'cu now I know thy honc! heart Full forely doth reprove thee;
Be gyy then, in our joy take part, And let the firit move thee.

## BALLAD.

IN Paris, as in London,
Vice thrives, and virtue's undone;
Errors, paffions, want of truth,
Folly, in age as well as youth,
Are things by no means rare,
But honeft ufurers, friends fincere,
And judges with their confcience clear,
C'eft qu'on ne voit guere.
In Paris All things vary,
Sixteen and fixty marry;
Men prefuming on their purfe,
Heirs with their eftatcs at nurfe,
Are things by 110 means rare:
But ductors who refufe a fee,
And wives and hufbands who agree,
C'eft qu'on ne voit guere.
In Paris idle paffion
And folly lead the fathion;
Attention paid to fhew and drefs,
Modeft merit-in dilarefs,
Are things by no means rare:
But friend hip in farcaftic fneers,
And honefly in widow's tears,
C'eft qu'on ae voit guere.

## BALLAD.

BEHOL.D the fairies' jocund band,
Who firm, though low of fature,
*Gaint giant vice flatl nake a fland.
Pourtraying human nature.
We've characters of every mould, All tenipers, forms, and fizes,
"The grave, the gay, the young, the old,
Hid under quaint difguifes.
Then hey for the fairies, \&c.
We have a prieft who never fwears,
But whe is always ready
With money, or advice, or prayers,
To help the poor and needy.
Then hey for the fairies, \&c.
A man and wife, who both on crutch
Are now obliged to hobble,
Who fifty years, or near as inuch,
Have never had a fquabble.
Then hey for the fairies, \&c.
A magiftrate upright and wife,
To whom no bribe is given,
And who before two charming eyes
Can hold the balance even.
Then hey for the fairies, \&co.
A lcarn'd phyfician of great fkill,
All curcs, like Galen, pat in,
Who never does his patients kill,
'Take fees, or jabbers latin.
'Then hey for the fairier, \& c .
A country fquire who hates the fmell Of Stingo and October,
A modern poet who can fpell,
And a mufician fober.
Then hey for the fairies, \&c.
Away then, comrades, beat to arms,
Difplay your fportful banners,
Strike hard at vice, explore falfe charns,
And catch the living manners.
Then hey for the fairies, \&c.

BALLAD.
CHAIRS to mend, oid chairs to mend.
Like mine to botch is each man's fate,
Each toils in his vocation-

One man tinkers up the flate, Another mends the nation.
Your parfons preach to mend the heart,
They cobble heads at college;
Phyficians patch with terms of art
And latin want of knowledge.
But none for praife can more contend Than I,
Who cry
Old chairs to mend.
Your lawyer's tools are flaws and pleas;
They manners mend by dancing;
Wigs are patches for degrees,
And lovers ufe romancing:
Fortunes are mended up and made,
Too frequently, with places-
With ronge, when their complexions fade,
Some ladies mend their faces.
But none for praife, \&c.

BALLAD.

A Tinker I am, My name's Natty Sam, From morn to night I trudge it ;

So low is my fate,
My perfonal eftate
Lies all within this budget.
Work for the tinker ho, good wives,
For they are lads of mettle-
Twere well if you could mend your lives,
As I can mend a kettle.
The man of war
The man of the bar,
Phyficians, priefts, free-thinkers,
That rove up and down
Great London town,
What are they all but tinkers?
Work for the tinker, \&c.
Thofe 'mong the great
Who ifioker the fase,

DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.
And badger the minority,
Pray what's the end
Of their work, my friend,
But to rivet a good majority ?
Wurk for the tinker, \&c.
This mends his name,
That cobbles his fame,
That tinkers his reputation :
And thus, had I time, I could prove in my rhyme, Jolly tinkers of all the nation.

Work for the tinker, \&c.

## BALLAD.

ART one of thofe mad wags, whofe, brain Intruder reafon can't contain, Who are of fuch unruly minds,
They buffet waves, aud fplit the winds;
In blanket robe, and crown of ftraw,
Who to mad fubjeets deal mad law?
If this 'tis makes thy bofom fwell,
Hie demaniac to thy cell.
Or art thou drunk-a frenzy too,
One of that hair-brain'd, noify crew,
Who vigils keep at Bacchus' fhrine,
And drown good reafon in bad wine ?
Every delire in life who think
Compris'd in a defire to drink !
If by this demon thou'rt poficit,
Hie the good drunkard home to reft.
Or art in love, and fo gone mad ?
Doft go with folded arms ? art fad?
Doft figh? dof languifh ? doft play pranks ?
For which contempt is all thy thanks?
Doft pant? doft long for fome frail charms,
Devoted to another's arms?
Is this thy madnefs, nupid elf?
Hie thee away and hang thyfelf.

WHEN in order drawn up, and adorn'd in his beft, If my foldier appears with more grace than the reft, If his gaiters are jet, his accoutrements fine,
If his hair'stied up tight, and his arms brightly fhine, Let him turn, wheel, or face, march, kneel, foop, or fand, Anxious ftill to ohey every word of command; Rect like an arrow, or bending his knee, 'Tis not for the general, 'tis all to pleafe me. If with fmoak and with duft cover'd over by turns, 'To gain a flam height, or falfe baftion, he burns; If, of danger in fpight, and regardlefs of fear, He rufhes to fight when there's nobody near:

In fhort, let him turn, \&c.

BALLAD-IN CLUMP AND CUDDEN.

A Novice in love, and a franger to art,
As pure as $m y$ wifhes my unpractis'd heart;
When 1 roje with the lark, and out-warhled the thrufl, Free frem falfhood or guile, for 1 knew not to blufh:

Thofe paft days I deplore.
When innocence guarded my unfullied fame,
When to think, and to act, and commend were the fame; When on my face, In artlefs grace,
Danced frolic fport and pleafure-now no more. Ere I liften'd and lov'd, ere man fmil'd, and betray'd, Eic by horror appall'c, and of confeience afraid;
Lof to cach fond delight that e'er woman adorn'd,
by a hard judging world look'll at, prity'd, and fcorn'd, Thofe paft joys I deplore:
Thofe joys, ere by man's artlil treachery forfook,
Which, suiltelefs and pleafed, with the world I partook; When on my face, With artlefs grace,
Danc'd frolic fport and pleafure-now no mare.

## 

DUET-IN CLUMP AND CU̇DDEN.


PLATOON.
SAY Fanny, wilt thou go with me?
Perils to face, by land and fea,
That tongue can never tell ye ?
And wilt thon all thefe dangers foorn,
Whilf in thefe armas
I hold thy charms,
Enraptur'd ev'ry opening morn,
When the drum beats revcilice.
fanny.
Yes, yes, Platoon-I'll go with thee
la danger, whatfoe'er it be-
Believe 'tis truth I tell you:
My conftant miod fiall peril foorn,
Brave all alarms,
So in my arms
1 hold thee every opening morn,
When the drum beats leveillez.

## PLATOON.

Still Fanny wilt thou go with me?
Suppofe the cruel fates decree,
Alas how fhall I tell you?
The news fhould come-thy foldier fuli,
And thou flualt hear,
Appall'd with fear,
Next morning his fatal paffing bell,
When the drum beats reveillez.
FANNY.

Still fearlefs will I go with thec,
Refign'd to cruel fate's decree,
And bravely this I tel! you:
When on the fpot my foldier fell
I'd Ched a tear,
The world fhould hear,
Mingling with his, my paffing bell,
When the drum beats reveillez.

> воті.

To the world's end I'd go with thee, Where thou art, danger ne'er can be;

My joy no tongue can tell ye:

And fuse fuch love may perils fern,
Brave all alarms,
While in my arms
I hold the every opening morn,
When the drum beats reveillcz.

BALLAD.
NOSEGAYS I cry, and, though little you pay, They, are fuch as you cannot get every day.
Who'll buy, wholl buy ? - tit nufegays I cry. Who'il buy? who'li buy? - 'is nofegays I cry.

Each mincing, ambling, lifping blade,
Who miles, and talks of blifies
He never felt, is here portray'd
In form of a Narcifits. Nefegays I cry, se.
Statefmen, like Indians, who adore The fun, by courting power,
Cannot le fhewn their likeness more Than in th' humble fun -flower. Nosegays 1 cry, \&c.
Poets I've here in Sprigs of bays, Devils in the bul are friars;
Nettles are critics, who damn plays, And fatirifts are briars.

Nofegays I cry, \&c.

## BALLAD-In Tom THUMB.

THE younker, who his firft (flay Makes in the front of battle.
Stands all aghaft, while cohorns play. And bullets round him rattle
Fut pride ftps in, and now no more - Fell fear his jav'lin lances,

Like dulcet flutes the cannons roar, And groans turn country dances
So frights, and flurries, and what hot, Upon my fancy ruflics,
I fear I know not why or what, Inn covered user with blufics,

But let the honey feafon fly,
To fecond well my clapper,
'The kitchen's whole artillery
Shall grace my hufband's napper.

BALLAD-IN The whim of the moment.
'TIS faid we venturous die-hards, when we leave the fhore,
Our friends fhould mourn,
Left we return
To blefs their fight no more:
But this is all a notion
Bold Jack can't underftand,
Some die upon the occan,
And fome on the land:
Then fince 'tis clear,
Howe'er we fteer,
No man's life's under his command,
Let tempefts howl,
And billows roll,
And dangers prefs:
Of thofe in fpight, there are fome joys
Us jolly tars to blefs,
For Saturday night fill comes my boys,
To drink to Poll and Befs.
One feaman hands the fail, another heaves the $\log _{7}$ -
The purfer fwops
Our pay for flops,
The landlord fells us grog;
Then each man to his fation,
To keep life's Ahip in trim,
What argufies noration ?
The reft is all a whim:
Cheerly.my hearts,
Then play your parte,
Boldly refolved to fink or fwim;
The mighty furge
May ruin urge,
Of thofe in fpight, \&c.
For all the world juf like the ropes aboard a fhip, 1,
Each man's rigg'd out
A veffel fout,
To take for life a trip:

## dibdin's selected songs.

'The flirouds, the flays, and braces
Are joys, and hopes, and fears,
The halliards, fheets and traces,
Still, as each palion veers,
And whim prevails,
Dircet the fails.
As on the fea of life he fteers:
Then let the form
Heaven's face deform,
And langer prefs:
Of thofe in fpight, \&c:

## BALLAD-in the whim of the moment.

'THE grey•ey'd Aurora, in laffron array, 'Twixt my curtains in vain took a pecp,
And though broader and broader ftill brightened the day, Nought could wake me, fo found did I fleep.
At length rofy lheebus look'd full in my face,
Full and fervent but nothing would do,
Till the dogs yelp'd impa+ient, and long'd for the chafe, And flouting appear'd the whole crew.
Come on, yoics honics, hark forward my boys, There ne'er was focharming a morn,
Follow, follow, wake Echo, to Chare in our joysNow the mufic, now echo-mark! mark! Hark! hark!
The filver-mnuth'd hounds, and the mellow ton'd horn. Frefl as that fmiling morn from which they drew breath, My companions are rang'd on the plain,
Blef with rofy contentment, that nature's beft wealth,
Which monarchs afpire to in vain:
Now flinits like fire every bofom invade,
And now we in order fet out,
While each neighb'ring valley, rock, woodland, and glade, Je-volies the air-rending fout.

Come on, \& c.
Now renard's unearth'd, and runs fairly in view,
Now ve've loft him fo fubtily he turns,
But the feent lies fo ftrong, fhll we feallefs purfue, While each object impatiently hurns:
Hara: Babler gives tengue, and Floet, Driver, and Sly, The fox nuw the covert forfakes,
Again le's in view, let us after him fly, Now, now to the river he takes.

Come on, \&c.

From the river poor renard can make but one pulf, No longer fo proudly he flies, Tir'd, jaded, worn out, we are clofe to his bruht, And conqer'd, like Crefar, he dies. And now in high glee to board we repair, Where fat, as we jovially quaff, His portion of merit let every man fhare, And promote the convivial laugh. Come on, \&c.

## BALLAD-IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

FROM prudence let my joys take birth,
Let me not be paffion's flave,
Approv'd by reafon, fweet's the mirth,
Vice of pleafure is the grave.
Then fiil to reafon's dictates true, Select the fweets of life like bees; Thus your e:jogments will he few But fuch as on reflection pleafe.
Wine exhilirates the foul, Infpires the mirth of every feaf, But gluttons fo may drain the bowl,

Till man degenerates to beaft:
Then mirth and wifdom keep in view, And freely on the bottle feize ;
What though your pleafures are but few !
They're fuch as on reflection pleafe.
Love the fource of human joys,
The mind with blifs that fweetly fills,
Too often its own end deftroys, And proves the fource of humanills.
Here reafon's dictates keep in view,
Or, farewell freedom, farewell eafe,
The real joys of life are few
But fuch as on reflection pleafe.
Then while we meet, let's only own Joys that do honor to the heart,
And ceafing to prize thefe alone,
Deplore our frailty, figh, and part ;
Meanwhile to reafon's dictates true,
select the fiveets of life like bees,
Thus your enjoyments will be few
Eut fuch as on reflection pleafe.
baLLAD-in the whim of the moment.

THE fpangled green confefs'd the morn,
The rofe bud dropt a tear,
And liquid prifms bedeck'd the thorn,
When Sandy fought his dear:
Sure never loon was e'er fo crofs'd-
Ye fhepherds fwains impart;
Where did the gang? ah me! I've loft
The lafly of my heart.
Her charms are felt as foon as kenn'd,
Eyne bright as brilliant gem,
But of her beauties there's no end,
Why need I talk of them?
Each flepherd fwain finds, to his coft,
What power they can impart,
But moft poor Sandy, who has lon
The laffy of his heart.
But mine's the fault, and mine's the grief, How could I rafhly dare!
Oh I have finn'd beyond relief, 'Gaimft all that's fweet and rare:
But fee, fhe comes! ceafe heart to bound, Some comfort ah impart ?
She fmiles! ali fhepherds I have found The laffy of my heart!

BALLAD-in the whim of the moment.

OF all fenfations pity brings,
To proudly fivell the ample heart,
From which the willing forrow fprings,
In others grief that bear a part.
Of all fad fympathy's delights,
The manly dignity of grief
A joy in mourning that excites,
And gives the anxious mind relief:
Of thefe would you the feeling know,
Moft gen'rous, noble, greatly brave,

That ever taught a heart to glow,
'Tis the tear that bedews a fo.dier's grave.
For hard and pairful is his lot,
Let dangers come he braves them a:l;
Valiant perhaps to be forgot,
Or undiftinguifl'd doom'a to fall :
Yet wrapt in confcions worth fecure,
The world, that now forgets his toil,
He views front a rctreat obfcure,
And cquits it with a willing fmile.
Then trar'ler one kind drop beftow,
T'were graceful pity, nobly brave;
Nonght ever tanght the heart to glow
Like the tear that hedews a foldier's grave.

## BALLAD-in the whim of the moment.

GO patter to lubbers and fwabs d'ye fee
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like,
A tight water boat and good fea-room give me, And t'ent to a little I'II ftrike;
Though the tempefts top gallant mafts fmack fmooth fhould fmite,
And hiver each fplinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, fow the yards, and bouze every thing tight, And under reef'd forefail we'll fcud:
Avaft! nor don'e think me a milk-fop fo foft To be taken for trifle, aback,
For they fays there's a providence fits up aloft To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.
Why 1 heard the good chaplain palaver one day About fouls, heaven, mercy, and fuch,
And, my timbers, what lingo he'd coil and belay, Why, 'twas jult all as one as high Datch:
But he faid how a fparrow can't founder d'ye fee, Without orders that comes down below,
And inany fine things that piov'd clearly to me That providence takes us in tow ;
For, fays he, do you mind me, let forms e'cr fo oft Take the top-fails of failors ahark,
'There's a fweet littie cherub that fits up aloft, To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

1 faid to our l'oll, for you fee flie would cry, When laf we weigh'd anchor for fea,
What argufis fniv'ling, and piping your eye,
Why what a damn'd fool you mult be!
Can't you fee the world's wide, and there's room for us all, Botly for feamen and Jubbers afhore,
And if to old Davy I hould go, friend Poll, Why you never will hear of me more:
What then, all's a hazard, come don't be fo foft, Pcrhaps I may laughing come back,
For d'ye fee there's a cherub fit fimiling aloft, To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.
D'ye mind me a failor fhould be every inch All as one as a piece of the flip,
And with her brave the world without offering to flinch, From the moment the anchor's a trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, fides, and ends, Nought's a trouble from duty that fprings,
For my heart is my Poll's, and my Rhino's my friend's, And as for my life 'tis the king's :
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me fo foft As for grief to be taken aback,
That fame little cherub that fits up aloft Will look out a good birth for poor Jack.

## BALLAD-IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMEKT.

WHAT though from Venus Cupld fprung, No attribute divine
-Whate'er the bawling bards have fung-
Had he, his bow till Bacchus ftrung,
And dipp'd his darts in wine :
Till old Si'cnus plung'd the boy
In neclar from the vine,
Then love, that was before a iny,
Became the fource of mortal joy ;
The urchin fhook his dewy wings,
And carelefs levelled clowns and kings,
Such power has mighty wine.
When Thefeus on the naked Gore
Fair Ariadnc left,
D'ye think flie did her fate dep!ore,
Or her fine locks or bofom tore,
Like one of hope bereft :

Not fhe indeed, her feeting love From mortal turns divine,
And as gay Jacchus' tigers move,
His car afcends amidnt a grove
Of vines, furrounded by a throng,
Wha lead the jolly pair alopg, Almont half gone with wine.
Ma'm Helen lov'd the Phrygian boy,
He thought her all his own,
But hotteft love will fooneft cloy,
He ne'er had brought her fafe to Troy
But for the wife of Thone.
She, merry goflip mixed a cup
Of tipple, right divine,
To keep love's flagging firits up,
And Helen drank it cvery fup;
This liquor is 'monga learned elves,
Nepenthe called, but 'twixt ourfelves,
'Twas nothing more than wine.
Of Lethe and its flowery brink
Let mufty poets prete,
Where thirfty fouls are faid to drink,
$T$ hat never they again may think
Ujpon their former flate.
What is there in this fonllefs lofs, 1 pray you fo divine?
Grief finds the palace and the cot,
Which, for a time, were well forgot;
Come here then, in our lethe fhare,
The true oblivion of yotir care
Is only found in winc.

## RONDEAU-in the whim of the moment.

SMILING grog is the failor's beft hope; his fheet anchor, IVis compafs, his cable, his log,
That gives him a heart which lite's cares cannot canker,
"Ihongh dangers around him
Unite, to confound him,
He braves them, and tips off his grog.
'Tis giog, only grog,
If hiis rudder, his compafs, his cable, his log,
'Ibe fatlor's flucet anchor is g*og.

What though he to a friend in tiuft His prize money convey,
Who to his bond of faith unjuft, Cheats him and runs away:
What's to be lone? he veats a curfe 'Gainft all falfe hearts aftore, Of the remaindler clears his purfe, And then to fea for more.:

There's fmiling grog, \&c. What though his girl, who often fwore

To know no other charms,
He finds, when he returns afhore, Clafn'd in a rival's arms:
What's to be done? he vents a curfe And feeks a kinder fhe,
Dances, gets groggy, clears his purfe, And goes again to fea.
To croffes born, ftill trufting there, The waves lefs faithlefs than the fair; There into tcils to rufl again, And formy perils brave-what then? Smiling grog, \&c.
baLLAD-in the whim of the moment.
YANKO he tell, and he no lie, We near one pretty bronk, Him flowing hair, him lovely yiei Sweetly on Orra look :
Him fee lig world fine warrior men,
Grand cruel king love blood;
Great king! but Yanko fay what den
If he no honcft good?
Virtue in foe be virtue llill,
Fine flone be found in mine,
The fun one dale, as well one hill,
Make warm where'tr him fline.
You broder tim, lim broder you,
So all the world fhould call,
For nature fay, and fhe fay true,
That men be broder all.
If cruel man, like tiger grim,
Come bold in thirft of blood,
Poor man :-be nohle-pity him,
That he no honefl good:

Virtue in foe be virtue fill, Fine flone be found in mine, The fun one dale, as well one hill, Make warm where'er Mim hine.

BALLAD-IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

I am a jolly fifherman, I catch what I can get,
Still going on my betters' plan,
All's fill that comes to net;
Liih, juft like men, l've often caught,
Crabs, gudgeons, poor John, Codfiff,
And many a time to market brought,
A dev'iifh fight of odd fifl.
Thus all are fifhermen through life,
With weary pains and labour,
This baits with gold, and that a wife,
And all to catch his neighbour ;
Then praife the jolly fillerman,
Who takes what he can get,
Still going on his betters' pan,
All's filh that comes to net.
Then pike to catch the little fry,
Extends his greedy jaw,
For all the world as you and I,
Have feen your men of law:
He who to lazinefs devotes
His time, is fure a numb finh,
And members who give filent votes
May fairly be called dumb fifh :
Falfe friends to eels we may compare.
The roach refembles true ones!
Like gold fifh we find old friends rare,
Plenty as herrings new ones. Then praife, \&c.
Like filh then mortals are a trade,
And trapp'd, and fold, and buught ;
The old wife and the tender maid
Are both with tickling caught;
Indced the fair are caught, 'tis faid, If you but throw the line in,
With maggots, flies, or fomething red,

Or any thing that's fhining:
With fmall fifh you muft lie in wait For th fe of kigh condition, But 'tis alone a golden bait

Can catch a learn'd phyfician.
Then praife, \&c.

ARM'D with jav'lin, arm'd with dart, With mighty arm and feady hcart, We to the battle go; Zet, 'ere we part,

We join with all our friends fo dear,
And fervent adoration pay
To the bright orb that gave us day.
Then void of fear,
We rufh to meet the foe:
Station'd on impervious ground,
We watch their number featter'd round;
The fubtic ambunt then prepare,
And fee they fall into the fnare !
fiid as in the woods we lay,
They tread the unfufpected way ;
Sudden and fierce from every bufh,
Upon the aftonifl:'d foe we rufh,
Bold and refolved :-and now around,
Hark! the dreadful war-whoop found,
Confufion, terror, and difmay,
It featters as it wings its way :
They fly! confufion in their train,
And faughter treads the fangu'ne plain!
Hark of our friends the welcome cry,
Proclaims for us the victory ?
Then fervent adoration pay
To the bright orb that gave us day.
See the feftive train advance,
Breathe the mufic, Icad the dancet
Sound the cymbals!
Beat the tymbals!
Hatte, in glad proceftion come
To our anxious friends at home,
for our reception whe prepars,
While acclamations rend the air,

And loudly a whole nation cry, Honvur, glory, victory.
-ь力"

## BALIAD-in the whim of themoment.

BE it known to all thofe whofoe'er it regards,
That we fingers of hallads were aiways calld bards;
And from Ida to Grub-ftrcei the mufes who follow
Are each mother's fon the true fpawn of Apollo:
Thus recording great men, or a flea, or a flar,
Or the fpheres, or a jew's-larp, we're all on a par;
Nor in this do 1 tell you a word of a lie,
For Homer fung ballads and fo do I.
Don't you know what the incient's were - great things they talk'd,
How they rode upon Pegafus-that's to fay, walk'd-
That near kindred gods they drove Phoebus's chariot,
The Englifh of which is-they liv'd in a garret:
And thus they went forward, Diogenes quaff' $\delta$,
Heraclitus cried, and Densocritus laugh'd,
Menander made multitudes both laugh and cry,
But Homer fung ballads and fo do 1 .
Thus did they frange whimfical notions purfue,
Some argued on one leg, and fome upon two;
To which laft my pretenfions are not hypothctic,
For'tis certainly cledr l'm a perapatetic' :
Lycurgus and Solon 'bout laws made a pother,
Which went in at one car, and then out at t'other.
Old fongs fuch as minc are will nobody buy?
Come, Homer fung baliads and fo do I:
Hiftoric was Pliny, and Plato divine,
Ovid wrote about love, and Anacreon wine,
Great Cicero argued to every mau's palate,
And when he was out-'twas a hole in the ballad:
Thus to great men of old, who have made finch a rout,
My claim to call coufin l've fairly made out,
And if any hereafter my right fiould deny,
Tell' em Homer fung ballads, and fo do I.


Look fairly all the world around,
And, as you truth deliver,

Tell me what charasier is found A real favoir vivre?
Who truly merits fober fameTo find you need not wander, None can detect lifc's fraudful game. So well as the By-ftander.
The lover cogs, and palms, and fips,
The cafy fair to buffle,
And fill to win that flake her lips, Will deal as d cut, and fluflle :
Still will he ply eaclı fubtle art,
Till he has quite trapaun'd her, And then is fure to trump her heart, If abfent the By-ftander.
Preferment is a bowing green, Where, placed in each pofition, Bowls joft'ing in and out are feen,

To reach the Jack ambition,
The hias int'reft ftill they try,
Twift, turn, and well meander,
Yet their mancuvres, rub or fly,
Are known to the By-flander.
'The law's a game at whift, wherein
The parties nine are both in,
Where tricks alone the game can win,
And honcurs go for nothing:
And while they, a fure game to nick. Their client's money fquander,
Full inany more than one odd trick Difcovers the B y -ftander.
The coxcomb plays at fluttlecock, The wit conmands and queftions, The carping cits to commerce flock,

Each follows his fuggefions.
Yet he alone who merits fame,
Who blunts the fliafts of flander,
And on the fquare life's mo:cly game
Bet p'ays is the By-ftander.
BALLAD-IN the graces.

AT firf like an infant appearing,
With neither his bow nor his darts,

To his wiles tse attend without fearing,
Till he creeps by degrees to our hearts.
When foon for our folly requited,
This gueft the fole mafter we find,
For fearce to the bofom invited,
He lords it at will o'er the mind.

BALLAD-in the graces.

SAY, fluttering heart, Why after days of fweet delight,

Where confcious innocence bore part, Serene as fmiling morn, peaceful as filver night, Or gay as gaudy noon, when Phæbus' beams thone bright.

Say, how one hour,
One little infant could remove
That vacant carciefs joy? what power Infliet the torments we now prove ; Cynthia forbid it ever floould be love.

Dear goddefs, for fair honour's fake, Believe the torments we partake!
' 'each us to cure our am'rous fires,
Or elfe permit us our delires :
And this with zealous care perform,
Swift as the wind that rules the form;
Swift as the glowing god of day
Darts from alar a downward ray, And fo fhall vot'rius to thy praife
A thoufand, thoufand altars raife.


BAI.LAD-IN THE HONESTIMPOSTORS.

THAT girl who fain would chure a mate, Should ne'er in fondnefs fail her,
May thank her lucky ftars if fate Shonld fplice her to a failor,
He braves the form, the hattle's heat,
The yellow boys to nail her ;
Diamonds, if diamonds fhe could eat, .
Would feek her boncef failor.

If the'd be conftant, fill his heart She's fure will never fail her;
For, though a thoufand leagues apart, Still faithful is her failor.
If the be falfe, ftill he is kind, And abfent does bewail her,
Her trufting is he trufts the wind, Still faithlefs to the failor.
A butcher can procure her prog, Three threads to drink a tailor,
What's that to buifcuit and to grog, Procur'd her by her failor.
She who would fuch a mate tefure, The devil fure muft ail her ;
Search round, aind, if your wife, you'll chufe To wed an honelt failor.

> BALLAD-IN THE ODDITIES.

TWWAS in the good fhip Rover I fail'd the world around, And for three years and over, I ne'er touch'd Britilh ground ;
At length in England landed, I left the roaring main,
Found all relations ftranded, And went to fea again.
That time bound ftraight to Portugal, Right fore and aft we hore;
But when we made Cape Ortugal,
A gale blew off the flore:
She lay, fo did it fhock her, A log upon the main,
Tiil, fav'd from Davy's locker, We food to fea again.
Next in a frigate failing, Upon a fqually niglit,
Thunder and lightning hailing The horrors of the fight,
My precions limb was lopp'd off, 1, when they'd eas'd my pain,

## DIBDIM'S SELECTED SONGS.

'Thank'd God I was not popp'd off, And went to fea again.
Yet fill am I enabled To bring up in life's rear, Although l'm quite difabled, And lic in Greenwich tier ;
The king, God blefs his royalty, Who fav'd me from the main,
l'll praife with love and loyalty, But ne'er to fea again.
BALLAD-IN THE ODDITIES.

THE morning breaks, 'Thofe ruddy flreaks
Proclaim the opening day,
With glowing health,
The fportfman's weálth,
Away bovs, come away.
The mellow horn

- On the fill morn

Pours founds which echo mock',
While following bound
Man, horfe, and hound,
'T' unearth the wily fox.
Hark echo mocks
The winding horn,
That on the expanded wing of morn,
Though fweet the found in dreadful yell,
Tolls out a knell
To the devoted fox.
Now off he's thrown,
The day's our own,
Sce yonder where he takes;
To cheat our eyes,
In vain he tries
The rivers and the brakes,
The mellow horn
Breaks on the morn,
And leads o'er hills and rocks;
While following bound
Man, horfe, and kound,

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8O DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.
    T' entrap the wily fox.'
    Hark echo mocks, &c.
    Now, now he's feiz'd,
    The dogs well pleas'd
    Behold his eyc-balls roll;
    He yields his breath,
        And from his death
    Is born the flowing bowl.
        The mellow horn
        That through the morn
    Led over hills and rocks,
    Now founds a call
        To fee the fall
    Of the expiring fox.
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    GLEE-In the whim of the moment.
    COME around me and weep, to your hearts take defpair:
    " l 's a caufe that all nature mult nourn,
    Poor Mylas, of love from all had a fhare,
From our wifhes for ever is torn.
'That Hylas to whom we look'd up for a fmile,
As we bleffings from heaven would obtain,
Whofe form was fo faultefs, whofe tongue knew no guile,
Is gone, and our wifhes are vain.

BALLAD—IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.
'FIS true the marks of many years
Upon my wrinkled front appears,
Yet have 1 no fuch idle fears
This will my fortune fpoil:
Gold fill fome happinefs beftows, E'en where no youthful ardour glows ; For proof dear girl, take thefe rouleaus, And give a fweet fmile.
'Tis true upon my haggard face
No marks of beauty can you trace, Nor wears my figure ought of grace

To enfure the lover's blifs?

Yet am Ino fuch horrd fright
But that bank notes may fet things right,
Take then thefe bills all drawn at light,
And give me a fivett kis.
'Tis true I know not to be kind.
And that within my harden'd mind
To more a jewel can you find
Than beauty in my face:
But one within this calket here
May make amends, its luftre's clear,
Nor flall I think I've fo!d it dear
Paid by a firect embrace.


BALLAD-IN THE oddities.
COME painter, with thy happieft fight,
Portray me every grace
In that bleft region of delight,
My charming Silvia's face:
And hear me painter, to enhance
The value of thine art,
Steal from her eyes that very glance
That fole away my lieart,
Her forehead paint, in fway and rule,
Where fits, with pleafure grac'd,
A form like Venus beautiful,
And like Diana Chafte:
Then paint her cheeks-come, paint and gaze,
Guard well thy heart the while,
And then her mouth, where Cupid plays
In an cternal fmile.
Next draw-prefumptuous painter hold;
Ah think'f to thee "twas given
To paint her bofom?-would'ft fo bold
Prcfume to copy heaven!
Nay leave the tank, for 'tis above;
Far, far aloove thine art!
Her portrait's drawn-the painter love, The tablet my fond heart.

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## BALLAD-IN THE ODDITIEQ。

A Sailor's life's a life of woe, He works now late now early,
Now up and down, now to and fro,
What then he takes it cheerly:
Bleft with a fmiling can of grog,
If duty call,
Stand, rife, or fall,
To fate's lat verge he'll jog:
The cadge to weigh,
The flucets belay,
He does it with a wifh!
To heave the lead,
Or to cat-head
The pondrous anchor fift:
For while the grog goes round,
All fenfe of canger drown'd,
We defpife it to a man:
We fing a little, and laugh a little;
And work a little, and fwear a little,
And fildle a little, and foot it a little,
And fwig the flowing can.
If howling winds and roaring feas
Give proof of coming danger,
We view the form, our hearts at eafe ${ }_{2}$
For Jack's to fear a franger ;
Blef with the fmiling grog we fly,
Where now below
We headlong go,
Now rife on mountains high;
Spight of the gale,
We hand the fail,
Or take the needful reef,
Or man the deck
To clear fome wreck,
'To give the finip relicf:
Though perils threat around, All fenfe of danger drown'd,

We defpife it to a nan.
We fing a little, \&c.

But yet think not our fate is hard,
Though forms at fea thus treat us,
For coming home, a fweet reward,
With fmiles our fiveethearts greet us !
Now too the friendly grog we quaft,
Our am'rous toaf,
Her we love moft,
And gayly fing and laugh:
The fails we furl,
Then for cach girl
The petticoat difplay;
The deck we clear,
Then three times cheer,
As we their charms furvey;
And then the grog gaes round,
All feufe of danger drown'd,
We defpife it to a man:
We fing a little, \&c.

CATCH-IN THE By-Stander.

HERE lies a philofopher, knowing and brave,
From whom madam nature ne'er hid the leaft wonder, Who looking to heaven, tumbled into his grave,

And difdain'd that fame earth where he retting lies under.

B.ALLAD-IN THE ODDITIES.

AWAY and join the rendezrous,
Good fellowf fhip reigns here,
joys flandard flying in your view,
To invite each voluntecr.
Hark! pleafures drum
Cries come, come, come,
Obey the kind falute,
The echoing hall
Refounds the call,
To welcome each recruit.
Behold the dinner in array,
A column it appears:

While pyramids of whips difplay

> A corps of grenadiers.

- Hark! pleafure's drum, \&cc.

See rivets, not of blood, poured out, But nectar, clear and frong,
Young Ganemede's become a fcout, Hebe an aid-de-camp.

Hark! pleafure's drum, \&c.
Mow down the rank:, fee, fce, they fly,
Attack them glafs in hand;
Clofe quarters, rally, fight or die,
'Tis Bacchus gives command.
Hark! pleafures drum, \&c.

## BALLAD-IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

To Bachelor's-Hall we good fellows invite, To partake of the chafe that makes up our delight ; We have fpirits like fire, and of healtil fuch a ftuck, That our pulfe frike the feconds as true as a clock.
Did you fee us, you'd fwear, as we mount with a grace,
That Diana had dubb'd fome new gods of the chafe.
Hark away, hark away, all nature looks gay,
And Aurora with fmiles ufhers in the bright day.
Dick Thickfet came mounted upon a fine black,
A better fleet gelding ne'tr hunter did back ;
Tom Trig rode a bay, full of mettle and bone,
And gaily Bub Buxom rode proud on a roan;
But the horfe of all horfes that rivall'd the day
Was the fquire's Neck-or-Nothing, and that was a grey. Hark away, \&ec.
Then for hounds, there was Nimbie, fo well that climbs rocks,
And Cocknofe, a good one at fcenting a fox,
Little Plunge, like a molc, who will ferret and fearch,
And beetle-brow'd Hawk's-cye, fo dead at a lurch.
Young Sly-looks, who fcents the flrong breeze from the fouth,
And mufical Echo-well, with his deep mouth. Hark away, \&c.
Our horfes thus all of the very beft of blood,
'Tis not likely you'll eafily find fuch a fud:

And for hounds our opinions with thoufands we'd back, That all England throughout can't produce fuch a pack. Thus, having defcribed you dogi, horfes, and crew, Away we fet off, for the fox is in view.

Hark away, \&c.
Sly renard's brought home, while the horns found a call, And now you're all welcome to Bachelor's Hall, The fav'ry firloin grateful fmoaks on the board, And Bacchus pours wine from his favounte hoard. Come on then, do honour to this jovial place, And enjoy the fivect pleafures that fpring from the chafe; Hark away, hark away, while cur firits are gay, let us drink to the joys of the next coming day-

BALLAD-in the oddities.

LET bards elate, Of Sue and Kate
And Moggy take their fill O,
: And pleas'd rehearfe in jingling verfe
The lafs of Richmond hill 0 :
A Iafs more bright My am'rous flight,
Impell'd by love's fond workings,
Shall loudly fing,
Like any thing,
'Tis charming Peggy Perkins.
Some men rompare
The favourite fair
To every thing in nature ; Her eyes divine Are funs that fhine,
And fo on with each feature.
Leave, Jeave, ye fools, The hackneyed rules,
And all fuch fubtle quirkings,
Sun, moon, and ftars
Are all a farce,
Compar'd to Peggy Perkins.
H

Each twanging dart That through my heart
From Cupid's bow has morric'd, Werc it a trac, Why I fiould be For all the world a foreft ; Five hundred fops, With hrugs and hops, And leers, and fmiles, and fmirkings, Mof willing the Would leave for me, Oh what a Peggy Perkins.

## BALLAD-1n the oddities.

'TWAS Saturday night the twinkling fars
Shone on the rippling fea,
No duty call'd the jovial tars,
The heln was lath'd a-lee;
The ample can adorn'd the hoard:
Prepar'd to fee it out,
Each gave the lafs that he ador ${ }^{\circ}$,
And puflid the grog about.
Cried honef Tom, my Peg I'll toalt,
A frigate neat and trim,
All jolly Portfmuth's favourite boaft :
I'd venture life and limb.
Sail feven long years, and nc'er fee land,
With dauntlefs heart and fout,
So tight a vefliel to command-
Then pufh the grog about.
I'll give, cried little Jack, my Poll,
Sailing in comely ftate,
Top gan'tfails fet, fle is fo tall,
She looks like a firft rate :
Als! would fhe take her Jack in tow,
A voyage for life throughout,
No hetter birth l'd wifh to know,
Then pufh the grog about.
I'll give, cricd I, my charming Nan,
Trim, handfome, neat, and tight,

# DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS. 

What joy fo fine as fhip to man, She is my heart's delight!
So well fle bears the ftorms of life, I'd fail the world throughour,
Brave every toil for fuch a wife,
Then puht the grog about.
Thus to defcribe Poll, Peg, or Nan, Eacls his beft manner tried:
Till, fummon'd by the empiy can, They to their hammocks hied:
Yet flill did they their vigils keep,
Though the huge can was out,
For, in foft vifions gentle feep
still pufh'd the grog about

> BALLAD-INTHE ODDITIES.

THAN marriage and mufic can ought be more like?
Both are bound and cemented by ftrong chord; ;
Hymen's chains, tho' they gall, yet with ceftafy Arike,
Exactly like difcords and coneords :
Like hooting of owls and of bats on the wing,
Strife all wedding happinefs garbles,
But when hearts born for pleafure in unifon fing,
'Tis the mellow-ton'd nightingale warbles.
When the wifeor the huband a note founds too fharp,
In alt both immediately foar ;
On family difcords they mutually harp,
Nor will either come down a note lower.
Thus like hoo:ing, \&c.
All harmony's powers in wedlock we trace, Dutch harmony, not Italiano;
She thunders the counter, he grumbles the bafs,
And the ehildren fquall out the foprano. Thus like, \&c.

ALAS where fhall I eomfort find ?
My peace is gone, diftreffed my mind,

My heart beats high,
I know not why,
Poor heart! ah me, ahme!
So teuder, artlefs, and fo young,
I liften'd to his flatt'ring tongue,
Nor did I e'er
Sufpect a fnare
From one who went to fea.
For failors kind and honelt are,
They injured virtue make their care,
One, only one, did c'er depart
Fiom that prov'd rule, and he,
Alime!
Wras born to break my fimple lieart. Alas, \&c.
When abfent from my longing arms, Each hour was fraught with new alarms,
Each rifing morn beheld my tears,
The fofteft breeze, in my fund fears,
Did the horizon fraight deform,
And zephyr grew into a ftorm:
Yet to be cheated of my blifs,
And was I then fo kind for this? Alas, \&c.

BALLAD-IN the oddities.

HOW much ! love thee girl would'f know, Better than rofin loves the bow,
Than treble flarill the growling bafs
Or fpruce guitars a tawdry cale.
No more then let us folo play,
To Hymen's temple jig away's
There when we get, In a duet,
Of pleafure will we take our fiving,
Toy's fiddle thall play,
Love's bells thall ring:
And while we celebrate the day,
tic'll frifk avay,
And langh and play,
Anci dance and frag,
And filfo anay lif e any thing.

# DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS. 

1 love thee more, I really think,
Than dancers jigs, or fiddlers drink ;
Than dancing-mathers love a kit,
Or jolly failors fal dral tit.
No more then, \& ${ }^{2}$.
I love thee Griddy Oh much more
Than fingers love a loud encore,
Than curates crowdies love to ferat ch,
Or roaring drunkards love a catch.
No more then, \&c.

## BALLAD-in the oddities.

THE wind was huifh'd, the flecey wave
Scarcely the veffel's fides could lave,
When in the mizen top his fland
Tom Clueline taking, fied the land.
Oh what reward for all his toil!
Once more he views his native fuil,
Once more he thanks indulgent fate,
That brings him to his bonny Kate.
Soft as the fighs of Zephyr flow,
'Tender and plaintive as her woe,
Sercue was the attentive eve,
That heard 'Iom's bonny Kitty gricve.
'Oh what avails,' cried flie, 'my pain?
'He's fwallow'd in the greedy main :

- Ah never hall I welcome home,
' With tender joy, my honeft Tom.'
Now high upon the faithful fhroud,
The land awhile that feem'd a cloud,
While objects from the mift arife,
A feaft prefent Tom's longing eyes.
A riband near his heart which lay,
Now fee him on his hat difplay,
The given fign to fhew that fate
Had brought him fafe to bonny Kate.
Near to a cliff, whofe heights conmand
A profpect of the nelly ftrand,
While Kitty fate and fortune blam'd,
Sudden, with rapture, ihe exclaim'd,
$\mathrm{H}_{2}$


## DIBDIN'S SELECTEB SONGS.

6 But fee, oh heaven! a flip in view,
' My Tom appears among the crew,
'The pledge he fiwore to bring fafe home,
'Streams on his hat-'tis honef Tom.'
What now remains were eafy told,
Tom comes, his pockets lin'd with gold,
Now rich enough no more to roam,
To ferve his king, he ftays at home.
Recounts ezch toil, and thews each fcar,
While Kitty and her confant tar
With rev'rence teach to blefs their fates
Young honeft Toms and bouny Kates.

## BALLAD-in the oddities.

WHY I be fquire Ned of Gobble-hall,
I he come to London town with father, And they that little I a goofe goes to call,

Should call me a fox much rather.
I he filent and fly,
And cunning ${ }_{2}$ and dry,
And with a kawk's-eye
To watch what's faid and done am ready;
So they that goes to hope
To hang me for a fool,
Will find in the rope
A knave, thathe wool:
So you never muft
To faces truft,
For I be $\mathbb{I} y$,
And queer, and dry
And they that thinks to make a fool of 1 ,
Are all deceiv'd in little Neddy.
When the comely captain on his knees I find,
Who to mother has vow'd, and kifs'd her
Why 'tis nothing more than kind after kind,
For the daacing mafter kifies fifter:
So they thinks me to choufe,
While I goes about the houfe,
As tame as a moufe,
By the nick name of fimple Teddy ;

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

But 'tis all one to me If, in day time, d'ye fce, They meets their fpark, I kifs maids in the dark, So you never muft To faces truft, \&c.
If father be in love with a bouncing dame,
Thinking the a lout, and no better, He fpel's me out good madam's name,

And gives me a guinea and a letter,
What does I do, d'ye think?
To my felf while I wink,
I pockets the chink,
Burns the letter, and makes love to the lady:
Thus, while down to the ground,
1 tricks them all round,
Pretty fifter and inamma,
And my reverend pappa:
So you never mult
To faces truft, \&c,

## BALLAD-IN THE oddities.

BEN Backfay lov'd the gentle Anna, Conftant as purity was the,
Her honey words, like facc'ring manna,
Cheer'd him each voyage he made to fea.
One fatal morning faw thein parting,
While each the other's forrow difed,
They, by the tear that then was ftarting,
Vow'd to be conflant till they died.
At diflance from his Anna's beauty, While howling winds the fiky deform, Ben fighs, and well performs his duty, And braves for love the frightful form :
Alas in vain-the veffel batter'd,
On a rock fplitting, open'd wide,
While laccrated, torn, and thatter'd,
Ben thought of Anna, figh'd, and died.
The femblance of each charming feature,
That Ben had worn around his neck,
Where art food fubftitute for nature, A tar, his fricad, fav'd from the wreck,

In fervent hope while Anna, burning, Blufl'd as fle wifl'd to be a bride, The portrait came, joy turn'd to mourning, She faw, grew palc, funk down, and died!

## BALLAD-IN The oddities.

ABERGAVNEY is fine, Aberifwith alfo, And the laffes it is fine when to market they go; The hirds and the pretty fuches fing fine in the grove, But the fineft bird of all is that little rogue luff. Luff me I pray you now, luff me as your life, And Taffy and Griddy flall foop be man and wife. The mountains are high, and the fallies are low, And from Radnor to Glanorgan's a long fay to co; But l'd co, and Y'd run, and l'd fly, and Id rove, If when I came there I fhould meet with my luff. Luff me, \&c.
Toil and labour is hard, and the time's very long, From the lark's pretty chant to the nightingale's fonge But l'd teil and l'd labour throughout the whole year, And think it a day, were I bleft with my dear.

Luff me, \&c.

## BALLAD-in the oddities.

RESPLENDENT gleam'd the ample moon, Reflected on the glitt'ring lee,
The bell proclaim'd night's awful noon,
And fcarce a ripple fhook the fea, When thus, for failors, nature's care, What education has denieh, Are of frong fenfe, a bounteous fhare By obferration well fupplied:
While thus, in bold and honeft guife,
For wifdom mov'd his tongue,
Drawing from reafon comfort's drop In truth and fair reflection wife,

Right cheerfully fing
Little Ben that kept his watch on the main top.

Why fhould the hardy tar complain?
' T is certain true he weathers inore
From dangers on the roaring main
Than lazy lubbers do athore.
Ne'er let the noble mind defpair,
Though roaring feas run moun ains high,
All things are built with equal care,
Firt rate or wherry, man or fly :
If there's a power that never errs,
And certainly 'tis fo-
For honcft hearts what comfort's drop-
As well as kings and emperors,
Why not take in tow
Little Ben that keeps his watch in the main top?
What though to diftant climes I roam, Far from my darling Nancy's charms,
The fweeter is my welcome home,
To blifsful moorings in her arms.
Perhaps fhe on that fober moon
A lover's obfervation takes,
And longs that little Ben may foon
Relieve that heart which forely achs.
Ne'er fear, that power that never errs,
That guards all things below-
For honef hearts what comfort's drop-
As well as kings and emperors, Will furely take in tow
Little Ben, that keeps his watch in the main top.

## BALLAD-IN THE ODDITIES.

CROWN me Bacchus, mighty god,
The victory is thine,
Cupid's bow yields to thy rod,
And love fubmits to wine:
Love, the dream of idle boys,
That makes the fage an afs,
Love cannot vie with thofe fweet joys That crown the fparkling glafs.
To plunge in care let lovers whine. Such fools whe will be may

## 94 <br> DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Good fellows glafs in hand combine
To drive pale care away :
With grief of heart, how many a boy
Goes mad to pleafe fome lafs;
We too go mad, but 'tis with joy, Fir'd by the fparkling glafs.
How many dangle on a tree Who buckle to love's tether, True to our honelt purpofe we Hang too, but 'tis together:
The lover numbers, by his fighs, The moments as they pafs,
We count them in a way more wife. By putting round the glafs.
See in his cage the hufband fing, Wife, children, fquall fonorous,
We make the air and glaffes ring, While finging freedom's chorus:
No never fhall prefumptuous love
The joys of wine furpafs,
Worn out by bickerings, even Jove Sceks Bacchus and his glafs.

## BALLAD-IN THE ODDITIEs.

OF the ancients is't fpeaking my foul you'd be after, That they never got how came you fo?
Would you ferioufly make the good folks die with laughter ?
To be fure their dogs tricks we don't know.
Wid your fmalliliow nonfenfe, and all your queer bodderns, Since whifky's a liquor divine,
To be fure the old ancients, as well as the moderns,
Did not love a fly fup of good wine.
Apicius and Æfop, as authors affure us,
Would fwig till as druak as a beaft,
Den what do you tink of that rogue Epicurus?
Was not he a tight hand at a feaft !
Wid your fmalliliow, \&c.
Alexander the Great, at his banquets who drank hard,
When he no more worlds could fubdue,
Shed tears to be fore, but 'twas tears of the tankard,

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

'Io refrefl hia-and pray would not you? Wid your fmalliliow, \&xc.
Den dat tother old fellow they call'd Arifotle, Such a devil of a tipler was he,
That one night, having $t_{d}$ ken too much of his bottle, The taef fagger'd into the fea.

> Wid your fmalliliow, \&c.

Den they made what they call of their wine à libation,
Which, as all authority quites,
They threw on the ground, mufha what buderation, To be fure 'twas not thrown down their troats. Wid your fmalliliow, \&c.

## 

BALLAD-IN THE ODDITIES.

I fail'd from the Downs in the Nancy, My jib how the fmack'd through the breeze, She's a veffel as tight to my fancy As cever fail'd on the falt fcas.
So adieu to the white cliffs of Briton, Our girls, and our dear native fhore,
For if fome hard rock we thould fplit on,
We fhall never fee them any more.
But failors were born for all weathers, Great guns let it blow high, blow low, Our duty keeps us to our tethers, And where the gale drives we muft go.
When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar, I verily thought fhe'd have funk,
For the wind fo began for to altar, She yaw'd juf as thof the was drunk. The fquall tore the mainfail to fhivers, Helm a weather the hoarfe boatfwain cries,
Brace the forefail athwart, fee the quivers,
Is through the rough tempeft fle flies.
But failors, \&c.
The florm came on thicker and fafter, As black juft as pitch was the fky,
When truly a dolefnl difafter
Befel three poor failors and I.

## $9^{6}$ <br> DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Diek Handfail,
By a blaft that came furious and hard,
Juft while we were furling the mainfail,
Were cv'ry foul fwept from the yard. But failors, \&c.
Poor, Ben, Sam, and Dick cried peccavi, As for I, at the rifk of my neck, While they funk down in peace to old Davy,

Caught a rope, and fo landed on deck.
Well what would you have, we were ftranded,
And out of a fine jolly crew
Of three hundred that fail'd, never landed
But I and I think twenty-two. But failors, \&c.
After thus we at fea had mifcarried,
Another guefs way fat the wind, For to England I came, and got married

To a lafs that was comely and kind!
But whether for joy or vexation
We know not for what we were born,
Perhaps I may find a kind fation,
Perbaps 1 may touch at Cape Horn. For failors, \&c.

BALLAD-IN the oddities.

SURE 'ent the world a mafquerade,
Wid fhrugs and queer grimaces,
Where all mankind a roaring trade
Drive undcrneath bare faces?
Pray don't the lover, let me alk,
Hid by a fafcine battery,
Steal hearts away? and what's his mafk ?
To be fure it is not flattery.
Then join the general mafquerade,
That men and manners traces,
To be fure the beft mafks dat are made
For cheating 'ent bare faces.
Weigh yonder lawycr-I'li be bail,
So able are his talents,
The devil himfelf, in t'other fcale,
Would quickly kick the balance.

See that friar so a novice preach,
To holinefs to win her,
Their maks dropt off, what are they each?
He a taef and the a finner.
To be fure they 'ent, \&c.
For her hufband fee yon widow cry,
She'll never bave another;
By my foul hic wecps wid but one cye,
For fhe's leering with the tother.
Yon courtier fee, who, in a crack,
Will promife fifty places,
By my foul his friends fcarce turn their back
But le laughs before their faces.
To be fure he don't, \&c.

##  <br> BALLAD-IN THE ODDITIES.

DEAR Yanko fay, and true he fay, All mankind, one and t'other,
Negro, mulatto, and malay,
Through all the world be broder.
In black, in yellow, what difgrace,
'That feandal fo he ufe 'cm ?
For dere no virtue in de face,
De virtuc in the bofora.
Dear Yanko fay, \&c.
What harm dere in a fhape or make?
What harm in ugly feature?
Whatever colour, form, he take,
The heart make human creature,
Then black and copper both be friend,
No colour he bring beauty,
For beauty Yanko fay attend
On him who do him duty.
Dear Yanko fay, \&c.

BALLAD-IN THE ODDITIES。
r'M jolly Dick the lamplighter, They fay the fun's my dad,

And truly I believe it, fir, For I'm a pretty lad. Father and I the world delight, And make it look fo gay, The difference is 1 lights by night, And father lights by day. But father's not the likes of I For knowing life and fun, For I queer tricks and fancies fpy

Folks never fluew the fun:
Rogues, owls, and bats can't bear the light,
l've heard your wife ones fay,
And fo d'ye mind I fees at night
Things never fees by day.
At night mèn lay afide all art,
As quite a ufelefs tafk,
And many a face and many a heart
Will then pull off the nalk :
Each formal prude and holy wight Will throw difguife away,
And fin it openly all night Who fainted it all day.
His darling hoard the mifer views, Niffes from friends decamp,
And many a fatefman mifchief brews
To his country o'er his lamp:
So father and I , d'ye take me right,
Are juft on the fame lay,
I bare-fac'd finners light by night, And he falfe faints by day.

## BALLAD-IN THE oddities.

SWEET is the dew-drop on the thorn, That, like a prifm, reflects the morn;
Sweet is the cheering folar ray,
That compaffes the ample day:
Sweet is the balmy evening's clofe,
That thuts the foliage of the role:
Thefe to creation joys impart
Like thofe which warm the grateful heart.

The little fongters on the fpray Spontancous chant their grateful lay, Or, to the pebbly rivulet driven.
They fip, and lift their heads to heaven;
Or, for the worm or infect fly,
To feed their craving progeny:
Foclings a Icflom that impart
To ftimulate the grateful heart.
Mark vegetation, wond rous fight !
See how the germ breaks into iight!
The fruitful hower the :rce rectives,
An'l freflier green adorns its leaves:
Man cultivates the grateful foil,
And flowers and fruit reward his toil :
Plants, hirds, all nature thus impart Joys fuch as warm the grateful heart.

> FIRST chufe a pretty melody,
> To take in all the flats :
> Then change your drift,
> And fuddenly
> Prepare to fiift
> The key;
> Then growl
> Like dogs, and miorl
> Like cats:
> Then chatter like monkies-now low, and now high,
> Then whine and then figh,
> And all through the nofe, And then fwin and clie,
> And then come to a clofe.
> Amnng the flats and fharps now a tedious journey travel,
> Then lofe yourfelf in knots of chords,
> And then thofe knots unravel :
> Then figh, and die,
> And faint in blifs extatic,
> And then the half tones try,
> For a touch of the chromatic.
> Then where you fet out come again,
> And now-you're welcome home again.

Then once more the mclody,
To take in all the flats:
Then change your drift,
And fudder:ly
Prepare to flift
The key;
Then growl
Like dugs, and miowl
like cats,
Then chater like nonkics-now low, and now high,
Aud all through the nofe;
And then fwim and die,
And then come to a clofe.
Yct not fhabbily,
But with a fine contabile,
In which go high and low boy;
Still follow'd by the hautboy,
And all through the nofe,
find then fwim and die,
And then come to a clofe.

BALLAD-in the whim of themomext.

I AM the world's epitome,
Look round it, and then fay, Nature and man may fit to me,

Their likencfs to pourtray:
As nature, in her motlcy round,
Ot hilits from day to night,
So tickle man is varying found,
Stiil changing wrong and right.
'The application's prompt and ripe,
I of all nature am the type,
So turn me round,
I flall be found,
From right to left, and left to right,
Look how you will,
To vary ftill,
From white to black, and black to white.
Do but that learned counfel fec,
Who proves that wrong is right,

And prefently augment his fee,
His argument takes flight :
And now, unfwearing what he fwore,
The burden of his fong.
Reverfes what he faid before,
And proves that right is wrong.
The application's prompt and ripe, I of that lawyer ain the type:

For turn me round, \&c.
Behold yon lordly ftatcfman frown,
At mention of a bribe,
As if difgrace it liad brought down
On him and all his tribe:
But left behind, he'll infant feize
Upon the well-fill'd fack,
Nor could the Itrength of Hercules
Have power to get it back.
The application's prompt and ripe, I of that facefman am the type:

For turn me round, \&c.
When bafking in profperity,
Each friend to ferve you burns,
And boafting his fincerity,
The fmilng white fide turns:
But let uncertain fortune frown,
And take her bietliogs back,
Infant the friendly white is flown,
And cvery man looks black.
The application's prompt and ripe,
I of all nature am the type:
For turn me round, \&c.

BALLAD-IN THE Whim of the moment.

WHAT a plague cricd young Colin would Chloe be at ?
Ine'er will be caught in a noofe :
Odds wounds I'm refolv'd, and who'd wager 'gainft that,
Were it even a guinea, he'd lofe.
I told the young baggage, fays $I$, to lier face, Toy as mich as you will, but no prieft fiall fay grace.

Cry'd young Thyrfis, pray Colin this bluftering hold,
What you've utter'd is only through fear ;
In the abfence of danger all cowards feel bold,
But you'd foon change your tone were fhe near:
She has honour and truth, and I fay't to your face,
With her you'll ne'er toy till the prief fhall fay grace.
Away then cried Colin a fuldier I'll go,
In each quarter to find out a wife;
I'll roar and I'll rant, rake a little, or fo,
But no one fhall frap me for life;
For in fpite of their fancies, I'll fay't to their face,
Toy as much as you will, but no prieft fhall fay grace.
As he utter'd thofe words, charming Chloe came by,
Unaffected and lovely as May;
Adieu then poor Colin cried fhe, with a figh,
While the fun flhines hegone and make hay.
Cried Thyrlis, d'ye hear, you may well hide your face!
With fuch beauty would'f toy till the pric? flould fay grace.
Odd rot it, cried Colin, woot let me alone,
With vexation my heart how it boils;
Why for her peace of mind I would forfeit my new-
Woot forgive me fiwcet Chloe? - She finiles !
See, fee glad confent lightens up in her face!
Then let us to church, where the prieft fiall fay grace.


## BALLAD-IN The oddities.

WHAT thef I be a country clown, For all the fufs that you make,
One need not to be born in town To know what two and two make :
'S juire fop there thinks his empty pate Worth all ours put together,
But how cau that have any weight That's only made of feache:.
'Then duont ye be fo proud, c'ye fee, It 'ent a thing that's fuiting;
Cin one than tother better be, When both are on a footing?
Now here's a man who feas and land Has dreamt that he can crofs oyer,

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

That all the world's at his command, Eor he's a great philofopher:
That to each feeret he no bars
E'er finds but can unlock it,
And conjure down the moon and fars, And put them in his pocket:
But when you've caught him where's the prize So mighty to the getter?
For fartin he can make us wife, But can he make us better?
My lady there, becaufe flie's drefs'd In lappets, frils, and founces,
See how with pride her flutt'ring breaft Throbs, heaves, and jumps, and bounces.
And then 'tis faid they makes a-face, New fpick and fpan each feature,
As if they thought that a difgrace
That's ready made by nature.
The money for a head fo high, Such fcollops and fuch carving,
Would keep an honeft family
A month or more from ftarving.
As for the doctors and their pill,
Odds waurds I can't endure them,
For fartin they their patients kill
More oftener than they cure them.
And as for mafter poet here,
Who writes for fame and glory,
I thinks as he's a little queer
Poor foul in the upper ftory.
l've yet another wipe to fpare,
For wounds I'll give no quarter,
Next time you'd filld a fool, take care
You do not catch a tatatr.
$\cdots$ -
BALLAD-IN The Whim of the moment.

TO look upon dref, upon fhew, upon birth,
$A_{s}$ the nobleft diftinction of life,
On riches as all that give p!eafure on earth,
And that only cure forrow and Atrife;

And though to thefe maxims one might fay guoi-bon, Yet this is the life of a lady of ton.
Stale virtue and viee to erafe from theirlift,
Thofe of life make a pitiful part,
Things certainly in people's mouths that exift,
But have nothing to do with the heart:
To maxims like thefe one may woll fay guoibs,
Yet this is the life of a lady of ton.
Upon prudence as vulgar, and honefty low,
On each man of merit a brute,
As an angel an ape, or, 'tis all one, a beau, Dreft out in an elegant fuit ;
'To maxims like thefe one may well fay quoi bon.
Yet this is the life of a lady of ton.
To be fhort-in a church as the beft place to make Appointments, or charms to difplay.
And the time moft commode of all others to take On Sunday for cheating at play:
Thefe maxims 'tis certain ne font pars trop bon,
Yet this is the life of a lady ef ton.

BALLAD-IN the whim of the moment.
I WAS, d'ye fee, a waterman, As tight and fpruce as any,
'Twixt Richmond town
And Horfley down
I earn'd an honeft penny: .
None could of fortune's favours brag
More than could lucky I,
Hy cot was fing, well fill'd my eag,
My grunter in the ny:
With wherry tight
And hofom light
I cheerfully did row,
And, to complete this princely life,
Sure never man had friend and wife
Like my Poll and my partner Joe.
I roll'd in joys like thefe awhile,
Fulks far and near carrels'd me,
Till, woe is me,
So lubberly
'She prefs-gang came and prefs'd mc:

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

How could I a'l thefe pleafures leave?
How with my whery part?
1 never fotook on to grieve,
It wrung my very heart.
But when on board
They gal e the wotd,
T'o foreign parte to go,
I ru'd the moment I was born,
That ever I fhould thus be torn
From m:y Poll and my partner Joe.
1 did my duty manfully
While on the billows rolling,
And, night or day,
Could find my way
Blindfold to the main-top bowling :
Thus all the dangers of the main,
Quickfands and gales of wind,
I brav'd, in hopes to tafte again
The joys I left behind:
In climes afar,
The hotef war,
Pour'd broadides on the foe,
In hopes thefe perils to relate,
As by my fide attentive fate,
My Poll and my partner Joc.
At laft it pleaf'd his majefty
To give peace to the nation,
And honeft hearts
From foreign parts,
Came home for confolation :
Like lightning-for 1 felt new life,
Now fafe from all alarms-
1 ruln'd, and found my friend and wife,
lo:k'd in each cther's arms!
Yet fancy wot
1 bore my lot
Tame like a lubler: - No :
For feeing I was finely trick'd,
Piump to the devil 1 fairly kick'd
My Poll and my partner Joc.

## BALLAD.

COTCHELIN fat all alone,
Devil a foul befide her,
While from Taddy, who was gone,
Oceans did divide her;
His pipes, which flie'd been ufed to hear,
Carelefs left behind him,
She thought fie'd try, her woes to cheer,
Till once again fre'd find him.
'Twill not do, you loudle'.
Arrah now be aefy,
Tad was born with grief to make
Cotchelin run crazy.
She takes them up, and lays them down,
And now her bofom's panting,
And now fhe'd figh, and now the'd frown,
Caze why? dere's fomething wanting:
And now fise plays the pipes again,
The pipes of her dear 'Taddy,
And makes them tune his favourite frain, Arrah be aefy Paddy.
Ah 'twill not do, you loodle loo, Arrah now be aefy,
Tad was born with grief to make Cotchelin run erazy.
Taddy from behind a bull,
Where he'd long been linening,
Now lize lightening furth did rufh,
His eyes with with pleafi re glineaing,
Sratching up his pipes, he pray'd,
louring out his pleafure,
While half delighted, half afraid,
Pat the time did meafure:
Ah well will do this loodle loo, Arrah now be aefy,
Tad was burn with joy to make Cutchein rus crazy.

BALLAD-IN The oddities.

HERE, a thecr hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling, The darling of $^{\text {our crew, }}$

## bibdin's selected songs.

No more he'll hear the tempef howling,
For death has broach'd him too:
His form was of the manlient beauty,
His heart was kind and foft,
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.
Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were fo rare,
His friends were many, and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd fing fo blithe and jolly,
Aly masy's the time and oft!
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.
Yet fhall poor Tom find picafant weather,
When he who all commands
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus death, who kings and tars difpatches,
In vain 'Tom's life had doff'd;
For though his body's under hatches,
His foul is gone aloft.

## BaLLAD-in private theatrićals.

TIIE ftorm liad eeas'd, the veffel, flriving, Lay on the frightful breakers, torn,
When the drown'd crew fearcely furviving,
Jack pin'd his deftiny forlorn:
Where are thofe friends whom late I cherifli'd,
That manly, noble, honeft band,
Ah do I live, my meffimates perifh'd,
To wail them in a foreign land.
Where is my love, my charming Kitty,
Alas unmindful of my arief,
To others woes flie gives her pity,
Nor thinks her Jack moft wants relief.
But fee what numbers curious thronging,
To view our mis'ry, crowd the ftrand!
Hard fate's perhaps my life prolonging,
For murder in a forcign land.

But do my flatt'ring eyes deceive me,
Or, if they do, what out-ftretch'd arms
Are thefe thus tender'd to relieve me?
Tis flie, 'tis fhe, in all her charms.
My faith and truth, to fo much beauty.
Fate to reward with partial hand,
This pattern fends of love and duty, To fave me in a foreign iand.

BALLAD-IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

I vow I thought you, at firft fight,
A moppet, a baboon, a fright,
Or fome hobgoblin of the night,
That guilty creatures waken:
With nofe and chin like ram's horns curl'd,
And brows in furrowed wrinkles furl'd,
Well, 'tis amazing in this world,
How one may be miftaken.
For now I fee, with half an eye,
You are not old, nor made awry,
Nor do your flambling trotters ply,
As if by palfy flaken:
You're young as Ganemede and fair,
Narciffus had not fuch an air,
Well, 'tis amazing I declarc,
How one may be miftaken.

BAL.LAD.

ONCE on a time to mighty Jove,
Complaints came from afar,
From men of unfuccefsful love,
Mifcarriages in war:
In law the want of equity,
Of mirth at city fcafts,
Of pathos in their poctry,
Aud of good works in prieft.
So loud and clann'rous were thefe clod's,
That Jove, ne'er left at ref,

Conven'd a fynod of the gods,
And Bacelius 'mongt the reft:
He, merry wag, knew what on earth
Thus canfed them to repine,
And inftant fent them genuine mirth,
Cafk'd up in tons of wine.
'The lover drank and eas'd his care,
Heroes grew high in fame,
A comely paunch mark'd each Lord Mayor,
And lawyers juft became.
Bards fung divine, pricts pnt up prayers,
For fuch a bleffing given,

- Aud Bacchus to this day declares,

There's no fuch drink in heaven.
 BALLAD.

WHEN laft in the Dreadful your honour fet Aai!,
On Newfoundland banks, there came on a hard gale,
There was thunder, red lightening, and cold whifling hail,
Enough the old gemman to fcare;
One who threaten'd your life, daflid below by a wave,
Your own hand I faw fnatch'd from a watery grave;
And you faid 'twas well done, for that flill with the brave
The nobleft of glory's to fpare.
When yard arm and yard arm long ficle of a foe,
When the blood from the feuppers rain'd on us below,
When crippled enough to be taken in tow,
To frike we faw Mounfecur prepare: If a broad fide below, or a volley above, The men were ready to give her for love, How oft has your honour ery'd not a hand move,

A hero's true glory's to fpare.


FAR from frife and loves alarms, With joyous heart, and mind at cafe.
Time was when refiftiefs charms,
Bacchus knew the way to pleafe.

When while the merry glee went round, Gaily 1 faw each minute pals,

## Nor ever had I heard a found

Like the fweet tinkling of the glafs. My flafk now broke, and fpilt my wine, Eor Cupid Bacchus' joys I quit,
The myrtle kiils the blighted vine,
And love, turn'd Fate, cries out fubmit.

## BALLAD.

I WLNT to fea with heavy heart, Of her I lov'd the fcorn,
Yet fiom my thoughts did ne'er depart
Her image, night or morn :
Storms lour'd. waves roll'd, and lightning few, Yet did 1 wifh to lite,
Etill willing, for my poor heart was true,
"Ty forget and to forgive.
The firf word, when on Englifi ground,
I fpoke was her falfe name,
And foon upon enouiry found
-For feandal flies-her thame:
She lov'd a youth before the wind, Who cut and let her drive ;
A valt, crieci I, 'twere now too lind, To forget and to forgive.
While of thefe thoughts my mind was full, While adverfe hopes and fears,
Like winds did this and that way pull, She came to me in tears :
Dowín went my colours, and I fwore For her alone I'd live,
Kifs'd her, and promis'd o'er and o'er, I o forget and to forgive.


BALLAD.

THE boatfwain calls, the wird is fair,
The anchor heaving,

Our fivecthearts leaving,
We to duty nunt repair,
Whace our ftations well we knuw :
Caft of halliards from the cleets,
Stand by well; clear all the flicets ;
Come my boys,
Your hindfpikes poife,
And give one general huzza:
Yct fighing as you pull away,
For the tears allore that flow,
To the windlafs let us go,
With yo heave ho!
The anchor coming now apeak,
l.eft the hip, Ariving,
ise on it driving,
That weithe tap'ring yards muft feck,

- And back the foretop-fail well we know :

A pleafing diuty! from aloft
We faintly fce thofe charms were oft,
When returning,
With paffion burning,
We fondlygaze, thole eyes that feem
In parting with big tears to flream;
But come, left ours as faft flould flow,
To the windlafs onec more go,
With yo heave ho!
Now the nip is under weigh,
The breeze to willing,
The canvafs filling,
The preft triangle cracks the flay,
So taught to haul the fheet we know :
And now in trim we gaily fail,
The mafly beam receives the gale,
While freed from duty
To his beauty,
Left on the lefs'ning fitore afar,
A fervent figh heaves every tar,
To thank thofe tears frum him that flow, That from his true lore he fhould go, With yo heave ho!

AND did you liear what fad difaner, Poor Pig of Mapledown befol,

For love that flouteft hearts can mafter,
Alas! that thofe who love fo well,
In forrow's train
Shonld mourn in vain :
Her flory does fuch grief impel,
That woe is me the while I tell.
She lov'd a youth of honef kindred;
At church behold the happy pair ;
And afk what 'twas their blifs that hinder'd, For he was young, and fhe was fair:

Accurs'd be wars,
And party jars,
Why mulf the handfome danger flare:
Alas it fills me with def ${ }_{F}$ air.
Onward to his liege lord's dwelling A rebel rout had cut their way;

What flarieke enfued! and what a yelling!
For he a true man mut away;
He fwore the fight
Would end ere night,
And he'd return with garlands gay,
Sweet trophics for his wedding day.
Night came, and faw the youth returning? Accurs'd be var's deftructive knife ;
she ran to clafp, with paffion burning, Her vodded lord-depriv d of life!

Oh cruel lipight,
What! not one night,
Is not her tale with mifcry rife?
At once a maiden and a wife.

> 13ALLAD-INTHE LONG ODDS.
> "

A Sailor, and an honc! heart, Like tlip and helm, are ne'er apart Fur, how flould one fem swind atsd tide

If tother fhould refufe to guide ?
With that fle freely cuts the waves.
And fo the tar,
When clafhing waves around him jar,
Confults his heart and dangers braves
Where duty calls; nor afks for more
Than grog aboard, and girl athore.
'Tis not a thoufand leagues from home
Mase horrid than the billows foam ?
'Tis not that gentler is the breeze
In channel than in diffant feas ;
Danger furrounds him far and near:
But honeft tar,
Though winds and water round him jar,
Confults his heart and fcorns to fear,
The ridks he runs endears him more
To grog board, and girl athore.
'Tis not that in the hotteft fight
The murd'rous ball will fooner light
On that than any other fpot, .
To face the camon is his lot ;
He mult of danger have his flate :
Bist hone? tar,
Though fire, and winds, and water jar,
Confuits his heart, and thakes off care :
And when the battle's heat is o'er,
In grog aboard, drinks girl aflore.

## BALLAD-IN harvest home.

WOUNDS, here's fuch a coil! I am none of your poor Petty varlets, who flatter, and cringe, and procure; I'm a freeman, a nabub, a king on his throne, For I've chattles, and goods, and firong heer of my own : Befides, 'tis a rule that good fellows ne'er fail To let any thing wait but the generous ale. My interef I love; thee I love toc, good wife, But ftill Ilove better a jovial life : And for thee, or my lady, with duty devout l'll run to Old Nick, when the dobbin's drank out.

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\mathrm{K}_{2}
$$

## Ir4 DIbDin's selected songs.

Put 'is always a ruie that good fellows ne'er fail Tolet any thing wait, but the generous ale.

##  <br> SONG-in harvest home.

AWAY, pale fear and ghafly terror!
Wly, at a parent's voice away!
Correcting every youthful error, she deigns to bid, and I obey :
And Oh, my heart! thou murmur'f treafon, Perturb'd and frighten'd thus, to move;
This facrifice I make to reafen,
Lie fill, pour flutt'rer, and approve!

BALLAD-IN The isLanvers.
'IRUI.Y friend Gil thou choofen well,
Taking a helpmate homely,
For often times fad tales they tell,
Of wives who are too cumcly :
But cheer thee Perez, and be orey,
From farninh'd brows exempled,
Fur how can flic c'er go altray
Who never will be tempted.
For thieves do never rob the poor,
A pebble's not a jewel,
Fruits do not blofiom on a monr,
Fire burns net without fuel :
Up with thy leart then Gil, be gay,
From furnifned brows exempted,
Thy wife can never go attray,
Fur fhe will ne'er be tempted.

BALLAD-IN The relanders.

Afilet not an inftant of life pafs in rain, The moments efcape us, and age brings on pain,

Life's too precious, to fugitive joy,
The flowers which yefterday zephyr difclofed,
Droop'd their heads on their flalks before Pheebus repos'd,
Thus one fingle day ferves to form and deftroy.
Then think not of ought but the moment that flies,
To learn to be happy's to learn to be wife,
Seize pleafure while pleafure's our own,
Fear nothing, thou'rt mine, 'tis allotted above,
Chance but obeyed Fate, and bleft with thy love, I envy no king on his throne.


BALLAD-in the islanders.

THIS life's a days journey, we rife in the morn, The fun, trees, and flowers our profpect adorn, When, perhaps, we have fearcely been fet out an hour, But flap we're o'ertaken and foufed in a fhower: To fleelter then quickly, and fee now 'tis s'er, And in pretty good fpirit we fet out once more, Now up hill, now down, now even, and now. We are cover'd with duft, and now popp'd in a flough. Thus we jog on till dinner, now wet and now dry, And now we've alow'ring, and now a clear fky, With the fire, the good landlord, the wine, and the cheer, Now refreflid we fet forward to end our carcer : But the roads are uneven, we trip, are bemired, Aud jolted, and jofled, and tumbled, and tired, Yet we keep a good heart, and our fpirits are light, In hopes we fhall meet with a good inn at night.

BAI,LAD.

FORGIVE me if thus I prefuming Come hither your heart to furprife, Smile, fmite, and my hopes re-illumine :
But my pardon I read in your eyes:
No impoftor the paffion lown is,
And heaven what delight conld I be

## II6 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

As truly to you an Adonis, As you are a Venus to me.
The gods who fo often delighted
In borrow'd forms, fome fair nymph to purfue, Might confefs they wére never excited

By an object fo charming as you. No impoftor, \&c.


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BALLAD.
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OUR Jupiter has near his throne, Two veffels which he fills,
The one with bencfits alone,
The other crams with ills:
From the good veffel, health, content, Plenty and blifs he gives,
While from the evil forth are fent Gout, fone, and fcolding wives.
Thus to mankind with heedful care,
In jult proportion weigh'd,
The lot to each, each bef can bear, By Jove's decree convey'd:
Unlefs his patience when to rul, Juno the devil drives,
Then headlong from the left hand tub, Go troops of fcolding wives.
Oft his complaint on me like air, From men ftill pafied away,
Till that fame type of Juno there
Let loofe her tongue to-day :
But now entreating Jove I'll go,
To chequer not their lives
With any other fpot of woe,
Who're plagu'd with fcolding wives.

##  <br> BALLAD-IN the oddities.

CELIA's an angel, by her face
The rofe and lily's Charaed,

The treffes of leve's queen, for grace,
With her's can ne'er be named :
The gods, ericd one, that face with eare
Formed in their beft of humours,
What pity 'tis both face and hair
Were bought at the perfumer's.
Celia has fivoru to love till death ;
For words fo full of blifs,
I could have long'd, but for her breath,
To feal an ardent kifs:
Rapture itfelf is poor and cold, To joy that fhe difcovers,
What pity fhe the fame has told
To fifty other lovers.
Celia is young, behold her mien,
Alert from top to toe,
My aunt, fays dhe, was juff fifteen Sumc thirty years ago:
Thus youth and beauty's beft delights Sweet Celia are adorning,
For the a Venus is at nights, A fybil in the morning.
 BALLAD.

THE wind blew hard, the fea ran high, The dingy feud drove crofs the ky ,
All was fafe lafhed, the bowl was flung
When carclefs thus Ned Haulyard ling :
A failor's life's the life for me,
He takes his duty merrily,
If winds can whinte, he can fing;
Still faithful to his friend and king,
He gets belov'd by all the hhip,
And toafts his girl, and drinks his fip.
Down topfails boys, the gale comes on,
To Arike top-gallant yards they run,
And now to hand the fail prepar'd,
Ned checrful lings upon the yara:
A. failor's life, \&\&c.
"A leak, a leak!-come lads be bold, 'I here's, five foot water in the hold,
Eager on deek fee Haulyard jump, And hark while working at the pump: A faior's life, \&ぇ.
And fee! the veflel nought can fave, She ftrikes and finds a wat'ry grave!
Yet Ned preferved, with a few more, Sings as he treads a foreinn hore : A failor's life, \&c.
And now-unnumbered peri's paft,
On land as well as rea-at laft
In tatters to his Poll ard home
Sec honef Haulyard finging come :
A failor's life, \&c.
Yet for poor Haulyard what difgrace, Poll fwears fie never faw his face;
He damns her for a faithlefs Hie,
And finging goes again to fea:
A failor's life, \&c.

##  WELCH BALLAD.

1 PRAY you when your fweetheart pouts, And fleers, and flouts,
And glours, and glouts,
Ne'er mind the purfing of her prow,
But pout again I pray you now :
Is it not true that females fex,
Plague, and perplex
The other fex,
With whimfies in their heads that grow,
And lantifies 1 pray you now?
Rack poor men's powels, prains, and hearts,
Do not their arts,
And whims, and farts,
l'lue tiffles in their heads that crow, And jealoufes I pray you now ?
Then mind not nonfenfe of the fair, But change your air, And thake off care

Nor to their tricks and fancies pow, But let them ko 1 pray younow.

> BALLAD.

IF, my hearty, you'd not like a lubber appear, You muft very well know how to hand, reef, and fteer,
Yet a better manœuvre 'mongft feamen is found,
'Tis the tight little maxim to know how to found:
Which a failor can tell from a bay to a fhoal, But the beft furt of founding is founding the bowl.
I've founded at land, and I've founded at fea, I've founded a weather, and founded a lee, I've founded my quine, at the randivoo houre, And I've founded my purfe without finding a foufe: What then, we've a brother in each honelt foul, And failors can ne'cr want for founding the bowl. All men try for foundings wherever they fleer, Your nabobs for foundings frive hard in Cape Clear, And there is not a foul from the Devil to the Pope,
That could live but for the founding the Cape of Good Hope :
No fear then nor danger our hearts fhall controul, Though at fea, we're in foundings while founding the blow.

## BALLAD.

1N which of all thy various joys,
The tongue of fame that fo employs, Didft thou beft tafte, fay mighty Jove, 'The pure, unmix'd delights of love? Not with Europa :-there recourfc Thou boldly had'f to brutal force ;
Her wifhes took with thee no part,
She gave her perfon, not her heart.
Nut with the beauteous Theban dane, When thou affumedeft her huiband's name;
For, though ingenious way the whim,
She knew not thee, but thought of nim:

Not then wheu in a glitt'ring Mower
Thou vilit'ft Danac in the tower :
The gold prevail'd 'is true, and the
Yielded to intereft, not to thee.
Nor Semele, whom to obey.
Thou cam'ft in terrible array,
She, proud one, yielded not to love,
But to ambition, and to Jove:
No ; 'twas Menofyne, fweet fair,
Thy joys, indeed, were perfect there,
Joys hadif thou not, no bard had fung,
For thence the immortal fifters fprung.

BALLAD.

LIKE a very gallant will I compliment ali:
1 muft leer and ogle the pretty,
Tell the fhort ones they're neat, and majeftic the tall,
And call all the homely ones witty.
Thus agreeable falfehowd fill paffing for truth, I fhall tickle their vanity fnugly,
Talk of prudence to age, and of pleafure to youth, And confole with a fortune the ugly.
To the pale I'll on delicate lillies begin,
To the flurid I'It hold forth on rofes,
Call fquinting a leer, find a fuile in a grin,
And proportion where chins kifs with nofes:
'Thus agrecable falfchood ftill paffing for truth,
I'll their vanity tickle fo fnugly,
That I'll pleafe tall and flort, fat and lean, age and youth,
And reconcilc even the ugly,

BALEAD.

[^2]
## Dibdin's selected songs.

What's cunning, and fuch quivication,
And then fly manouvres to we,
To be rougill is no valuation
To hearties who plough the falt fea.
As for cheating-light, weights, and Mort meafures,
And corruption, and bribery d'ye fee,
'Thefenever embitter the pleafures,
Of good fellows who plough the falt fea :
You've allore actions, writs, cefferaries,
And a regiment of counfel to fee,
Jack knows not of fuch like vagaries-
We never truft lawyers at fea.
${ }^{\prime}$ Tis faid that with grog and our laffes,
Becaufe johy failors are free,
That money we fquander like affes,
Which like horfes we earu'd when at fea:
But let them fay this, that, or tother,
In one thing they're forc'd to agree,
Honeft hearts find a fricnd and a brother
In each worthy that ploughs the falt fea.

## GLEE.

WOULD ye know where frecdom diwells,
Where jovial hearts caroufe and fing,
Haunt thefe grots, explore thefe cells,
Here every fubject is a king !
Sprightly mirth inkalits here,
And joy that knows no liftefs paufe ;
For how flinuld we du!l forrow fear,
Who fquare our lives by pleafure's laws?
What's fortune!--is it chance or worth ?
Peafant and prince their race muft run-
Nor is there that poor fpot on earth
Sut's cheriflid by the genial fun.

BALLAD-IN THEISLANDERS.

AN infant defencelefs, of fuccour bereft, On this rude barren wild was I thrown, L

## 122 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

My foleray of comfort I had not licen left, To brood o'er my forrow's alone :
To fee cataracts falling, and hear lions roar,
Or the awful loud war in the deep,
Is the fate poor Flamettia was born to deplore, Which fhe oft would wifh kinder, and weep.
To all this affemblage of horrors enured, What yet greater ills could one prove,
Could one think for a heart which had fo much endured,
Fate fiould fore up a torment like love.
'Tis ton much, I've decided, and who thall relate When her and her miferies flecp,
The tale of Flametta, will fure winh her fate, Poor wretch, had been kinder, and wecp.

## BALLAD.

DEVOTED to Celia, and bleft in her arms,
How I thrill'd with delights as I ran o'er her charms, When methought on each grace as I gaz'd with furprize, For pre eminence pleaded ber mouth and her eyes :
Like counfel this open'd, and t'other replied, $\because 1 / 1$ Appealing to me as the judge to decide.
Her mouth opening fiveetly, thes faid with a fmile, ' 'Tis 1 who the torments of lovers beguile;

- I can fpeak, I cau fing, I can rent the fond finh,

6 And vain may eyes promife, if I fhould reny:
6 Then while rows of pearls vermeil lips fiveetly hide,
c On our different charms 'twere not hard to decide.'
With ineffable fweetnefs, while looking me through, Her eyes carclefs:cried-' Why I can fpeak too;

- And in fuch charming language, fo made to controul,
- That of fenfible lovers it goes to the fond :
- Mouths may fib, but while eyes to the heart are the guide,
- 'Twere no dificult talk on our charms to decide.'
'franfported with raptire!, licricd with an oath,
- Charming eyes, charming mouth, I'm in love with you ' both:
* To exprefs your fweet influence no language has terms,
- One makcs me a promife which t'other confirms :
- Your words and your looks are my joy and my pride,
"Oh your different clainis then how can I decide?'


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BALILAD.
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TO a fight common wound it is fome diminution, Diverting its throbbing, tofmile at the finart,
Bat where's the firm mind can boraff fuch refolution,
Oa the face to wear fmiles when the wound is in the heart?
The wand'rings and errors of folly are trcafon,
And flould be condenn'd as difloyal to love:
But reverence is duc to the errors of reafon,
Which, though they're a weaknefs, we're forc'd to ap. prove.
Then pray ceafe to jef: :-were my griefs fuperficial,
Unconcern'd, like yourlell Sir, I merry might be,
But fuch cruel jeils ean but prove prejucticial,
And though paftime to you, may be morial to me:
Yet let me not wronz you liy any rude mention,
Or worl that the fairnefs of candour might b:ot,
But gratefully juf, may alone the intention
in my menory be cherifh'd, the action forgot.


CURS'D be the fordid wretch of yore, Who frum the bowels of the earth, Firft drew crude heaps of flining ore, Stamp'd the rude mafs, and gave it worth

- Ere yet difinctions and degrees In lovers wifhes bore a patt,
Truly to love was then to pleafe,
And heart was made the price of heart.
Hencefort hye lovers nothing hope,
Your fire is dead, your ardour cold:
Love has no influence, pow'r or foope,
But that which it derives from gold:

Long you may languiff, long expect,
Vuws lavifi, withes, fighs emplay,
A brittle temple to erect,
Which god can in an hour deftroy.

## BALLAD.

FROPITIOUS gods that rule our fate $z_{3}$ Whofe ears are tir'd with idle prayers
To banifh ills that nien create,
And chafe imaginary cares :
And firft they afk, in rank and pow'r, A fate from every care exempt ?
Vain hope!-ambition lalts its hour,
Then dwindles into juft contempt.
Next reputation in the ficld, Renown, and to he great in fory, In all fuch horrid honours yield, No brother's blood niall by my glory. .
A fumprtheus pace, georgeous board, A train of followers next they crave :
Poor fool! his guefts retir'd, the lord Is hut a fulitary flave.
Next to their memorics they'd ercet, A fatuc, laning fame to give:I aft but realon, and expect My little pleatures while I live.
Happy in honnurs, power, wealth, If you but grant my fond delitc, A blamelefs heart, unfiaken health, My friends, my bottle, and my lyre.

1

SUCH love as holy hermits bear,
The flane where they put up their prayer, ${ }^{*}$ Aslove the foather'd race the air,

Or fportive fill the fea:
Such as in breafts of seraphs fpring,

- When on the expanfe of heav'n they wing

To greet that power by whom they fing, Such love I bear to thee.
Such thankful love as warm muff glow
In thofe who funk in night and fnow,
When welcome beams tirft faintly fhew
The long-loft fun they fec.
As pleafure youth comfort the old, Virtue the good, or fame the bold, As health the fick, or mifers gold, Such love I bear to thee.

BALLAD.

GIVE round the word difmount, difmount,
While echoed by the fprightly horn,
The toils and pleafures we recount
Of this fwect health-infpiring morn.
'Twas glorious (port, nout e'er didl lag,
Nor drew amifs, nor made a fand,
But all as firmly kept their pace, .
As had Actcon been the ftag,
And we had hunted by command Of the goddefs of the chace.
The hounds were out and fnuffed the air, And fearce had reach'd th' appointed fpot, But.pleas'd they heard a laycr, a layer,

And prefently drew on the flot.
"Twas glorious fport, \& c.
And now o'er yonder plain he fleets,
The deep-mouth'd hounds begin to bawl :
And eclio note for note repeats,
While fiprightly horns refound a call.
'Twas glorious fport, \&c.
And now the ftag has loft his pace,
And while war-baunch the huntfman cries,
His bofom fwells, teare wet his face,
He pants, he fruggles, and he clics,
'Twas glorious fpurt, \&c.

#  

## BALLAD-in the wags.

WOULD you hear a fad ftory of woe,
That tears from a fone might provoke,
'Tis concerning a tar you mult know,
As honeft as e'er bifcuit broke:
His name was Ben Block, of all men
The mof true, the mofl kind, the mof brave.
But harfh treated by fortune, for Ben
In his prine found a watery grave.
His place no one ever knew more:
His heart was all kindnefs and love :
Though on duty an eagle he d foar,
His nature had moft of the dove:
He lov'd a fair maiden named Kate,
His father to intereft a flave,
Sent him far from his love where hard fats
Plunged him deepin a watery grave.
$\boldsymbol{A}$ curfe on all flanderous tongues,
A falfe friend his mild nature abufed,
And fweet Kate of the vileft of wrongs,
To poifon Ben's pleafure abufed :
That fie never had truly been kind,
That falfe were the tokens fie gave,
That fhe foorn'd him, and wifh'd he might find,
In the ocean a watery grave.
Tho fure from this cankerous elf,
The venom accomplifi'd its end;
Ben, all tiuth and howour himfelf,
Suppectal no fraud in his friend :
On the yard, while fufpended in air,
A loofe to his forrows he gave,
Take thy with, he cried, falfe cruel fair ;
And plung'd in a watery grave.

> BALLAD-IN THE WAGS.

TO afk would you come for to go
How a true-heaxted tar you'd difeern,

He's as honeft a fellow I'd have youto know
As e'er ftept between flem and ftern :
Let furious winds the veffel waft,
In his fation amidfhips, or fure, or aft,
He can pull away,
Caft off, helzy,
Aloft, alow,
Avalt, yo he!
And hand, reef, and fteer,
Know each halliard and jeer,
And of duty every rig;
But his joy and de:ight
Is, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to fwig.
The firft voyage 1 made to fea,
One day as I hove the lead,
The main top gallant maft went by the lee,
For it blew off the Devil's Head;
Tumble up there, bear a hand, turn to,
While I, the foremoft of the crew,
Soon could pull away,
Caft off, helay,
Aloft, alow,
Avaft, yo ho!
And hand, reef and fteer,
Know each halliard and jeer,
And of duty every rig ;
But my joy and delight ;
Was, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to fwig.
There was Kit. with a caft in his eye,
And Tom with the timber toe,
And flambling Will, for he hobbled awry,
All wounded a fighting the foe :
Three lads though crazy grows and crank,
As truc as ever bumbo drank,
For they'd pull away,
Caft off, betay,
Aloft, alow,
Avaft, yo ho !
And hand, recf, and Acer,
Know each halliard and jeer,
And of duty every rig;
And their joy and delight

Was, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to fwig.
Then over life's fortune I'll jog,
Let the florm or the Spaniards come on,
So but fea room I get, and a fkin full of grog,
Ifear neither devil nor don :
For I'm the man that's fpract and daft,
In my fation amidthips, or fore, or aft,
I can pull away,
Caft uff, belay,
Aloft, alew,
Avaft, yo ho !
And hand, reef, and fteer,
Know each halliard and jeer,
And of duty every rig,
But my joy and delight
Is, on Saturday night,

- A drop of the creature to fivig.

> BALLAD-1N the wags.

WE bipeds, made up of frail clay,
Alas are the children of forrow;
And though brifk and merry to-day,
We all may be wreiched to-moriow:
For funfhiue's fucceeded by rain,
Then fearful oi life's formy weather,
Left p'eafure thould only bring pain,
Let us all be happy together.
1 grant the beft bleffings we know
Is a friend, for true friend hip's a treafure,
And yet, left your friend prove a foe,
Oh hafte not the dangerous pleafure :
Thus friendfhip's a flimfey affair,
Thus riches and health are a bubble, Thus there's nothing delightful but care,

Nor any thing pleafing bat trouble.
If a mortal would point out that life
Which on earth cou'd be neareft to heaven,
Let him, thawking his ftars, chufe a wife
T'o whom truth and honour are given:

But honeur and truth are forare,
And horns, when thes're cutting, fo tingle,
That, with all my refpect to the fair
I'd advife him to figh and live fingle:
It appears from thefe premifes plain
That wifdom is nothing hut folly,
That pleafure's a term that means pain,
And that joy is your true melancholy:
That all thofe whe laugh ought to cry,
That 'tis fine frifk and fun to be grieving,
And that fince we mult all of us die,
We fhould tafte no enjoyment while living

##  <br> BALLAD-in the wags.

ADIEU, adieu, my only life,
My honour calls me from thee,
Remember thou'rt a foldier's wife,
Thofe tears but ill become thee :
What though by daty I ane called,
Where thund'ring ca:moas rattle,
Where valour's felf might Hand appalled,
When on the wings of thy dear love
To heaven above.
'i'hy fervent orifous are flown,
The tender prayer
Thou put'fl up there
Shall ca'l a guardian angel down, To watch me in the battle:
My fafeiy thy fair truth thall be, : As fword and buekier ferving, By life thall be more dear to me, Decanfe of thy preferving:
Let peril come, let horrer threat, Let thundering cannons rattle,
I'll fearlefs feek the conflicts heat, Aftured when on the wings of love To heaven above, \&c.
Enough, with that benignant finile some kindted god infir'd thee,

# Who knew thy hofom void of guile, 

 Who wondered and admired thee:I go aflured, my lite adielt,
Though thundering cannons rattle,
Thoush murdering carnage falk in view,
When on the wings of thy true love
Tu heaven above, \&c.

$$
\begin{aligned}
\text { BALIAD-IN THE WAGS. } \\
=-=0
\end{aligned}
$$

I BE one of they failors who thinks 'tis no lie, That fir every wherefore of life there's a why, That be fortune's frange weather, a calm or a fquall, Our birthe, good or bad, are chalk'd out for us all:
That the ftays and the braces of life will be found To be fome of 'em rotten and fome of 'em found, That the good we fhould cherilh, the bad never feek, For death will too foon bring each anchor a-peak. When afride on the yard, they top-lifts they iet gn, Ard I com'd, like a hoot, phtiàp antüng 'em beluw. Why J cotch'd at a hallidrd, and jump'd upon deek, And fo broke nuy falt, to fave breaking my neck: Juft like your philofophers, for all their jaw, Who Icfs than a rope, gladly catch at a ftraw ; Thus the good we hlould cherill:, the bad never feek, Fur death will too foon bringe each anchor a-peak. Why now that there cruife that we made off the banks, Where I pepper'd the foe, and got fliot for my thanks, What then fhe foon fruck, and though crippled on Alore, And laid up to retit, I had fliners galore:
At length live and looking, I tried the falfe main, And to get more prize money, got fhot at again: Thus the good we fhould cherifh, the bad ucver feek, For death will too foon bring each anchor a-peak.
Then juft as it comes, take the bad with the good, Onc man's fpoon's made of filver, another's of wood. What's poifon for one nan's another man's balm, Some are lafe in a form, and fome loft in a calm: Some are rolling in riches, fome not worth a foufe, To-day we eat becf, and to-morrow lobs-foufe:

Thus the good we fhould cherifl, the bad never feek, F'or death will too foon bring each anchor a-peak.
$\cdots$ -
BALLAD- in the wags.

The fun's defcending in the wave, 1 go, I go, my fate to brave:
Gliufts of dead yncas now appear,
Shriek as ye come
Cold from the tomb,
And fee if Moniaco knows to fear,
Oh fun my fire!
Lend me ail thy noble fire:
Illia Moniaco to thy tomb,
Oh Atabalipa foon fliall come ;
Cover me with fcars,
Nought can controul
The diunt!efs foul,
That flall live among its kindred fars.
What it's to die ? 'to leave this clay,
And breathe in everlafting day,
For robes celeftial flake off duft,
Among the bleft
From care to reft,
And cmulate the virtues of the jut :
Then fun, my fire,
Lend me ali thy sioble fire,
Illia Moniaco, \&c.
Aclicu ye friends, vain world adieu,
Blifs is for me, but woc for yon:
While I, new born, flall go to find
The upper heaven
You niall be driven,
Like fcattered chaff, before falfe fortunc's wind, Now fun, my fire, 1 feel, 1 (ecl thy noble fire! ${ }^{1}$
Illia Muniaco, \&c.

## BALLAD-IN'THE WAGS.

I WAS the pride of all the 'Thamer, My name was natty Jerry,

The beft of fmarts and flafliy dames I've carried in my wherry:
For then no mortal foul like me
So merrily did jog it,
1 lov'd my wife and friend, d'ye fee, And won the prize of Dogget :
In coat and badge, fo neat and fpruce, I row'd all blithe and merry,
And every waterman did ufe To call me happy Jerry.
But times foon changed, I went to $\mathrm{fe} \boldsymbol{x}_{\text {, }}$ My wife and friend betray'd me,
And in my abfence treacherounly Some pretty frolics play'd me:
Return'd, I ufed them like a man, But fill 'twas fo provoking,
I could not enjoy my very can, Nor even fancy fmoaking:
In tainifh'd badge, and coat fo quecr, No longer blithe and merry.
Old friends now paffed me with a fneer, And called me difmal Jcrry.
As fea, as with a dangerous wound, I lay under the furgeons,
Two friends each help I wanted found In every emergence:
Soon after my fweet friend and wife Into this mefs had hrought me,
Thefe two kind friends who fav'd my life
In my misfortunes fought me:
We're come cried they, that once again In coat and badge fo merry,
Your kind old friends, the watermen, May hail you happy Jerry.
I'm Peggy, unce your foul's defire, To whom you prov'd a rover,
Who fince that time in man's attire Have fought you the world over :
And I, cried t'other, am that Jack When boys you ufed fo badly,
Though now the beft friend to your back Then prithee look not fadly:

Few words are beft, I feiz'd their hands, My greatful heart grew merry,
And now in love and friend hip's bands, I'm once more happy Jerry.

## baLLad-in the wags.

BOLD Jack the failor liere I come,
Pray how d'ye like my nib,
My trowfers wide, my trampers rum,
My nab, and flowing jib:
Ifails the feas from end to cnd, And leads a joyous life.
In every mefs Iffind a friend, In every port a wife.
I've heard them talk of confancy, Of grief, and fuch like fun,
I've confant been to ten, cried I, But never grieved for onc:
The fowing fails we tars unbend, To lead a jovial life,
In every mefs to find a friend, In every port a wife.
I've a fpanking wife at Portfmouth gates, A pigmy at Goree,
An orange tawny up the Straits; A black at st. Lucia:
Thus whatfomedever courfe I bend, I leads a jovial life,
In $\epsilon$ very mefs I find a friend, In every port a wife.
Will Gaft, by Death, was ta'en aback, I came to brink the news,
Poll whimper'd fore, but what did Jack? Why, food in William's fhoes :
She cut, I chafed, but in the end She lov'd me as her life,
And fo fle got an honeft friend, And I a loving wife.
Thus be we failors all the go, On fortune's fea we rub,

## I34 DLBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

We works, and loves, and fights the foe, And drinks the generous bul) :
Storms that the mat to fplinters rend,
Can't thake our jovial life, In every mefo we find a friend,

In every port a wife.

## BALLAD-In the wigs.

HARK the din of diffant war,
How noble is the clangor,
Pale death afcend his ebon car,
Clad in terrific anger :
A doubtful fate the foldier trits, Who joins the gallant quarrel : Perhaps on the cold ground he lies, No wife, no friend, to clofe his eyes, Though nobly mourn'd, Perhaps return'd,

He's crown'd with villory's laurcl.
How many who, difdaining fear,
Rufh on the defperate duty, \$hall claim the tribute of the tear

That dims the eye of beauty? A douitful fate, \&c.
What nobler fate can fortune give?
Renown flaall tell our fory,
If we flould fall, but if we live,
We live our country's glory.
'Tis true a doubtful fate, \&c.

-
THE wind was hufl'd, the form was over,
Unfurl'd was every flowing fail,
From toil releafed, when Dick of Dover, Went with his meffmates to regale:
All danger's o'er, cried he, niy neat hearts, Drown care then in the fimiling can,
Come biar a hand, let's toan our fweethearts, And tirf I'll give you buxom Nan.

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

She's none of thofe that's always gigging, And Item and it rn made np oi drt :
Otse knows a vellel by her rigging, such ever llight a contant hast :
Wich fraw lat and pink ftreamers flowing, How of to meet ine has the ran:
While for dear life would I be rowing, 'To mzet with-fmiles my buxom Nan,
Jack Jollyboat went to the Indies, To ice him ftare when lie eame back,
The girls were all off of the hinges His Poll was quite unknown to Jack :
Tant mafted all, to fee who's tallelt, Brealtw orks, top gant-fails, and a fan,
Mefinate, eried I, noore fail than ballaft, Ah fill give me my buxom Nan.
None in life's fea can fail more quicker, To thew her love, or ferve a friend,
But hold, I'm preaching o'er my liquor, This one word then, and there's an end:
Of all the wenches whatfomedever, 1 fay then find me out who ean
One half fo tight, fo kind fo clever, Sweet, trim, and neat as buxom Nan.

## BALLAD-in the wags.

LOVELY woman, pride of nature, Good, and fiveet, and kind, and fair Than mas a higher ftile of creature, Perfeat as celeltials are:
See Myra come, like ftately Juno, Ever fair, and ever young, Completely like, as I' and you know, For Myra, like Juno, has a tonguc.
Young Celia's charms that beam fo fiveetly, To paint ah what ean words avail, She's Venus' felf, an I fo completely, That Celia is, like Veuus, frail:
To won the eharming Gloriana, Audacity would fland afraid;
She cliafte and icy as Diana, And, like Diana, an old naid.

Thus women boaft a near relation,
'Tis plain to the celeftidl race, Thus we of their divine erestion

A family refemblancetrace:
If then fonce faults of this complexion,
Like frots upon that fun, their fame,
Kutt this fame model of perfection,
The facs, not women, are to blame.

## BALLAD-in the wacis.

Two real tars, whom duty call'd
To watch in the foretop,
Thus one another overhzul'd
And took a cheering drop :
I fay, Will Hatchwdy, critd Tom Tow,
Of conduct what's your fort,
As through the voyage of life you go.
To bring you fate to port i?
Cried Jack. you lubber, don't you know?
Our paifions clufe torecf,
To fteer where honour points the prow.
Tro hand a friend relief:
Thefe anchors get bat in your power, My life for't that's your fort ;
The bower, the flieet, and the beft bower Shall bring you up in port.
Why then yon're ont, and there's an end, 'Iom cricd out blunt and rough,
Be good, be thoneft, ferve a friend, Ee maxims well enongh :
Who fiwabs his loows at other's woe,
'I hat tar's for me your fort,
His vetiel right a-head fhall go
To find a joyful port.
l.et forms of life upon me prefs, Misfortunes makes me ree',
Why, dam'me, what's my own diftrefs?
For others let me feel:
Ay, ay, ii liound with a frefh gale
To heaven this is your fort,

DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.
A handkerchief's the beft wet fail
To bring you fafe to port.

##  BALLAD-in the wags.

I'M dafhing Dickthe duftman, Nnne my calling can degrade,
For I ain not the firft man
Who has driv'n a dirty trade :
Duft ho ! duft ho! I rings my bell and cries, My tricks, if you would find 'cm,
Prctty early you muft rife,
For watch me fill,
Howe'er you will,
I bears off inany a prize,
And when I wants to blind 'em,
I throws duft in their eyes.
Why what's your man of honour ?
And what's your madam fame?
A jilt when lie has won her,
That proves a dirty name :
Victory! victory! each draws his fword and cries,
In the midtt of llaughter find him,
Sce where the favage flics, He fpares no life, No friend, nor wife,
Where'er he finds a prize,
'rill death, at laft, to blind him,
Throws duft in his eyes.
The lawver, the phylician,
And e'en the learn'd divine,
Each drives, in his condition,
As black a trade as mine:
Fees ho! fees ho! each draws his purfe and cries,
Their confcience can't bind ' em ,
The wretched patient dies,
All prayers fail,
While in a jail,
The ruin'd client lies,
Un'efs you throw to blind 'em
Gold duft in their cyes.

And fo, d'ye fee, men buifle,
To fee who's dirty firf,
And one another hufle,
And all to raife the dut:
Duft ho! duf ho! edch draws his purfe and cries,
And he, Old Nick, behind him,
Will take, to mount up trics,
All \{crambling go,
Both friend and foe,
To bear away fome prize,
And each throws duft to blind him
Plump in his neighbours eyes.

##  <br> BALLAD-IN THE WAGS.

IF bold and brave thou can'f not bear,
'Thyfelf from all thou lov'th to tear,
If, while winds war, and billows roll,
A fpark of fear invade thy foul,
If thou'st appall'd, when camons roar,
I prithce meflmate fay afhore :
'There, like a lubber,
Whine and blubber,
Still for thy cafe and fafcty bufy,
Aor dare to come,
Where honcit 'Tom,
And Ned, and Nick,
And isen, and Phil,
And Jack, and Dick,
And Bob, and Bill,
All weathers fing, and diank the fivizy:
If, fhould't thon lofe a limb in fight,
She who made up thy heart's delight, Poor recompence that thou art kind,
Shall prove inconflat as the wind,
If fuch hard fortunc thou't deplore,
1 prithec meffmate ftay afhore,
There like a lubber, \&c.
If pris'ncr in a foreign land,
No friend, no money at command,
That man thou trufted hadf alone,
All knowledge of thee fhould dilowns

## GIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

If this gould vex thee to the core, I prithee meffmate flay afore.

There like a lubber, \&c.

##  <br> BALLAD-IN THE WAGs.

WHY don't you know me by my fears ?
I'm fold ier Dick come from the wars;
Where many a head without a hat
Crowds honour's bed -but what of that?
Beat drums, play fifes, 'ti glory calls,
What argufies who ftands or falls;
Lord what fhould one be fort y for?
Life's but the fortune of the war:
Then rich or poor, or well, or fick,
Still laugh and ing fall folder Dick,
I used to look two ways at once,
A bullet hit me on the fcoure,
And dow th'd my eye, dye think l'd wince ?
Why lord I've never fquinted fine, Beat drums, \&c.
Some dißant keep from war's alarms,
For fear of wooden leg and arms,
Whale others die fate in their beds
Who all their lives had wooden heads.
Beat drums, \&c.
Thus gout or fever, fivord or thor, Or fomething fends us all to pot:
That were to die then do not grieve, But let's be merry while we live. Beat drums, \&c.

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { BALLAD-IN The wags, }
\end{aligned}
$$

AVERT yon omen, gracious heaven, The ugly feud,
By rifting winds refiftefs driven,
Kilfes the flood.
How hard the lot for failor's cant,
That they flould roam
For years, to perish thus at taft
In fight of home!

## I4O DIBDIN'S SELECTED FONGS.

For if the coming gale we mourn,
A tempelf grows,
Our reffel's fhatter'd fo and torn,
That down the goes!
The tempelt comes, while meteors red
Portentous fly;
And now we touch old ocean's bet, Now rcach the fky!
On fable wings, in gloomy flight, Fiends feem to wait,
To fnatch us in this dreadful night, Dark as our fate :
Unlefs fume kind, fome pitying pow'r Should interpore,
She labours fo within this hour Down the goes.
But fee, on rofy pinions borne,
O'er the mad dicp,
Reluctant beams the forr'wing morn, With us to weep:
Deccitful forrow, cheerlefo light, Dreadfu! to think,
The morn is ris'n, in endlefs night, Our hopes to fink!
She plits! The parts !-through fluices driven, The water flows;
Adieu ye friends, have mercy heaven!
For down fhe goes!

##  RONDEAU-IN THE WAGs.

ONE negro, wi my banjer,
Me from Jenny cime,
Wid cunning yiei
Me favez fpy
De buckra world one hum,
As troo a freet a firanger
Me my banjer flrum :
My miffy for one black dog ahout the houfe me kick, Him fay, my nafy tawny face encugh to make him fick; But when my maffa he go out, fhe then no longer rail, For firft me let the captain ing, and then me tell no tale s.

So aunt Quafhy fay,
Notabby, brown, or black, or white,
You fee um in one night,
Every fort of cat be gray.
One Negro, \&c.
To fetch a lily mouey back, you go to law they call,
The court and all the tie-wig foon ftrip you thirt and all;
The courtier call him friend and foe,
And fifty flory tell,
To day fay yes, to morrow no,
And lie like any hell:
And fo though negro black for true,
He black in buckra country too.
One negro, \&e.

B.alLaL-in the wags.

BARDS call themfelves a heav'nly race,
Topers find heaven in wine,
We truly b:afe who love the chafe,
An origin divine.
The deities all hunters are :
Great Jove, who fpends his life
In hunting of the wiling fair,
Is hunted by his wife.
Then come and wake the drowfy morn,
While the fividt game we follow:
The feather'd throng and tuncful horn
Shall join the hunter's hollow.
Gay Bacchus, on his tun, that hack;
Toafts for view hollows gives,
While Alercury, with his Bow-ftrect pack,
Scours heav'in to hunt for thieres:
Bold Mars, a blood homed, hunts for fame,
Nor till its lateft breath,
wrill he e'er leave the panting game,
But comes in at the death.
Then come, \&ic.
Diana in her facred gruve Saw rath A teon near,
And thungle the feem'd to fcorn his love,
Sec tuok him for ber deer:

Yet vex'd to think this hint fo dy
On the fool flie could not pafs,
From his own hands the made him fly,
And kili'd him for an afs.
Then come, \&e.
Great Juno, wretched, renicfs fair,
On jealous fury bent,
Still in full cry is hunting eare,
Ard fill on a wrong feent.
Indeed the fair olt mount their nag,
By the hunting mania fruck,
And if Acticon was antag,
Poor Vulcan was a buck.
Then come, \&c.

## RONDEAU-in the wags.

WHILE whim, and glee, and ich; and fong; Dispidy their charming treafure,
Mingling in gay langhter's throng, Come to the camp of pleafure.
All human being have thcir cares, Life's made of joy and forrow;
To balance lite then our affairs
Should of our pleafures borrow :
Youth's joy's featon, fo is agc, Each temper, fex, comp'exion,
In mirth may harmlefsly engage, As well as in reflection.

While whim, \&c.
You who proudly roll in wealth, You whofe means are flender,
You whofe lungs proclaim your health, Yon whofe frames are tender:
You who wear grave wifdom's wigs, You who deal in folly,
You who merry are as grige,
You who are melanchols:While whim, \&c.
Where's amonght them all the cynic elf, Of joy the open feorncr,

But doff'd the fage, and to himfelf
Took pleafure in a corner?
In thart who fets up to defpife
Thofe joys the mirth awaked
I will not rudely fay he l:es,
But furely he's miftaken.
While whim, \&e.


## BALLAD-in the wags.

THE taz's a jolly tar that can hand, reef, and fteer,
That can nimbly caft off and belay,
Who in darkeft of nights finds each halliard and jeer,
And dead reck'ning knows well and lee way:
But the tar to pleafe me,
More jolly mult be,
He muft laugh at the waves as they roar ;
He muft rattle,
And in battle
Brave danger and dying,
Though bullets are flying,
And fifty things more:
Singing, quaffing,
Dancing laughing,
Take it cherrily,
And merrily,
And all for the fake of his girl afhore.
The tar's a jolly tar who his rhino will fpend,
Who up for a meffinate will bring,
For we failors all think he that's true to his friend
will never be falfe to his king.
But the tar to pleafc me,
More jolly mult be,
He muft venture for money galore;
Acting duly,
Kind and truly,
And nobly inherit
A generous fpirit,
A prudent one more;
Singing, laughing,

- Dancing, quaffing,

Take it cherrily,

## I44 UIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

And merily,
And fave up his cafh for his girl aftore.
The tar's a jolly tar who loves a beauty bright,
And at fea uften thinks of her charms, Who toafts her with giee on a Saturday night,

And wiflees her moor'd in his arms:
But the tar to pleafe me
More jolly muft be,
Though teaz'd at each port by a fcore,
He muft, fneering At their leering,
Never fucly to delight 'em,
But forn 'em, and flight 'em,
Still true to the eore;
Singing, laughing,
Dancing, quaffing,
Take it cherrily,
And merrily.
And conftant return to his girl afhore.

## BALLAD- IN THE WAGS.

f. remov'd from noife and fmoak,

Hark . hear the woodman's ftooke,
Who dreams not as he fells the oak,
What mifchief dire he brews:
How art fhall flape his falling trees, For aid of luxury and eafe,
He weighs not matters fuch as thefe, But fings, and hacks, and hews.
Pcrhaps, now fell'd by this bold man, That tree flall form the fpruce fedan, Or wheelbarrow, where oyfter Nan

So runs her vulgar rig;
The fage where boxers erowd in flocks, Or elfe quacks, perhaps, the ftoeks, Or pofts for figns, or barber's blocks, Where ffniles the parfon's wig.
'Thou mak'ft bold peafant, oh what grief, The gibbet on which hangs the thief, The feat where fits the great Lord Chief,

The throne, the cobler's fall:

Thow pamper'f life in every frage,
Mak'ff folly's whinıs, pride's eqquipage,
For children toys, crutches for age,
And coffins for us all.
Yet juftice let us nill aford,
Thefe chairs, and this convivial board,
The bin that holds gay Bacchus' hoard,
Confefs the woodman's froke:
He made the prefs that bled the vine,
The butt that holds the gencrous wine,
The hall itfelf, where tiplers join,
To crack the mirthful joke.

## VAUXHALL BALLAD-in the wags.

TIME was, for oh there was a time, Sweet Phoebe by my fide,
The fofteft verfe il fung in rhime, Where falling pools do glide:
But, Phoehe hence, I'm left alone, Nor verfe nor rhime can pleafe,
And pools fand fill to fee me moan, In whifpers through the trecs.
The pride of laughing nature food In fertile heaths confeff'd.
When liirds, in yon impervious wood, With phathe faw me bleft.
But laughing nature's now in tears,
The heaths begin to mourn,
Birds hoot in my melodious cars,
For Phobe's glad return,
To flun fierce fol's meridian heat, Upon yon verdant green,
How oft, at clofe of eve, I'd meet, Sweet Phobe, beauty's queen :
But lof the fun fline of her charms,
The verdant green's all brown,
And 1 , with nothing in my arms, Lie hard on beds of down.

- Then come fiweet fair, and leave behind All forrow, pain, and woc,

The birc's frall fmile, and the north wind Like Boreas gently blow :
So flall the daify-mant ling green,
The cowflip-fludded brook,
In fable robes all crimfon feen, Reflect each azure look.

## BALLAD-in the waģs.

SO fiweet l'll drefs iny Zontka fair, Such pretty toys her charms ihall deck,
The nails of foes fhall grace her hair,
Their eyes and teeth adorn her neck:
A hut l'll build her of catalps,
And fweetly hang it round with fcalps,
And as we frantic fkip and fing,
And join to form the myftic ring,
And fymbals twang,
And tymbals bang,
And jump and prance,
And frifk in wedlock's devious dance,
We'll driuk and yam,
And make the banjer cry giam, giam,
The ${ }^{\text {rofere }}$ let Europe's beauties boaft, Afia the faffron's fickly die,
Let Ebon wives grace Afric's coaft :-
Can thefe with lovely Zootka vie?
Her olive cheek the giofs outfhines,
That decorates the copper mincs-
Come then and frantic, \&c.
Sume flave their eyebrows for the fair, Others for love pull out their teeth,
Some by the roots tear up their hair, To form a pret:y marriage wreath :
My loving fift at 'zootka's nofe
Shall aim a hundred tender blows,
And as they frantic, \&c.

## RONDEAU-in the wags.

IN peace, when fprightly drum and fife Quick marches fiveetly play,

- 'Then charming is the foldier's life,

To lounge it all the day:
Huw different the trade is
Erom war's deftrutive call,
fle ogles all the ladics,
And dances at the ball.
The fall fo fivect a zone is,
so powerful are its charms,
That Mars becones Adonis,
Reclines in Venus' arms,
No more upon the dangerous plain,
Death grimly falks abroad,
No more
The gafping and unpitied flain,
Weltering in gore,
For unavaling help implore:
Their fpirits iffue with a groan,
Their eyes are clofed in endlefs night,
Beholders are with horror aw'd,
And dread a fate, fad fate of woe,
That foon may be their own.
No time for pity now!-the fight
Grows liot,
The trumpet founds a charge,
Sildiers and fteeds with ardour glow,
Steris carnage takes the field,
And traverfes his bonudarics long and large:
The word is dic or yield,
And mercy is lorgot :-
Such is the treadiul ardour of the war ;
Yet diferent far
When all thefe horrors ceafe,
And foldiers tafte the joys of fimiling peace. -

> Sweet peace, \&c.

The well pack'd column, like a rock,
While they the war fuftain
Greatly receive an army's hock,
The ghorious terror of the plain:
Advancing near,
The foe is flruck aghaft,
The punic fpreads,
Pale fear
Gains o.a 'em falt;

To order's poft confulion now fucceed, And now the front becomes the rear;
All refolution's gone,
Whik wan defpair,
'Turn'l gen'rál, to deftruction leads 'em on:
They fly,
Follow the victors cry,
War's dreadful tompeft comes,
Tru:npets anel drums,
Ehvuis, groans, and thund'ring camnons rend the fig
The banners flutt'ring late in air,
Now from thic bearers grafp are torn, And on the fpear
Of victory borne :-
The froke's decifive !-glutted war, Defcending from his fanguine car, Tired foldiers from their poft releafe, To tatte the joys of fmiling peace. sweet peace, \&c.

## RONDEAU-IN the wags.

JACK dances and fing:, and is always content, In his vows to his las he'll ne'cr fail her,
His anchor's a-trip when his money's all fpentAnd this is the life of a falor.
Alert in his dutv, the readily Bies Whese winds the tir'd vefiel are finging,
Thos:gh funk to the fea gode, or tois'd to the fics, stilt lack is found working and finging:

1. net !ide of an enemy, boldly and brave. lhe'll with breadficie on broadide regale her, Vet lie'll figh to the foul o'er that enemy's grave, so moble's the mind of a failor.
f.at canmons roar loud, huaft their fide. let the bombs, I.et the winds a dread hurricane rattle,

The rough and the pleafant he takes as it comes, and laugh at the form and the battie :
In a foflerisg powet while Jack put: his trutt, As fortune comes, fmilling he'll hail her,
Refign'd, niii, and manly, fince what mut be mu?, Ard this is the mird of a fallor.

Though carelefs and headlong, if danger fhould prefis, And rank'd 'mongt the free lift of rovers, Yet he'll melt juto tears at a ta'e of ciffref; And prove the mof conitant of lovers :
To rancour unknown, to no palion a fave,
Nor unmanly, nor mean, itor a railer, He's gentle as mercy, as furtitude brave And this is a true hearted failor.

## BALLAD-in the wags.

BLEST Friendnip hail! thy gifts polfeffing, That happy mortal's rich indeed:
Thou willing giv't each carthly bleffing To all but thofe who fland in need :
Thy words are fiweet as Hybla's honey, In accents kind, and mild, and civil, Flows thy advice :- thou giv't not money,
For maney is the very devil:
And rather than the foul temptation should into fcrapes thy friend betray,
Difint'refted confideration, Thou kindly tak'ft it all away,
Are his affairs at rack and manger, Left a bad world thy friend thould choufe,
No time for thee to play the franger, 'Thou deign'ft to manage all his houfe :
To make him thy good pleafure tarry,' To kifs thy feet, to leap o'er fticks, To ren, to hop, to fetch, to carry,

And play a thoufand monkey tricks.
Nay, if thy liquorith chops fhould water,
'To eafe him of domettic Arife,
Tlou rid't him of a flirting daughter,
Or, kinder fill, thou feal'f his wife.
Come then, my friend, prevent my pleafure,
And out of doors politenefs kick,
With me and mine pray keep no meaftire,
Drench me with bu upers, make nie fick:
My cellar bleed, devour my mutton,
Upon my vitals dine and fup:

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Come on thou kind, thou friendly glutton, Kill, barlecue, and eat me up.
Then, to the laft a friend, defert me,
That wife by dear experience grown,
And having no kind friend to hurt me,
I may, at laft, become my own.

## BaLlal-in the wags.

WHAT fong mall I chant ? while I fing Venus fiparrows, Her ceftus, her dove, Shall I hold forth on love?
Source of fo many bicitings and ills,
On which fo many Cupids have blunted their arrows,
And fo many poets their quills!
All its pains and its pleafures, its muchicfs and joys,
Have been fung o'er and o'er, by fond girls and vain hoys,
Not a fingle new thought the Pierian fpring
On love caninfpire:-nor of love will I fing.
While I celebrate wproar, and hottles and glaffes, 'That fools think divine, Shall my fong be oa wine ?
Source of fo many furfeits and feaits,
Where fo many topers have toafed their lafies,
And fo many men become beafts !
Jet thefe deferibe wine who can drink till they reel, 'T'were folly to write on a theme 1 can't fcel ;
How ean I, who ne'er drink but what flows from health's fpring,
Find words the delight of a drunkard to fing?
While I celebrate men whon all comfort and pleafure Leave at home for a name, shall I defeant on fame?
Source of fo many murders an.t wose,
Where fo many heroes have plunder'd for tieafure. And fo many friends becnme fucs !
A franger to lattles, and all their delight,
Fond of peace and its joys, I can't fhudder and write :
The beft plame that e'er hero bore off fru:n Fame's wing Should not tempt me a fcene of fuch horror to fing.
What flal! be my fong? Shall I ceicbrate riches?
Whofe grafp can eombine
Love, glory, and wine!
Sumre of eah murtal man's rife and fall:

Tinat thing youth and age, high and low, that bewitches! A nothing that comprethends all!
Be the the me of thefe of others, they cannot be mine:-
Till love's led by prudence, by teaperance wine,
Tiill war fhall fweet peace, and gold charity bring,
Rcafon fmilcs, and lorbids me fuch folly to fing.

##  <br> baLLAD-in the wags.

BUT, perhaps, while thus buldy expofing each elf, A dupe to pafion, or folly, or pelf, I the critic fevereft become of myfelf, Prefuming to hope for your favours-
What is it to me who fillgs great, or fings fmall, Or whether knave firft every k:ave likes to call, Or who's roguith, or honef-Lord nothing at all, But to eke out the crutchets and quavers.
Advice from a lawyes, a fmile from his grace, From a hypocrit treailhery with a fmonth face,
From a billop a helfing, a gansiter ames ace,
The public reccive for their tavours.:
Thus in their vocation all earneftly join, For what finould a man circulate but his own coin?
Let us humbly entreat then you'll not refuie mine,
Though compos'd but of crotchets and quavers.
Every piece is full weight, nor debas'd by vile art, Stering gratitude fill will be found in each part, The lively impreffion was made on my heart,

For what lefs can purchafe your favours? Thus I fearlefs fubmit to pafs through your mint, When aflay'd, fhould you find there's no countcrfeit in't, The ftamp of your kind approhation inurint,

To pafs current my crotehets and quavers.

## DALLAD-in private theatricals.

TIGHT lads have I fail'd with, but none e'er fo fightly, As honeft Biii Buhitay, fo kind and fo true: nle'd ling like a mermaid, and foot it fo lightly, 'The forccalte's pride, and delight of the crew ?

## 152 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

But poor as a beggar, and often in tatters He went, though his fortune was kind without end; For money, cried Bill, and them there fort of matters, What's the good on't d'ye fee, but to fuccour a friend.

There's Nipcheefe the purfer, by grinding and fqueezing, Firft plund'ring, then leaving, the hip like a rat,
The eddy of fortune ftands on a fiff breeze in, And mou:ts, fierce as fire, a dog-vane in his hat. My bark, through hard ftorms on life's ocean fhould rock her, Thongh fle roll in misfortune, and pitch end for end, No, never flall Bill keep a fhot in the locker, When by handing it out, he can fuccour a friend,
Let them throw out their wipes, and cry, 'Spight of their - croffes, - And forgetful of toil that fo hardly they bore,

- That failors, at fea, earn their moncy like horfes, - To fquander it idly like affes afhore.'

Such lubbers their jaw would coil up, could they meafure, By their feelings, the gen'rous delight without end,
That gives birth in us tars to that trucf of pleafure, The handing cur rhino to fuccour a friend.
Why what's all this nonfenfe they talks of, and pother, About rights of man ? What a plague are they at ? If they mean that each man to his meffinate's a brother, Why the lubberly fwabs, ev'ry fool cau tell that. The rights of us Britons we knows to be loyal, In our country's defence our laft moments to fpend,
To fight up to the ears to protect the blood royal, To be trat to our wives, and to fuccour a friend.

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## RONDEAU-IN private theatricals.

EEAUTY I fell, who'll buy? Who'll.buy ?
Rofes and lilics girls, here am I;
Neither black, brown, nor fair, fhall have caufe for com-
plaint,

They nall look like angels, and all without paint:
Who'll Iruy? Who'll buy?
Here an 1 .
Come maids and be beautiful, eafy's the tafk,
Ufe the rouge newly taken from modefty's malk;
$\Lambda_{\text {s }}$ it blomns fiall fair truth thew your heart in the flufn,
And duty's cuanel flall polids the blufle,

For duty gives charms that fhall laf all your tives:
None but dutiful Jaughters make beautiful wives. Beauty 1 fcll, \&c.
Now's your time, a!l ye wives, would ye bcautiful grow, Draw fome drops from content's lucid fount as they flow ; 'Jake the mildnefs of love, throw away all the art, Mix thefe in endearment's alembir, the heart, Let the fire of attention the whole gently hoil, Then add nature's beft glofs, a perpetual fmile, Beauty I fell, \&c.
Come round me, I've wares for maid, widow, and wife: This effence of truth to the cycs gives a life, This tincture of fweetnefs ihall lilies difelofe, And from this, virtne's balm, thall fpring beaty's bof rofe; Then while art's in fafhiou, how can you refufe, 'That which nature and re afon permit you to ufc? Beauty I fell, \&c.

## BALLAD-IN PRIVATE THEATRICALs.

TO the plain, to the plain, hark! hark we are fummon'd away;
The birds with new notes thrill the heart through the ear; Trees and flow'rs frefl liv'ry have put on torday,

And the fun with new glary begins his carcer!
Some fiendid occafion Areadia invites
To the court of is lov'd, its illaftious lord,
Where, whic pleafures and fports blend their various delighrs,
Plenty empties her well loaded horn on the hoard.
What, what can it mean?
For onr heatis' king and queen
May jun fate thus each day fome new plafures prepare : The foorts now hegun!
'lis the nuptials propitious of Fred'rick their fon, And the fing, and the dance, and the clarion foloud,
And thofe acclamations we hear from the crowd,
' All hadil the royal pair.'
Now louder it grows! 'tis the bridegrom and bride:
Wat loyalty rent the glad air as it rung.
He \& Mars in his ca-, Ve:tus the, by his lide :
Ite a hero, and the from a hero's race forung-

## 154. DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Venus here finds lier court ; three fiwcet Graces are feen,
Than Cytherea more lovely, more mild than her dove,
The fair Ilranger to hail, in their hearts to reign quetin,
Each a fifter in heauty, a fifler in love:
And feethe glad throng,
fur the dance and the fong
Witheager refpectlul affection prepare !
The fports are begun,
George fanctions the nuptials of Frederick his fon,
While the fong, \&c.
Again a loud burf! What new fhouts rent the air!
A fond brother a bride to a fond brother gives !
While a father, a mother, a progeny rare,
Each alike imparts tranfport, and traufport reccives.
Long, longmay their joys in ? tide of love flow,
Pure, unmix'd from the conjugal fount whence they fpring
The firft tutle of human perfection we know
Is the parent whofe virtues illuftrate the king.
And fee the glad throng,
For the dance and the fong
With eager refpectiul attention prepare!
The fports are begun,
George fanctions the nuptials of Frederick his fon:
While the fong, \& ic.

## B. 1 LLAD-IN PRIVATE Theatricals.

I THAT once was a ploughman, a failor ain now, No lark that aloft in the fky,
Ever flutter'd his wings to give fpeed to the plough Was fo gay or fo carelefs as I:
But my friend was a carfindo aboard a king's hhip,
And he ax'd me to go jult to fea for a tiip,
And he talk'd of fuch things,
As if failors were kings,
And fo teizing did keep,
That lleft my poor plough to go ploughing the deep:
No longer the horn
Call me up in the morn,
Itrufted the carfindu and the inconftant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear ichind.
I did not mush like for to be aboard a haip;
When in danger there's no duor to creep out :

I liked the folly tars, I liked bumbo and flip, But I did not like rocking about:
By and by comes a hurricane, I did not like that :
Next a battle that many a failor laid flat:
Ah, cied I, who would roam
That like me had a home?
Where I'd fow, aud l'd reap,
Ere I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep: Where fweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn,
Fre I trufted the carfindo and the inconftant wind, That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.
At laft fafe I landed and in a whole fkin,
Nor did I make any long fay,
Ere I found by a friend, whom I ax'd for my kin, Father dead, and my wife ran away:
Ah who but thyfelf, faid I, haft thou to blane,
Wives lofing their hufbands, oft lofe their good name;
Ah why did I roam,
When fo happy at home,
I could fow, and could reap,
Ere I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep:
When fo fweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn:
Curfe light upon the carfindo and the inconftant wind, That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.
Why if that be the cafe, faid this very fane friend, And you ben't no more minded to roam,
Gis a flake by the fift, all your cares at an end,
Dad's alive, and your wife fafe at home!
Stark ftaring with joy, ileapt out of my fkin,
Bufs'd iny wife, mother, fifter, and all of my kin:
Now eried I, let them roam,
Who want a good home;
1 am well, fo I'll keep,
Nor again Ieave my plongh to go ploughing the deep:
Once more fliall the horn
Call me up in the morn,
Nor flall any damn'd carfindo, nor the inconftant wind, E'er tempt me for to go, and leave my dear behind.

BALLAD-IN PRIVATE THEATRICALs.
THE peafant in liis humble cot, The Ethiope on the fandy Nile,

The mole-like Laplander, whofe grot Boafts little genial nature's fmile:
There, bleft with virtue, are not poor;
Her cheering voice fuch thrilling comfort brings,
It throws around the thatch obfcure
A joy that fhames the palaces of kings.
Oh virtue, forrowing man's relief,
In pity by kind heaven fent,
That tear'ft away the thoris of grief,
And plant'f inftead the rofe contcnt!-
Thy fmalleft fpark fuch Jufte owns,
With it fuch truth and dignity it brings,
It throws obfcurity on thrones,
And beams to dim the diadem of kings!

## BALLAD-IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

SWEET fung the lark, high pois'd in air,
When on as fweet a morn,
In Hymen's fane, one fate to flaare,
Anna and I were fworn.
Swectly the thrufl, in varied fong,
The vacant joy encreas'd,
When kindly came the village throng
'To join the marriage featt.
But fweeter fang the nightingale,
Love's herald of the grove,
When Cyntlia, through the filver vale,
Led to the bow'r of love!
The lark's fweet morning fong of joy
Is known by that content,
A lovely girl and blooming hoy,
Are given us to cement :
The thrufl nill merrily at noon,
In varied cadence fings,
When fmiling fortune oft fome boon,
To cheer our labour, brings :
Nor, time far diftant, flali we grieve,
Though blefling now and blef,
When Philomel, at nature's eve,
Shall lull us into ref.

BALLAD-in private theatricals.

DEAR John prithee tell mee, cried Ruth;
To Gubbins, her hufband, one day,
Doft not think, in good footh,
1 fhould fwear but the truth
Did I fwear what I am geing to fay ?
That wedlocks's a ftate,
In good humour, that fate
Contriv'l to blefs woman and man,
And that Giles here's an afs,
Who fuch fortune lets pafs?
All flould marry as foon as they can.
Why Goody, cried Gubbins, you know
My thoughts of the thing fore to day,
Nor, as I fhall fhew,
Niced one many miles go
To prove what I am going to fiy.
Did wives ever foold,
Were they ugly, or old,
A fpoufe were a miferable man :
But fmooth is their tongue,
'They're all comely and young !
Giles get married as foon as you cau.
If one's children one wifl'd in their grave,
Still plaguing one day after day,
The girls fanhion's flavcb,
Thy boys puppies and knaves,
One then might have fomething to fay :
But brats are no evil,
They ne'er play the devil,
Nor have wives from their duty e'er ran,
Then fince, my friend Giles,
Wedlock greets you with frieles,
Get married as foon as you can
Cried Ruth, will you let your tongue rum
Here you fcurvy old villain I rule!
Rugues there are, faid the fon,
Bur, old Quiz, am I one?
Cried the daughter, my father's a fool

Don't you fee, Gubbins cried,
I've the tendereft bride,
And beft children that ever bleft man!
Giles would you be driven,
'To bedlam or heaven,
Get married as foon as you can!

BALLAD-IN Private theatricals.

LET fons of flothdream time away, Regardlefs what raay follow,
And rail at us who wake the day With horn, and hound, and hollow:
We their purfuits floould find the fame, To their fecrets were we privy,
Each man to hunt fome favourite game 'Through life goes on tantivy.
The book-worm hunts the ancient fchools, And walks with Ariftotle,
Black-legs and ladies hunt for fools, The toper lunts his bottle.
Thus fhould we find, whate'er the name,
To their fecrets were we privy,
Mankind to hunt, \&c.
When doctors come in at the death, For true bred hunters thefe are,
The patient crics, with his laft breath,"
"Et tu Brute! then fall Cæfar."
Thus we with fafety might proclaim,
To their fecrets were we privy,
Mankind to hunt, \&c.
The mifanthrope hunts out for woes, Muck-worms are for gold purfuing,
While neck and nothing, as he goes, The fpendthrift hunts his ruin.
Bold tars for honour hunt the wind, Outrageeus faints huut finners,
While with round belly, capon-lin'd, Fat aldermen hunt dinners.
Thus flould we find men's views the fame,
To their fecrets were we privy,
$\mathrm{All}_{2}$ to hunt, \&\&c.

Fame courtiers hunt from place to place, Rakes hants new fets of featurcs,
While generous hearts urge on the chafe,
'To relieve their fellow creaturcs :
Let us, while to our action's aim, Negardlefs who are privy,
In chafe of pleafure, as fair game, Through life go on tantivy.

BALLAD-IN Private theatricals.

POOR Peggy lov'd a foldier lad, More, far more, than tongue can tell ye, Yet was her tender bofom fad
Whene'er fine heard the loud reveliez:
The fics were fcreetch owls to her cars,
The drums like thunder feem'd to rattle,
Ah too mrophetic were her fears,
They call'd him from her arms to battle!
There wonders he agdinft the foe
Perforni'd, and was with laurels crown'd,
Vain pomp! for foon death laid him low
On the cold ground.
Her hacart all love, her foul all truth,
That none her fears or flight difcover,
Poor Peg, in puife a comely youth,
Follow'd to the field her lover.
Directed by the fife and drum,
To where the work of death was doing,
Where of brave hearts the time was come,
Who, feeking honour, grafp at ruin.
Her very foul was chill'd with woe,
New horror came in every found,
And whifper'd death had laid him low
Cn the cold ground.
With mute aflletion as fhe food,
While her woman's fears confound her
With terror all her foul fubdu'd,
A mourning train came thronging round her:
The plaintive fife and mufl'd drum
The martial obfequies difcover,
His name fle hcard, and cried I come,
Faithful to meet my murder'd lover!

Then heart-rent by a figh of woe, Fell, to the grief of all around, Where death had laid her luver low On the cold ground!

BALLAD-IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

MANKIND ail get drunk, ay and womankind too, As by proof i thall prefently fhew you:-
See that upftart, to power who unworthily grew, With good fortune fo drunk he don't know you.
Then round with the bowl, the tree's known by its trunk, 'Tis not liquor our natures can vary;
And pow'r as completely can make a man drunk As claret, or fack, or canary.
Why reels that poor wretch? Why his cyes does he roll ! Why mutter and form in that fafhion?
What winc has he drank? How olt emptied the bowl! Not at all lir, the man's in a paffion!
Then round with the bowl, the trec's known by its trunk! 'Tis not liquor our natures can vary,
And paffion as eafy can make mortals drunk As claret, or fack, or canary.
See that whimfical creature, now cry, and now laugh, Now rave, and now form, and now fidget!
He's not drunk fir, for all he's fo like a great calf, "Tis jealoufy makes him an idiot!
Then round with the bowl, the trees known by its trunk,
'Tis not liquor our natures can vary,
And love as completely can make a man drunk As claret, or fack, or camary.
See thofe beautiful creatures like angels come on, Form'd us feitows to keep to our tether,
Say, 'ent it a pity they are all half gone!
Not with wine, but a cap and a feather!
Then round with the howl, the tree's known by its trunks ' 1 'is not liquor our natures can vary,
And fallion as cafy can make ladies drunk As claret, or fack, or canary.
Thus palfion, or power, or whim, or caprice, Poor mortals can make non fe ipfe;

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

We fivill like a fpunge, or a mayor at a feaf,
The mend drank, and the ladies all tipfey!
Then round with the bowl, the tree's known by its trunk,
'Tis not liquor our natures can vary,
And folly as cafy can make mortals drunk
As claret, or fack, or canary.


## BALLAD-IN private theatricals.

DAPPER Ted Tattoo is my natty name,
For a roll or a trevally,
Among the girls loud founds my fame,
When I their quarters rally.
For with fife and drum
1 fmirking come,
Leer, cock my hat, Swear and all that, Nor never dread
A broken head
Where the caufe of Arife's a doxy:-
But as for wars,
Aind wounds, and fears.
And fighting foes,
And thumps, and blows,
I'd rather fight by proxy.
When chiefs and privates mingled lie,
And gafp without affiftance,
In baggage wagron, perch'dup, I
Stand umpire at a diffance :
And with fife and drum.-
1 fmirking come,
'Mongf foldier's wives,
Who lead merry lives,
Nor ever dread
A broken head
Where the caufe of Arife's a duxy :
Let their hufbands go,
And, 'gaint the foe
Gain glory's fcars
In honour's wars:
l'd rather fight by proxy.
Yct think ye I am not renown'd.
In forcign wars and civil,

## I62 DIBDIN'S SELECTEDSONGS.

Why, fir, when fafe at home and found,
Zounds I could fight the devil ?
And with fife and drum,
Can fmirking come,
And cock my hat,
Leer and all that,
Nor never dread
A broken head,
Wken the caufe of ftrife's a doxy :
Let others go,
And, 'gainft the for,
Gain glory's fears
In honour's wars :
I'd rather fight by proxy.
'Thus through the world I make a noife
Where'er I'am a fojourner,
The mighty wonder and furprife
Of every chimney corner!
Where with fife and drum
$l$ fmirking come,
And rap out zounds,
And talk of wounds, Nur ever dread
A broken head
Where the caule of frife's a doxy :
They're fools who go,
And, 'gainft the foe,
In glory's wars
Gain honour's fcars :
l'm wife, and fight by proxy.

BALL.AD-IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

LADIES and gentlemen I'm a beau, A beau I have been all my life,
And yet may the devil fetch me if I knosy
How I, whofe whole trade is
To tickle up the ladics,
Have never yet got me a svife.
If farted in life 'bout the year fixty two,
My fimall clothes were feartct, my fonckings were blue, My thoes were ha'f.boots, pudding fleeves too I wore,
My hat in the true piftol cock, and the more

## vIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

## O'er the fair to prevail,

I fported a fine ramilic for a cue,
For what's a beau or a monkey without a tail?
Fafhion thus yields to falizion, as night yicld's to day,
The huge hat that was cock'd with an air
Soon was kiek'd out of doors, of the fmart Nivernoi\%
'The charm'd world fung the praifes,
The belles put on jaxics,
And the beaux fported now their own hair.
By that time it came to the year feventy-two,
The fathions of mixture of old were and new;
Your hair like a bulhel might look or a wigz
Or nine bairs of a fide, with the tail of a pig, For me o'er the fair to prevail,
I had feven yards of ribbon to make me a queue, For what's a beau or a monkey without a tail?
Again with the varying modes did I jump, Of falhion I gave the grand pas;
My coat hung to my hecls, or was tuck'd to my rump, In all circles fhoving, A beau, or a floven,
With a flouch, or a chapeau de luras:
Thus I fported my figure about eighty-two,
Drove a two-ftory gige, that four pony rats drew,
Wore a coat with feven capcs, thirteen waiftcoats in one,
And, that I might ne'er be in folly outdoue, With the fair to prevail,
A large porter's knot would have farce held my queue, For what's a beau or a monkey without a tail?
Thus in all forts of modith afferbles the firf, Have my purfe, health, and fpirits been hack'd,
But the polifl, worn off, nothing left but the ruft, I of fathion's ftrange ftages, Like bhakefpcare's Seven Ages,
Play the farce, though I'm in at the laft act.
Arrived to year of Our Lord minety.two,
I drefs, and I coax, and I firt, hut won't do;
At a hundred and one I thould fill be a fop,
Iut done up, and nick named by the world the grey crop, Can I hope to prevai',
'To play gallantry's part I have now lof my cue, For what's a beau or a monkey without a tail.

## 

## BALLAD-IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS。

ALAS! the battle's loft and won, Dick Flint's horne off the field By death, from whom the fouten run, Who makes whole armies yield !
Dick well in honour's footfep trod, Erav'd war and its alarms,
Now death beneath the humble fod Has grounded his arms!
Dick's march'd before us, on a rout Where ev'ry foldier's fent,
His fire is dead, his courage out, His ammunition fpent :
His form fo active's now a clod, His grace no longer charms,
For death beneath the hamble fod Has grounded his arms!
Come fire a volly o'cr his grave, Dead marches let us beat ;
-War's honours well become the brave, Who found their laft retreat.
All muft obey Fate's awful nod, Whom life this moment warms,
Death foon or late, beveath the fod. Will ground the foldier's arms!

BALLAD-IN private theatricals.
ADIEU my gallant failor, obey thy dury's call,
Though falfe the fea; thare's truth athore;
Till nature is found changing, thou'rt fure of confane Poll :
And yct, as now we fever,
Ah much I fear that never
Shall I alas hehold thee more.
Jack kifs'd her, hitch'd his trowfers, and hied him to begone,
Weigh'd anchor, aud loft fight of fhore,
Next day a brifk fouth wefter a heavy gale brought on,

## Adieu cried Jack for ever,

For much Ifear that never
Shall I, fiveet Poll, liehold you more.
Poll heard that to the bottom wis funk her honet tar,
And for a while lamented fore;
At length cried fhe, I'll marry; what fhoull I tarry for?
I may lead apes for ever,
Jack's gone, and never, never
Shall I alas, behold him more!
Jack fafe and found returning, fought cut his faithful Poll,
Think you, cried fhe, that falfe I fwore,
l'm conftant fill as ever, 'tis nature's chang'd, that's all ;
And thus we part for ever,
For never, failor, never
Shall I behold you more!
If, as you fay, that nature like winds can fhift and veer, About flip for a kinder flore,
1 hear'd the trick you play'd me, and fo, d'ye fce, my dear,
To a kind heart for ever
I've fpliced my felf, fo never
Shall I falfe l'oll, behold you more.

## BALLAD-IN PRIVATE THEATRICALs.

SPANKING Jack was fo comely, fo pleafant fo jolly, 'Though winds blew great guns, thill he'd whifle and fing, Jack lov'd his friend, and was true to his Molly, And, if honour gives greatnefs, was great as a king : One night, as we drove with two reefs in the main fails And the foud came on low'ring upon a lee flome, Jack went up aloft, for to hand the top gant fail, A Cpay wafl'd him off, and we ne'cr law him more: But griering's a folly, Come let us be jolly,
If we've troubles on fea boy, we've pleafures 'hore. Whifling Tom ftill of mifchief, or fun in the middle, Through life in all weathers at randon would jog, He'd dance, and he'd fing, and he'd play on the fiddle, And fivig with an air his allowance of grog:
Long fide of a Don, ia the Terrible frigatc, As yard arm and yard arm we lay off the flore,

In and out whiffing Tom did fo caper and jig it,
That his head was fhot off, and we ne'er faw him more: But grieving's a folly, \&ic.
Bonny Ben was to eich jolly meffimate a brother, He was manly and honeft, good natured and free,
If ever one tar was more true than another, To his friend and his duty, that failor was he :
One day with the davit to weigh the cadge anchor, Ben went in the boat on a beold craggy hore,
He over board tipt, wheia a flark and a fpanker, Soon nipt him int two, and we ne'er faw him more ! But grieving's a folly, \&c.
But what of it all lads, fhall we be down hearted Becaufe that mayhap we now take our laft fup?
Life's cable muft one day or other be parted, And death in fafe mourings will bring us all up :
But 'tis always the way on't, one fcarce finds a brother Fond as pitch, honell, hearty, and true to the core, But by battle, or ftorm, or fome damn'd thing or other, ke's popp'd off the hooks, and we ne'cr fee him more!
\$ut grieving's a folly, , \&c.

## BALLAD--in private theatricals.

## curane

ARRAH if 'tis no lie in this world we are living, And it en't, for it's feen every day,
That the truet of joys honell hearts are tecciving Are thofe they are giving away.
$\$$ ure men are all fifters, and coufins, and brothers, And 'tis clear to the fupideft elf
That the beft kind of comfort a man gives to others,
Is that which he takes to himfelf:
Thus this bodder and game, this fame meum and tuum, Means the devil a meaning but fuum.
For your friend's peace of mind floould you let your moutli water,
And be getting the will you obtain,
In poffeling his purfe, or his wife or his daughter,
What deliglt wonld the joy be but pain.
Then let knav'ry alone, the vain work's ufelcfs lepbour,

Be't for love, or for pow'r or for pelf,
For cv'ry wrong that a man does his neighbour, Sure is he not doing himfelf?
'Ihus this bodder, \&e.
If I'm rich, and flould chure to do good to another, Arrah fait for the felfifh defiga
Devil tank me, for if you allow I'm his brother,
Fait and confcience fure is not he mine ?
But, fays inufty Morality, chufe objects fitting;
Juft your fermons lay by on the fhelf;
Why you fupid old big wig, arralh fure 'ent I getting For one joy of his ten for myfelf. Thus this bodder, \&c.
Then from fuch bothoration in pity releafe us, Fortune all you beftow will repay,
And though poor as Job, you'll all be as rich as Cracfus For yon'll keep what you've given away:
The fine gencrous maxim then while you're purfuing Spend your all to hoard mountains of pelf,
Soar high while you're finking, be profperous in ruin, And give joy to enjoy it yourfelf.

And thus have I proved, \&c.

## BALLAD-IN Private theatricals.

BLEAK was the morn when William left his Nancy The fleecy fnow frown'd on the whiten'd fhore,
Cold as the fears that chill'd her dreary fancy, While fle her failor from her bofom tore:
To his fill'd heart a little Nancy preffing,
While a young tar the ample trowfers ey'd,
In need of firmmefs, in this fate diftrefing,
Will check'd the rifing figh, and fondly cried,
Ne'er fear the perils of the fickle ocean,
Sorrow's a notion,
Grief all in vain;
Sweet love take heart,
Eor we muft part
In joy to meet again,
Loud blew the wind, when leaning on that willow Where the dear name of William food,

When Nancy faw, tofs'd by a faith!efs hillow, A flip datitd 'gainft a rock that topp'd the flood:
Her tender heart with frantic forrow thrilling,
Wild as the form that howl'd along the fhore,
No longer could refint a froke fo killing,
'Tis he, fhe cried, nor flall I fee hinn more!
Why did he ever truft the tickle ocean,
Sorrow's my portion,
Mifery and pain!
Break my poor heart.
For now we part,
Never to meet again,
Mild was the eve, all nature was finiling,
Four tedious years had Nancy pafs‘d in grief,
When, with her children the fad hours beguiling,
She faw her William fly to her relief?
Sunk in his arms with blifs he quickly found her,
But foon return'd to life, to love, and joy,
While her grown young ones amxioufly furround her,
And now Will clafps his girl and now his boy :
Did I not fay, though 'tis a fickle ocean,
Sortow's all a notion,
Gricf all in vain?
My joy how fiveet,
For now we meet, Never to part again!

BALLAD-in private theatricais.
LIFE'S a jeft, fays the poet, arrah fure 'tis a pun-
Nen call black for white through fome quibbling pretence,
And expreffions fill ufe where the found is all one,
Though as diftant as London from Dublin the fenfe Then let 'em now juft go their gig and their fun, This life by my foul's nothing more than a pun, Where men play on our paftions to turn us all fools, And make juns and quilbies, that we may make bulls That $h$ 's o'er heàd and ears the fond lover declares,

And munf marry or hang-the dear creature befet, Confents, little dreaming he puns while he fivears,

For the tacf does not mean he's in love, but in debt.

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS. I69

Then let them now juft go their gig and their fun, This life by my foul's nothing more than a pun, Where fine dafling lovers fond widows turn fouls, And make puns and quibbles, that they may make bulls. That fweet babe, fays old Bolus, l'll quickly reftore 'To that mother from whom the dear creature had birth; Punning rogue, by and by fir the child is no more, So he lies and fpeaks truth, for he meant mother earth ! Then let them now juf go their gig and their fun, This life by my foul's nothing more than a pun, And thus learned phyficians their patients turn fools, And make puns and quibbles, that they may make bulls. Says the courtier, my friend, you flall have a fnug place, A douceur or two more and your fuit cannot fail !
The dear punning courtier gets into difgrace, And you get fure enough a fnug place in a jail! Then let 'em now juft go their gig and their fun, This life by my foul's nothing more than a pun,
And thus courtiers turn their dependants and fools, And make puns and quibbles that they may make bulls, Thus one thing they fay, and another exprefs, Thus feathers cut throats, thus are fycophants civil, Don't bifhops and ladies fay no, and mean yes ?

Don't we call women angels for playing the devil ?
Then let them now juft go their gig and their fun, This life by niy foul's nothing more than a pun,
Thus men laugh in their fleeves, while they turn their friend fools,
And make puns and quibbles, that they may mak bulls

RONDEAU-In privatetheatricals.

WHO calls ?-Who calls ?
Who Wildom calls by Momus' name ?
Who needs a fample of my quality?
Momus and wifdom are the fame, Wifdom's god's the god of jollity.
Let the dark fage who low'rs and fcowls,
And broods o'er maclancholy,
Seek creeping faakes and hooting owlo,
And call all pleafure folly :

If this be truth, truth fpeaks in lies,
This axion nought can vary,
If to be merry's to be wife,
To be wife is to be merry. Who calls? \&c.
Be mortals motives what they may,
Pow'r, love, ambition, treafure,
In fpight of all wife fools can fay,
The end propos'd is pleafure.
That truth which contradiets me, lics;
This axiom ought can vary,
If to be merry's to be wife,
To be wife is to be merry Who calls ? \&c.
See laughter at my beck appears,
And holds up men and manners,
Hafte joy's recruit's, Whim's voluntecrs,
Lift under Momus' banners :
I Folly drefs in Wifdom's guife,
Nor can my maxims vary :
If to be merry's to be wife,
To be wife is to be merry. Who calls? \&c,

## RONDEAU-IN.PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

A MIGHTY fultan once for fun
Indulged an inclination,
'Tis odds by them my fory's done
You'll makc its application.
A wag he fent for to his court,
Who, each way you can mention,
To furnifis whim, and fun, and fort,
Still tortured his invention. To pleafe this fultan, \&c.
'Mongft Folly's fons and daughters to
With Satire did he wander,
And fill attempting fomething new,
Relying on the candour
of this mighty fultan, \&c.
At length his frolics at.an end,
Cried one, I do not bam-you,

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

But as yon merit, my good friend, He'll either fave or dam you, Will this mighty fultan, \&c.
But, for your comfort, he is juf,
And eatily contented,
Nor to hime e'er did any truft
Who afterwards repented.
You are the fultan who for fun
Indulge an inclination,
I am the wag-my fory's deneNow make its application.

## BALLAD-in private theatricals.

IN the motley feather ${ }^{\text {d }}$ race
Mankind you may diftinctly trace,
Evermore on pleafure's wing
Idly roving,
Fighting, loving,
'They chatter, croak, and hout, and fing.
Nor is my fimile unfair,
Among the people of the air
Are birds of night and birds of day,
Birds that on each other prey,
Birds that whiftle, lirds that croak,
Birds that are a flanding joke,
Birds that decoy, and mock and call,
So like to birds are mortals all :
That in the motley feather'd race, Mankind you may diftinctly trace,
Evermore on pleafure's wing,
Idly roving,
Fighting, loving,
They charter, croak, and hoot, and fing.
Thou haft feen upon the prowl, Grave as any judge, an owl,
On birds and mice at random feize,
For wren, or linnet,
Watch the minute,
And make a fnatch by way of fees :
Lawyers, who deal in froth and words,

## IT2 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGG.

What are they all but humming-birds?
Geefe are thofe who go to law,
A hoarding mifer's a jackdaw,
Fond doves, like lovere, kifs and toy,
A bulfincli is an Irifh joy,
Neg'ecfed worth's the humble wren,
While cormirants are ali aldermen!
Thus in tle moticy father'd race, \&c.
Vain peacocks thou haft feen, who hide
Their ugly feet, though puff'd with pride ;
Thus, while they batk in funmine's hour,
Spacious wondere,
Hide the blunders
Of gaudy peacocks, p'um'd with power :
Tools fo love kraves one can't defery
The dove-houfe from the rookery:
The mecereft dolt can tell you who
Are like the wagtail and cuckoo:
And all know thofe who fwear and lie
Are like the noify chatt'ring pie :
A hen's a flirt, with frizzl'd top,
And what's the duck-tail'd-jay?-A crop!
Thus in the motley feather'd race, \&c.

## BALLAD-IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

WHEN I comes to town with a load of hay, Mean and lowly though 1 feem,
1 knows pretty well how they figures away,
While I whiftes and drives my tcam:
Sour natty fparks, and flafny dames
How do i love to queer,
I runs my rigs,
And patters, and giggs,
And plays a hundred comical games,
To all that eomes near:
Then in a pet
J'o hear 'em fict,
A mobbing away they go-
(" The feoundrel deferres to be horfe whipt!"
'Who, me ma'am ?')
Ifo Ball, wo!

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONES. 173

Sq to mind them I ne'er feem,
But whifles and drives my team!
So as I feers thinking of nothing at all, And driving as faft as I can,
I pins a queer thing againf the wall,
Half a monkey, and half a man!
The mob) came round him to put up his blood,
While he's trembling from top to toe,
My whip it gocs fpank,
I tips Ball on the flank,
Ball plunges, and paints him all over with mud,
Queers his flockings, and fooils the beau!
Then then the fweet pretty dear
Ah could you but hear,
(" Odds curfe you, I'll make you know, "You infernal villain!"

- Lord blefs your baby face, I would not hurt your
' Spindle fhanks for the world!').
Wo Ball, wo!
So to mind 'em I ne'er feem,
But whiftles and drives my team.
And fo gets the fineft fun-
And frifk that ever you faw,
Of all I meets I can queer ev'ry one
But you gemmen of the law:
Though they can farcely put me down,
Says I, to their courts when I'm led,
Where their tails of a pig
They hide with a wig,
How many ways in London town
They dreffes a calf's head.
Then ev'ry dunce
To he ar ojen at once,
Like mill-clacks their clappers go,
(" Oh that's the fellow I faw grinuing through the horfe "collar in the county."
"I fancy you're the fellow I faw grinning through the ' pillory in London!')
Wo Ball, wo!
So to mind 'cm I ne'er feem,
Butcwhiftles and drives my team.


## 174 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

## BALLAD-in private theatricals.

I SING of that life of delight beyond meafure
That tars calmly lead on the boifterons main, Where toil is enjoyment, where trouble's all pleafure,

And where men lofe their lives, a fure fortune to gain : Where you fear no difeafes but ficknefs and fenrvy,

Where the water flinks fweetly, by way of a zeft, Where you avalk on your legs, when you're not topfy turvy, And where, though you fleep foundly, you're never at reft! Then pufli round the can, oh you have not a notion

Of failors, their grog, and their fiveethearts, and wives, Ah give me, my foul, the tight lads of the ocean,

Who though they're fo wretched, lead fuch happy lives.
'Then you're always of billows and winds in the middle,
'That fo daft, aad fo whifle, and boddce your ears,
And play a duet with the tar's fong and fiddle,
So fweetly that founds, and nobody hears :
Then to fee the tight lads, how they laugh at a franger,
Who fears billows can drown, and nine pounders can kill For you're fafe fure enough, were you not in fuch danger,

And might loll at your eafe, if you could but fit fill.
Then pufl round the can, \&c.
What of perils that, always the fame, are fo various, And through fhot holes and leaks leave wide open Death's doors,
Devil a rifk's in a battle, wer't not fo precarions,
Storms were all gig, and fun, but for breakers and fliores: In thort, a tar's life, you may fay dat I told it,

Who leaves quitt and peace, foreign countries to roam, Is, of all other lives, I'll be bound to uphold it,

The beft life in the world, next to flaying at home. Then pufh round the can, \&c.

## 

BALLAD-IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.
'IHIS here's what I does-I, d'ye fee, forms a inotion. That our troubles, our forrows and frile,
Are the winds and the billows that foment the ocean, As we work through the paftage of life:

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

And for fear on life's fea lett the veffel hould founder,
To lament, and to weep, and to wail,
Is a pop gun that tries to out roar a ninepounder, All the fame as a whiff in a gale.
Why now $I$, though hard fortune has pretty near flarv'd me, And my togs are all ragged and quecr,
Ne'er yet gave the bag to the friend that had ferv'd me, Or caus'd ruin'd beauty a tear,
Now there tother day, when my meffmate deceiv'd me, Stole my rhino, my cheft, and our Poll;
Do you think in revenge, while their treachery grieved me, I a court martial call'd ?-Not at all,
This here on the matter was my way of arg'ing, 'Tis true they han't left me a crofs,
A vile wife and falfe friend though are gone by the bargain, So the gain d'ye fet's more than the lofs.

For though fortune $f_{s}$ a jilt, and has, \&c.
The heart's all-when that's built as it Mould, found and clever,
We go 'fore the wind like a fly,
But, if rotten and crank, you may luff up for ever, You'll always fail in the wind's eye :
With palaver and nonfenfe I'm not to be paid off, I'm a drift, let it blow then great guns,
A gale, a frefh breeze, or the old gemnen's head off, Itake's life rough and fmooth as it runs :

Conteut, through hard fortune, \&c.


## FINALE-IN THE COALITION.

1.AWYERS pay you with words, and fine ladies with vapours,
Tour parfons with preaching, and dancers with capels, Soldiers pay you with conrage, and fome with their lives, Some men with their fortunes, and fome with their wives : Some with fame, fome with confcience, and many throw both in,
Phyficians with latin, and great men with nothing;
I, not to be fingular in firch a throng,
For your kindnefs pay you with the end of a fong. But pleading, engroffing, declaring, and vap'riag, And fighting, and becturing, and dancing, and capering,

## 176 DIBDIN'S SELECTEDSONGS.

And preaching, and fwearing, and bullying-prefcribing? And coaxing, and wheedling, and fecing, and bribing, And every profeffional art of hum-drumming Is clearly in fome fort of fpecies of humming; Humming!-nay, take me with you, the term's very frong, But I only meant humming the end of a fong,
For all who this evening have paid me attention.
I would I had language of fome new invention
My thanks to return, for where's the expreflion
Can defcribe of your kindnefs the grateful impreffion ?
May every defire of your hearts be propitious,
Be lafting fuccefs the refult of your wifhes,
Unimpair'd be your joys, your lives happy and long:
And now I am come to the end of my fong.

## BALLAD-IN SHE 15 MAD FOR A HUSEANE.

OH money, thou mafter of all things below, Of each chain thour't the principal link: What can purchafe a friend, or can buy off a foe, Or make black appear, like the chink?'
Your lawyers phylicians, in fhort egry tribe, Who to eat dip the pen in theirink,
Would they write, or advife, or confult, or prefcribe, Were it not for the fake of the chink?
Of men and of women, high, low, great and fmall,
'Tis the life, 'tis victuals, the drink ;
'Tis a good univerfal acknowledged-all, all
Revive at the found of the chink.
No niore talk of Cupid, for thine far above, His power to nothing can fink;
I doat to diftraction, couid have her I love, Alas! if I had but the chink.


BALLAD-IN SHE IS MAD FOR A HUSEANE.

[^3]Near to my heart his image fits, And 'twas for him I loit my wits.
Where art thou fled, my only dear? To find thee they have fent me here; Thoult cure, they fay, thefe love-fick fits, And give me back again my wits.
Haft then, to pleafure flew the way, For now in doubt and fear Iilray,
My brain with dubious torments fplits; Hafte, hafte, and give me back my wits.


BALLAD-IN SHE is mad For a husband.

To be mad for a hufband is not a thing new :
The widow who fivore to her firt to be true, And the moment he's dead at a route goes to cards, And a week after marries Dick Trim of the guards; Becaufc truly Dick was a lufty young lad :
What a plague do you call fuch a woman but mad?
The young lacly, brimful of the laft new romance, Who ogles the footman, as if 'twere by chance ; Who gets out of her room by a ladder of ropes, And at laft, with her John, who to Scotland elopes, Leaving, fore in affiction, her worthy old dad; What a plague do youcall fuch a womau but mad ? She, becaufe be is rich, and becaufe the is poor, Who weds with a batter'd old rake of fourfcore: She at feventy-feven who marrics a boy; For title and rank, fice who barters all joy;
Thofe who marry for motives like thefe or as bad, What a plague do you call all thefe women but mad?
BALLAD-IN SHE ISMAD FORA HUSBAND.

HE ran to the farm-yard, and there bit a logg That, in lefs than ten minutes, bark'd juft like a dog; The hog bit a loorfe that was juft come from hunting, And prefently after the horfe fell a grunting;
Such grunting, and barking, and barking, and grunting,

## 178

 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.And grunting, and barking, and barking, and grunting, 'The village will never have done with the talk on't, 'Tho' the wifeft man there cannot make log or dog on't.
A fine brindled cow, near a hay-ftack was ftraying,
Which, bit by the hurfe, was foon after lieard neighing;
The cow lit a man, who was driving the plough,
When he walk'd on four legs, and low'd juft like the cow.
Such lowing, and neighing, and barking, and gruntiug,
And grunting, and barking, and neighing, and lowing,
The villiage will never have done with the talk on't,
Tho' the wifeft man there cannot make hog or dog onst.
The man bit a Jack-afs, that foon after ran
Half a mile on two legs, and talk'd juft like the man;
The Jack-afs circountered a fheep in his way,
And 'tis not to be mention'd how loud he did bray. Such braying, and talking, and talking, and braying And barking, and granting, and lowing, and neighing, The village will never have done with the talk undt, Tho' the wifeft man there cannot make hog or dog on't. The fheep bit a wolf, which was foon heard to bleat, The wolf more dumb things than I've time to repeat; But the worft that was bit, was, alas! my poor wench! Heav'n keep us, I fay, from mad dogs and the French! Such bleating, and ta:king, and barking and braying, And grunting, and bleating, and lowing, and neighing,
The village will never have done with the talk on't,
Tho the wifeft man there cannot make hog or dog on't.

BALLAD-IN SHE IS MAD POR A HUSBAND.

YOUNG Doll a comely village girl
Was courted by a liuge rich 'fquire,
Who offerd diamonds, gold, and pearl,
Or getlip fame's a wounded liar:
But to honef Doll
Virtue was all,
So he could net er get nothing by her ;
And for all his jeer,
With a flea in hisear,
She packing fert this lyuge rich 'fquire.
One day as he had hunting been,
Come crofs the field this huge rich 'fquire,

On the fineft horfe that e'er was feen, And fpying Doll, was all on fire.
Doll, in a fright,
Saw him alight,
And run o'er bramble and o'cr briar;
But, in the nick,
What a cunning trick,
The gipfy play'd this huge rich 'fquire.
Finding herfelf quite overtook,
She cried out to this huge rich 'fquire,
I fear my father fees us-look
Over the hedge a little higher.
While he upon
This work was gone,
Doll mounts his horfe, and in the mire,
-Of hope bereft,
She fairly left,
To curfe his ftars, this huge rich 'fquire.

## BALLAD-In england against italy.

WHY is the devil in you,
Or are you fuch a uinny
T'o believe of you fhe'll ever think, perfuade her all you can
No, no, whate er believe you,
Your hopes will all deceive you,
For a girl of fenfe will yieid to-not a monkey but a man.
Zounds can that hat and feather,
Or the coxcomb altogether,
A 'fquire of filk, and mandrake-a mere flafl in-the pan
His pretty felf admiring,
Bc ought but hate infpiring,
When a woman always yields to-not a monkey, but a man.
Then give this fuily over,
Nor longer play the lover,
For I plainiy tell you 'tis a mighty filly plan;
Or, fpight of all your vapouring,
I'll fo tinely fpoil your capering,
You flall own this arm belongs to-not amonkey, but a man.

## $\cdots \gamma \mu \cdots \cdots \Leftrightarrow \Leftrightarrow \Leftrightarrow$ <br> SONG-IN England against italy。

ON Crochetini loves attend,
Each day fome beauty to difcover;
In prudent age to find a friend,
And make of ev'ry youth a lover:
The ravifled birds in throngs appear,
Where, with her notes, the woods are ringing,
And nightingales with pleafure hear,
To borrow fwectnefs from her finging.

## BALLAD-IN The fortune hunter.

THE willing foul well pleas'd delights
To heal the franger's grief;
Nor will its hofpitable rights
From worth withhold relief:
But fill we flould-deceitful left
The tear we wifh to dry-
Diftinguifh 'twixt the gen'rous guef,
And the infidious $\mathrm{f} p \mathrm{y}$.
Our paffione each floould, flation'd well,
Have fume good puft apart,
And, as a wary centinel,
Prudence thould guard the heart:
Thus, like a camp, the human breaf Might a furprife defy:
Rewarding fill the gen'rous guef,
And punifhing the fyy.


## BALLAD-in the fortune hunter.

FOR wedlock's a voyage, where, fhould boifterous billowz; Arife to diffurb of cur lives the calm fea, Pcace, joy, and delight, would, deferting our pillows, Leave behind a frong wifh once again to get free. Domeitic difquiet, like quick fand or flallow, Would the veffel of Liove fhock in every part,

Rocks of Anger would, bruife her, or Hates ocean fwallow, And the tempeft of Marriage would fhipwreck the heart. But gayly her courfe through the fa of life bending,

With a furface that kiffes the generous gale,
Each effort, each wifi, each affection, fill tending
To fleer by Love's compare, and hoift Reafon's fail.
The fences, that crew of the mind, all in motion,
To make the voyage profp'rous exert ev'ry art, While the vellel tow'rs on the face of the ocean, 'Till in wedlock's kind haven rides fafely the heart.

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## BALLAD-IN THE MISCHANCE.

FOR I am the girl that was made for my Joe, And Joe is the lad that was model'd for me, Our tempers agree;
And all the world over with him would I go, And work late or early, nor think it a pain, For I ne'cr loved my Joe for the lucre of gain.
If fo be, by good chance, fuch a fortunate thing Was to happen, for me to be crowned a queen, 'Twould quickly be feen,
If they did not consent to make Joey a king,
That for Bet they might get who thicy would for to reign, For I ne'er loved my Joe for the lucre of gain,
O'Conner, he in the pear-aches that plies,
Ap Skenkin, the Welchman, Mac Pherfon the Scot, For his fake went to pot ;
Nay, (though many a girl would have thought him a prize), $I$ refus'd a Jew broker, from Petticoat-lane, For I ne'er lov'd my joe for the lucre of gain.


BALLAD-IN ALL'S NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS,

I AM a chairman my name is Mc Gee, No flower in May was fo blithe as me,
Till that buftard Cupid, lodged in difguife In pretty Bridget's two good looking eyes,

Arrah is't you, the urchin cry'd, I've a ftrong bow I ncrer try'd;
Like a flelalah he then chofe a dart,
And what a whack it gave my heart.
And fince that time I grunt and figh,
And fob, and moan, becafe as why
I frive to hate, but am ne'er the nigher,
By her frofy looks I'm all on fire.
Oh ! Bridget, Bridget, eafe my pain,
Or give me back my heart again,
Or elfe, in troth, do all I can,
My partner'll foon be an odd man.

## BALLAD-IN all's not gold that olitters.

A WORD in your ear if you pleafe Mr, Fop,
No more in this pickle be reaming;
But pull off your fool's jacket, ftep home to your flop,
And gentlemen's pig-tails be combing.
Be advis'd by a fool, by my foul, and dat's me,
Though we fancy it never fo greedy,
'Tis not for the likes of fuch peopie as we,
To be aping my lord and my lady.
For you, Mrs. Bridget, if juft in the room
Of being drefferl out like an actor,

> You were twirling your mop round, or handling your broom, 'Twould be more, I beiieve, in character. Bc advis'd by a fool, \&c.

BALLAD-IN The old woman of eighty.

To ev'ry fav'rite village fport
With joy thy fteps I'll guide :
Thy withes always will I court,
Nor e'er ftir from thy fide.
But when the fprightly fife and drum,
With all their dread alarms,
Echo afar
The cry of war,

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

When chiefs are heard to cry we come,
And Honour calls-To arms.
Thy pain and pleafure will I flare,
For better and for worfe,
And if we have a prattling care,
i'll be its tender nurfe.
But when, \&c.

BALLAD-IN THE OLD wOMAN OF EIGHTY.

I'VE hcalth, and I have fpirits too, Of work l've had my thare;
And when you go, for love of you,
I will your knapfack bear.
Nor this refolve e'er will I rue,
We both alike will fare;
And fill content, for love of you,
I will your knapfack bear.
'Ihough thunders growl, and light'nings blue In flaflies cleave the air,
I'll march content, for love of you
And will your knapfack bear.
All dangers, hazardous and new,
One fmile flall make me dare;
Rememb'ring 'tis fur love of you, That I your knapfack liear.

BALLAD-IN england against italy.

THE falcon, tow'ring high in air, Difcries afar the turtle dove,
Watching his neft with anxious care, And waiting for his willing love.
Nor can the victim's harmlefs crics,
His foc's infatiate vengeance ftay,
On rapid pinions down he flies,
And pounces on his tender prey.

# BALLAD-IN THE RAZOR GRINDER. 

COME all you maids who fain would-marry, Icarn, learn of me the way to-chooie, Rather lyy haif till doomflay-tarty, Than beauty to an old man-lofe. Ah tell me, how can wrinkles-charm you, What joys can age excite or-prove, Let, then, y our dangerous fatc-alarm you, And choofe a young man that can-love.
An old man always will be-veezing, No feeling, hearing, tafte, or-light;
A young man always will he-pleafing, sprightly all day, and kind at-uight. Ah tell me how, \&c.

## BALLAD-IN THE QUIZES.

THIS life is like a country dance, The world a fpacious ball room, In which fo many take a prance, They farcely find for all room.
Fidlers, and pipers, in a row, See how the ranks are clofing,
Each ftrives his neighbour's faults to fliew,
While he's his own expofing.
(Pray Ma'am what dance have you called? Matrimony Ma'am. The figure is extremely ealy, youturn fingle, run away with your partner, lead up the midd le, back to back, part, and change pattners.)

Thus huficd in the fond turmoil, They time by folly meafure,
Turn all their pleafures into toil, And fancy tuil a pleafure.
Some in full dance with ardour burn, And fwim, and glide, and wander;
While others, waiting for their turn, Sncer, fmile, and deal out flander.
" And fo the Count muft run away!" " Why really I'm afraid fo;
" His firt has ruin'd hirn at play:" "Poor man, I always faid fo."
"(Oh no doubt about it :-kept by a phyfician before fhe came to the count!-duel with a young apothecary !-fyringes loaded with analeptic pills!-'Tis your turn to begin Sir :—Bir I beg your pardon."

Thus bufied in the fond turmoil, \&c,
Away they prance it, fmall and big, Brown, ginger, fair, and grizzle,
" Lord ma'am you difconcert my wis, " Twas you fir tous'd my frizzle!"
"Right hand and left, the figure mind,
" Lord what are you about ma'am ?
" My dear Mifs Giggle you are blind, "My Lady Fuzz you're out ma'am?
(" Lord ma'am you flhould confider that the dance is My Lord Mayor's Feaft :-it begins with a fet to, and finilhes with a reel.)"

Thus bufied in the fond turmoil, \& $c$.
Thus dance fucceeding after dance,
As if old Nick had got 'em,
They fcandal vent, and flirt, and prance,
And foot it to the bottom.
Thus having male for others fport,
In regular rotation,
With fwinging intercft they retort
On them the obligation.
"( Lord, did you ever fee fuch a fright as that woman! subbed it all off one fide of her face! But look at that man, with his falfe calves turned before!-Come, come, ladies and gentlemen, a new dance.-Strike up none fo Pretty)."

Thus bufied, \&c.

##  <br> BALLAD-IN The Quizes.

PRAY ladics think not I prefume
The art of love to teach you;
Proficients long ago become,
My counfel could not reach you:
$2 \cdot 2$

A hint I offer, nothing more, For your determination,
Love's myfterics would you explore,
Obferve the featherd nation.
As in a mirror, may you there,
Of love, make your elections,
As you choofe ribbands at a fair,
To fuit with all complexions.
The cuckoo, that one fulfome tale,
Vaunts over fo, and over,
May fooner than the dove prevail,
With fome, by way of lover:
But I lave heard the laughing loves,
More truly aim their arrows,
When Venus harneffes her doves,
Than when fle's drawn by farrows:
But if the fmalleft hint by you
To this fhould be objected,
With defference, fo much your due, I foon flall fand corrected.
The peacock, with fuch fately pride,
His haughty bofom throbbing:
May fcorn, while hopping by his fide, The bleft, though humble robin :
But, fparingly true joy is lent,
To envy, pride, and malice:
'Tis faid a cottage, and content, Sometimes outweighs a palace:
Yet may, againf my playful verfe,
No fit of anger feize you:
1 would not, for the univerfe,
Do ought that could difpleafe you.
Jays, pies, and all the chattering crew,
To folly giv'n, and pleafure,
May turn to jeff the chofen few,
Who Jove by virtue meafure:
Not fo the grateful nightingale,
Who foon as evening clofes,
Fiis orgies offers in the vale,
To heav'n, ere he repofes.
Of this you'll judge, as of the reft,
Yet, while the Imile's beginning,
Ere you turn counfel to a jeft,
Take care that laughing's winning.

## BALLAD-in the Quizes.

WOULD ye fee the world in little,
Ye curious here repair,
We'll fuit you to a tittle,
At this our runic fair.
We've glitt'ring baits to catch you,
As tempting as a court;
With whim for whim we'll match you,
And give you fport for fport.
From a feeptre to a rattle,
We've every thing in toys,
For infants that fcarce prattle.
To men who ftill are boys.
Cock horfes, and fate coaches,
In gingerbread are fold,
Cakes, parliament, gilt watches,
And horns all tipt with gold.
Then if for fine parade you go,
Come here and fee our puppet fhew.
Walk in here ladies and gentlemen; here you fee the Queen of Sheba, and King Solumon in all his glory; you think that figure's alive, but he is no more alive than 1 am !

While the pipes and the tabors rend the air, Hafte neighbours to the fair.
What's your fweeptakes, and your races,
And all your fighting cocks,
To our horfe collar grimaces,
And gills that run for fmocks?
Our Hobs can fivivle nofes,
At fingle-ftick who fight,
As well as your Mendozas,
Thongh not quite fo polite:
In their deceptions neater,
Are your keen rooks allow'd,
Than is yonder fire eater,
Who queers the gaping croud ?
Then boat not tricks fo noxious,
That genteel life hefpeaks,
Our jugler's hixious doxious,
Shall diftance all the greeks.

Can Pharoah and his hof be found,
To match our nimble merry-go-round ?
Put in here, put in, put in ! every blank a prize! down with it and double it, twenty can play as well as one.

While the pipes, \&c.
Hear yon mountebank affure ye,
Of difeafes, by the fcare,
A fingle dufe fhall cure ye :
Can Warwick-lane do more?
Wid virligigs, tetotums,
Yon jew's impofling faith,
Shall cheat you here in no times,
All one as in Duke's place.
Hark, yonder, making merry,
Full many a happy clown!
For champaign who drink perry,
As good as that in town.
Then for fights, we've apes, and monkies,
Some on four legs, fome on two ;
Tall women, dwarfs, cropt donkics,
For all the world like you.
Then would ye Ranelagh find out,
What think ye of our Roundabour !
Walk in ladies and gentlemen! the only booth in the fair; here ye may make the whole tower of the world ; would ye ride in the caravan, the expedition, the land frigate, or the dilly ! fourteen miles in fifteen hours, ladies and gentlemen!

- While the pipes, \&c.


## BALLAD-in the Quizes.

YOUNG Mog, arrived at woman's growth, Felt fomething in her bofom move:
'Twas neither joy, nor pain, yet both,
Young Ralph o'th woodland faid 'twas love.
Ralph lov'd young Moggy as his life,
Was wealthy, warm, and well to do :
But Moggy faw the foldicrs come,
Beheld the glitt'ring arms fo gay,
Was charm'd with the loud trumpets bray,
Deiighted with the fprightly fife,
And deafened with the thund'ring drum :

While foldiers march'd to the lond tattoo, And thongh to honeft Ralph fill true, She liftened to the land tattoo, l've faid that Mog was debonair,

Nor was their admiration fmall :
She was thought artlefs, young, and fair,
By the reginent, pioneers, and all.
Each would have ta'en her for his wife, A la militaire, as foldiers do ;
The fmock-fac'd enfign nam'd his fum,
The fergeant promis'rl, fwore, and pray'd,
The trumpeter her praifes bray'd,
To charm her loudly fqueak'd the fife,
The drummer brac'd his thund'ring drum,
To win her heart with a loud tattoo.
Thus flrove, to make young Mog untrue,
Pike, trumpet, fife, and loud tattoo.
Mog foon found reafon to condemn
'The nonfenfe of each bluft'ring elf :
And, looking with contempt on them, Some little fhame took to herfelf.
Determin'd now to be the wife
Of honelt Ralph, fo kind and true,
Cried flie to the enfiga, child go home
To your mamma.-For you, o!d Bluff,
Your trumpet's like yourfelf, a puff!
I'll not be whiftled after, fife,
Nor, drummer, flall your hollow drum
'「o me beat Wediock's loud tattoo.
True to my Ralph, to honour true,
Hence trumpet, fife, and loud tattors.

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& \text { BALLAD-In the quizes. }
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WHAT art thou, facinating war, Thou throphied, painted pett,
That thus men feek, and they abhor, Purfue, and yet deteft ?
Are Honour and Remorfe the fame?
Does Murder Laurels bring?
Is Rapine Glory ? Carnage Fame?
Flies Crime on Vict'ry's wing?
Their wrongs, who never Ghall return,

Their woes, that but furvive to mourn
E'en when the battle rages higlh,
When to the charge the legions fly, And trumpets ftrike the ear,
Shall from the braveft wreft the figh,
That farts foft lity's tear.
Where will ambition's folly reach !
Sure nature ne'er defign'd
Her noble gifts an art floould teach, To man, to thin his kind!
Well they deferve their county's care, In its defence who fight,
Who bulwarks of their nation are, Its glory, its delight :
Yet for their wrongs, who ne'er return,
Their woes, who but furvive to mourn,
E'en when the battle rages high,
When to the charge the legions fly,
And trumpets cleave the ear,
The truly brave fliall heave a figh, Shall vent kind Pity's tear. .
Then do not, for an empty name A phantorn thus purfue :
Think, that if Glory mark thy farie, Murder Miall mark it too.
Reafon, and Peace, and Love dwell here, And, if for others woe,
We heave the figh, and flart the tear, From guilt they never flow.
Ah flay, left thou fhould'f neser return,
Left I hould but furvive to mourn,
Lelt when the battle rages high,
When to the charge the legions fly,
And trumpets cleave the ear,
Thy fate demand the generous figh,
And mine the pitying tear.

## BALLAD-IN THE QUizes.

THE paffing bell was heard to toll, John wail'd his lofs with bitter cries,
'The parfon prayed for Mary's foul,

The fexton hid her from all eyes.
" And art thou gone,"
Cried wretched John,
Oh dear 'twill kill me, I am dying :
Cried Neighbour Sly,
While fanding by,
" Lord how this world is giv'n to lying!"
The throng retired, John left alone,
He meditated 'mongft the tombs,
And fpelt out on the mould'ring fones,
What friends were gone to their long homes :
" You're gone before,".
Cried John, no more-
"I flall come foon, I'm almof dying :"
Cried Neighbour Sly,
While flanding by,
" Lord how this world is given to lying!"

- Here lies the boncs, heav'n's will be done,
- Of farmer Shug:-reader would' $\AA$ know
- Who to his mem'ry raifed this fone?
' 'T'was his difconfolate widow.'
Cried John, "Oh oh!
"To her I'll go,
"No doubt with grief the widow's dying :" Cried Neighbour Sly, Still fanding by,
"L Lord how this world is given to lying!"
Their mutual grief was fhort and fweet;
scarcely the pafling bell had ceafed,
When they were fped:- the funeral meat
Was warmed up for the marriage fealt ! They vow'd, and fwore, Now o'er and o'er,
They néer would part till both were dying : Cried Neighbour Sly, Still fanding by,
"Lord how this world is given to lying !"
Again to hear the paffing bell, John now a fort of hank'ring feels;

Again his help-mate brags how well
She can trip up a hulband's heels :
Again to the tomb
Each longs to come,

## Ig2 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Again with tears, and fobs, and fighing, For Neightour Sly, Again to cry,
" Lord huw this world is given to lying !"

BALLAD-IN the Quizes.
RAIL on at joys that are not thine, That thus thou leer'ft, with Envy's blink,
'Tis not becaufe we drink good wine,
Eut 'tis that thou haft none to drink.
What though two roads before us lie,
We on no crooked path fhall fall,
For that we may not walk awry, Wedl drink till we can't walk at all.

Thou fay'ft that wine's the caufe of frife, That to the brain-when it afeends, We quarrel, fo do man and wife, And then, like them, we're better friends:

But here thou fhalt not have thy will, Nor coax good fellows to a brawl ;

Rather ihan of cur friends thiuk ill, $W^{\prime} \epsilon^{〔} 11$ drink till we can't think at all.
Thou call'ft the glafs a foe to love,
Why fool 'tis Cupid's deareft boaft,
What fair did celebrated prove,
Till celebrated as a toaft ?
But imperfections flouid there be,
That fonetimes to their lot may fall,
Rather than faults in ladies fee, We'll drink till we can't fee at all.

Thou fay' f that treafon lurks beneath,
And our convivial pleafure fours;
Thuu lieft, that monfter does not brcathe,
That dares profanc a king like our's
But our firm loyalty to prove,
And cloak thee with thy ranc'rous gall,
Rather than in a faction move,
We'll drink till we can't move at all.
Yet, after all, abufe our joy,
Iudulge this cynic fpite of thine;

## UIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

When thou haft faid thy worf, old hoy, Thou canft not fay we drink bad wine.

We envy no man's pleafures, we; Still ready at each gencrous call; Nay, rather than fpeak ill of thee, We'll drink till we can't fpeak at all.

## BALLAD-in the Quizes.

COME all hands ahoy to the anchor,
From our friends and relations to go ;
Poll blubbers and cries, devil thank her, She'll foon take another in tow.
'This breeze, like the old one, will kick us, About on the boifterous main,

And one day, if death fhould not trick us, Perhaps we may come back again.

With a will ho then puil away jolly boys, At the mercy of fortume we go;

We're in for't then damme what folly boys For to he downhearted, yo ho!

Our Boatfwain takcs care of the rigging, More fpeftioully when he gets drunk;

The Bobftays fupplies him with fwigging, He the cable cuts up for old junk:

The fuddurg-fail ferves for his hammoc,
With the chuc-lines he bought him his call,
While Enfigns and Jacks in a mammoc
He fold to buy trinkets for Poll.
With a will ho, \&c.
Of the Purfer this here is the maxim, Slops, erog, and provifion he facks :

How he'd look, if you was but to ax him, With the Captaiu's clerk who 'tis goes fnacks:

Oh he'd find it another guefs flory, That would bring his hare back to the cat,

If his Majefty's honour and glory,
Was only juft toid about that.
With a will ho, \&c.
Our Chaplain's both holy and godly,
And fets us for heaven agog;

## 194* DIbDIN'S SELECTED SONGE.

Ict to my mind he looks rather oddly, When he's fwcaring and drinking of grog :

When he took on his knee Betiy Bowfer, And talk'd of her beanty and charms,

Cried I which is the way to heaven now fir?
Why you dog, cried the Claplain, her arms.
With a will ho, \&c.
The Gunner's a devil of a bubber,
The Carfindo can't fin a malt,
The Surgeon's a lazy land Jubber, The Mafter can't fteer if he's aft,

The Lieutenants conceit are all wrapt in,
The Mates fcarcely merif their flip,
Nor is there a fwab, but the Captain,
Knows the ttem from the fern of the flip. With a will ho, \&c.
Now fore and aft having abufed them, Juft but for my fancy and gig,

Could I find any one that ill ufed them,
Damn me but l'd tickle his wig.
Jack never was known for a railer,
'Twas fun ev'ry word that I fpoke,
And the fign of a true hearted failor,
Is to give and to take a gocd joke.
With a will ho, \&c.

## BALLAD-in the Quizes.

THE furge hoarfe'y murm'ring, young Fanny's grief mocking,
The furay rudely dafling as falt as her tears,
The 1hips in the offing, perpetually rocking, Too faithful a type of her hopes and her fears.
'Twas here, flee cried out, that Jack's vows were fo many', Here I bitterly wopt, and I bitteriy weep:

Here heart-whole he fwore to return to his Fanny, Near the trembling pine that notls over the decp.

Ah moek not my troubles ye pitile!s breakers, Fe winds do not thus melt my heart with alarms,

He is your pride and mine, in my grief then partakere, My faifor in lafety waft back to my arms.

They are deaf and ungrateful :--thefe woes are too many ; IIcre here will I die, where I bitterly weep :

Some true lover fall write the fad fate of poor Fanny,
On the trombling pine that hangs over the deep.
Thus her heart ladly torn with its wild perturbation
No friend but her forrew, no hone but the grave ;
Led on by her grief to the laft defperation, She ran to the cliff, and phung'd into the wave.

A tar fav'd her life:-the fond tale thall pleafe many ;
Who before wept her fate, now no longer thall weep:
'Twas her Jack, who, returning, had fought out his Fanny,
Near the trembling pine that hangs over the deep.

##  <br> ballad-ín the guizes.

As Wit and Beauty, for an hour,
The other day were jarring,
Which held o'er man fuperior pow'r,
They almoft came to fparring:
Cried Reafon, Wit you're grown a fool,
You-look quite ugly, Beauty:
Cume take me with you, both be cool,
Sure mortals know their duty
To them fubmit, Whether 'tis Wit,
They moft admire, or Beauty.
So faid, fo done, out they both fet,
With Reafon to protecis 'em,
Refolv'd that the firft men they met,
Should to the truth direft 'em:-
Infant they alk'd a midnight throng,
Who, to Eacchus paid their duty,
Wit, cried out they, teems in our fong,
But 'tis infpired by Beauty.
Learn wifdom, Wit,
Like us, fubmit
To the fweet power of Beauty.
Crie. 1 Wit, no tricks on travellers here,
I faw you fmile, you gipfy;
'Twas brib'ry and corruption clear ;
Befides, the rogucs were tipfy :

Yon berd the truth will quickly hit :
Come, poct, do your duty:
Do you not owe your fame to Wit ;
To Wit fool!-no, to Bcauty. Adieu to Wit, When men fubmit
To be the flaves of Beauty. Quaint rogue, with his fatiric page,
lhe fellow is a lover :
If I'm condemn'd by yonder fage;
I'll give the matter over.
Did'ft not the werld, fay Hermit, quit,
Impoling this hard duty,
Eetter to contemplate on Wit?
"No, to reflect on Deauty."
Then, in fond fit, He turn'd from Wit, And fofucez'd the hand of Beauty:
(6 Wit rules the mind, Beauty the heart, "Friend one, and wife the other;
"Thus, cleaving to the better part,
" Men leave friend, father, brother:
" Hence, cried the fage-my prefence quit :
"Adicu friend, know thy duty:"
Then, flutting rude the door on Wit,
Was left alone with Beauty!
Since when, poor Wit,
Glad to fubmit,
Has own'd the pow'r of Beauty.


## RONDEAU-IN the Cuizes.

OH the camp's deligheful rigs, At which fuch crowds are pecping,
Where chaifes, dillie, cars, and gigs
Serye both to ride and fleep in.
Oh the joys that there abound,
Where, lur'd by the fine weather,
Warriors of every rank are found,
Wh?, higgledy piggledy, 'on the grourc!,
I, ike gipfies pig together.
The morning gun
Begins the fun,

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Reveilics next the drum beats,

- The fprightly fife, So full of life,
And then the filver trumpets. And thefe, with all their might, Announce a fine fham fight; Marches, retreats, attacks, and routs, Proclaim'd by guns, and fhrieks, and fhouts,
The air with various clangors fill;
While ranks of foot, and troops of horfe, Refiftlefs in their headlong courfe,
Bear down, while fidling, hifting, trimming,
Beaux, bells, jew pedlars, and old women ;
Who, left in topfy turvy plight,
Exhibit; O ye gods! a fight
That beggars Greenwich hill!
Now either army filly ftands,
The neighing horfes ceafe to prance,
The trumpet, that erft cried advance,
Now founds retreat;
Drums ceafe to beat;
Foes, turn'd to friends, eager flake hands;
On neither fide the winner :
No longer arm'd for a flam fight,
They tonth and nail unite
To exterminate-the dinner.
Oh the camp's delightul rigs, \&c,
Oh for a mufe of fire, to fing .
The conflict of the day!
Upon a plain, in form a ring,
The foe within entrenchments lay;
A cover'd way
Hid each divifion:-At the fight
The heroes, eager for the fight,
Arm, and the enemy inveft.
Each charge frefl vigour brings, ,
They thin the ranks,
Aitacking flanks
And wings :
Legs, heads, and carcafes around
They in one fhapelefs heap confound,
And, ris'n to fuch a favage heat,
Not only kill, but all they kill they cat !
And fec, to urge their furious courfe,
Light troops the foe now reinforce;

On the inftant, as they fland amazed,
New works are raifed,
Like magic, to their wond'ring eyes,
Battions, redoubts, and rav'lins rife.
Again the fignal's given;
Again with headlong fury driven;
Comfits, now difcomfited,
Lie in promifcuous ruin fpread ;
Trifes, blanc nange, and jeilics quake,
While, as with rage they teem,
Whole inamds they devour of cake,
And drink whole feas of cream.
Again the general cries, charge all!
The word's the king !
Forward they fpring,
And drink in favage joy the blood Drawn from the grape, in purple flood, And frew with miangled heaps the plain, And fight the battle o'er again, And flay the flain!
And now, the foe all kill'd or fled, While thofe that can walk off to bed : The folenn trumpet's 月owly fonnded, Leave's given to carry off the wounded, And bury all the dead.

Oh the camp's delightful rigs, \&c.


## BALLAD-in the Quizes.

WHILE woman, like foft Mufic's charms, So fwectly biifs difpenfes,
Some favourite part each fair performs In the concert of the fenfes. Love, great firft fidele in the band, Lach paftion que:ls and raifes, Exploring, with a mafter's hand, Nice Mudulation's mazes;
Thll the rapt foul, fupremely bleft, Beams brightly in each feature,
And lovely woman fands confelted The harmony of Nature.
Hark! with the penfive, in duet, The fprightly how it ming'es :

DIBDIN'S SELECTED SÓNGS.
The prude's the flute, and the coquetic, The lively harp that tinkles.
One boldly fweeps the yielding ftringe,
While plaintive t'other prates it ;
Like Cæfar, this to victory fprings,
Like Fallius, that awaits it.
With various gifts, to make us bleft,
love fkills each charming creature :
Thus lovely woman fands confeffed
The harmony of Nature.
Maids are of virginals the type,
Widows the growling tymbal,
Scolds are the fhrill and piercing pipe,
Flirts are the wiry cymbal.
All wives piano fortes are,
The bafs how old maid thump it,
The bugle-hom are archers fair,
An amazon's a trumpet.
Thus, with rare gifts, to make us bleft,
Love fills his favourite creature;
And thus fweet woman fiands confeffed,
The harmouy of Nature.

## BAL.LAD-in the Quizes.

WHILL Fancy, as fhe rules the mind, Sits cock-horfe on the brain,
A thournd methods mortals fird Elyfium to obtain.
"ris found by fo diers in brave doeds, Tats truft it to the breeze,
Wives hope to find it in their weeds, Phyficians in their fees.
Thus expectation in us plants Alternate hupe and fear,
I know of one whofe bofom pants'「o find elyfium here.
The toper fancies he purfues
Elylium in the bowl,
The hunks in pelf he dare not ufe, No, not to fave his foul.
The fanderer when he can revile, The churl when he can warn,
'The lover in-his miftrefs' fmiles, -
The parfon in his barn.
Thus as they rule the mind by turne,
Hope foars above the fcar ;
I've half a mind to tell who burns
To find ely fium bere.
I can't refifthence prudence lav's -
I'll finifh the difpute ;
Of that ely fium, your applaufe,
I'm now in warm purfuit :
But then, fay you, to gain this heav'n, -
What right can you affert?
Leet it be by your goodnefs giv'n, .
It can't by my defert.
So illall ye bid my labours live, .
So fluall each following year, While you confer, and I receive,

Both find elyfum here.


## BALLAD-IN THE GIPSIE\&.

WHY am not I that fragrant flow'r, Near to heart Spinnetta plac'd; Which proudly living a fweet hour,

Died on that bofom it had grac'd ?
Why an not I that gentle gale
That plays around her coral lips, Her breath like violets to exhale, Which there eternal nectar fips ? Why am I notethat cryftal wave,

At fultry noon with pride that heav'd: To which her heav'nly form the gave, Which thought 'twas Vemus it receiv'd? Gods, had 1 becu the limpid fream !-.

But whither do my fenfes love? Sunk in a dcar celicious dream,

All things feem poflible to love.

## BALLAD-IN the girsies.

LOVE'S a cheat ; we over-rate it ; A flattring, falfe, deccitful joy;

A very nothing can create it, A very mothing can defroy.
The light'ning's flall, which wondering leaves us,
Obicurd and darker than before ;
The glow-worm's tinfcl, which deccives us,
A painted light, and nuthing more.

##  <br> BaLLAD-in the gipsies.

PRAISE is a mirror, that flaters the mind,
'That tclls us of goodnefs, and virtues, and graces ;
As that on our toilet inftructs us to find
The dimples and fmiles which appear on our faces;
'To which our attention we cannot refrain,
Though we draw off confus'd yet but fee its attraction,
In fpite of ourfelves we return back again,
Regard, are abus'd, and yet feel fatisfaction.
I know I'in decciv'd, and I lay to my heart,
You believe that fucere which is nought but profufion;
Call pleafure what foon will fevere make you fmart,
And hug that for a fubftance you'll find but dclufion.
Your praifes are flatt'ry, I know it as plain
As if you had faid, "I an falfe and deceive you:
But truth, reafon, every thing, argucs in vain;
For fuch is my weaknefe, I blug and believe you.

## BALLAD-in the gipsies.

GO, proud lower, go!
Take your heart back again;
For me 'tis too low,
Too unworthy a chain.
Be haughty, imperious, this gipfy defpife;
You rife but to fall, while 1 fall to rife.
True love, never erring,
Has no felifih fears;
That, the more 'tis conferring,
The nobler appears:
It has no fordid views, no vile ends for its guide, 'T'is ungovern'd by int'reft, uninfluenc'd by pride..

BALLAD-1N the gipsies.

YES, yes, thank heaven, I've broke my chain;
And, while my liberty I gain,
While I my heart redecm, Indifference fucceeds at laft,
And my egregious follies paft
Appear an idle dream.
Thus from a falfe injurious fnare,
The linnet timid, unaware,
Hardly efcapes with pain;
The feathers he has left bchind.
Are leffons to him to remind
Not to be caught again.
The warrior bravely comnts each fcar,
Defcribes the peril of the war,
'Well pleafed his dangers o'er :
The nave at laft exempt from pain,
With fmiles behold that very chain?
Which held him to the oar.

## RaLLAD-In the gipsies.

WHEN we promife an heir or a mifer, This gold, that his father's frce land, We paule and look grave, to feem wifer, And his fortune read in his hand.
If Mifs at fifteen would difcover
When fhettl like her mother be wife, To promile a handfome yeung lover

Her fortune we read in her eyes.
But if hufbands with jealoufy quaking,
Would know it they are-you know how,
We confider-our heads gravely flaking-
And their fortunes read on the brow. .

## BALLAD-IN the gipsies.

CONTENTMENT' lof, each other treafure
To eafe the mind effays in vain,
Riches and pomp take place of pleafure,
And mifery leads the fplendid train.
Fortune poffefling, not enjoying,
Feafting the fenfes, not the nind,
In vague purfuits our time employing,
We grafp at all, and nothing find.

BALLAD-in the gipsies.

COME here, yc fair ; eorne here each lover,
That lot Dame Fortune would eoneeal,
But erofs my hand, and l'll difcover:
lim miltrefs of her and her whecel.
To trembling age we boldly promife,
In fpight of nature, years of health;
Widows receive new hufbands from us,
And young men all thcir fathers' wealth.
We give the fair, Love's influence under,
Young lovers, conflant all ther lives;
Nay, we e'en dare-a greater wonder-
T'o promife hufbands faithful wives.

BaLLAD-in the waterman.

IN rain, dear friends, each art you try ;
To ueither lover's fuit inclin'd,
On outward charms I'll ne'cr rely,
Eut prize the graces of the mind.
The empty coxcomb, which you chofe, Jux like the nower of a day,
Slook by each wind that folly blows,
Seens born to flutter and decay.

## 204 BIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Your choice an honeft afpect wears; To give hin pain I oft have griev'd; But it procesded from my fears;

Than me much wifer are deceived:
1 thank you both, then, for your love, Wait for my choice a little'while;
And he who moft thall worthy prove, My hand I'll offer with a fmile.

## BALLAD-IN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

CUFID, cricd Vulcan, 'tis no jeft, I'll forge thy darts no longer, boy!
I cannot get a moment's reft, Thy folly gives me fuch employ. Not againft Pallas, no, nor Mars, My wern-out patience fo revolts, To furnina arms tor all their warsNor e'en to forge Jove's thunderbolts. Their confcience is in their demands

But thon wonldn tire me out in footh Had I Priareus' hundred handsCries Cupid-1)ad, wilt hear the truth! The darts, thou makeft, fo blunt are found; Scarce do I draw my bow at men, But inftantly heals up the wound, And all my work's to do again.
Vainly I lavifl heaps of darts,
And empty quiver after quiver;
Which, while they guard their well arm'd hearts,
Thefe lovers into atoms fliver.
Find out fome furer temper, newSo fluall, like Jove's refiftefs fiat, MIy power grow fix'd as fate-and you-

Will henceforth live a little quiet.
Old Mulciber began the work-
Forged dart the firf-quoth Love, let's fee !
'Then puis'd his bow, and, with a jerk,
He made his coup d'effai on me.
The froke inad power each waviring trace
Of folly from my mind to fever;
And now I feel, one lovely face
Has fix'd my willing heart for ever.

# BALLAD-inthe waterman. 

TOO yielding a carriage,
Has oft before marriage,
To ruin and mife! y pointed the way ;
You're fhun'd if complying,
But your lover once flying,
How eager he'll follow and beg you to ftay.
A coquette ne'er proclains me,
Ye maids, then, nor biame me,
If I with to be happy, whenc'er I'm a wife ;
Each lover's denial,
Was only a trial,
Which is lee that's moft likely to love me for life.


## BALLAD-in harvest home.

BE others the ungraciuus tafk
Of judging my too thoughtlefs fex, By envy drefs'd in Candor's mafk,

That even Virtue's felf fufpects.
Mine he the better, kinder part,
While I cxamine well my own,
'To pity and forgive the heart,
That has tranforefs'd Irom love alone.
Stern Juftice with unilaken hand,
Sprung from neceffity and time,
That laws be kept which rule mankind,
May fix the furfeit price of crime.
Judges of a fofter kind,
Frail error well has reafon given :
Pity-perfection of the mind,
And Mercy-fav'rite child of heaven.
BALLAD-in the cobler.

SUCII ufage as this is, what wife but myfelf
Would put up with, and not figh and fob ;

Ancrofs in her pocket, no food no the fhelf, Or what hufband would let her but Snob ? And yet, let me hoye, though for every crime, He had more than there's days in the year,
That his heart is fo gond, I fiould fill fee the time, When a different m.in he'd appear.
But if I'm doceiv'd, while another guefs wife, So treated, would foold and revile; Though poor, though confined in a prifon for life, With him I'd endeavour to fmile.
1 love him, and every way I'll purfue, That I can, his affections to keep :
And if then he fhould filght me, I've nothing to do, but to wifh he were kinder, and weep.

##  <br> BALLAD-in the cobler.

AH have you forgot then, unkind as you are,
When houfemaid I liv'd at the Squire's
All the wine and good things that I crib'd with fuch care, Ev'ry morn when I lighted the fires?
And have you forgot how I lean'd on my broom, And in rapture heard all that you faid,
Till fcolded 1 got for not fweeping the room, And beat for not making the hed?
When you told me you'd have me, my hruh and my mop Kcpt time while with pleafure $l^{\text {'d }} \mathrm{d}$ fing;
And foon 'twas the talk at the chandler's flop, You had purchas'd the licence and ring.
But when you had marrich, and carried nie home How fwcetly my time pafs'd away:
You fwore that you $\operatorname{lov}^{\text {d }}$ d, that no longer you'd roam, Aid I thought it would never be day.

## BALLAD-IN NONE SO blind AS Those who WON'T SEE.

> SIIE who linked hy her fate,
> To a four churlifh mate,

And to fome finart young fiatterer dares not be kind;

Who a look fears to fteal,
That her flame woud reveal,
What would that woman give, were her hußand but blind.
She in youth's early bloom,
By a too fevere doom,
To decrepid old age, whore hard parents have join'd
How bleft wou'd flie be,
Till death fet her free,
Could the add to his gout, that her hurband was blind.
In lhort, we al! chufe,
With onr different vicws,
And 'tis right cach thould pick out a mate to her mind;
For me, let my dear,
Since men fee to clear,
Be bieft with a franking large fortune-and bli,d.

Ballad-in the long odds.

A SAYING 'twas, when 1 was young, That golden carts take hay in;
And in iny tars my mother rung,
Oft times this felf fame faying.
My dad, who, the main clance did think, Of human cares the deareft,
Would ary, whene'er thon goef to drink, The decpeft itrean's the eleare!t.
I liad an uncle, and his faw Wiss take and never render,
And this he gave me as a law,
While yet my years were tender.
3 My aunt had her grod adage too, Who alfo was my tutor:
Says he, whocver contes to woo, A dower's a handfome fuitor.
Let me good fir, add mine to theirs, Tell not your name for nothing,
A rule l've found in all affairs, Meat, wafhing, drink, and cloathing.
Mv girl, who has her parent's kaack, For mayims adds a right one;
No crows are found thit are not black, Yet a rich crow's a white oue.

ALAS! when once the book of life Draws towards the laft page, What folly then to take a wife! Our days are on the clofe;
And, as at one door conics in age, Love cut at tother goes.

Is it not truth,
That youth loves youth,
Juft as the zepliyr loves the rofe.
This taw I orwn's fevere, though juft;
Dut let us fince fubmit we muf,
Submit with a yood grace;
Laughing at Love with all his trair,
And as reafon takes its reign,
The table and the chafe,
The jovial fong, the fparkling winc,
And a true friend, that gitt divine! Shall well fupply the place.

> BaLl.aD-in harvest home.

THIERE'S fomething in women their lovers engage,
Of whatever complexion, or nature, or age;
And the who wonld frighten a mere fander by,
Is a Ventis herfelf in the fond If veis eye.
If nie's pale, never fwan was a tonth part fofair; If tawsy, like jet, are her eyesand hor hair,
If Xantippe hetfilf, herfooling's thought wit;
If meek, all good wives to their huftands fuhmit.
If a pigmy, how neat are her ail and her mien! If a fteeple, the's graceful, and walks like a queen ; If a girl in her teens, all's handfome that's young ; if cighty, her fortune fays-World hu'd your tongue. In flort co dear women 'tis given to pleafe, And tho the whim ofen flowh take them to teaze, To perpicx, to torment, and a thoufand things more;
They're the deities mon were all hora to adore.

## G LEE.

BACCHUS come, thy vol'ry own me,
' Iis faid that thon all cares can't end:
A perjured fair has bafely flown me, Fled with a falfe perfidions friend.
Let's drink!-'tis true my forrows pafs : New joys exhilerate my foul,
I find a friend in every glafs,
And a kind miftefs in the bowl.

## 

BALLAD-IN The gipsies.

WOULD'ST crror Icave, to follow truth,
Would'f all thy cares fhould end,
Turn here thy fepa, mifguided youth,
And liften to a friend.
Nor tu Severity auftere,
Nor fond Indulgence, lean;
But feek fair Moderation, here
She holds the golden mean.
From that hand which profufely gives,
Can any bleffing fall?
Or who a joy from that delives
Which churl refufes all?
Turn then, thy errors to atone,
And feer a courfe between;
Fair Moderation 'tis alone
That holds the golden mean.


## BALLAD-IN THE COBLER.

GAY Baechuo, and Mercury, and T, One evening a ftrange frolic took, And icft the queer dons of the.fky,

To take at queer mortals a look:

But cur vifit ne'er alter'd the feene;
The fame folly, the fame fenfelefs minth We ftill found, and 'tis this mortals mean

When they tell us of heaven upon earth.
We juin'd a convivial crew,
Who puflid round the claret with fpunk;
Bacchus fwore it was nectar, and grew,
Like a lord, or a tinker, foon drunk.
To their concerts, that tortured my ears,
Noife and Difcord fo fairly give birth,
That I thought'twas a crafl of the fpheres,
And thus mufic is heaven upon carth.
At Pharaoh we punted and cock'd,
Till we fuch an example were made,
That Mercury retircd, quite flock'd,
To be foild at his own proper trade.
In love mortals all riot run,
Beauty, honour, efteem, private worth,
Politely give place to crim con:
And thus love is heaven upon earth,
As to me, my poor portion of wit
In two minutes was knocked out of joint,
By pun, jeux defprit, lucky hit,
And quibble, conundrum, and point.
Thus below they act ocr the fame feene
We play here, the fame clamour and mirth,
And this is the nonfenfe they mean
When they tell us of heaven upon earth.


GLEE-IN THE CHEI,SEA PENSIONER.

SWEFTLY, fweetly, let's enjoy
The fmiling moments made for love;
And while we clafp the dimpled boy,
The glafs to you, to you fliall move.
And drinking, laughing, jefting neatly,
The time fhall pals on fweetly-fwectly.
Love's arrows, dipp'd in rofy wine,
To the charm'd heart like light'ning pafs;
And Mars feels tranfport more divine,
When fmiling Venns fills his glafs.

GLEE-In the chelsea pensioner.

WITH mingled found of drum and fife,
We follow the recruiting life ;
And as we marcls throngh every fair, Make girls admire, and bumkins ftare. With hmmpers full we ply Sir Clown, Or elfe produce the well-tim'd crown; And lifting firft the furdy elves, We gain their fweethearts for ourfelves.

GLEE-IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

TELL me, neighhour, tcll me plain, Which is the beft empley?
Is it love, whofe very pain
They fay is perfect joy?
Is it war, whofe thund'ring found
Is heard at fuch a diftance round?
Is it to have the mifer's hoard ?
Is it to be with learning for'd ?
Is it gay Pegafus to rein,
Tell me, neighhour, tell me plain ?
No, no, will anfwer every honct foul,
The beft employ's to pufh about the bowl.

SONG-IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

A WHILE in every nation
War may biaze around,
Still fpreading defolation,
Yet there's hopes of peace.
Awhile the billows raging,
May fky and fea confound,
Yet winds and waves affuaging,
Storms at laft will ceafe.
But man by vice orertaken,
A tompelt in his mind,

2 I 2 DIBDIN'S SELECTEDSONGS.
His warring paftions fhaken,
Are reeds as in the wind.
Rare is the eloquence that has the charm, To rule that peftilence, or quell the florm.

## BALLAD-IN THECHELSEA PENSIONER.

WHEN well one knows to love and pleafe,
What diftrefles can one prove,
What can rob that heart of eafe
Poflefs'd of pleafure, rich in lore?
Alas! without this fovereign good,
Whofe power no enperor can flay,
Riches, rank, or noble blood,
Honours, titles, what are they ?
One tender look's to lovers worth
Mnre treafure than the Indies own ;
Smiles are the empire of the earth,
The arms of thofe we love a throne.


SONG-In the sheperdess of the alps.

- IN the month of May, The morning grey,
Firfe peeps a doubtful light;
Three ftrikes the clock,
The village cock
Next crows with all his might.
Each waking hird,
Chirping is heard;
Tinges of red the $\mathfrak{i k y}$ adorn;
isird, man, and bealt,
Regard the eaft,
And, pleas'd, falute the rifing morn.
The fhepherd yow his flock untolds;
Night, like a thief, feals fluw away;
His dingy line,
Ugly to view,


## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS. 213

Is chang'd to a delightful blue;
All nature's gay ;
And now the villager beholds,
His mawers mow, his ploughers plough,
Sheep bleat, birds fing, and oxen low:
Each rural found falutes his ears;
He whiftles to make one :
And now,
Uher'd by all this fine parade,
In every fplendid pomp array'd,
Appears
The radient fun.
So, after abundance of toilet a? Tairs, And Betty has nine times run up and down fairs, For lappets and ribbands, and onc thing and t'other, And the hov:fe top and loottom's alarn'd with the pother. Ard a hundred things more are done equally rifible, The lady, at laf condefcends to be vifible.

## SONG-in the islanders.

THIS frange emotion at my heart
Oh how flall 1 exp!ain ?
'Tis joy, 'iis grief, 'tis eafe, 'tis finart,
"Tis pleafure, and 'tis pain!
The bufy trembling fluterer plays, It knows not how or why?
And throbs and beats a thuufand ways-
Ah quict prithec lie!
Ceafe, and ferfations fuch as thefe With careful heed defloy:
What good is in the fame degrees Ol ming!ed pain and joy?


BALLAD.

I MADE a promife to be wife, Put 'twas a promife out of reafon;

So much fo, that I'm fure he lies
Who fiys he always follows Reafon.

I foon grew tir'd of Wifdom's dream,
And turning from pale melancholy,
Fell on the oppofite extreme:
But I at laft grew tired of Folly.
Thus feparate : what was next to do ?
Perhaps 'twould kecp them to their tether
If I could work upon thefe two
To live in harmony together.

- After, of courfe, a little itrife,
'Twas fettled, without farther pother,
One fhould be treated av a wifn,
And only as a miftefs t'other:
Her portion of my joys and cares
Now each, by my appointment, niealures;
Reafon conducts all my affairs,
And Folly manages my peafures.



## BALL.AD-IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

OrT has the world been well defin'd, By fayers and by fingers,
I call't a belfrey, and mankind I call the jolly ringers.
Throush majur bebs, and triple bobe, Each emuloufly ranges;
And while each anxious bernm throbs, All try to ring the changes,
Thefe college youths are fent to fchool, and afierware's to college,
And thence return by fauare and ru'e, Well verfed in worldy knowiedze.
As genius Icads, to cram his maw, Each art's cof lab'rynth ranges,
And on religion, phyfic, law, Completely ring the changes.
The fortune bunter fivears and lies, And courts the widows jointure;
Then with a richer heirefs flies, Nor minds in difappoint her.
The widow too has her arch whim, Nor thinks his conduct ftrange is;

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS. 215

A titled heir, fucceeds to him,
And thus the rings the changes.
The waiter pillages the greek,
The greek the fpendthrift fleeces,
The fpendthrift makes dad's fortune fqueak,
Dad rackrents and grants lcafes.
The tonants break, gazette reports
Each difference arranges,
Till pro and con, through all the courts,
The lawyers ring the changes.
Thus like the bells, each fear and hope,
Hangs wav'ring and fufpended;
All tug away, while fomc a rope
Gct, more than they intended.
In merry cadence as they roll,
We'll rove where reafon ranges;
Nor fhall the bell of fadnefs toll,
Till death hall ring the changes.

## BAIILAD-IN castles in theair.

THE breeze was frefle, the fhip in flays,
E ich breaker hufl'd, the fliore a haze,
When Jack, no more on duty cill'd,
His true love's tokens overhanl'd:
The broken gold, the braided hair,
The tender motto, writ fo fair,
Upon his 'bacco-box he views,
Nancy the poet, Love the mufe:
"If you loves I as I loves you,
"No pair fo happy as we two."
The form-that like a flapelefs wreck,
Had Arewed with rigging all the deck,
That tars for tharks had given a feaft,
And left the fhip a hulk-had ceas'd :
When Jack, as with his meflimates dear
He flar'd the grog, their hearts to cheer,
Took from his bacco-box a quid,
And fpelt, for comfort, on the lid.

- If you loves I as 1 loses you,
"No pair fo happy as we two."


## 216

 dibdin's selected songs.The battie-that with horror grim,
Had madly ravaged life and limb,
Had fcuppers drench'd with human gore,
And widnw'd many a wife-was o'er:
When Jack, to his companions dear,
Firf paid the tribute of a tear,
Then, as his 'bacco-box he held,
Reftor'd his comfort, as he fpell'd
"If you loves I as I loves you,
"No pair fo happy as we two."
'The voyage-that had been long and hard,
But that had yiclded full reward,
That brought each failor to his friend,
Happy and rich-was at an end:
When Jack, his toils and perils o'er,
Behe'd his Nancy on the flore,
He then the 'bacco-box difplay'd
And cries, and feized the willing maid,
"If you loves I as I loves you,
"No pair iu happy as we two."

## BALLAD-IN CAStLES in the air.

IF ever a failor was fond of good fport, ' Nongh the girls, why that failor was I,
Of all lizes and forts, I'd a wife at each port, But, when that I faw d Polly Ply,
I hailed her my lovely, and goved her \%, kifs, And fiwore to bring up nace for all,
And from that time black Barnaby fplic'd us to this I've been conitant and true to my Poll.
And yet now all forts of temptations I've ftood, For I afterwards fail'd round the word,
And a queer fet we faw af the devil's own brood, Wherever our fails werc unfurled:
Some with face like charcoal, and others like chalk' All ready one's heart to o'crhaul,
Don't you go to love me, my good girl,' faid I 'walk: I've fworn to be couftant to Poll.'
I met with a fquaw out at India, bcyond, All in glafs and tobaceo pipes drefsed,

What a dear pretty monfer! fo kind, and fo fond,
That I neier was a moment at reft.
With her bobs at her nofe, and her quaw, quaw, quaw, All the world like a barthelmy doll,
Says I, 'You Mifs Copperkin, jutt hold your jaw, 'I've fworn to be conftant to t'oll'
Then one near Sumatra. juft under the line, As fond as a witeh in a play,

- I loves you,' fays the, 'and jutt only be mine, ' Or, by poifon, I'll take you away.'
' Curfe your kindpefs,' fays I, 'but you can't frighten 'me,
- You don't eatch a gudgeon this haul,
' If I do take your ratßane, why then, do you fee,
'I fhall die true and conftant to Poll.'
But I 'fcap'd from them all, tawny, lily, and black,
And merrily weather'd each ftorm,
And, my neighbours to pleafe, full of wonders came back, But, what's better, l'm growis pretty warm.
And fo mow to fea I flall venture no more,
For yon know, being rich, l've no call,
So I'll bring up young tars, do my duty afhore,
And live and dic conftant to Poll.

BALLAD-IN castles in the air.

THE martial pomp, the mournfut train
befpeak fome honoured hero flain;
The obfequies denote him brave;
Hark! the volley o'er his grave :
The awful knell founds low and lorn,
Yet ceafe ye kindred brave to mourn.
The plaintive fife, and muffled drum,
The man may fummon to his filent home;
The foidier lives!-his deeds to trace,
Behold the Seraph Gory place
An everoliving laurcl round his facred tomb.
Nor deem it hard, ye thoughtlefs gay,
Shott's man's longeft earthly flay;
Our little hosr of life we try, And then derart:-we're born to die. '

## 218 1IBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Then lofe no moment dear to fame, They longeft live wholive in name. The plaintive fife, \&c.

## BaLLAD-in castles in thearr.

SINCE Zcph'rus firf tafled the charms of coy Flora, Sure Nature ne'er beamed on folovely a mort, Teln thoufand fweet birds court the fmile of Aurora, And the woods loudly echn the found of the horn:

Yet the morn's not fo lovely, fo brilliant, fo gay, As our fplendid appearance, in gallant array, Then all ready mounted, we number our forces, Enough the wild boar or the tiger to feare:
Pity fifty ftout beings, count dogs, men, and horfes, Should encounter fuch peril-to kill one poor hare!
Little wretch, thy fate's hard!-thou wert gentle and blamelefs;
Yet, a type of the world in thy fortune we fee;
And Virtue, by munters as cruel and hamelefs, Poor, defencelefs, and timid, is hunted like thee.

Sce! vainly each path how the doubles and tries:
If fle feape the hound Treachery, by Slander the dies!
To orercome that meek fear for which mon fhould refpect her, Ev'ry art is employed, ev'ry fubte fnare-
Pity thofe who were born to defand and protect her, Should hunt to her ruin-fo timid a hare!
Thus it fares with poor Merit, which mortals fhould cherifh, As the heaven-gifted fpark that il'umines the mind;
As Reafon', be!t honour: left with it h:ou'd perifl Every grace that Perfection can lend to mankind.

Hark! Envy's pack opens; the grim lurcher, Fear,
And the mongre!, Vexation, thulks fly in the rear:
The reft all ruh on, at their head the whelp Slantor, The fell mafliff Malice, the greyhound Defpair!
Fity leings beft known by bright I'ruth and fair Candour Should hunt down-- hhame to manhood--fo harmbefs a hare.
Their fports at an end, harfl Reflection's beguier To fome thoughtlefs oblivion their fouls they refign;
The feducer takes pleafure, revenge the reviler,
'The hunter's oblivion, more harmlets, is wine.

Thrns, having defroyed every rational $j$ y
That can dignify Reafon, they Reaion deftroy:
And vet not in vain, if this lefon isdpirit

- Ought of rev'reace for Genius, refpect fur the Fair:

So the trar of loft Virtue and poor ruined Marit
The fad nancs hall appeafe of the innocent hare.

## BALLAD-in castles in thearr.

THE worll's a good thing, ah how fwect and delicious The b'us and delight it contains;
Dev'l a pleafure but joy Fortme crams in unr difhes, Except a few torments and paisis.
Then wine's a good thing, the dear drink's fo inviting, Where cach toper cach carc fiwectly drowns,
Where onr friends we fo cherifh, fo love and delight in, Except when wetre cracking their crowns.
Sing didderoo whack, take the good with the bad, So put round the claret and herry;
If the cares of this world did not make us fo fad, "Twould he eafy cnotgh to be merry.
Fait a wife's a good ting, fure to charm and content ye, To cherifh and lave you fle's born;
Show'ring joys on your brow, like the goddefs of plenty, So fweet, juft excepting the horn.
Arrah fait the dear law a nice good ting to truft is, Juft your all to its mercy devote;
You'll he fure to get bed, board, and cloathing from Juftice, Except when the trips off your coat.

Sing dicideroo, \&c.
En't a place a good ting? wh-re the loaves and the fillies, So neatly are handed about,
Where you turn while your in, till you get all your wifhcs, Except when they're turning you out.
Is not fame a good ting? ah her trump found fo glorious, Ant fo lings forth the deeds of the hrave!
Nothing hinders their living long, great, and notorious, Except that they're fnug in the grave!

Sing didderoo, sce.
Then a friend's a good ting, ah he foothes all your forrows? And foftens each care of jour life,

And nothing, kind foul, in return ever borrows, Except jult your purfe or your wife.
By comparifons then fince each good ting's a treafure, As the foil thew's the diamond's true glare,
Let us in this life, cherith only the pleafure,
Except when we're tafting the care.
Sing didderoo, dec.

BALLAD-IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

IE quiet that blackbird and thrufh,
S., gallanting,

And chantiry,
And whiftling,
And briAiing,
And warbling your fong in the grove.
That goldfinch and linnet pray huhn;
Poor Taffy is firhing,
And alfo is crjing.
And noreover dying
For love.
What a noife, only hark!
Why you imprudent lark!
The loud little devils to hear
Gives her toriure, and torment, and fmart ;
For though honey their notes to her edr,
They are bitter as gall to her heart,
Her cannot for her fou le glad
When Winifred's away;
Yet it is wrong, and it is bad
To chide thcir pretty lay ;
That love that makes poor Tafy fad,
Makes all the grove fo gay.
Pipe on, merry blackbird, and thruh?,
Sing your ditty,
So pretty,
And whiver it,
And quiver it,
Nature fmiles, and the fpring's in its prime:
From each fpray, and each tree, and cach bufh,
Your madrigals fouring,
Some hopping
Sume foaring,

Your fong will be o'er in
Good time.
What a noife, only hark!
Now's your tine, Mr. Lark,
When to-morrow fweet Win flall appear,
You'll not make this noife, and this fir,
Then a much fweeter ditty to hear,
You'll leave finging, and liften, to her.
Then 'laffy be no longer fad,

- Though Winifred's away,

But faile with nature, and be glad, And like the grove be gay, To-morrow pleafure's to be had, Thear do not grieve to-day.

BaLLaD-in castles in theair.
COME away then at my call,
High, low, rich, beor, fat, lean, flort, tall;
I uncertake to furnith all
A panacea to cure care.
Would the oid renew their youth,
Would Falhood learn to charan like 「ruth,
Wou'd Honour in life's game be wiuncr,
Or moveft Mertt fud a d mer,
To Hope fill turning black Defpair,
Come build cattles in the air.
Here the cit, through clouds of fmoke, In coffechoufe who cracks his joke,
Whom, at his defk, the cohwcbs choke,
Still initates the lipircer's "are:
Of. ton the very life and foul,
Near fume Horkiey in the Hule,
To all the guttling city beafts,
Shall give fuch monfrous tumptuous feafts,
Genteel ar any d-nciug bedr,
In his cafle buitt of air, .
Whould fpendihrift's ne'er put down their gigs,
Wouid recdy curates count tithe pige,
Would Gout dance rigadoone and jigs,
Would Grecks play only on the \{quare,

Would guilt a waking confcience blind, Would tabbics handrome hufbands find,
Would lawyers fight poor orphans' battles,
Preferving them their goods and chattles,
Would pigeons fcape a well-laid fnare,
Come build caftics in the air.
Would country hicks become polite,
Would Avarice give, would Cowardice fight,
Would Envy praife, would dunces write,
Would Fraud fair Honour's veftments wear,
Would mifers know when they'd cnough,
Would gluttons root, and water fuff,
Would gambling ceafe to be alarming,
Worth to be priz'd, or beauty charming,
Would lovers ceafe to lie and fwear.
Come build caftles in the air.
In fhort, all thofe who Nature force,
Who put Life's cart before the horfe, Turn Times and Seafons from their courfe, Build hopes by Folly's rule and fquareFor inftance, now, did lappear, From confcions diffidence or fear, T'indulge one moment fuch à flander That any here were void of candour, My hopes ought all to be defpair, And all my caftes built in air.

LORD what be all the rich and great, The pride of courts and cities?
Their fufs, and ront, and pomp, and fate, Lord how a body pities.
The gouty fquire, in coach and fix, My lady with her phathific, His wornhip with the rheumatics, All fick from floth and phylic. How diffcrent we ploughmen be, Through bog, and briar, and thifte, Who work with health, and ftresgit, and glee, And o'er the furrow whillle.

That thing, the young fquire, my landlord's heir, You'd for a doll minake it ;
Set on a flelf, like China ware, For fear the maids fhou'd break it :
Then mifs loves fcandal, cheats at play, Gets tonifh, hold, and fpunky,
Hates nafy man, then runs away, To prore it, with a monkey.
How diff'rent from theie imps, fo fpruce, With pride that fivell amd brifle,
Are ours, formed ploughmen to produce. Whoo ober the furrow whittle.
A nabob, drefs'd in fars, comes down,
To our villase, worth a million ;
His villa's here, his houfe in town, By the fea fide his pavilion.
Poor man, he'd thank his fars to feize, For his, my humble fation;
Why he's dying of a new difeafe, They calls a complication.
With fieknefs then what's high degrce?
What garter, bath, and thillle?
Oh that the nabob could, like me, Blithe o'er the furrow whifte!
Thus honeft Clump, fevere, though kind, Did wit with pity feafon;
Bleft with that manly ftrength of mind,
Taught by content and reafon.
In artlefs wit, unconfeious fenfe,
He pitied imperfection;
Not rancour, but beneficence,
Infpiring each ieflection.
My wifh 'gainf haughty pomp, eried he, P.t the poor who puff and brifie,

Is-May they tafte fuch joys as we,
Who o'er the furrow whifte!

BALLAD-in castles in thearr.
THE auctioneer mounts, and-firft hawing and hemming-
Addreffes his audienes with-Ladies and gemmen,
Fermit me to make on this fale a few Arialurcs
This comprited of fome choice allegorical pichures,

Lot one is a portrait of Truth : - hid away !
For Truth, la'es and gentlemen, what thall we fay?
Suppofe we fay tweinty thoufand pounds for Truth: tea thoufand : five: one: five hundred: one hundred: twenty guineas : one guinea. Nobody put in Truth? No lover mor lawyer in company fands in need of a little truth ? Any thing to begin with. 'sixpence!' "And a half-penny!!" Thank you Sir.
A going, a going, a going-come, fpirit, bid on;
Will nobody bid more? A going-gone.
Set down Truth to the gentleman in the ragged cafloc.
Lot two is Erugality, modeft and meek,
Mild Content in her eye, the freth rofe on her cheek, -
The offspring of Prudence, the parent of Health,
Who, in Nature's fcant wiflies, finds Crafus's wealth. What d'ye fay for Frugality, ladics? O fie!
What nobody bid! Nobody! !-John, put Frugality by.

- Lot three: Diffipaticin. 'That's engaged: I could have fold them if I had had a thoufand Lot four: Crim Con, Oh Lard that is difpofed of, by private contract. - Lot tive, Faflion. Come, ladies, what 1l:all we fay for Fafion? 'Twenty thoufand pounds.'-Thank you Ma'am. "Twenty-five."- "Thirty.:

A going, a going, a going-come, fpirit, bid on-. What mobody bid more?

- Mr. Smiler, to fave trouble, you mav fend Fafhion to 'my houfe upon your own terms." Much obliged to your Lady thip.
-Gning-gone.
Set down Faflion to Lady Kitty Cockahoop. Next lot is the Cardinal Virtucs:-why John Some f"ange motamorphofe they've all undergone:
Why Fortitude trembles. and looks like a theep!
White Tomp'rance is tipfy! and Juftice afieep!
And as for Ma'am Prudence, fhe's quite in her airs !
Here, John, kick the Cardinal Virtues down flars.
Let me fee, what have we elfe? C'onfcience. Oh Lord! Honour. Worfe and worfe! A parcel of antiquated fulf. What's this? Anarchy!! Why John whai bufnef's has Anarchy here? I thought you knew that it was fold, long enough ago, for exportation. - And now you talk of exportation, you know this portrait of Pomlarity is to be fent, as a public gift to the Royal Rer thers, upon the continent. Loyalty. © A hundred thoufand pounds-two hundred
- thoufand-three-four-five-fix-feven-cight-a mil-- lion-two miliion-three million- .

A going, a going, a going-come, courage, bid on :
A going, a going-
Ten mitlion in five hunded places! Oh I knew it was utterly inponfible ever to find a fing'e purchafer for Loyalty. -Guing, gone.
Set down Loyalty to the whole nation.
What remains there is little occafion to heed;
Of Honour and Worth you have none of you need;
Good Humour, and Frolic, and Laughter, fo plump, I've fold you again and again, in a lump.
The laft lot's Content, of fwest Pleafure the twin, Come purchafe Content, and I'll throw Pleafure in.

Come, ladies and gentlemen, whai chall we fay for Constent ? It is your intereft to buy Content. What beauty can fmile, what alderman guttle, without Content? I had once an idea of buymg it in, but my content receives all its value from the reflection of yours. Come, I'il take nods and frailes for money. Much obliged to you, Sir :-particularly favoured, Ma'am :-highly honoured, Sir :-you flatter me exceedingly, Mifs ?
A going, a going, a going-come, courage, bid on :
A going, a going -
Infinitely above the full value! I am overwhelmed with gratitude!

> _ i going-gone.

Set down content to the prefent company.

> BALLAD-in castlesin thear.

2nex
WIIEN to man the diftinguifling form And the nature of angels were given,

His mind was imbu'd with a charm That mark'd him the fav'rite of heav'n.
'Twas fmiling Benighity's grace, To the warm throbbing bofom fo clear,

That celeftially bean'd in his face, As he fhed Senfibility's tear.

Ye who Nature have learnt to fubduc, Who your hearts 'gainft compaftion can fteel,

Who know not the juys of che few,

## 26 BIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Who are happy becaufe they can feel,
In luxury and eafe as ye roil,
Learn that blifs to the boforn fo dear,
'Tis the luxury, fupreme, of the foul,
To indu'ge Śnhbility's tear.

## BALLAD-IN castlesin the air.

THE village was jovial, the month was May, The lirds were fiveetly finging;
Of Numps and Madge 'twas the wedding day, The bells were merrily ringing.
The bridegroom came in his holiday cloaths,
The bride with riblonds as red as a rufe;
Never did revelry fo abound,
The drums beat, and the joke went round :
Ali manner of inftruments loudly play'd,
The huthoy fqueak'd, and the bafforn bray'd.
Then tofee them all foot it, and jig it, and prance,
Stump, figit, and ree!, in the mazy dance;
Thus, from when the lark rofe till the flocking was. thrown,
The fur, and the frifk, and pantire went on.
Such whim and fuch frolic fure never was feen,
Till wond'ring fo long they had tarried,
Young Ralph of the village and Sue of the green, Cry-what a sare thing to he married!
Now fcarcely paft the honey moon
Still Numps and Madge are finging,
But not exactly the fame tune,
For the bells her clapper's ringing.
The Squire fteps in, Numps finclls a rat, Love and dear, are changed to dog and cat ;
Their loves turn'd hate, and gricf their jays, Contentiment's Arife, and pleafure noife : Say a crooked word, and I'll kill you, cries he!
Rams horns, if I die for't, cries out flo!
Night and day thus, at victuals, or up, or abed,
He currics her hide, and the combs his head,
In torment, vexation, and mifery they dwell,
Converting that heaven, called inarriage, to bell.

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

The neighbours malicioufly viewing the fcene, While charmed that fo long they had tarried, Young Ralph of the viliage, and Sue of the greem, Cry-what a queer thing to be married!
At length in make fport of the bridegroom and bride, Whofe jars in droll ditty they're finging,
-The wags of the village now ikimmington ride, While hackward the bells they are ringing.
The ladles, the kimmers, the bronmficks they wield,
The porringer helmet, the potlid fhicld,
The ample ram's horss that fo grace the parade, And the petticoat rampant fo gaily difplayed, Denote jars domeftic, and family frife,
Where the do't takes the diftaff, the cudgel the wife.
Thus hilling, and hooting, and grunting of hogs,
And fqualling of children, and barking of dogs,
And fhrill penny trumpets, falt boxes, and bells, And drums, and cow horns, and a hundred things elfe, Compofe of confufioms the drolleft e'er feen,

While charm'd that fo long they had tarried, Young Ralph of the villege, and Sue of the green, Cry-what a damn'd thing to be married.

EAILLAD-IN CASTLESIN THEAR.

TOM Tackle was noble, was true to his word, If merit bought titles, Tom might be my lord;
How gaily his bark through Life's ocean would fail, Trutlifurnithed the rigging and Honour the gale.
Yet Tom had a filing, if ever man had;
That good as he was, made hin all that was bad,
He was paltry and pitifnl, feurvy and mean,
And the fnivingeft fcoundrel that ever was feen :
For fo faid the girls, and the landlords long fhore,
Would you know what this fault was- Tom Tackle was poor!
${ }^{2}$ Twas once on a time when we tonk a galloon,
And the crew touched the ageat for caff to fome tune, Tom a trip took to jail, an old inefinate to free,
Aud four thanklul prat'iers foon fat on his knee.
Then ' $T$, was an angel, down right from heaven fent!
White they'd hands he his goodnefo fhould never repent :

## 228 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Return'd from next voyage, he bemoan'd his fad cafe, To find his dear friend flut the door in his face! Why d'ye wonder, cried one, you're ferved right to be fure,
Once Tom Tackle was rich-now-Tom Tackle is poor?
1 ben't you fee verfed in high maxims and fitch,
But don't this fame homour concern poor and rich ?
If it don't come from good hearts, I can't fee where from,
And dam'me if e'er tar had a good heart 'twas Tom.
Yct, fome how or nother, Tom never did right :
None knew bettcr the time when to fpare, or to fight;
He, by finding a leak, once preferved crew and fhip,
Saved the Commodore's life-then he made fuch rare flip!
And yet, for al this, no one Tom conld endure ;
I fancy's as how 'twas-becaufe he was poor.
At laft an old fhipmate, that Tom might hail land,
Whe faw that his heart failed too faft for his hand,
In the riding of Comfort a mooring to find,
Reef'd the faits of Tom s fortune that fhook in the wind:
He gave him enought through life's ocean to fteer,
Be the breeze what it might, fteady, thus, or no near ;
His pitiance is daily, and yet Tom imparts
What he can to his friends-and may, all honeft hearts, Like Tom rackle have what keeps the wolf from the door, Juft enough to be generous-too much to be poor.


## BALLAD-in castles in theair.

SAYS my father, fays he, one day fo I ,
Thon know'ft by falfe friends we are undone,
Should my lawfuir he inft, then thy good fortune try,
Among our relations in London:
Here's Sukey, the poor orphan child of fiiend Grift, Who once kept thy father from farving,
When thy fortune thou'f made, thou flalt take by the fift, For a wife, for fle's gond and dererving :
BE: mind the in heart this one maxim, our Jack, As thou't read thy good fate in a bouk,
Make honour thy gilide, or elfe never come back Te Father, and Mother, and Suke.
So I bufs'd Suke and mothe', and great'y concern'd, Off I fet, with my father's kind biefling,

To our coufin, the wine merchant, where I foon learn'd Alsout mixing, and brewing, and prefling :
Eut the flos-juicc, and ratBzne, and all that fine joke, Wàs foon in my fomach a rifing,
Why dom it, cried I, would you kil the poor folk? I thought you fold wine, and not poifon :
Your place, nyy dear coulin, won't do, for you lack, To wake your broth, another guefs cook;
Befides, without honour, I cannot go back 'To Father, and Mother, and Suke.
To my uncle, the doclor, I next went my ways, He teach'd me the myftery, quickly,
Of thofe that were dying to fhorten the days, And they in good health to make fickly.
Oh the mufic of groans ! cried my uncle dear boys: Vapours fct all my fpirits a flowing,
A fit of the gout makes me dancing for joy, At an ague $I^{6} \mathrm{~m}$ all in a glowing!
Why then my dear mucle, cries 1 , you're a quack, For another afliftant go look,
For you fee without honour I munna go back 'To Father, and Mother, and Suke.
From my coufin, the parfon, I foon com'd away, Without either waiting or warning,
For he preach'd nipon fuherncfs three times one day, And then con. $d$ home drunk the next monning. My relation, the author, fole other fulks thoughts, My coufin, the bookfeller, fold them,
My pions old aunt found in inmocence fanits, And made Virtue bluft as hee told them!
So the profpect around me quite difinal, and black, Scarcely knowing on which fide to look,
1 juft favid my honour, and then I com'd back, To Father, and Mother, and Suke.
I found them as great as a king on his throne, The lave fuit had banified all forrow:
I'm come faid I father my honour's my own, Then thou fhalt have Sukey to-morrow.
But how about London? It won't do for a clown, There Vice rides with folly behind it,
Not, yon fee, that I fays there's no honour in towa, 1 only fays I could not find it.
If you fent me to farve, you found out the right track, if to live, the wrong method you took,

## 230 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

For, I poor went to Londom, and poor I'm com'd back, To Father, and Nother, and Suke.

RONDEAU-IN CASTLES IN THEAIR.

AS dulcet found on ather floats, In foft, melodious meafure,
Smoothly glide the even notes
That lull the foul to pleafure.
Plung'd in Care, befet with Pain,
Hunted by Mifery's fell train,
Still with each verying paffion Sound fhall following ge,
Through all the wide viciffitudes of Juy and Woc.
Shall laugh with Mirth, with Anger dare; Shall fluriek with Fear;
With Caution creep;
With pitying Sympathy flall weep;
Intrude where Melancholy penfive fits,
liock Jealoufy, that loves and hates by fits,
And into Madnefs urge defpair !
Then, while the extremes of Joy and Mife:y
Clafl madly, like an agitated fea,
O'er the footh'd fonfes fhall fie dhed a balm,
The form of Faftion lulling to a calm,
Her mighty magic mark!
Fark!
As dulcet found on wether float, \& c .
When Mufic's powerful aharms excite,
The pooref paflion grows delight :
Wine is not mirth, the lyre unfrung,
Beauty's not heauty, if unfung.
Mark! how the organ's folmn air
Adds piety to prayer!
Without the aid of willing found,
Joy is not pleafure, pomp not fate, Love tender, nor ambition great :

Without it what were heroes found,
Who feek for glory, and meet fate ?
What confecrates their deeds and name
But Mufic's trumpet. Ient to Fame?
Nor will the meanell hero fight,

## リIBDIN'S SELECTE1) SONG3. 231

If Mulie 'end nat her delight.
Let lut the drum, and cheerful fife Allail his car, He kaows not fear,
The found infpires him with new life,
Fired with the fiprightly martial band,
The foe he charges hand to hand:
Rufhes refiftlefs through the ranks,
With Glory fir'd!
And takes thofe thanks
Due to that valour Mufic had in fpired.
Siveet Mufic take me to thy care,
Breathe in my foul thy vital air;
That when unruly thoughts transform
My mind, with Paffion's fwelling form,
Conflict on conflict as they fwell,
And make my tortur'd mind a hsll!
As dulcet found on rether hoats, \&c.

## BALLAD-in castles in the air.

1. Watchman I am, and I knows all the round,

The houkeepers, the flrays, and the lodgers,
Where low dev'ls, rich dons, and high rips, may be found,
Odd diekies, queer kids, and rum codgers:
Of money, and of property, I'm he that takes the care, And eries, when I fee rogues go by, Hey! what are you doing there?

- Only a little lsufinefs in that houfe :-You undernand ' me?' " Underfand you!-well, I believe you are an " honefl man. Do you hear, bring me an odd filver candle-
"fick -
Then to my box 1 creep,
And then fall faft afleep.
Saint Paul's Irikes one,
Thus after all the mifchief's done,
1 goes and gives them warning,
And loudly bawls,
As frikes Saint Paul's
Paft one o'clock, and a cloudy morning.
'Then round as the hour I merrily cries,
Another fine mefs I difcover,

For a curious rope ladder 1 feraightway efpies,
And Mifs Forward (xpecting her lover.
'Then to each other's arnis they fly,
My life, my foul, ah ah!
Finc work, Mifs Hot-upon't, cries I,
l'll knock up your Pappa.
'No, no, you won't.' 'I fhall; worthy old fout, to be
" treated in th's manser." 'Here, here, take this.' "Oh
"you villain, want to bribe an honeft watchman!-and
" with fuch a trifle too!" "Well, well, here is more."
"More! You feem to be a fpirited lad-now do make her
"s a good hußand-I am glad you tricked the old hunks" good night-I wifh yon fafe at Gretna Green !-

Then to my box I creep, And then fall faft affeep:
Whal's that ? St. Paul's ftrike two,
The lovers off, what does I do, But gives the father warning, And loudly bawls, \&ic
Then towards the figuare, from my box as I looke,
I hears fuch a ranting, and tearing ;
'Tis Fharoah's whole hof, and the pigenne, and rooks,
Are laughing, and finging, and fwearing.
Then fuch a hubbub, and a din,
How they blafpheme, and curfe!
That thicf has flole ny diamond pin,
Watch, watch, l've lof my purfe!
"Watch, here I charge you,' 'and I charges you:" "Tis "a marvellous thing that honef people can't go home with"out being robbed: Which is the thicf?"' "That's the "thief that trick'd me out of two hundred pounds this "evening," Ah that you know is all in the way of buft"nefs, but which is the thief that fole the genteman's "purfe?" 'That's him.' "What Sam Snatch? Give it "to me San. He has not got your purfe-you are mif. "taken in your man. Go home peaceably, and don't " oblige me to take you to the watch-houfe.Then to my box I creep, And then fall faft afleep
What's that? St. Haul's frikes threeThus from all roguery I gets frec, 3y giving people warning, and lourly bawls, \&e.

## BALLAD-in the razor grinder.

TOM Turnwell is my name, my boys,
I'll frike a ftroke with any,
The trade that all my time employs,
'To get an honeft permy,
As good, as juft, as moft you'll find.
With rubbing ftone,
And ftrop, and hone,
I whet the very tharpeft feel;
And cry the while I turn my wheel,
Pen-knives, fciffars,
Cleavers, Razors,
Chopping knives to grind.
I'm ufeful throughoat all the town,
The furooth and pampered giutton,
When e'ar to dinner he fits down,
Can never carve his mutton,
Unlefs his knife is to his mind.
With rubbing fone, \&c.
The pretty dame who fweet can fmile;
Who is for ever finirking,
And who the minutes can beguile,
With love as well as working,
Would the her fciffars fharpened find.
With rulabing fone, \&c.
My friend the barber o'er the way,
Who daily lathers many,
And picks up pretty well each day,
By flaving for a penny;
To me his razzors are conlign'd, .
With rubbing ftone, \&c.

AIR-IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICM


ALL endeavours fruitlef prove
Former pleafure to regain,
Sunk in helplefs, hopelefs love-
Can the flave efoape his chain?

Leave, O leave me to endure, Probe not wounds that rend my heart; When the patient's palt a cure, Med'cine but augments his fmart.


## AIR-IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

THE trifling maid, who, idly vain,
Contemns a faithful lover's pain,
His torment all her joy;
Who, changeful as an April day,
With captive hearts delight to play,
As infants with a toy:
Deferves of Cupid's bister draught,
To tafte a drop, and from his ihaft
A froke or two to fcel;
Then tremble, Nymph, for, taught by me,
Strephon thall foon give wounds to thee,
No vanity can heal.


AIR-IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

MY bofom is proof againft tranfports and vows, The fawning of treacherous man,
Who by artful grimaces, by cringing and bows, Enfnares every woman he can.
His tranfport is falfe, and his vows are a cheat, His oaths and his cringing a lie,
Each pratic'd alone their defires to compleat, And gain what we ought to deny.
Poor Daphne too foon ownd the flame in her breaf, Too cafy, too quickly was won;
Her fwain. from that monent a rover confefs'd, Forfook her, a maiden undone:
And knew, if young Sttephon had conquerd my heart, To my wifh were none p'ealing as he,
1 fooner would die, than this fecret impart, 'Till I prov'd he as truly lov'd mc.

# DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS. 

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## AIR-IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

YE flowers that bloom in yonder mead, Where flows the cryftal tide,
And nibling lambkins fportive feed Along the current's fide,
Ye oft have feen, and fmil'd to fee,
My love to him, his love to me.
Witnefs ye flocks, ye herds, ye fawns,
That o'er the paftures Atray,
Witnefs, ye mountains, groves, and lawns,
Each painted child of May :
The greateft b'ifs I cre can prove
Is to return my fhepherd's love.

## 

DUETTO—IN THESHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

> Strepbon.

TURN, O turn relentlefs fair,
Pity haplefs Strephon's nain,
Raife him from the laft defpair,
Smile, and lid hiin live again..

> Calia.

Prythee lay afide your folly ;
How can I or take or give Sprightly mirth, or melancholy;

But if that contents you-live.

> Strephon.

Too well you know your art and pow'r,
Ev'ry way my woes to calm,
The wound will heal from that fweel hour
Wherein yous pour a friendly balm,
Calia.
Truth I pity your condition,
But if your poor heart mutt bleed
'Till I act your kind phyfician-
Your cafe is defperate indecd.

AIR-in the shepherd's artifice.

IN ev'ry fertile valley
Where nature fpreads the grafs,
Her filly conduct rally
To ev'ry lad and lafs;
Where weary reapers labour,
With Sylvia gay, be feen,
Or, to the pipe and tabor,
Light tripping o'er the green.
Where cowfips fweetly fmiling
Bedeck the verdant flade,
Appear the hours beguiling,
Or head fome gay prarade. Purfue thefe methods boldly,

Nor fink in hopelefs grief;
The fair once treated coldly,
Will quickly grant relief.

AIR-IN The shepherd's artifice.

HAUGHTY Cælia, fill difdaining,
Ne'cr flall triumph o'er my heart;
Ne'er will I with mean complaining
Sue for comfort to my fmart ;
I'll appear the carelefs rover,
Let her coquettilh airs affect,
Like a gay a happy lover,
Treat contempt with cold neglect.
We'er, ye fair ones, damp the paffion
Where with honour love attends,
Never crofs with indignation
love that faireft truit commends.
Comfant minds alike difdaining
Infiacerity and fraud,
Are their utmont will obtaining,
While their hope their hearts applaud.

AIR-1n the shepherd's artifice.

EINCE artful man fo oft betrays,
sy fubtle wiles, and hardy ways,
Our weak unguarded fex;
By oaths, diffembl'd figh's and fears,
To melt the heart, to charm our ears,
And ftill our minds perples:
In revenge I'm determin'd to treat him with foorn,
And fhew him a nymph can perplex in her turn.
But Strephon's heart with pureft fire,
With kindeft love, and fond defire,
lias ever warmly glow'd:
Yet his may be like all the relt,
A treach'rous bait to fuare the breaft,
And fo my fears forbode:
'Thofe fears then fhall teach me to treat hin with foorn And fhew him a nymph can infnare in her turn.

AIR-IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.
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THE God of love will ever Heap l,leffing's on the pair, Where pleafing's the endeavour, Both of the fwain and fair.
Selieve me kind good-nature, Of beauty fands in place,
Gives bloom to ev'ry feature,
Tu ev'ry action grace:
Then never night the lover, Or draw too tight his chain,
Leak in the end the rover Succeeds the dying fwain.


## AIR-IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

A SHEPHERD long figh'd for a beautiful fair , And in rapture difcover'd his love;

Not doubting the nymph would difpe: his fond care And his amorous tranfport approve:
Tho ' ne to compation infenfible grown,
No glimpic of delight would inepart ;
When he figh'd at her teet fhe reply'd with a frown, And rejoic'd at his fuff'rings ahd fmart.
He fuffer'd long time this impertinent foorn,
Nor thought of upbraiding the fair,
But fecretly pin'd in the bower forlorn,
Involv'd in the keeneft defpair ;
'Till his friend who obferv'd him heart-wounded with grief,
Lamenting his fruitiefo dcfire,
Refolv'd that the nymph hould affurd him relief,
And in turn feel the furce of love's fire.
Too artful, her paffion fie never had own'd,
Tho' it triumpla'd alone in her breaft
Eut langh'd while the fliepherd in mifery moan'd,
And wander'd a flranger to reft:
Advis'd then his hofom no longer to vex :
But her hanghtinefs treat with difdain;
He own'd a feign'd courthlip, her breaft to perplex,
And convert to delight all his pain.

AIR-In the cestus.

THE Phoenix, we're told, has the Sun for his fire,
That he lives to five cent'ries or more;
That he then gathers gums and reeds in good fore, With thefe makes a fire;
In the midnt of which fire being feated.
His wings are the bellows
Which kindle it up till 'tis properly heated : And farther they tell us,
When no longer in flame this combuftible flafhes,
A fpick and fpan new one jumps out of the afhes.
Another wife tale to a dragon gave birth,
Whole teeth, it is faid, were but fown in the earth,
When 'tis gravely attefted, and let who will fmile,
That a regiment of foldiers appear'd rank and file,
Thefe ftories, 'tis granted, are very abfurd;
No man ever faw fuch a dragon or bird

Yet folly and love to be met with afunder, I hol. 1 a phenomenon of fuch a kind,
A rarity fo mucla more worlyy to brag on,
That forner than fet out this wonder
Toufind-
Id be bound to produce you bot phrenix and dragon.

AIR-In The cestus.

I'M up to all your tricks, my dear,
How the winds you make your letters bear,
My care and viglence to queer,
But little are you winning:
You know tis true my pretty youth,
You fend 'em Eaft, Weft, North, and South,
Don't langh-left t'other fide your mouth,
You flould be after grinuing.
You Mafter! don't believe it, love ;
I'm Juno filil, and you are Jove;
Whom Fate has plac il me far above, Nor her decrees conld'f a ter:
Then yie'd with grace the fovercign rule,
Not think to make me thas a tool,
Eur thofe whon hang me for a fool,
Will find a knave in the halter.


RONDEAU-IN THE CESTUS.

THINK not here to drive your gic,
Madam Juno;
I'11 make you know,
Who's at home, or bum my wig.
Why, Ill koow the reaton.
Tou may grin, but l'll bet iwenty,
Iler Lord and Mafter,
I flall can her ;
And as to witneffes, l've 1 lenty.
In good time and feafor.
Think not, \&c.

Shall I by her-my goods and chattels, Be led by the nofe here, Nor difpofe her
As I lif-Why, Sir, thefe battles, 'Gainft me are petty treafon,

Think not, \&c.

AIR-In the cestus.

WITH that begirt, each dowdy girl
Gets every charm, does hie but alk it;
Her teeth become a ruw of pearl, Enclos'd within a coral cafket. Carnations bloom upon her cheeks, Rofes take place of blotch and pimple;
The air's perfum'd whene'cr the fpeaks, And Cupids play in every dimple.


AlR-In thecestus.

WHO calls on her whofe powerful art, Lrects a throne in every heart;
Whofe love all court, whofe anger fear-
Venus yclept-behold her here.
Sighs fome fond youth his love unkind, Wua'd he fome watchful Argus blind?
Glows fome fair virgin's modeft cheek,
With wifhes that fhe dare not fpeak?

AIR-in the cestus.


FINE fport, indeed, for god and godlin,
To fee great Jove become Moll Codin ;
And threat his wife with fift and horfewhip,
Becaufe fhe loves a little gollip,
Yet he, forfooth, can trot and amble,
And after fcores of miffes ramble;

Leave, gods, at Hercules your grinning, The mafter of the world's a fpinning.
Though while fuch worthy work is doing,
Slap goes the univerfe to ruin ;
The trumpet founds wars rude and civil, Convulfe the earth, while to the devil
They go their own way, and no wonder, His light'ning's out-ancep his thunder.


AIR-IN THE CESTUS.

HEAR the merry minftrel found,
On the ear it rings,
While all the ftrings,
Are one entire vibration,
The tinkling pleafure fpreads around.
And as it plays,
Sweetly conveys,
From fenfe to fenfe,
Soft eloquence,
In thrilling circulation.
But fringlefs, broken, out of tune
Time s thrown away;
For did you play.
Without the leaft ceffation,
And frum from January till june ;
You aill may bang,
At every twang,
The difmal hum,
The more you thrum,
But fpeaks its mutilation.

> But hear, \&c.

Juft fo let down its pegs, the heart
In fadnefs fits,
Nor once admits
Of any confolation;
But ferew it into tune, each fmart,
And anxious care,
Diffolves to air,
Alone its joys
The mind employs,
Aad all is jubilation. So hear the, \& $\mathrm{c}_{3}$ X


## AIR-In thecestus.

HOW happy fhe, who ne'cr can know
The nifery of the great;
Who, far from reach of feepter'd woe,
Finds in her low eftate,
Joy in her innocence-delight
In fecnes that ni!l prefent;
Pleafures that health and trength excite,
And tranfport in content :
One brook, her mirror and her drink, The happy wanderer feeks;
And as her lambs play round its brink, Good Nature paints lier checks.
Few are her wants, certain her joy ;
For reafon's glad confent
Points out her innocent employ, And guides her to content.

$A!R$-in the cestus.

SPOR'TSMEN who are faunch and truc,
Ne'er the timid hare purfue;
Quiv'ring, quaking;
Shiv'ring, thaking;
Trembling, tott'ring in her flight, She their pity wouid excite.
Sut who, a badger fet at bay,
Withes not to make his prey?
Where's the heart compaffion fhocks
To enfnare the fubtle fox?
Come on, then, and partake the fpoils,
Cunning Reynard's in the toils
Sly and artful I•ll prepare,
For my madam fuch a fnare,
30 clofe and cunning a wife gin,
With her ejes oien fle'll run in.

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

'Ware haunches, Juno, for l'll follow Hard at your heces with a view hollow!


AIR-in thecestus.

MEEK I'll be as Venu's dove ?
Your prefence court, your abfence mourn;
Love thall be the price of love,
And kindnefs atk a kind return.
Folliy flall ne'er my mind defile,
From prudence wili I ne'er depart,
My face fhall wear a conflant imile,
And duy govern my heart.


AIR-in great news.

COME huy my fraw, and I'll give you a fong,
I dont fay my fong any fatire coutains,
I do'nt lay it touches on phyfic or law,
The knave's cunning thrift, or the ufurer's gains;
I don't lay it execrates cheating at play,
Or points out to foorn every knave in life's throng ;
Or difpifes the flanderer, the utmoft I fay,
1s, hay my fraw, and IIl give you a fong.
1 don't fay the man, who diffeminates frife,
Through a land, the world's wonder rich profperous and brave,
That protection affords to his children, and wife,
ls a good dcal a fool, and a little a knave.
I don't fay the thief, who your purfe fteals away,
Is more honeft than the t'other who does you foul wrong,
Under friend hlip's fair vizzard, the utmon I fay
Is, buy my fraw, and l'll give you a fong.
I don't fay young gentlemen, caufe 'tis the rage
'To be rendcr'd notorious by public eclat,
While poor beauty, and youth, loofe their power to crgage,
"Are wrong to feal off, witlı fome fpruce grandmania.
'Gainft monkeys and apes, I don't mean to inveigh,

Nor do I affert that their feelings are wrong, Who wifh worth at the devil : the ntmoft I fay Is, buy my fraw and I'll give you a fong.
1 don't fay that honour, fair dealing, and truth, Are better than fraud, and chicanery and lies,
That the maftiffs of agc, and the puppies of youth, Howe're we may pity, we fill mult defpife.
Nay did one whip folly, even though one floould flay,
Mer own hack for materials to furnifh the thong,
Do I fay fle'd he callous, the utmon I fay
Is, buy my fraw, and 161 give you a fong.

## BALLAD-IN GREAT NEWS.

BESEECH you, would ye, genlle folks,
Dame fortunes gifts revcal;
1 can at will turn all the fpokes.
That guide her fickle wheel:
Nor dregs of tea, nor coffee grounds,
That myfic apparatus,
Need I to fliew life's ups and downs
To ev'ry Fortunatus:
The fniling road to human blifs,
Wou'd you purfue, the myf'ry's this-
He that's content hath fortune found,
Cheerly with him her wheel goes round.
Gluttons blame fortune for that gout
They from intemp'rance fee',
While yonder iren mufcled lout
Enjoys his fcanty meal :
The indolent poor fortune curfe To fill up life's hiatus,
While the induftrious find the purfe,
And cap of Fortunatus.
The fmiling road to human blifs,
Thus court your fteps, the myft'ry's this
He that's content, \&c.
Then cuftoms ideots, do not fay
Fortune can blindly crr,
If to her fane you mifs the way,
'T is you are blind, not her.
dibdin's selected sungs.
The even path before us lies
To where her gifts await us,
And he contentment hath made wife,
Is the true Fortunatus,
The fmiling road to human blifs, Come then and tread, the my!'ry's this, He that's content, \&c.

## baLLAD-in great news.

INSPIRED by fo gratefula duty,
In terms frongeft art can devife, Bards have written thofe raptures on beauty,

That lovers have wafted on fighs:
1 , to fill the fweet theme more completely,
Sing the beauty of goodnefs the while, For every face is dreis'd fiveet'y,

Where beams a benevolent finile.
While the heart fome beneficent action,
Contemplares, with joy the eyes fpeak,
On the lip quivers mute fatisfartion,
And a glow of delight paints the cheek. Blifs pervades every feature completely,

Adding beanty to beanty the while,
And the lovelieft face looks more fweetlyz
Where beans a benevolent fmile.


## BALLAD-IN Great news.

SWEET is the fhip that under fail, Spreads her white bofom to the gale, Swett, oh! fweets the flowing can; Swect to poife the labouring oar, That tuge us to our native hore, When the boatswain pipes the barge to man; Sweet failing with a fiv'ring breeze;
But oh! muli fweeter than all thefe, Is Jack's delight his lovely Nanv

The needle faithful to the north,
To thew of conftaney the worth,
A curious lefion teaches man:
The needle tine may ruft, a fquall
Caplize the binacle and all,
Let feamanthip do a! it can :
My love in worth fhall higher rife,
Nor time flall ruft, nor fqualls eaplize,
My faith and truth to lovely Nan.
When in the bithoes I was penn'd, For ferving of a worthlefs friend, And every creature from me ran;
Non fhip performing quarentine,
Was ever fo deferted feen,
None haild me woman, child, nor man;
But though falfe friendthip's fails were furld.
Though cut a drift 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,
Fo moan their lofs who hazard ran ;
I love to take an homeft part,
Love beauty and a fpotlefs heart,
By manners love to flew the man;
To fail through life, by honour's breeze-
"Twas all along of loving thefe
Firft made me doat on lovely Nan.

## BALLAD-IN great news.

CON'S you fee that as how I'm a fportfman in ftyle, Ail fo kickish, fo nim, and fo tall;
Why l've fearch'd after game and that manycs the mile, And feed no bit of nothing at all;
My licence 1 pockets, my poncy 1 ftrides,
And I pelts through the wind and the rain,
And, if likely to foll, fticks the fpurs in the fides,
Leaves the bridle and holds by the mane;
'To be fure dad at home kicks up no little frife,
Bet dabby what's that, cn't fafhion and life?
At fposting inever was know'd for to lag,
1 was a.ways in danger the firf,

When at Epfom laft Eafter they turned out the flag, ism the lad that was rolled in the duft;
Then they call me a Nincom why, over the fields, There a little beyond Dulwich Common,
I a chick and a goofe, tumbled head over heels, And two mudlarks, befides an old woman :
Then let miferly dad, kick up forrow and frife,
I'm the lad that's gentecl, and knows fantion and life.
But don't go for to think I neglects number one,
Often when my companions, with ardour,
Are hunting about with the dogand the-gun, I goes and I hunts in the larder:
There I fprings me a woodcock or flufhes a quail, Or finds pufs, as flie fits under cover,
Then fo ho! to the harrel, to ftart me fume ale,
And when I have dined and fed rocer,
Pays my landlord his Mot, as I ogles his uife,
While the daughter cries out, lord what fallion and life.
Then I buys me fome game, all as homeward we jog, And when the folks ax how I got 'cm,
Though I hootcd but once, and then killed the poor dog, I fwears and then ftand's to't I thot 'em;
So come round me ye fportfmen that's fimart and what not, All filifh and cutting a flaft,
When your piece won't kill game, charged with powder and floot,
To bring 'em down, down with your cafli;
And if with their joaes, and their jeers, folks are rife
Why dabby fays you, 'ent it faftion and life.

## BALLAD-IN Great news.

SEE, fec to join the revel rout, All hopping, akippiag, prancing, With fqueak and \{quall, and Mriek and fhout,

Al forts and fizes prancing,
As old as poles and big as turns,
Three graces lead the revels,
Then devils tame as lambs,
And Nuns as impuclent as devils.

- Do you know me?"-"Oh! yes, excellent well-you are a fill monger: "-' No I cu't; I am a methodift preacher.' "Then I would you were fo honeft a man."

Thus leaving every care behind, The pack fale reafon fcorning, Chale pleafures of the night to find, The head ache of the morning.
See all conditions, fexes, ycars, Unite to keep the farce on,
A fwearing quaker next appears, And next a drunken parion;
Beaux, chattering nonfenfe loud in peals,
Bells, furnifhed well with clappers,
Tumblers, and dancers without beels,
And lawyers without nappers.
'Do you know me?'-" Oh! yes, very well-you are Venus."-'Will you be my Mars?'-"With all my foul."-- Come unmark, and let me behold the beauties of the Cypriau Qucen.' " Let us ummakk together."-'Agreed.'"Oh! plague and misfortune, my buband!"- Oh! hell and the devil, my wife!'

Thus leaving every care behind,
The pack ftale reafon forning,
Chafe pleafures of the nighr, to find
The head ache of the morning.
At laf to clofe their noify mirth, As finis to this kick up,
From the fupper room they iffue forth,
And roar, and rant, and hiccup;
My angel-whan-zounds, pull his nofe,
Sir do you mean to bam me?
IVve lof my wig-hess froitt my clothes,
A ring, boo, fcoundrel, damme.
"An old cloaths man to call the grand Turk a fcoundrel!Satisfation." "A ring." 'Dabby, I never boxes.' "Kick him out." "Yea I will.' "I was never fee any thing fo droll in my life." 'Ah! there'il be murder.' "Arrah fait that's right, exchange addreffes.' 16 eat him up alive-l'll maul the villain." "Hark forward-Oh! its a fine row, dabby llove a row.'

The pack thus leaving care behind,
And n:ufty reafon fecraing,
Chafe pleafures of the night, to find
The head ache of the morning.

## BALLAD-In great News.

SAY foldier which of glory's charms, That heroes' fouls enflame,
Gives brighteft luftre to their arms,
Or beft enfures their fame ?
Is it her lion-mettled rage,
Let. loofe from ardour's den,
Legion with legion to engage,
And make men Aaughter men?
Is it to a defencelefo foe, Mild mercy to forbear,
And glut the call of vengeance? No ; The brave delight to fpare:
'Tis clemency pale mifery's friend, Foremoft in glory's van,
To dry the ftarting tear, and blend The hero with the man.
Then on the wretch fall double fhame, Who, in foul nander lored,
Knows war alone by murder's name, The foldice by the fword:
As bleflings out of evils come,
Let once the conflict ceafe,
The eagle brings the halcyon home, War courts the finiles of peace:
Yet, he to higher merit vaults,
Who glory's track hath trod,
Great, generous merit that exalts,
A mortal to a God:
'Tis clemency, pale mifery's friend,
Ever in glory's van,
To dry the Rarting tear, and blend
The hero with the man.
BALLAD-IN GREAT NEWS.

ANACREON tells us that mortals mere clods, By the drink they love beft are exalted to gods,

## 250

 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.And fate there's no lie in the truth on't, don't wine, 'Though as beafly as devils, make topers divine?
Three treads in a trice makes a god of poor fnip,
Tars are every one Neptunes when e'er they drink flip,
To be Jove, or Apollo, or Mars, would ye chufe,
Ah! you've nothing to do but get drunk with Rambooze.
Then a natural tranfition from heaven, if you go
Down to hell, ah! you'll find them all drinking below,
Each friving in Lethe to hurry his care:
The feducer forgets when he ruined the fair,
Greeks the pillory forget they fo richly deferve,
The ufurer forgets when he let the man ftarve,
The perjurer forgets that he died in his fhoes,
But let us all fuch rafcals forget in Rambooze.
Our Shelah, cried ont, one day, making her moan.
From my arms, where 1 held him fant, Taddy is gone,
And though in my prefence he always will flay,
For ever the wanton young rogue's fled away:
I'm dead, and l'm kile, and flaall never recover,
Heaven take me, or give me that heaven, my lover,
Teach me how to be mad, or my fenfes to lofe,
My dear creature, cried I, juft get drunk with Rambooze*
When hard at the whifkey an Irifiman pulls,
In fearch of Europas, he rides upon buils,
Of liquors large libations Italians fcare fwallow,
But every fqualini becomes an Apollo:
Then each fair one's a goddefs, don't evary fle,
Like an angel, talk icandal, whene're fhe drinks tea,
You mof Helicon fip, wonld you turn to a mufe,
And, if you'd be Bacchus, get drunk wilh Ranibooze.
But did I not fop I fhould never have done,
In me all the Deities centre in one;
I'm as valiant as Mars, and as mighty as Jove,
As cuaning as Mercury, as am'rous as Leve:
I'm Apollo and Momus, together for wit,
And I boaft anl Olympus my godnip to fit,
For what better heaven, upon earth, can I choofe,
Than good health, a kind wife, a true friend and Rambooze ?

## BALLAD-in great news.

WHERE a learned phyfician who writes for all ills, 'Stead of taking a guinea obliged to take pills, Or compell'd to examine mortality's bills,

For his own and his brethren's flaughter :
Were an ideal widow her fponfe given over, At the moment a promife fie made to her lover, Advertifed that her hußand began to recover,

Both thefe would be fifh out of water :
Odd fifh, quecr fifh, frange filh, diroll fifhIn fhort they'd be filla out of water.
Did a methodift preacher, leave fleecing his flock, Did witlings let in common fenfe, fhould fie knuck, Did a toper reel homewards before three o'clock, Did puppies find tafte when they fought her, Were a rook, by a pigeon, choufed out of his booty, Did a wife, kind and handfome, and true to her duty, Meet a lirute, unattracted by goodnefs or beauty,

All thefe would be filh out of water,
Odd fifh, \&c.
Should true limbs of the law, while extending their palms, From honour or confcience, he troubled with qualms, Shonld fpendthrifts grow prudent, or mifers give alms,
Or honefly tempt a defaulter,
Did a lover, in high expectation, when ready,
At the place of appointment, fequeftered and ihady,
Eaccunter a broomftick inftead of a lady,
All thefe would he fifh nut of water.
Odd firh, \&c.
Did a tar, or in private, or nublic frife,
For his king, or his friend, fear to venture his life,
Did a jolnnan, from Ireland, in fearch of a wife,
Expect fortune, and meet with her daughter,
In fhort from mankind, did one flrip off the vizard,
Without fear of pafling for witch, or for wizzard,
One might fee 'twould fo curfedly fick in each gizzard,
That they'd ali appear fifh out of water :
Odd filh, \&c.


## BALLAD--IN GREAT NEWS.

THE fquirrel that jingles his bells in his cage, Is the type of that fo!ly and frife,
Call't the fanion, the tor, or the kick, or the rage, That makes up the bufte of life:
On the wheel of dame fortune, now high, and, now low, As they amble, and gallop, and pace,
While in fearch of that phantom called pleafure they go, Each ftrives to be firf in the chafe :
So round, round, round gnes fcug in his cage, And jingles his bells with a fuls and a rage, Still turning about and about,
And when tir'd with his journey remains in the place, Exactly where firf he fet out.
In fearch after knowledge, the book worm explores, Where nature's wide regions expand,
But though fancy conducts him to numberlefs flores, He never once touches on land :
His bark's toft in forms of opinions that rage, Nor truth'stracklefs path can he trace,
Till error and doubt bring the night of old age, Fair certainty's day to deface. So round, \&c.
The novice goes forward in fearch of a friend, To flare hoth his heart and his pelf,
Till humbled and tired with his toil without end, He at laft makes a friend of himfelf:
Onc who fairnefs profeffed, picked liis pocket at play, One deceived him, and laughed in his face,
One he fhewed to his miftrefs, foon ftole her away, One was mean and another was bafe,

> So round, \&cc.

Thus men mifs the fubfance, and grafp at the name, Thus projectors find midnight at noon,
Thus heroes chafe bubbles, and fancy them fame, And thus children cry for the moon.
Thofe are pleafures alone that lead reafon's fair train. The reft bring but fhame and difgrace,
And though you may fart them again and again, Vexed and tired you'll give over the chafe.

So round, \&c.

## - dibdin's selected songs.

## BALLAD-in great news.

'TWAS one day at Wapping his dangers n'crhanling, Jack Junk cock'd his jemmy and broach'd a full can, While a puffice of neighbours of each different calling,

Cried only but hear what a marvellous man :
Avalt, cried out Jack, what's there marvellous in it ?
When his time's come the flontent of hearts muft comply:
Why now you mafter tallow chandler, hy way of throwing a little light on the fubject, don't you think 'tis beticr to be extinguithed when one's fyyting in defence of one's country, than to flay at home lingering and go out like the fnuff of a candle?
Then like men do your duty, we have all our minute, And at fea or athore we flall live till we die, Hurraw, hurraw, hurraw boys let's live till we die.
Why now you mafter Plumber, that marvels at billows,
I thall founder at fea, and you'll dic in your bed;
What of that ? fome have fods, and fome waves for their pillows,
And 'its likely enough we may hoth die of lead:
And as for the odds, ail the difference that's in it, 1 fhall pop off at once, and yous 1 lingering lic

Why fmice my crooked timbers, who knows but mater Snip, there, may flip his cabse and break his hack with taking the ninth part of a fall off the flopboard into his own hell.

> Then like men, \&c.

As for you mafter Bricklayer to make out your calling,
A little like mine en't a matter that's hard, Pray mayn't you from a ladder or fcaffu.d be falling,

As eafy as 1 trom a rattling or yard :
Then for you its commifion a tile may bring in it, As foon as a thot or a fiplinter for 1 .

As for maller Dontor, the Undertaker, and Sexton, they don't want no wipe from me, they lendstoo many folkn contented to their long ho ne, not to kuow how to go there contentedly themfelvos.

Then like men, \&c.
And when Captain Death comes the reckoning to fettle,
You may clear dip, for action as much as you like,

## 254 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

And behave like a man, but he 'as fuch weight of metal,
At the rery firft broadfide the braven muff frike. And when you have faid all you can what's there in it, Who to fcud 'gainft a florm but a lubber would try.

For as to qualms of confcience, cheating cufomers, betraying friends, and fuch like, being a fet of honeft tradesmen, I dare fay you are perfectly eafy about thefe fort of things.

Then like men, \&c.

## BALLAD-in great news.

IN one thou'd'st find variety,
Cried Dick, would'f thou on wedlock fix?
1 rather flould expen, cry'd I,
Varicty in five or fix ;
But nover was thy counfel light,
l'll do't my fricud-fo faid, fo done,
I'm noos'd for life, and Dick was right,
I find varicty in one.
Her tongue has more variety
Than mufic's fyftem can embrace ;
She modulates through every key,
Squeaks trelale, and growls double bafe;
Divilions runs, and trills, and makes,
Enough the noify fpheres to flun;
Thus, as harfh difcord mufic makes,
$I$ find variety in one.
Her drefs boafts fuch variety,
Such forms, materials, fahions, hues,
Each animal muft plunder'd he,
From Ruffian bears to cockatoos.
Now' 'is a feather, now a zone,
Now hie's a gipfy, now a nun,
To change like the camelon prone,
Eu't this variety in one ?
In wedlock's wide variety,
Thought, word, and deed, we both concur,
If fhe's a thunder form to me,
So I'm an April day to her :
Devil, and Angel, black, and white,
Thus as we Hymen's gauntlet run,

# And kifs, and foold, and love, and fight, Each finds varicty in one. <br> Then cherifl love's variety, <br> in fpite of every fneering elf, <br> Wh're nature's children, and $\mathrm{cn}^{6} t$ Mie, In change, variety itfelf? <br> Her clouds, and forins are willed loy fate, M, Mre bright to thow her radiant fun; <br> Hail then ble!t wedlock in whofe fate, Mcn find varicty in one. 

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- BALLAD-In great news.

IF you'll only juft promife you'll none of you laugh,
Irl be after explaining the French ' Felegraph;
A machine that's endow'd with fuch wonderful now'r,
It writes, reads, and fends news fifty miles in an hour :
Then there's watch words, a fpy glafs, an index or hand,
And many things more none of us underftand;
But which, like the nofe on your face, wili be clear, When we have, as ufual, improv'd on them here.
Oh ! the dabblers in lotteries will grow rich as Jews, Sreap of flying of pigeons, to bring them the news, They'll a 'Te cgraph place, upon Old Ornond Quay, Put another "board hip, in the midf of the fea:
Aad fo on to town each to tell through the rank,
The firf thoufand pound prize was that morn drawn a blank,
And thus if the air fhould but chance to be clear, In two hours will the news of Dear Dublin fly here. When the Newmarket fquad to the races go down, Dy confederates, and Telegraphs, fationed in town, They'll get news long before the mail coaches come in, Pates, matches, and fiveepltakes, who lofe, and who win: And how after a crofling, and jolsling, dead heat, That Blark leess, and Rook were by Relzehub heat, Ah! juftet them alone by iny foul there's no fear, But the turf will improve on the Telegraph here. Ah! then what a fure guide will the Telegraph prove. To promote their defigns who are dying for love, If an old marricd lady theu'd court a young man,

256 1IEDIN'S SELECTEI) SONGS.
Can't fhe make a fpy glafs with the flicks of her fan?
Then fuppofe an appointment, the hour to be two, Can't the index point thes and the watel word be boo? Sure didn't 1 tell you I'd make it appear,
'Fwill be mighty convenient improved upon here.
Adicu penny pofts, mails, and coaches adien, Yoor occupation is gone, 'tis all over wid you, In your place 'Te'egraphs, on our houfes we'll ufe, Totelltime, conduct light'ning, dry hirts, and fend news: 'Thins whice fignals, and flags, fiream on inp of cacla frect, The town, toa ber', will appcara grant flect, And fince England's grand feet, to the French convey fear, Sure fant we impruve on their Telegrapla hete.

## BaLLAD-in great news.

WHEN I finf went to fchool it was all my delight,
Fio con foneching or other from morning 10 uight;
I would never colform, nor confefs, nor confent, And however conjured, I never was content:
Lut fo well Itd confufe, and conceal and contrive, And comfnire, and concert, and controul, and connive, Am! confute and contell, and confound, and fo on, Nas boy in the fchool was fo pat at a con.
Sicarce!y did f emancipate, manners to know, But a flange predilection I cherinhed for pro; "procceded with care, wou'd propofe, and proteft, And prometing but little, a great deal profeffed. Procured rich connedions, old friends to provokc, With a titter provided, prolenged my lord's joke, Aad pronounced each man's friend, and producing no foe, 1 leit ifis e con, and nuck tightly to pre.
Thuts well with the world, my next thought after this, W'as to yield to the ton, and to keen a fine mifs, But here I mifcarricd, was after mifled, nitimatched, dad miflaken, and every way fped : Mifns conduct mifgave me, and full of milttrutt, I fet my mifs down where I took her up fieft, Giad lid met with no mifhap, nor worfemifchiefthan this, And sefoived my next frolick flou'd not be amifs.

Still playing on words, and refolved to get rich, I larnt there were hows-but then how to find which, Fortunes were to be nabbed, I find out now and then, And knew fomething of where, but I cou'd not tell when : Scarce an if had formed hope, when a hut produced fear, Then in fearching out there, I foon loft my felf here, "Till betwixt and between, this and that, founchow, I , In fearch of the wherefore, loft fight of the why.
Thus ringing the changes on life's wordy war, I found its heet anchor exifted in for ; Ant, by prudence forwarned, folly's joys to forbear, Soon did all nonfenfe forfake, and forfivear ; For the world, for fociety, dentined to live, When by any one wronged 1 forget and forgive, Keep my fortune in petto for honourable ends, Juft enough for myfe f, and the rcft for my friends.

## baLLAD-in great news.

TELL menot of men's follies, their whims and caprices,
That the fun of their vices each moment encreafes, That like monfters of prey every friend his friend fleeces, Still friving to cheat, to cajole and trapan : If uature imp'anted the pallions that rule us, If cuitom her thadow deludes us and fool us, Acquitted by candour where rigour would fchnol us, Lay the blame on the manners and not on the man. Should a beauty involved in the vortex of pleafure, Where of blifs flimfy fallion fupplies the gay meafure, Yield fone villain accomplifhed her virtue's fole treafure, And in that abyfs plange that no ray of hope cheers: While you grieve that fimplicity's charms were denied her, That of innoceace little flle ecer had to guide her, Though fall'n ne'er to rife, do not foorn, nor deride her, But, forgetting her errors, ah! pity her tears. St:ould a youth, for an opulent flation intended, On whom lavifh parents large fums have expended, 'Seeat of virtues and talents diftinguifhed and fylendid, Confirm vice at college imbibed when at fchool; low his mind, with ne firmnefe, no diferinination, 1 rom Pieria's fuunt fead of making libation,

Shoald he roll down the torrent of wild diflipation, In his lols to fociety fity the foon.
Thefe, thefe, as l look throtigh the world, are my feelingy;
For, deal with mankind on a par with their dealings, Frim accufed, and accufer, the eternal appealings, S.on juftice would wreck on chicanery's flelf:

Then hypucrites pity, the faint hides a finner, Of the poot buy nonfenfe, the man wants a dinner, Thu: lofe whoe'er may, ftill fiall you be a wimer, For in pitying others you honour yourfelf.

## BALLAD-in great news.

TOM 'TRUELOVE woo'd the feweetef fair, That e'er to tar was kind,
Her face was of a beauty rare,
More beautiful her mind;
His metrmates heard, while with ciclight, He named her for his liride,
A fail appeared, ah fatal fight! For grief his love had died;
afuft I, cried he, thofe charms refign, I loved fo dear, fo well?
Would they had tolled inftead of thine, Tom 'Truelove's knell.
Break heart at once and there's an end,
Thou all that heaven could give!
But hold, I have a noble friend, Yet, yet for him l'il live:
Fortune, who all her baleful fpight, Not yet on Tom had tried,
Sent news, one rough, tempeftuous night,
That his dear friend had died :
And thou too! muft thee refign,
Who honour loved fo well?
Would they had telled inftead of thine, Tom Truelove's knell.
Enough, enough, a falt fea wave, A healing balm flall bring;
A failor you cried enec, and brave? Live flill to ferve yeur king!

## MIbDIN's SELECTEI SONGS.

The moment comes, hehold the foe; Thanks generous friend, he cried, The fecond broadide laid him low, He named his love and died :
The tale, in mournful accents fung, His friends fill forrowing tell, How fad, and folemn, three times rurg, 'I om 'Truclove's kiell.

## BALLAD-in great news.

I'VE thought and I've faid it fin I were a boy, That what fulks get at eaty they never enjoy; Why I was the fame, at what's honely l'd fcoff, But how fine if it comed a good many miles off: So big with this fancy, though but a poor clown, 1 hitd me away for to fee the great town, Where they fufn'd me, and throng'd me a'l as one as a fair, Then they,d titter, and fnigger, and laugh, then I'd fare, Why bumkin did'ft e'er fee fuch fin'ry as this, In your place, cried a monkey in trowfers, why ycs!
You'd your joke mafter coxcomb, and now l'll have mine, I've feen peacocks and gold finches ten tinies as fine:
So I left mafter whittle, and whifted along,
Then humm'd to myfelf the fag end of a long;
The good that we wifh for mayn't match what we've got,
Their minds are their kingdom, who're pleafed with their lot,
And to whatever place difcontented folks roain,
At laft they'll be forced to fay this of their home,
Our friends are as true, and our wives are as comely,
And damn it home's home, be it ever fo homely.
So fince for Atrange fights, I to town took my range,
Faith I zeed lights in plenty, and all of them frange,
I zecd folks roll in riches, who pleafure ne'er knew,
I zeed honel poverty rich as a Jew;
Time and ofe dreffed lamb fafhon I zeed an old ewe,
I zeed madam's monkey as fmart as her locau,
1 zeed beauty, and virtue, that never knew fhame,
And I zeed vice careficd under modieny's name,
I zeed a fine head drefs, worth more that the head,
I zeed folks with their brains ont before they were dead,

## 260

 1)IBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.I zeed rogues of their knavery making their brags, And I zeed fools in coaches, and merit in rags;
And nill through the crowd as I whiftcd along, I hummed to myfelf the fag end of a fong,
The good that we wifl for mayn't match what wc've got, Their minds are their kingdom, who're pleafed with their lot :
And to whatever place difcontented foiks roam,
At laft they'll be foreed to fay this of their home, Our friends are as true, and our wives are as comely, And dama it, home's home, be it ever fo homely.
But what zickened me moft was, one day in the Yark,
As the guns were all firing, a queer looking fpark, Cried, what nonfenfe and fuff with their fufs and parade;
Stuff and nonfenfe, faid I, Oh! what that that you faid?
Why they fire for a victory, and you have your choice
To go home or with all henef fubjechs rejoice;
Mighty well, cried my fpark, but a word in your ear, The affairs of the nation are curfedly quecr ;
Nay 'tis true, we're done up, 'twill be feen by and by,
How much did they give you to catch me, faid I, The country's a good one, all good men perceive it, And they that don't like it, why damn't let 'em leave it ; So I left my queer, fpark and went whinting along, Then I hummed to nyyfelf, the fag end of a fong, The good that we wifh for mayn't match what we've got, Their minds arc their kingdom, who're pleafed with their lot:
And to whatever place difcontented folks roam,
At lan they'll be forced to fay this of their home, Our friends are as true, and our wives are as comely, And damn it, home's home, be it ever fo homcly.

> BALLAD-IN GREAT NEWS.

Now you fhall fee what you flall fee, Lady, gemmen come,
One very great curiofity,

> What makes to fpeak de dumb;

Vat green, and red, and brown, and blue, And black, and white can paint,
Vat make Jew Chriftian, Chrifian Jew,
Make good come out of evil,
Vat nake a devil of a faint, and of a faint a devil,
"Peep troo dat little ho'e, Sir-Vat you fee there? Eh," --' What do you fay, mafter Shewman, it will make biack white ?-The devil's in it if it won't !-Why it is a large purfe of money!'

Now you fhall fce, vai you fce, fine ting before you go,
Come gentleman and lady fee my Raree Show.
Now you thall fee, vat you hlall fee,
Fleafe to look in there,
One very great curiofity,
Vat make the people flare ;
One terrible, one hocking, ting
In herror dat aboand;
Before your face Igo to bring
One horrible produnion;
Look quick and you thall be furround
Vid death, and vid deftruction.
"Vele fatr vat you fee now? Eh!"- "Ah! mafter Shewman, you be a wag-Death and deftruction with the devil toc't!-Why it be a Puthecary's flop.'

Now you hall fee, \&ce.
Now you hall fee vat you thall fee,
Pleafe to put your eyes;
Oac very great curiofiry,
Vat give you great furprize;
More flocking as the toder fight,
You never have fee fuch,
Come look, make hafte, don't you be fright,
You thall fee one place fpacious,
All till up vid grest many much,
Strange animal voracious.
"Why, mafter Shewman, this be a cuter joke than the tother-I wifl I may dic if it heu't the Lord Meyyor and Aldermen at dinner!"

Now you flall fcc, \&c.
Now you thall fee vat you flall fee,
Pleafe to lonk once more,
Vat give you more delight and glee, As all you fee before;
Great pleafure and great blifs vat give
To all the Englitch race,
Vat make them all fo happy live, Vat blefling can impart,
Vat make the fmile iu all the face,
The joy in all the heart.
"Ah! mafter Shewnman, you did fiever fay a truer thing in your life-Why, Lord love him, 'tis the King's Majefty." Now you fhall fce, \&c.

## BALLAD-in will of the wisp.

I NEVER flall furvive it, cried Lumkin in dcfpair, She's gone and I fhall ever wail and cry,

I've luft my charming Celia, the faizett of the fair :
Will no one comfort fend me,
Why then thefe hands flall crid me,
Hung by his garter on that tree l'il die;
Let none my fanc be manorling,
While dangling, dangling, d.ingling,
On yon tree I dic.
Young Kitty of the cottage, and, Jenny of the mill,
And bonny Suke, and fprightly Peggy Sly,
And Fan and Nan, and Poll and Doll, 1 know will try their skill,

Tricked out in all their beauty,
To lure me from my duty :
But I can tell them they are deceived-I'll die !
Thefe girls will all be angling:
' $\Gamma$ wont do for dangling, fangling,
All for love l'll die.
I own that Kitty's eyc brows fome trait of Celia's bear,
Suke has her nofe, and t'eg her fparkling eye;
Both Fan and Nan, her dimples, and Poll and Doll her bair ;
But thefe thall all be flighted,
For Cælia's charms united,
Not all her fex combined can boaf-I'll dic!
Then let them all be wrangling,
And pulling caps for dangling,
They fhall fee me die.
And yet on recollection, Young Dalia formed to pleafe,
Her climples has, her hair, and fparkling eye;
Nay, Dælia is like Cxia as ever were two peas,
Has all thofe charms that won me,
Would fle take pity on me!
But lord the'd never think of me-I'll die!
While hopes and fears are jangling,
I'll dangling, dangling, dangling,
All for Collia die.

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

${ }^{3}$ Twixt hanging, and 'iwixt marriage, fill doubtful which to chufe,
As Lumkin paufed, came Drelia tripping by,
Ads wounds, cried he, would'ft thou confent, I'd tye the other noofe,

She finiles, good bye poor ©xlia, I go to marry Dxlía,
Not in a halter, but in her arms to dic;
Better in wedlock wrangling,
Than dangling, dangling, dangling,
On a tree to die.

## BALILAD-IN WIIL OF THE WHISP。

ON Olympus blue fummit as foud vacant mirth, Shook with langhter the fides of the gods, Were not nectar, cried Bacchus, forlid fons of earth;
'Twere rare fport to celeftialize clods:
Say, fuall they a nectar poffefs of their own, That like ours with delight flall be rife ?
I've hit it, let Punch, by my fiat, be known, A liquor the Symbol of Life.
Of the elements four, that the univerfe fway, Our nectar seleftial we make,
So punch, that henceforward Giall moiften man's clay, Of the pafficne of man fhall partake:
The fiverts that from godike benevolence flows, Shall correct the flarp acid of ftrife,
While the fpirit of rage temperance mean hall compofe, so fhall punch be the Symbol of Life.
Punch fhall be the firlt fiddle in life's motley band, That, untuned, ferapes harill difcords and hoarfe,
But when ferewed to its pitch by a mafterly hand, Shall mof excellent milic difoourfe:
Punch, unmade, will a chaos misflapen difelofe, Rude atom with atom at frife,
But, which tempered, to heauty and fymetry grows, Thus, is Funch, the truc Symbol of Life.
When in floth, life's warm water, mankind are immerfed, And fweet luxury's fought from afar,
Rage, and four heart burnings, by indolence nurfed, Blaze in all the dread fury of war:

## 264 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

But when temperate reflection takes rule in the mind, Cruel war is difarmed of his knife,
And the bleffings of peace thed their balin on mankind, And thus l'tunch is the Syinbol of Life.
As pleafure on pleafure in wedlock you meet, If, thnoghtlef:, you furfeit and feed,
Sullen, four difcontent fh. l corrode every fiwece, And iuke warm indifference fuccecd:
But when wedlock's ingredients. in mean true and even, Are blended in hubaned and wife;
Such a pair, fo well mated, on eartli find a heaven, And thus l'unch is the Symbol of Life,
Thus in all their concerns, fiall this liquor divine, Sume moral inftruction inpart,
That the medium uf truth may correct and refine,
Each crude feeling that fprirgs from the heart:
Be your lives then nor mankith, frong, four nor yet fweet, But a mixture of all, to thun ftife;
So men': joys fhall be next to celeftials complete, So fhall 'unch be the Symbol of Life.


BALLAD-IN WILL OF THE WISP.
'TWAS a hundred yeare ago,
Orthere-about, I he!ieve, Liv'd a wife yon muft know, As I quickly thall hew,
A true bred daughter of Eve:
For this wife, though lpoufe, was civil,
For for the llory raa,
Was tempted to cril,
But not by the devil,
But a devi ifh handfome young man.
This young man was all officer gay,
With a men fo militaire,
An enfiga on half-pay,
Though no colone fome fay,
llad fo fierce, and fo noble an air:
Now the hufband had but one eye,
And for this his crafty bride,

## DIBDIN'S SEIECTED SONGS.

Chofe him out by the bye,
Half her faults to efpy,
And to catch him upon the blind fide.
The humband was gone from home,
She tricked out frart and neat,
Now the officer's come,
Cupid braces his drum,
And a parley is prefently beat :
When Betty, who clofely watched,
Cried out, as the come unawares,

- If a lie can't be hatched,
' We are all of us catched,
'For my mafter's a coming up fairs.'
Cried the wife,' I have hit on it fure;
'Come, come, 'tis no time to flinch !
- Werre from danger fecure,
' Get behind the door,
- Wit never left wife at a pinch:

Then the hufband came in fight :
Cried the in a counterfeit fcream,
What joy and delight,

- Docs your prefence excite,
- Dear Hufband 1 dreamt a dream.
- A dream fo extraordinary and rure,
${ }^{6}$ Pray heaven it prove not a lie,
' 1 dreamt in that chair,
- 'Tis as true as you're there,
'That fate had reftored your blind eye:
Cried he, "What a rout, and a pother :"
- Nay, nay, at my hopes do not fcoff;
'The blind eye's like its brother,
' Let me cover tother,'
This doing, the lover nole off.
Her Mars fafe retreated, The cried,
'Well love is the fight wholly luft?'
"Yes wife your dream lied,
"Though 'till cloomday you tried,
"I thould yet fee no more than a poft:"
Then the devil take dreams I fay,
For I'm more difappointed than yoy.
Quoth the hufband, nay, nay,
When next l'm away,
Let us hope all your dreams may come true.


BALLAD-in wile of the wisp.

WHII.E mufic lends its heavcnly art, And banners are unfurled,
Hail, hail, the firft commercial mart,
Throughout the peopled world:
See its chief magiffrates to grace
London in pomp and frow,
The fource of its great riches trace,
To all the winds that blow :
The companies to flver Thames,
Move on in flow parade,
Each bearing as its banner names,
A pageant of its trade:
Then while fiwcet mufic lends its art,
And banners ate unfurled,
Mail, hail the firft commercial mart,
Throughout the peopled world.
Firf, miniftrelfy and loud acclaim,
That fweet mufficians bring,
Muficians of fair London's fame,
Still emulous to ting :
And, hark! the armourers cleave the wind,
By one in armour led,
While macmory tells the patriot mind,
At Agincourt who bled:
Then, while fweet mufic lends its art, And banners are unfurled,
Hail, hail the firt commercial mart,
Throughout the peopled world.
Nor let the fhipwrights hy us flip,
In high conmercial fame
Firf in the rank, for from a fluip
Fair Londen took its name :
Nore while the crond each trade furrounds,
'That joy and ufe fupplies,
Tlack! where the mafy anril founds,
See! where the fluttle flies:
Then, while fwect mufic lends its art,
And banncrs are unfurled,
Hail, hail the firft commercial mart;
Throughout the pcopled world.

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Thefe fit with alt the even joint,
Thofe drefs the fupple fini,
Others th' induftrious needle point,
Or decorative pin:
Some fing of Blaze and drefs the wool, Some thape the whecls of time,
The ever lengrlaening wire fome pull,
Some teach the bells to chime:
Then, while fweet mufte lends its art,
And banners are unfurled,
Hail, hail the firt commercial mart, Throughout the peopled world.
Thofe, friendflip's emblem, bring the fquare.
Thefe bear the gordian ring,
And now, while trumpets rend the air, And fweet muficians fing,
Hafte to the feaft where while the band, The focial hour prolong,
The loyal toaft from plenty's hand, Relieves the luyal fong:
Then, while fweet mufic lends its art. And banners are unfurled,
Hail, hail the firt commercial mats, Throughout the peopled werld.
Laft at the ball-room fee the fair, Each fair a Britifh toaft,
Lovely in charms, in virtue rare, Bleft England's pride and boalt:
But did i to my theme give way, By fancy led along,
Soon were the poet's teeming lay, A hiftory, not a fong :
Yet while fiveet mufic lends its art, And banners are unfuried,
Hail, lail the firf commercial mart, Throughout the peopled worid,

## BALLAD-IN WILL OFTHE WISE.

## IF lubberly Iandfmen to gratitude flrangers,

Still curfe their unfortunate llars,
Why what would they fay, did they try but the dangers Encountercd by true hearted tars:

If life's veffel they put 'fore the wind, or they tack her, Or whether bound here, or there,
Give 'em fea room good fcllowhip, grog and tobacker, Well then damme if Jack cares where.
Then your nupid Oid Quid Nuncs to liear them all clatter, The devil can't tell you what for,
Though they don't know a gun from a marlinfpike, chatter Ahout and concerning of war:
While for King, wife, and friend, he's through every thirg rubbing, With duty nill proud to comply,
so he gives but the foes of Old England a drubbing, Why then, damme, if Jack cares why.
And then when good fortune has crowned his endeavours, And he comes liome with hiners galore,
Well what if fo be he fhould lavill his favours, On every poor olject long-flore:
Since moncy's the needle that puints to good nature, Friend, enemy, falfe or true,
So it goes to relieve a diftreffed fellow creature, Well then, damme, if Jack cares who.
Don't you fee how fone diff'rent thing ev'ry one's twigging* To take the command of a rib,
Some are all for the breaf-work, and fome for the rigging, And fome for the cut of her jib,
Though poor, fome will take her in tow to defend her, And again, fome are ail for the rich;
As to 1 , to hie's young, her heart honeff and tender, Why then, damme, if Jack cares which.
Why now if they go for to talk about living, My cyes-why a little will ferve,
Let cach a fmal part of his pittance be givirg, And who in this nation can farve?
Content's all the thing-rough or calm be the weather, The wind on the beam or the bow,
so, horicfly, he can fplice both ends togethicr, Why then, damme if Jack cares how.

- And then for a bring up-d'yc fec, ahout dying On which fuch a racket they keep,
What arguties if in a church yard you'r lying, Or find out your grave in the decp:
of one thing we're certain, whate ver our calling, Death will bring us all up-and what then?

So his confcieuce's tackle will bear overhauling.
Why thein, damine, if Jack cares when.

## bALLAD-in will of the wisp.

IS'T my country yond know ? I'm an an Irifhman born, And they chriftened me Paddy O'Blarney,
In haymaking time I fept over one morn, All the way from the Lakes of Kilarney: Turn'd my hand to juft whatever came in my way, To be fure while the fun hin'd I did not make hay.
Well then you know the wives and daughtere of the farmers won't-well they won't
Have plenty of caufe to remember the day,
When firf they faw Paddy O'Blarney.
Then what does I do the next ealling I feeks,
A a ! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney,
I eries mackeral alive that were caught for three weeks,
Ah ! let alone Paddy O'Blarney,
Then frefligathered frawherries, fo found and fo fiweet,
With juft halfa dozen a top fit to eat-

- Ah! madann, you need not examine them blefs your twa good looking eyes, they are full to the bottom, paper and all.t. "Well, I'll truft to you-1 dare fay you won't cheat me."
So I coaxes her up, and herfelf makes her cheat, Ah! fait let alone Paddy O'Blarney. Nest I turned to a chairman, and got a good job,
All! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney,
1 harangued at a famous election the mob,
Ah! let alone Paddy O'Blarney.
Then to fec how his honour and I did cajole,
He knock'd down his flats with words, and I mine with my pole-
Then you know when they came to chair him, I was no longer, you fee, an odd man, there was a pair of chairmen. And fure fuch a pair was neter feen, by my foul,
As his honour and Paddy O'Blarney.
But this notion of greatnefs was none of the worft,
Oh! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney,
Having played fecond fidde, ! thought I'd play firft,
Can't ge let alone Paddy O'Blarney: ;

So, fiveaning, to plurder, and never to fque:k,
I my qualincation too's out and turncd greek-
Ah! to he fure we dich not make a pretty dovehoufe of our
Phatoah Bank-Let me fee, we pigeoned, aye fait and pluckerd them completely too-
Fur tradefmen, and fix banker's clerks in one week,
Will you let alone Paddy O'Blarney.
A big nian in all circles fo gay and polite,
Ah! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney,
I fund one who larnt grown ull jolman to write,
Juft to finith gay Pardy O'Blarney:
I frit larnt my name, 'till fo fond of it grown, I'd dan't fay I'd bet:er have let it alone-
But by my foul and confcience it had like to have finifhed pae in good earnef, for you fec, I juft wroteAnother jolman's fignature 'itad of iny owne, What a devil of a Paddy O Blarney.
But fince fate did not chufe for to noofe me that day,
Ah ! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney,
With a Vemus of ninety I next ran away,
What a fine dafling Paddy O'Blarney.
So marriage turned out the beft ncofe of the two,
'The old foul's gone to heaven I'm as rich as a Jew-
So that if any jolman has an occafoon for a friend, or a lady for a lover, or, in fluort, if any body fhould winh to be difcncumbered of the uneafincfs of a wife, or a daughter, or a purfe, or any finch kind and civil fervice that can be perFormed
By a gentlcman at large that has nothing to do, 1.et nie reconmend Paddy O'Blarncy.

## BALLAD-IN Will of the wisp.

TWAS poft meridian half paft four,
By fignal 1 from Nancy parted,
At fix fhe lingered on the flore,
With uplift hands and broken hearted,
At fev'n, while taughtening the foreftay,
I faw her faint, or clfe'twas fancy,
At eight we all grt under weigh,
And bid a logg adicu to Nancy.

Night came, and now eight hells had rung,
Whiie care'efs failors, ever cheary,
On the mid watch fo jovial fung,
With tempers labour cannot weary :
I , little to their mirth inclined,
While tender thoughts rufhed on my fancy,
And my warm fighs increafed the wind,
Looked on the monn, and thought of Nancy.
And now arrived that jorial night,
When every true bred tar caroufes,
When, o'er the grog, all hands delight
To toant their fweethearts and their fpoufes:
Round went the can, the jef, the glec,
While tender wilhes filled each faricy,
And when, in turn, it came to me,
I heaved a figh, and toafted Nancy.
Next morn a forma came on at four,
At fix, the elements in motion,
Plunged me and three poor failors more, Headlong within the foaming ocean:
Poor wretches! they foon found their graves, Forme, it may be only fancy,
But love feemed to forbid the waves, To fnatch me from the arms of Nancy.
Scarce the foul hurricane was cleared, Scarce winc's and waves had ceafed to rattle,
When a bold ensmy appeared, And, dautlefs, we prepared for battle:
And now, while fome loved friend, or wife, Like lightaing, rufied on evcry fancy ;
To providence 1 trufted life, Put up a praycr, and thought of Nancy.
At laft, 'twas in the month of May,
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three A. M difcovered day, And England's chalky cliffs together :
At feven up channel how we bore,
While hopes and fears runted on my fancy,
At twelve I gayly jumped aflore,
And to my throbbing heart prefied Nancy.

## 472 DIBDIN'SSELECTED SONGS。

$\cdots$ -
BALLAD-in WILL of the wis?.

LIFE'S as like as can be to an Irifh Wake, Where their tapers they light, And they fit up a!l night,
Wid their why would you leave your poor Paddy to moan, Arrah how could you be fuch a cake?
Mufha what will Ido,
Lilly, lilly, lilly, la loo,
Oh hone!
Fait we're Jeft all together alone:
But when the grief the liquor puts out, the fun is all chang' ${ }^{\circ}$ in a crack;
Away like fmoke goes the whifkey about,
And they foot it, crofs over, and back to back,
With their tiptelery, whack,
Poor mifs, bolted fafe wid a good lock and key, Like Thifbe, may call
Through the hole in the wall,
How hard's my misfortune, I'm left here to moan,
Will no one take pity on me?
Mufha, what will I do.
I illy, lilly, lilly, la loo,
Oh houe!
I hiall after be lying alone.
But when the rope ladder affords her relief,
And fle turns on her mother her back;
Mong her friends and relations, fie leaves all her gricf,
And away to Scotland they trip in a crack,
With their tiptelary whack.
The toper, next morning, low, fick, and in pain,
The glafies all breaks,
Beats his head 'caufe it aches,
And wilhes that wine may to poifon be grown,
If e'er he gets tipfey again:
With his what will Ido,
Lilly, lilly, lilly, la loo,
Oh hone!
From this moment $\left.l^{6}\right] 1$ drinking difown ;
Lut when, in a poffee, come Bacchus's troops,
Ne changes his tone in a crack;

They drink, and they fing, and they hollow, and whoop, Till they don't know the coluar of blue from black, And its tiptelaty whack.
And fo 'tis through life, widows lfft in the nick,
Dying fwains in difgrace,
Jatriots turned out of place,
Doist they, curfing their nars, make a horrible moan,
Juft like when the devil was lick?
Wid their what will I do,
Lilly, lilly, lilly, la loo,
Oh hone!
Fait we're left all to grunt and to groan :
But when the widow gets married again,
When the lover is taken back,
When the patriot oufted a place flall oltain,
A way to the devil goes care in a crack,
And 'tis tiptelary whack.

## BALL.AD-IN will of the wispa

THE gloomy night ftalk'd fow away,
The twilight fpoke the doubtful day,
When on a rock poor Peg recined,
Mad as the waves, wild as the wind.
Give me my love, fhe frantic fcrean'd,
1 faw his ghoft as by it gleam'd,
I'll dive, I'll fearch the briny gloom,
And finatch him from his coral tomb:
Ah! let me, Fate, his relics lave,
True lovers fhouid find out one grave.
And now the tempef dims the fky,
How many ways poor failors die!
See, fee, the flaggering vefiel fplits,
She's lof, like l'eg's poor dhip wrecked wits :
No, 'twas in battle that ho died;
Would no power turn the ball afide?
1 faw it as it rent his heart;
1 heard him cry-and muft we part?
For Peggy, ah! thefe relics fave,
True lovers fhould find out one grave.

Where on the decp the cavern yawned,
Now as the purple morning dawned.
The furge, in breakers loud and huarfe,
Her love caft up a lifelefe corfe:
She raves, flue fereams, her hands fle wrings,
The flock returning icalon brings,
Reafon returns, alaa ! too late,
She clafps her love and yields to fate:
Their mourning friends their relics fave,
And thefe true lovers find one grave.

> BALLAD-IN WILL OF THE WISP.

THE world fill judges by the mien, For habit holds the yellow glafs,
And through that jaundiced medium feen,
Shall wifdom's felf for folly pafs.
'Tis not becaufe you vapid fmart, Strays, carelefsly, from reafon's rules,
That he hates reafon, has no heart, 'Tis that he's one of fafthion's fools.
The toper, o'er the bowl, his joke
Who vents againft his deareft friends,
Next morn would fain the bowl were broke,
And he'd been dumb to make amends :
For honour well his heart can touch,

- He well knows golden friend hipts rules,

Wis fault is that he drinks too much,
And thus he's one of fantion's fools.
The Bouncer fwears that brown is blue,
And moulds at will dame nature's law,

- And talks of joys he never knew, And fancies charms he ncerer faw:
'Tis rot that he would fain renounce
Fair truth and all her facred rules,
Sut 'tis that its genteel to bounce,
and thus he's one of faflion's fools.
If merit pine away forgot, If rakes at facred Lonour faeer,
If wedlock prove no gordian $\mathrm{knot}_{2}$ And luvers dread to be fevere:


## vIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

'Tis not that men fo much delight
To deviate from honour's rules,
Sut that its vulgar to be right, And thus they are all fallion's fools.
say what eonclufion's to be drawn ? Are we to fancy, or to feel, To live awake, or in a yawn, To be confiffent or genteel :
Soon the election may be made-
L.et's fquare our lives by reafon's rules,

So far be fahiou's modes obeyed,
But let us not be faflion's fools.

## BALLAD-in will of the wisp.

1M a cook for the public, can fuite every palate, With fome favory bonne bouche, from the foup to the fallad,
Are you partial to filh ? I've for dunces, cod's joles, Carp, and erabs, for plain dealers, for topers good foles :
I thought l'd fome maids, but I made a miftake,
l've a rich liquorifh old wife for any poor rakc,
I've a plaife for a courtier, for jokers l've grigs,
I've gudgzons for quacks, and I've flounders for teagues,
Coming, coming, you'll fee that I've told you no fable, This way, if you pleafe gemmen, dinner's on the table. I've fome fine devilled lawyers, fome finners difguifed, Some patriots ftewed, and fome generals furprized; Then, if cayenne you love, and would wifh fomething nice, Lord, I'll roaft you a a nabob, dear fir, in a trice,
Then for fops, who to make themfelves fools take fuch pains,
I've a fine thick calf's head, with the tongue and the brains;
I've mufhrooms for upfarts, for Wcilhmen I've Ieeks,
Ducks and drakes for ftock jobbers, and pigcons for greeks:
Coming, coming, you'll fee that I've told you no fable,
'This way, if you pleafe gemmen, dinner's on the table.
And then the defert, I have all forts of cakes,
I've illands of moonfline, in fylabuly lakes,
I've a fig forill nature, I've raiuns in gluts,

And then, for all thofe fond of fecrets, I've nuts. Such as through fallion's maze pafs their lives in a dream, May ficken on trifles, and ice, and whipt cieam,
Vain cexcombs on flummery may feaft till they bernt, Then l've got for your true fnarling critic a cruft :
Coming, coming, you'll fee that I have inld you no fable, This way, if you pleafe gemmen, dinuer's on table.

## BALLAD-IN Will of the wisp.

YOU have heard of the man who fuch virtues pafeffed, That he wifled a glafs window were placed at his breaft, To the world all his actions as plain to difplay, As the nofe in your face, ot the fan at noon day. So I put on my fpectacles, look mighty wife, And read in a trice peoples hearts through their cyes; While the catalogue, large, of their whims I run over, And of life's motly crew the deceptions difcoser, Though my queftions are malapropos and uncouth, I, in fight of their teeth, make their tongues to tell truth.
When a firting coquette for frefli conquefts agog,
One who lores and adores her treats worfe than a dog,
Gives him rivals the hates, appears vex'd when flic's glad, For the dear harmlefs pleafure of making him mad; I put on my fpectacles, look mighty wife,
Read her whimfical heart through her beautiful eycs,
As you hope to be married, maiam, quick anfwer me, Do you hate this man! Lord what a creature, cries the, Mun I then be fincere! Weil, I lave the fweet youth, As dear as my life, fir, and now you've the truth. To follow up next the coquette with the prude, Who pretends every man that regards her is rude,
Who can't abide firts, rails at each amorous e'f, Who firts never, excepts in a corner, herfelf:
I put on my fpectacles, look mighty wife,
Read her warm yielding heat through her cold frigid eyes;
' Are you this man hater, grod ma'am, you pretend ?'
"And pray who gave you leave to fchool me my good friend ?"
"D'ye expect I Mall own that I've yet a co'i's tooth : "Well I do love young fellow", and that is the truth."

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

I could infance a thoufand thinge, various and trite, Where one thing men fay, and another thing do, Nay, I now conld difpel all my own anxious fear,
But there's no occafion for fpectacles here:
Nay, were I to wear them, to look ere fo wife, I eculd then, but as now, read your hearts in your eyes ; Mifter Dibdin, fays you, we're here on your behalf, And, while your wit's harmlefs, and you make us langh, You may banifh each fear from your mind, for, in footh, We fhall willing appland you, and that is the truth.

## BALLAD-in will of the wigp.

NO more of waves and winds the fport,
Our veffel is arrived in port;
At anchor fee fie fafely rides,
And gay red ropes adorn her fides :
The lails are furled, the fheets belayed,
The erimfon peticoats difplayed,
Deferted are the ufelefs flirouds;
And wenches come a board in crouds.
Then come, my lads, the flip put round,
While fately moored on Englilh ground,
With a jorum of diddle,
A lafs, and a fiddle,
Ne'er flatl care in the heart of a tar be found:
And, while upon the hollow deck,
To the fprightly jig our feet flall bound,
Take each his charmer round the neck,
And kifs in time to the merry found.
Befs licars the death of honent Jack, '
Who fivore he'd fafe, and found, come back,
She calls him furvy, lying fwa'),
And then flie kindiy takes to Bob:
Ben alks the news of Bonny Kate, Who faid fliced prove a conflant mate,
But winds, and girls, are falfe, for fhe
Took Ned the morn Ben went to fea.
Well come, fays Len, the flip put round,
While fafely moored on Enrlilh ground,
With a jorum of diddle.
A lafs, and a fiddle

Ne'er fliall care in the heart of a tar be found;

- And, whi'c upon the hollow deck,

To the fprighty lig our feet flall bound,
Take each his charmer round the neck,
And kifs in time to the merry found.
By will and power, when laft aftore,
His rhino Tom to Poll made o'er ;
Poll touched the prize money, and pay,
And with the agent ran away:
And Jenny juft as cute a trick,
His back once turned, played whifling Dick,
Dick left her cloathes to cut a flafh,
She fold 'em all and fpent the cafih.
But come, fays Dick, the flip put round,
While fately moored on Englifh ground,
With a jorum of diddle,
A lafs, and a fiddle,
Ne'er fhall care in the heart of a tar be found:
And, while upon the hollow deck,
To the fprighty jig our feet fliall bound,
Thake each his charmer round the neck,
And kifs in time to the merry found,
While feet and tongues, like lightning go,
With-what cheer Suke-and how do Joe,
Dick Laniard chufes Peg fo fpruce,
And buxom Nell take Kit Caboofe.
Thus, 'monget the girls they left bolind,
A lot of true and falfe they find,
IVhile théy bewail thufe fiot, or drowned, And welcome home the fafe and found,
Still thankful while the flip goes round,
They're fafely moored on Englifh ground,
With a jorum of diddle,
A lafs and a fiddle,
Ne'er fhall care in the heart of a tar be found;
And, while upon the hollow deck,
To the fprighty jig our feet ihall bound,
Take each his charmer round the neek,
An! kifs in time to the merry found.

## DIEDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

## BALLAD-in will of the wisp.

I AM one of thofe pretty, tonifl fnarts, my good old man,
Who under love's fweet contribution lay all the fair $O$, 1 make them die, and figh, And confent, and repent, With a ran, dan, dan-
Why I have a hundred times had the felicity, fo fiveet, Of fecing fome yielding eafy daughter, or wife.
Begging, and iniploring at ny fect-
"Hey, fir! how ofien did you fay yon had this fulicity ?"

- Never in the whole courle of my liee,

With a ran, clan, dare 0 .'
Then, fince amours are nothing without confidents, my good old man,
How of when burting with good fortume and fuccefs, fo rare 0 ,
Have I, to my friends, told fories of yielding nicces, and aunts,

With a ran. dan, dan,
Dreffed out in all their facinating charms,
With all their fimperings, and whimperings,
Their fond love to difguife,
While they were longing to fly to my arms-
"And pray was all this truth that you told your friends?"

- Oh, no, a parcel of infernal lies!

With a ran, dan, dare ().'
Why would you believe that with the lovely Myrtills it chanced to hap, my grool old man,
Who feemed as if all the powers of virtue made her their care O ,
That 1 flould contrive, while thofe pretty, watchful guartians were taking a nap,
With a ran, dan, dan-

To kneel, pant, entreat, implore, heave figh, ftart tear,
And addrefs, with all the force of cloquence and grace,
Till ftruggling in my arms at laft fle--Oh dear !
"Well, what did ihe do?

- Why gave me a flap in the face,

With a ran, dan, dare O.'

Anvther time, when I was flatly refuifed, my good old mata,
Oh, tis a bufinefs that will make you flare O!
Every one of the family round I fairly abufed,
With a ran, can, dan-
HamArung the pigs, pulled the fpiggot out of the ale,
Poifoned the lap dog, killed the canary birds, put jalap in the tea,
'Thrcw the cat ont of the window, cut off the monkey's tail-
"Go on, fir, go on."

- Kicked the hufand-Oin no, da?mme, he kicked me!

With a ran, dan, dare O.'

## 

BALLAD-in will of the wisp.

I'VE. heard, cried out one, that you tars tack and tack, And, at fea, what frange hardilips befcl you,
Thut I don't know what's moorings-what don't you faid Jack,
Man your ear Tackle then and I'll tell you: Supprefe you'd a daugheer quite beautiful grown, And, in fpight of her prayers and implorings!
Some fecundrel abufed her, and you knocked him down,
Why, d'ye fee, he'd be fafe at his moorings.
In life'a voyage fhould you truft a falfe friend with the helm,
The toplifis of his heart all akimbo,
A tempen of treachery your bark will o'erwhelm,
And your moorings will foon be in limbo:
Dut if his heart's timbers bear up againft pelf,
Arad he's juft in his reckonings and forings;
He'll for you keep a look out the fame as himfelf,
And you'll find in his fricadthip fafe moorings.
If wedlock's your port, and your mate true and kind,
In all weathers will nick to her duty,
A calm of contentment fhall bgam in your mind,
Safe moored in the haven of beauty:
But if fome frifky fiff, crank at every joint,
That liftens to vows and adorings,
Shape your courfe how you will, ftill you'll make Cuckold's Point,
To lay up like a beacon at moorings.
A glutton's fafe moored, head and ftern, by the gout,
A drunkard's moored under the table,

In Araws drowning men will Hope's anchor find out, W'hile a hair's a philofopers cable : Thus mankind are a fiip, life a boifterous main, Of Fate's billows where all hear the roarings,
Where for one caln of pleafure, we've ten ftorms of pain, Till death brings us all to our moorings.

## BALLAD-in will of the wisp.

LOOK all over the world, round and fquare, and throughout,
We a l know that beft we know nothing about, Don't ignorant gipfies pretend to teach Fate,
And pray who now like coblers can tinker the fate: Blind as mill-pofts ourfelves twe can all guide a friend, Tocar 5 : why 'tis more cafy to find fault than mend ; In lloort no fiveet creatures lead fuch happy lives, Or are half fo well managed as bachelor's wives. If l'd this man's fortune, or tother man's wit, Unnoticed d'ye think l'd fo quietly fit ?
No, my cafh flould do grod, and my writings fhould he, Ah! fait Shakefpear himfelf noukd be nothing to me: Thus we all to mend merit of others are prone, And how nubly we fpend that that's none of our own ;
Who the reins has not got, always furioufly drives, And, thus, none are managed like bacehlor's wives.
That battle that made fuch a devil of a rout,
Why don't you and I know they were all of them out?
Had this general advanced, and that troop come in play,
'Twould have becn, by my confcience, a glorious day!
Thus at liome, ws beif know how abroad matters jails, Ah! give me a brave hotle fought over the glafs! Threatened people live long, and the cavied man thrives, Juf as nome are fo managed as bachelorts wives.
What we have we don't want, becaufe why dat we've got; Your true fyle of enjoyment's to have what you've zot, What cats fo delicious as fifh not yet catched, Or as fruit in the bloflom, or chicken not hatched? 'Tent the dinner to-day, 'tis the pleafure I borrew, While I th'nk on the dimer l'in eating to-norrow, What's the prefent my foul till the future arrives?
Arrah give me for management hachelurs wives.

To do what we're able's a thing fo abfurd, Arrale who'd walk on foot that cou'd fly like a bird? Don't we fec every moment that lordly ting man Do each monfeufe in nature except what he can In thort, our defires look from Ireland to Rome, Are the harveft that's growing, the cloth in the loom, 'The honey we've taken before we've bought hives, And wholl after this rail at bachelors wives.


THE poet fays that love's like fire, Which kindly heat and joy imparts, Tor every purpofe, and defire, That warms, dud that expands our hearts 2 But, truft th's fire, where is the hound, That thallits devaftation nay? ,Rclent!cfs ruin flalks around, And horror marks its tracklefs way : Thus both we dread, and both admire, Thus poets fay that love's like fire.
The toper fays, that love's like wine, And that its power, 'bove human ken, ,
Can lift the fonl, and fo refine
Our joys, that gods might envy mea:
Wut, from this elevation funk,
The moment reafon leaves the feaf,
Hi, sindflip finds a god, when drunk,
Is little better than a beaft:
Thus both are beanlly, both divine,
Thus topers fay that love's like wine.
Your fiportfmen fay, love's like the chafe That leads us many a weary mile,
Through many a rudic and dangerous place, O'er momind, and fictige, and ditch, and flile:
Eut when his pieafures, with his toi!,
Arc fairly counted, what's the gain ?
Fatigued, and tired, he makes a coil,
And puts up game not worth the pain:
Thus love's without a goal, a race,
Thus fportmen fay, love's like the chafe.

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

True lovers fay, love's like the devil, Who turns a hundred devious ways, With, faint-like face, and heart of cvil, And fmiles the mof when he betrays:
Does not the devil take every hue, And in all forms and fathions move!
Is not he black, and white, and blue, And hot and cold ?-and fo is love :
And thus to love are lovers civil,
As Indians court from fear the devil.
Let carping idiots fill condemn,
Where reafon lids them mon rejoice,
For if they err the fault's in them,
And in the oljects of their choice:
The lover that thall all execl, Let him but choofe a faithlels fair ;
His love fiall prove a very hell,
No Lethe to relieve his care:
Let him of reafon take advice,
And love fla al be a paradile.

## BALLAD-IN will of the wisp.

LIFE'S a generd chafe, and the world is the field, Where friends. friends hunt, and brothers hunt brothers,
Where to day, fairly hunted, to msothers yield, And to. morrew we're hunted by others:
Through calling, profeflion, and trade, to get rich, All wrangle, and fquabble, and fcramble,
Through wood, dale, and bottom, o'cr hedge, ftile, and ditch, Through bufh, and through hriar, and through bramble, Then, come round me all hunters-in Life's hark away We have portiuns of pleafure and forrow,
And the man after game that's a hunter to-day, May be game for fome hunter to-worrow.
The poor poet, of virtue who'd fain be the friend, Crics the age is corrupt, and he'll flicw it ;
But while hunting his brains the world's manners to mend, Pale poverty hunts the poor poet:
While hunting in battle for gory acal fame, Grim death hunts the foldier and failor,
And the heir, cut of cafl, who can flart no more game,

Is at lan hunted down iby his taylor:
Then, conse romb me all hanters-in Life's hark away We lave portions of pleafure and forrow,
And the man after game that's a hunter to-day, May be game for fome hunter to-morrow.
Country fquires dafla away, nor their noddles eoncern, 'Bout the world, or its joftlings, and croflings,
Till, at length, to die bottom, Araon's they turn,
Eaten up by their dogs and their horfes:
Indiferiminate pleafures who chafes in view, Whi'e to pleafure in time fall a martyr,
And the bold fortune hunter who ran down a firew, Will find he was caught hy a tarter:
Then, come round me all hunters-in Life's hark away We have portions of pleafure and forrow,
And the man after game that's a hunter to-day, Miay be game for fome hanter to-morrow,
The hunks who hunts riches, is hunted by care, Thofe who joy hunt are hunted by trouble,
The chymift hunts geld through fire, water, and air, And is run down at laft by a bubble:
Folly hunts the four mifantlirope clofe at the hecis, In the moment at folly he's fonfing,
And ev'n the death hunter, in coffins who deals, 1s, at laft, hunted into a coffin :
Virtuofns hunt butterflies, courtiers levees, Patriots hunt for the grod of the nation,
Hungry gluttons hunt turtle, phyficians hunt fees, And are chafed, in return, by vexation:
A reeiprocal chafe are mankind and their joys, And this maxim obtains the word over,
Then with redfun is view, let's hant p'eafure my boys, Till by time we are hunted to cover:
'Then, come round me all hunters-in Life's hark away. We have portions of pleafure and forrow,
And the man after game that's a hunter to day, May be game for fome hunter to-morrow.

> BAI.LAD-IN WIlL OF THE WISP.

A BARD in yonder corner fee, There's fomething in this man, fays he,
'Tis true he cannot write like mc,
His wit won't bear infpection:
To hit the foolifh times was right,
When men neglected genius night,
My play for inftance, damned firt night,
The manners want correction :
Certainly they do, and, therefore, fo far this man's attempt is meritorions to be fure. If I had handled the fubject it would have been done in a different fort of a manner ; but his bungling wit only proves that his own pofition is truth-

For when he takes fuch foolifh fits,
To rail, and fcoff, at would be wits,
He proves, as hard himfelf he hits,
That he's not all perfection.
An Alderman 'gainft fools is rage,
Cries, lord, be's right to lath the age,

- Old Shakefpear faid the world's a fage,

He merits our protection:
1 liked to hear him laugh at fops,
And wains cut flort, and flirts and crops,
Intrigues in churehes, and at hope,
And fathions frange collection:
And then how. I did laugh about the fellow's giving a dinner with nothing to eat, ha, ha, ha,-and then he pafled 2 compliment on the city-lie ought to be encouraged.

But when he rails at hoarded pelf,
And turtle feafs, the flupid elf,
He's wrong-but then he owns himfelf,
We can't be all perfection.
Mifs T'winkle cries, to fifter Tab,
I'm pleafed he's given you prudes a dab,
But of enquettifl airs to blab,
'Twas done without reflection;
Well now, crics Tab, then I protef,
I likes about coquettes the beft;
But when of Prudes he makes a jeft,
The man deferves correction.
Well then now fait and troth, faid an lrifhman, 'tis alt mighty well with his mixture, and his hope, his good rafcal, his honeft flatterer, and the reft of it-Oh it is alf fair same!

But when he talks, the flanderons rogue,
That cards and dice are all the vogue,

Fait, tis too much upon the brogue,
But no one's all perfection.
The will then taken for the deed,
I fancy in each face I read,
I finall, as heretofore, fucceed,
And without much objection ;
When I was in the fcribbling fit,
Had with my zeal kept pace my wit,
Ev'n Shakefpear's felf had nothing writ,
More worthy of protection.
Nay, big with emulation to meriz your applaufe, had iny ability kept pace with my inclination, I fhou!d have given my own Thefis the lie, and produced a perfe气 entertain-ment-

But ardent wifhes will not do,
I, therefore, munt rely on you,
And fhould fome little praife be duc,
Pafs by each imperfection.

## BALLAD-IN WILL OF THE WISP.

THOUGH hard the valiant foldicr's life,
They fome fiveet moments know ;
Joy ne'er was yet unmixed with Arife,
Nor liappinefs with woe:
'Tis hard, when friend, when children, wifc, Reluctant from him part,
While fancy paints the muffled drum, The mournful fife,
And the loud volley o'er his grave,
The folcmn requiem to the brave!
All this lie hears,
Yet calm's the ir fears
With fmiles while horror's in his heart:
Bat when the fmiling hour fhatl come, To bring him home at laft,
How fweet his conftant wife to greet, His children, friends,
And in their circling arms to find amends, For all his fufferings paft.
${ }^{9}$ Tis hard when, defolation fprcad, Death whirls the rapid car,

## 1)IBDIN'S SELECTED SUNGS.

And thefe invaded hear, and dread The thunder of the war:
Ah! then, indeed, friend, children, wife, Have you true caufe to fear,
Too foon, alas, the muffled drum, The mournful fife,
And the lond volley o'er the grave,
Shall found fad requiems to the brave,
Whilc thofe alive, Faint joy revive,
And biend hope's fmile with pity's tear:
But when the finiling hour fhall come, To bring him home at lalt,
How fweet his conftant wife to greet, His children, friends,
And in their circling arms to find amends,
For all his fufferings paft.

## BALLAD-IN WILL OF THE WISR.

Off yes, Oh yes, Oh yes !
Loft, or miflaid, Or folen, or nrayed,
The characher, the decency, the duty of a youth, Who was famed, 'till this fad accident, for probity and truth;
Who afinaged his parents forrows, alleviated their cares, And who, with fpotlefs honour, regulated their affairs:

This young man, as he came out of his father's bankers, was beconcd by a lady in a backney coach-He drove to a jeweller's where he bought a diamond necklace. He dined with a roaring party at a tavern; and, in the evening, was heard to talk very loud at the opera. He was next introduced to a houfe not an hundred miles from St. James's, whée it is fuppofed he could get no fupper, for he was feen str three o'clock in the morning voraciouny to fwallow dice and eat cards.
Who to his wretched parents this mifguided youth will bring,

Befides the fatisfaction
Of doing a good action,
Shall receive a fund far more than Indian mincs could e'er afford,

They flall fee the peace and comfort of a family refored God fave the King.
O yes, O yes, O ycs!
Loft or minaid, Or folen, or ftrayed,
The tears of a widow, young wealthy and fair,
Who nurfed a rich old hulland half a year with tender care,
Who loved him not for either her inconvenience, or his pelf, All which is very true, for the told him fo herfelf.
This unfortunate young lady was feen, about three hours after her hufoand's dcath, to go to the Commons to prove his will, where meeting with a very handfome young Proc. tor, it is fuppofcd the fire of his glances abforbed and dried up the tears of this difconfolate widow, for the has never been feen to cry fince but once, and then fhe was dete.fed with an onion in her pocket handkerchief,
Who to this wretched mourner thefe fame precious drops will bring,

Befides the fatisfaction,
Of doing a good action,
Shall reccive a gracious finile, which is all that can be proffered,
For they'll be cried no more, nor no greater reward offered, God fave the King.
O yes, O yes, O yes ! I.ont, or minfead, Or felen or ftrayed,
The knife and fork of an alderman, a counfellor's wig,
The dice hox of a grecian, a parion's ty the pig,
The fan of a beanty, her falfe tooth alfo.
And a hair powder licence belonging to a beau.
As thefe poor fufers are ruined and deprived of their livelihood by the lofs of thefe refpective articles, they being their working tools, the charitable and humase are humbly requefted to take into confideration their forlorn condi-tion-
And, whoever to thefe poor people thefe articles will bring Befides the fatisfaction,
Of doing a goad action,
Many thanks fiall be given to the charitable donors, Fur they're of very littic ufe to any body but the ovmers. God fave the king.

## 

## baLLAD-in great news.

As a pain cafe in point's the beft mode of explaining, ,
To make my pofition to each judgment clear,
Without further a tip-toe your patience detaining,
I fhall ton at Antipodes, flew and ton here:
Here confcience for gold,
Ne'er was known to be fold,
There to fale they expofe it,
And every one knows it,
For the matter to mince might a good market fpoil :
Thus what's meant by reports, which are varioully fpredd,
That we the feet ftand on, and they on the head, Will turn out to be this, without cavil or coil, We're the gem and the Antipodeans the foil.

Is a treaty of marriage on foot the dear lady, Here never to talk of her intereft is heard,

Full of love the ne'er afks if the writings are ready,
Nor thinks of a fecond fpoufe, much lefs a third:
Is a counfellor learned,
In a law fuit concerned, He gives you his trouble, For nothing, to double
His fce would that inftant the whole bufinefs fpoil:
There fill topfy turvy we different modes fec, Love obeys, the beft bidder, and law the beft fee, And thus clear as day, without cavil or coil, We're the gem and the Antipodiaus the foil.

Would you wifl farther proof as a prominent feature, Take this, though 'twill keen fenfibility thock,

At Antipodes they have a beautiful creature,
A tine fately bird very like our game cock:
Inflaming its blood,
They mir drugs in its food,
And arm it for fight:ng,
Then fland round delighting,
While thefe birds of their plumage each other defpoil:
You wonder and gaze, yet 'tis truth I report, But fince England difdains fo unmanly a fport,

No reflection on us from their vice can recoil, We're the gem and the Antipodeans the foil.

But to bring the cafe home, let us fpeak of their writers, Who having fuch food for their frolickfome mufe,

Are in fatire and ridicule terrible biters,
And, though none they point out, all the cap fit abufe;
Their cafe touclies me,
But was I ever fo free,
In my filly labours,
To laugh at my neighbours?
No; a fair wholefome moral's the jet of ny toil :
Befides here no fault eould they find did they try, No, l'd have them to know that my audience and I ,
What'er out of envy their cavil and coil,
Are the gem and the Antipodeans the foil.

## 

## BALLAD-in christmas gambols.

WHEN freedom knew not where to rove,
From conquered Greece, and groaning Rome,
At random driven, like Noah's dove,
Without a fhelter or a home:
The expanded world the viewed, where beft
She might repore her weary foot;
Saw this our ine, fet up her reft,
And bid the fpreading oak take root ;
Bid it adorn the land, and be
Fair England's tree of liberty.
Thus fpoke the goddefs-This fair tree, The towering foren's kingly boant,
Let my behelts kept facred be,
This tree fhall guard your fea girt coaft :
Freedom's behefts are thefe-To know No faction, no cabal, no caufe,
From whofe peftiferous breath may grow Aught 'gainft the monarch, or the laws;
Keep facred thefe, the oak flall be
Fair Eugland's tree of liberty.

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Its friendly arms that, on their way,
Thofe fuccour who its aid implore;
A faithful portrait fhall difplay,
Of England's hofpitable thore:
Of England's conrage this fair tree,
A great example to impart,
To fuccour law and liberty,
Shall make a rampart of its heart;
Hail facred oak, then, deign to be
Fair England's tree of liberty.
Then catch the enthufiaftic ftrain, Hail freedom's tree in fervent hymns,
That freely, on the awful main,
Launches in Britan's caufe its limbs :
That mighty walls, and bulwarks forms,
Whence Eingland's thunder fhall be hurled,
And, fpight of battles and of forms,
That bears our commerce through the world;
Hail freedom's thrine ! Atill deign to be
Fair England's Tree of Liberty.


## BALLAD-IN CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

WHIEN I told you your cheeks wore the blund of the rofe, That the fpring was the type of your youth,
That no lily a tint like your neck couid difclofe,
I made love in the language of truth:
Yet the lovelieft rofe, once the fummer away, Of its bloom leaves no vertige behind;
But your bloor, when the fummer of life fhall deeay,
Frefl. as ever thall giow in your mind:
See the bee, as from flower to flower he roves, The fweets of the garden explore,
And, in winter, to feaft on the banquet he loves, Lay in his induftrious flore:
So all your employment through life's bufy day,
Is the fiweets drawn from goodinefs to find;
Reafon's feaft to fupply, and cheat winter a way,
From that fource of perfection your mind.

And thus, as the feafons of life pafs away,
We enjoy every various fcene;
'The fpring all expanding, the fummer all gay,
The autumn all mild and ferene :
You are yet in your fummer; but, when on your head,
While from all admiration you find,
Silver winter its honours flatll facredly fhed,
Still fummer fhall bloon in your mind.

> BALLAD-IN CHIRSTMAS GAMBOLS,

COME here, come here, my pretty dear, Leave bufinefs, care, and labour,
Chriftmas comes but once a year,
Come lads and laffes, come, and hear
My merry pipe and tabor :
1 fell all forts of curious wares,
Tapes, garters, ribbands, laces :
That give the form enchanting airs, And fet off pretty faces.
And then I're philters, drugs, and charms.
That, when the nymph's deferted,
Shail lure the fhepherd to her arms,
And make him tender hearted.
Come here, come here my pretty dear,
Leave bufinefs, care, and labour,
elriftmas comes but once a year,
Come lads and laffes, comé, and hear
My merry pipe and tabor.
This wonderful love powder fee,
Though ever fo hard featured,
To a Venus that converts each flic,
By making her good natured :
This eyc water can power difpenfe,
To cure each jealous blindnefs,
And turn, by generous confidence,
All jarring frife to kinduefs :
Come here, corne here, my pretty dear,
Leave bufinefs, care, and labour,

Chriftunas comes but once a year,
Come lads aid laffes, come, and hear My merry pipe and tabor.
When clouds fhall wedlock's fky deface, And dim that brilliant hcaven, Upon your lips this padlock place, By wary prudence given :
But when, from forms, and tempefs free,
The horizon looks propitious ;
From kindnefs hand take pleafure's key,
And open feenes delicious:
Come here, come here, my pretty dear,
Leave bufinefs, carc, and labour,
Chriftmas comes but once a year,
Come lads and laffes, come, and hear
My merry pipe and tabor.

BALLAD-in christmas gambols.

S'TANDING one fummer's day on the Tower Slip,
Carclefó how I my time floould cmploy,
It popped in my head that I'd take atrip
Aboard of a Margate Hoy:
I took a few flops, fuch as hirrts and a coat, For of prog I knew well they'd be fored; Then I hail'd a pair of oars, floved of my boat, And away I dahed aboard.

- Ah my dcar Commodore, who theught of feeing you? "' What, Mrs. Garbage! How is the Alderman ?" - There is my hufband, Sir;" "Pon my word and dicky I declare." - Give me leave, Commodore, to introduce you to my friends : Mr. Shadrack, Commodore Kelfon, Cornmodore Kelfon, Mr. Shadrack.' "Very much at your fharvice, Sir." • Mifs Minnikin, Commodore Ke fon, Commodore Kelfrn, Mifs Minnikin." "Very happy to have the pleafure of knowing you Sir." 'Dr. Quibus, Commodore Kelfon. Comnnodore Kelfon, Dr. Quibus ; Captain Squafh, Commodore Kelfon, Comnodore Kelfon, Captain Squafl ; Sir Phelim O'Drogheda, Commodore Kelfon. Conmodore Kelfon, Sir Phelina

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O'Drogheda.'一Hollo theye! Caft off the painter-Sit fill ladies and gentlemen.
So off we went with a flowing jib, Full of merriment and joy,
The Alderman munching, and pratling his rib, Sing who fo blith as we, Who take a voyage to fea, Aboard of a Margate Hoy.
Then fuch glee and humour, our joy to prolong, Pervaded us fore and aft;
Soune were telling a fory, fome whifling a fong,
As we turned in and out 'mongl the craft:
Then we'd talk of our danger, and then we were gay,
Then how we'd aftonifi the folks,
When at Margate arrived ; then, cut out of our way,
To laugh at the watermen's jokes.
"Ho, the flip ahoy.' "Ay, ay." 'Pray have you one Wifeman aboard?" "No, no,"' 'Then you are all fools, hey-ha, ha, ha, went Mifs Minnikin.'-" Dat is very coot chokes," faid the Jew. 'Why, I fay, Mofes,' faid the man that was affronted, 'are you a bull or bear? Damme, I thinks you look more like a monkey. And you Mifs Dolly Drylips, take a reef in your perriwig, and clap a fopper on your muzzle, clue up the pldits in your jaw bags, and give your tongue leave of abrence. About hip-helm's a lee-: here fie comes.'

So we mate tother tack and lay gunnel to,
Which foon gave a damp to omr joy,
Hifs Minuikin fqualled-mine cot, cried the Jew,
Sing who fo blyth as we,
Who take a voyage to fca, On board of a Margate Hoy.
The company's merriment now out of joint,
And their tatlers not inoving fo quick,
Scarce right a.head did we twig Cuckold's Point,
But the alderman began to be fick:
Then wedd like to fall foul of an oyfter fmack,
The wind frefling towards tho Nore,
Then, fretching too far on the larboard tack,
sy and by, we came bump afhore.
${ }^{6}$ Ah we fhall all be caft away! my poor dear pattern eap; cafhed away! What fhall I do to be flaved ?" "Why faith, faid I, I fancy we flall have a touch of the falt water before we get to Margate." "Yes, Sir,' faid the Doctor, ' not that I have any quarrel with death, but I am afraid we fhall take in too large a dofe." "How do you do, Sir Phelim?" 'Arrah, I flould be well enough if I was not fe curfedly fick." She rights, fhe rights !

Next a gale coming on we did precioufly kick,
Which finifhed completely our joy,
'Tras, madam, how do you do ? Oh I am monfroufly fick! Sing who fo blyth as we, Who take a voyage to fea, Aboard of a Margate Hoy.
And now' 'twould have made a philofopher grin,
Tolhave feen fuch a concourfe of muns;
Sick as death, wet as muck, from the heel to the chin,
For it came on to blow great guns :
Spoi't cloaths, and provifions, now clogged up the way,
In a dreary boifterous night;
While apparently dead every paffenger lay
With the ficknefs, but move with the fight.
'Oh, oh, I wifh I was at home in my bed!" "Oh that I was a hundred miles off?" "Mafly upon my fllins.' "Oh, oh, will no-body throw me overboard!" "Avant there.' "Ah my poor dear patteru cap's blown into the pond!" "Oh, my foul, what a devil of a ficknefs!" "Arrah, fop the fhip-Sir, would you be fo kind as to be after handing me the caudle cup?" Land, land, upon the ftarboard bow.
At laft, after turning on two or three tacks,
Margate lights foon reftored all our joy;
The men found their fomachs, the women their clacks, Sing who fo blyth as we, Who take a voyage to fea, Aboard of a Margate Huy.

## BALLAD-in christmas gambols.

${ }^{3}$ THERE were Farmer Thrafier, and he had a cows
And gammer were very fond on un,

And they'd a fon Jacky that made a fine bow, So they fent un a prentice to London.
Jacky's mafter a barber and a hair-dreffer were, Than fome fquire's 'cod he thought unfelf bigger, In the day through the town he would drefs and cut hair, And dreffed out at night-cut a figure.
To ape Jackey's mafter, were all his delight, The foap fuds and razor both fcorning,
He's been took't by the nofe by the fame fop at night, That he took't by the nofe in the morning.
Now to fee the cow moan, would have made a cat laugh, Her milk were his food late and early,
And even if Jackey bad heen her own calf, She could not ha loved un more dearly.
She moaned, and fhe moaned, nor knew what flie didant $\mathrm{g}_{\mathrm{g}}$
To heart fo the took this difafter,
At laft roaming about, fome rogues cut off her tail,
And then fent her back to her mafter.
Here's the kiaw came home, Gammer, come bring out the pail,
Poor creature l'ze glad we have found her,
Cried Dame, ten't our kiaw, fhe's got never a tail, Here Roger go take eare and pound her.
'Tis our kiaw, but you zee fhe's been maimed by fome brute Why, dame, thou'rt a vool-give me patience;
So to fquabbling they went-when to end the difpute,
Came home Jacky to fee his relations.
His fpencer he fported, his hat round he twirled,
As whiftling a tune he came bolt in,
And bedocked, and belopped, wounds, he look'd all the world
Like trimmed bantums, or magpies a moulting.
Oh dear! 'tis our Jacky, come bring out the ale, So Gammer fell fkipping aronnd hin,
Our Jacky, why, dam t, he's got never a tailHere, Roger, go take un, and pound un.
'Tis the kick, I fay, old one, fo 1 brought it down, Wore by jemmies fo neat, and fo fpunky ;

Ah, Jacky, thou went'f up a puppy to town,
And now thee be'f come back a monkey.
Gammer formed, Gaffer fwore, Jacky whifted, and now
'T was agreed, without any more paflion,
To take Jacky in favour as well as the cow,
Becaufe they were both in the fafhion.

## BALLAD-IN christmas eambols.

My grandfather's grandfather, valiant and fout, A Briton e'er luxury imported the gout,
In the fic'd, in the ball-room, or feampering o'er rockf, Could give chafe to the foe, or the fair, or the fox: A band of choice friends, at the found of his horn, Sailed forth blyth and buxom, to hail the fair morn ; All lulty, and noble, and true and tried men, And called, for diftinction, the Lads of the Glen.
Shall I tell you their names, there was bold Alfred Howe, Sprung from Guy, Earl of Warwick, who hunted a cow, And then, on his courfer came valiant Sir Hugh, Born from that London 'prentice two lions that flew :
Next that dare devil, Hengift, with target and gorge,
Worn, his anceftors write, by the mighty St. George;
Then Owen ap rice, who again and again,
Had been in at the death with the lads of the Glen.
Next Percy, eame on, born of that nuble race,
Who accomplifhed fuch wonders at famed Chevy Chace;
Then Orfon the jolly, a bold daring elf,
Sprung from Arthur, nay, fome fay, from Nimrod himfelf:
Edwin, Glanville, and Huntingdon, found men and good,
The laft the great grandfon of bold Robinhood;
To thefe add my anceftor, making juft ten,
And you'll get the whole lift of the Lads of the Glen.
'Tis writ in fair characters, now in the hall,
What a chafe they were led the fly fox to enthral ?
He run 'em at length, and then hard at a pufl,
And now they're miles from him, and now at his bruff:

## 298 dibdin's selected songs.

'Till the dogs are fo weary that, panting for breath, They o'ertake him, but cannot accomplifl his death; Eritons fpare proftrate foes, fo they loofed him again, To afford future fport for the Lads of the Glen.
Thus rational pleafure was all their delight,
They'd hunt in the morning, and revel at night,
Fair truth and pure honour, dwelt proud in each breaft,
And kind hofpitality fet up her reft:
And from their gay board never yet was the day,
When the poor, and the hungry, went empty away;
Britons all have true hearts, yet, 'tis hard to fay, when
We hall, e'er, fee the like of the Lads of the Glen.
Then charge high your bumbers, in chorus loud fing,
Like true fuljects let's all drink a health to the King; He's a fportfinan himfelf, and long, long may the chafe,
Give him hea th to behold his iinferious race :
And wouid ye, ye Britons, your honour enfure,
As firm as your courage, your renitude pure,
His virtues but emulate, foon fhall, again,
Keturn the good times of the Lads of the Glen.

## BALLAD-in christmas gambols.

GIVE ear to me, both high and low, And, while yon mourn hard fates decree,
Laruent a tale right full of woe, Of comely Ned that died at fea.
His father was a commodore,
His King and country, ferved had he;
Dut, now, his tears in torrents pour,

- For comely Ned that died at fed.

His fifter Peg her brother loved, Fof a right tender heart had the,
And often to lirong grief was moved,
For comely Ned that died at fea.
His fweetheart Grace, once, blyth and gar.
That led the dance upon the lea,

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Wow waftes in tears the lingering day, For comely Ned that died at fea.
His friends, who loved his manly worth, For none more friends could boaft than he,
To mourn now lay afide their mirth, For comely Ned that died at fea.

Come then and join, with friendly tear, The fong that, 'midf of all our glee, We from our hearts chant once a year, For comely Ned that died at fea.

## 

## BALLAD-in christmas gaimbols.

POOR negroe fay one ting you no take offence, Black and white he one colour a hundred year hence, For when maffa death kick him into the grave, He no fpare negroe, buckra, nor maffa, nor flave. Then dance, and then fing, and the banjer thrum thrum, He foolifh to tink what to-morrow my come, Lilly laugh and be fat, de beft ting you can do, Time enough to be fad when you kickaraboo.
One maffa, one fave, higli and low all degrees,
Can be happy, dance, fing, make all pleafure him pleafe;
One flave be one maffa, he good, honeft brave,
One maffa bad, wicked, be worfe than one flave :
If your heart tell you good, you all happy, all well, If bad, he plague, vex you worfe and a hell;
Let your heart make you merry, then honeft and true,
And you no care no farthing for Kickaraboo.
One game me fee maffa him play him call chefe, King, queen, hifhop, knight, cafte, all in a mefs, King kill knight, queen bifhop, men cafle throw down,
Like card-foldier him featter, all lie on a ground :
And when the game over, king, bifhop, tag, rag,
Qucen, knight, all together him go in a bag,
So in life's game at chefs, when no more we can do,
Maffa death bring one bag, and we Kickaraboo

Then be good, what you am never mind the degree,
Lilly flower good for fomewhat as well as great tree ;
You one flave, he no ufe to be fulky and fly,
Worky, worky, perhaps, you one maffa by'm by.
Savee good and be poor make you act better part,
Than be rich in a pocket and poor in a heart,
Though ever fo low, do your duty for true,
All your friend drop one tear when you Kickarabon.

## BALLAD-In christmas gambols.

COME round me ye laffes, and lend me an ear,
The almanack fays ninetv-fix is leap year,
Leap year, cries our Margery, well numfkull, what then?
Why, wounds, don't the women go courting the men?
And they'll make the beft on't, and not fand hum drum,
For they won't get another for cight years to come ;
Come ladics a truce to each maidenill fear,
Kifs the fellows, and wifl them a happy new year.
See the fly little toads how they ogle and grin,
That's right, fqueeze his hand, chuck un under the chin,
See that Chrimp with that giant there, prattle and toy,
You're a devilifh fine fellow-nay don't be fo coy;
Then the fmirks, and the pats him, and fo this the trade is,
${ }^{3}$ Cod thefe leap years be nice times for the ladies,
That's right, how they fnigger, and fimper, and leer, Kifs 'em up girls, and wilh 'em a hapiy new year. ..
Then as there's no Jack but a finds out his Jill,
Who knows, hey, but I may of love get my fil,
Let 'em come, who's afraid! wounds, as fout as they be,
I fhould like for to catch them a courting of me:
She that chufes me out as a eerion of tafte,
I. can tell her will find nee not very fhame-faced,

What dof tell me. fays I that thou lovelt me, my dear,
Ge's a bufs then, and wifh me a happy new year.
But, wounds, while I jokes fo in this merry fit, Imaunt let my tongue, d'ye fee, run 'fore my wit;

## I IIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS. 3OI

For, however, one may laugh 'hout the girls and he free, They have more fenfe by half in thefe matters than we: Give a woman her way, and I'll wager upon her, She leaves foppery and nonfenfe to chufe truth and honour, And he may well brag, and his head high up rear, Whom fle kiffes, and withes a happy new year.
Then as each Britifl beauty be conftant and loyal, So much do they doat on his majelty royal,
That now they got leave for to do what they pleafes, 'Cod if 'twere not for flame they'd all kifs un to pieces : So as loyalty, truth, and each generous duty, Be learnt to we men folks by fweetnefs and beauty, Let us not be out done in our own proper fpear, But let love merit love, and each year be leap year,

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## FINALE-IN CHRISTMAS GAMEOLS.

COME all who love,
Through pleafure's grove,
To take your merry rambles,
Whofe hearts fo free,
Confirm your glee,
Join our Chriftmas Gambols.
See the lads and laffes wind,
In mazy labrynth dancing,
The harmlefs feelings of the mind,
The general joy enhancing:
The world's vicillitudes they trace,
As they the figure meafure,
Varicty and change of place,
Still giving zeft to pleafure, Come all who lcve, \&c.
The merry hunters and the horn, That oft have waked Aurora,
To unlock the treafures of the morn,
Through the domain of Flora :
Next in quaint form, and veftments gay,
Comes many a morice dancer,
C

While bells that ring, and flutes that play, In merry cadence anfwer:

Come all who love, \&c.
'The pipe and tabor's fprightly tone,
The organ's found fonorous,
The comic bagpipe and the drone, Shall join the fwelling chorns:
'The piercing fife, and deafening drum, For honeit hearts recruiting,
To join the iningling found hall come, Of finging, fiddling, fluting:

- Come then who love, \&c.

At length the trumpet's clicarful call, Sounds to the feaft of pleafure, When in the hofpitable hall, Plenty unlades her treafure :
See Father Chriftmas pleafed appear, To crown our inftitution,
While circling goes the humming beer, In fportiverevolution :

Come then who love, \&c.

## S O N G.

POLL dang't how d'ye do,
Na'n won't you gi's a bufs;
Why what's to do wi' you,
Why here's a pretty fuls:
Say fliali we kifs and toy,
I goes to fea no more;
Oh! I'm the failor boy,
For capering afhore.
Father he apprentic'd me, All to a coafting hip; 1 being refolv'd d'ye fee,

To give 'em all the nip:
1 got to Yarmonth fair,
Where I had been before:

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

So father found me there,
A capering athore.
Next out to India,
I went a Guinea pig;
We got to 「able bay,
But mind a pretty rig;
The flip driven out to lea,
Lett me and many more,
Among the Hottentots,
A capering afliore.
I loves a bit of hop,
Life's ne'er the worfer for it;
If in my wake flould drop,
A fiddle, 'that's jour fort' :
Thrice tumble up ahoy,
Ouce get the labour v'er ;
Then fee the failor boy,
A capcring afhore.


## S O N G.

A SUP of good whikey will make you glad, Too much of the creature will make you mad, 11 you take in reafon it will make you wife, If ycu drin'z to excefs it will clofe up your eyes.

Yet father and mother,
And filter and brother,
They all take a fup in their turn.
Some preachers will tell you to drink is lad, I think fo too if there's none to be liad:
The fwadler will bid you drink none at all,
But while I can get it a fig for them all,
Both laymen and brother,
In fpite of this pother,
Will all take a fup in their turn.
Some doctors will tell ye twill hurt my liealth, Aud juntice will fay 'twill reduce your weath,

Phyficians and lawyers will all agree,
When your money is ail gone, you can get no fee.
Yet furgeon or doctor,
And lawyer and proctor,
Wial sll take à fup in their turn.
If a foldier is drunk on his duty found
He foon to the three legg'd herfe io bounc',
In the face of the regiment obliged to frip,
A naggin will foften the drummer's whip.
For ferjeant and drummer, And likewife his honor,
Will all take a fup in their turn.
The Turks who arrived from the ports fiblime,
They told us that drinking was held a great crime,
Yet after their dinner away they llunk,
And tippled their wine, till they got quite drunk.
The Sultan and Crommet,
Aid even Mahomet,
They all take a fup in their turn.
The Quakers will bid you from drink abftain, By rea and by nay, 'tis a fault in the vain,
Yet fome of the broadbrims will get to the fuff,
And tipple away till they've tippl'd enough,
For fliff rump or fteady,
And Sulomon's lady,
Will all take a fup in thcir turn.
The Germans will fay they can drink the mon, The French and Italians will alfo hoaft, Hibernias the country, for all their noife, For generous drinking and hearty boys,

There each jovial fellow,
Will drink till he's mellow,
And take off his glafs in his turn.


> SONG-IN PRIVATE taEATRICALS.

RECITATIVE.
BEHOLD two mighty chiefs come on!
Not Hectur, nor yet 'Telamon;

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Who, 'fead of fints, cuffd foes with rocks,
But two tom-tits, or bantum cocks:
Not like two combatants of yore,
Who flew the foe and drank the gore,
Like tygers, or fierce maftiff dogs-
But chiefs from Homer's mice and frogs ;
Lank both in form and roice, and taper,
Like an eel-\{kin, or a thread paper;
Who ammunition draw from lungs,
And wield not fwords, nor fpears, but tongucs.
Suppofe them enter'd in the lift,
Their caufe of quarrel who was hifs'd,
Or groantrl at moft at either houfe :
Says general frog to general moufe-

## $A 1 R$.

- Signor Pantheon
- Vat ting you play on,
- To give Mr. John Bull delight ?
"Monfeur Haymarket,
"Pray don't you bark yet,
"Nor flew your toofe, for you can't bite."
' My great big houfe makc people fare,'
"Vat ufe great houfe, nolsody dare?
"I do de op'ra, you muft fing fong:"
'Ninety foot wide, hundred yard long,
' And den great many much foot high,
' The chandelier he touch de 1 ky :'
"You Sadler-vells, Aftley, F'oxhall,
"All Derry Down, Tit fol de rol:"
"Your honfe make mine one fervant-hall,"
"I licenfe get, you none at all."
s Fire and fury, dev'l in hell,
'Oh vat difgracia,
To my faccia,
' 'Tis ferry fell,
- Fiddler, finger, dancer, quick
- To alfift your gen'ral rufh,
- Make hatte, monlder your fiddle-ftick,
'And all to piece dis nutihell crulli.'
"Nuthell be full, he bring fome meat as
" Your fiddic-atick no good to cat a."

6 Oh zounds, cot tam!

- Vat ragc 1 arn,
' I could my flefh for anger eat :'
"Ah do, you'll get no other meat."
- Shades of creat muficians all, 'In heaven, in hell, or on the decp,
' Quick appear, obey my call!'
"He ron't appear, he faft ancep."
${ }^{6}$ Bononcini,
- Farinelli,
- Piccini, ' Iomelli,
- And all de elli,
(And Nelli,
${ }^{6}$ And rini,
- And cini,

6 Great fiddling quire,
6 Appear at Cound of David's lyre.
' Come, drive dis rogue from Englifh land
6 Fat, nort, and tall a men,

- Come, follow, follow men,
r David and Soloman,
'One fing, and toder lead the band!'
"Als you may bawl,
"You cini he vont come at all."
'I'll fop your mouth, you villain taef!'
"All dis finc nize dome get roaft beaf!"
" Come dome be fool,
"Shut let us join,
-6 your force and mine,
" And den dome fear
"But the next year,
"Wid your fine hell,
"Your tund'ring fwell,
© May le, and ha,
" Mifter John Bull
"Shall cry hoora!
"Vive L'Opera!"


## DIbDIN'S SEEECTED SONG.

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## BALLAD-in great news.

DICK DOCK, a tar at Greenwich moor'd, One day had got his beer on board,
When he a poor main'd penfioner from Chelfea faw;
And all to have his jeer and flout,
For the grog once in the wit's foon out,
Cried, how good inater Lobfter did you lofe your claw?
Was't that time in a drunken fray,
Or t'other when you ran away?
But hold you Dick, the poor fonl has one foot in the gravs;
'Fore flander's wind too faft you fly,
D'ye think it fun ? - you fwab you lie;
Misfortunc ever claim'd the pity of the brave.
Old Hanibal, in words as grofs,
For he, like Dick, had got his dofe,
To try about a wrangling; quickly to k a fpell
If l'm a Lobfer, mafter Crab,
By the information on your nab,
In fome feriamage, or other, why they've crack'd your thell;
And then why how you hobling go,
On that jury maft, your timber toe,
A nice one to find fault, with one foor in the grave;
But halt old Hanibal, halt! halt!
Diftrefs was never yet a fault,
Hisfortune ever claimed the pity of the brave.
If Hanibal's your name d'ye fee,
As fure as they Dick Dock call me,
As once it did fall out, 1 ow'd my life to you,
Spilt from my horfe, once when 'twas dark,
And nearly fwallowed by a hark,
You'holdly pinired in, faved inc and pleafed all the crew:
If that's the cafe then ceafe our jeers,
When hoarded by the fame Mounfeers,
You, a true Engling Lion, fnatch'd me from the grave,
Cried cowards, i the man no harm,
Dammee, don': you fee he's lont his arm,
Hisfurtune ever claimed pity from the brave.

Then hroach a can before we part, A frieudly one, with all his heart,
And as we put the grog about, welll chearly fing. At land and fea, may Briton's fight, The world's example and delight,
And conquer every enemy of George our King :
'Tis he, that proves the-hero's frieud,
His bounty waits us to our end,
Though crippled, and laid up, with one foot in the grave,
Then Tars and Soldiers never fear,
You fiall not want compafion's tear, Misfortune ever claimed the pity of the brave.

## 

## BALLAD-ingreat news.

HAVE you heard of the tax, that fuch frange conflernation,
Has fpread through old England, that poor helplefs nation,
'Tis hair powder, Oh! downfall of guinealefs beaus,
Who, unlicenced, will all look like fo many crows :
Hark the Frizeurs exclaim! as diftracted they roam,
-Mongh the knights of the curling irons, Chaos is come,
Sing and cry, cry and fing, mingle nifery and fun, ingland's never fo happy as when 'tis undone.
The Hunks, who can boaft but a fingle colt's tooth, Who, weighed down with age, apes the fopperies of youth, Says, to fome Dulcinea, ' my hairs are all grey,
'So I can't he taxed,' crics the Eyren, "Nay, nay,
"Not all grey-they're half black:"-'Ah! you dear coazing nimny,

- Well, r'll purchafe a licence and pay half a guinea.' Sing and cry, \&c.
Then the Knights of the Rainhow-I fay my lord Duke,
On hair powder a tax-take the news there and look.
1 fergot, you can't read - the ridiculons fufs,
Why what are fuch trifics as guineas to us ?
Nunky pays for we footmen-I Ill fort a fpruce nab, And O:d Quibus come down for't, or demme Ill blab. Sing and cry, \&c.

But the drolieft expedient was that of a fop, A man milliner, where there were four in a flop; I've hit upunt, demme : as lawyers, coach call, And drive four for a flilling to Weftminfter Hall, Five and three pence a piece, lads advance, hand it out, We'll purchafe a liceuce and lend it abuut. Sing and cry, \&c.
Then the tea table fee, I declare then I'm vexed, Cries out, Old Lady Pyehall, ' Our teeth they'll tax next, 'I hould trick 'em at that tho' I have but one teoth :'
"' 'Tis quite right, ' cricd a beauty all fweetnees and truth, "Take the tax, take each feather, that plays on my head, " 1 hall drefs the more plain-but the puor will get bred" Sing and cry, \&c.
Then, my countrymen, emulate this charming fair,
Deck the heart nor regret how neglected the lair, While Frizeurs, and Footmen, and Fops, cry pecavi,
We fhall all drefs more decent, and they'll man the navy;
Let our rulers go on then of honnur fecure, Each tax upon luxury's bread for the poor, Then hold a!l this croaking, and grumbling as fun, By fuch nonfenfe Old England can ne'er be undone.

BALLAD-IN poor vulcañ. $A$ Parody.

DEAR Maudlin come give me bright guineas, For brighter none fure ever gave,

Nor think that I'm one of thofe rimics, That can tell you how many l'd have.

I'm not to be ftinted in pleafure, So to the if you mean to be kind,

You muft ranfack old Crump's rufy treafars,
And give me whatever you find.
With a large heavy purfe fo I fold thee,
I then my dear Maudlin, am thine;
In fatins and filks I'll behold thee,
No duchefo e'er dreffed half fo fine:

But our pocket at prefent but thin is, And foon what we lave will be fpent,

Then prithee give many more guineas, Or you'll find I flall ne'er be content.

Count the rouleaus at Almacks they're faking, Count the bets laid in Newmarket fields,

Count the eafh at the bank they are taking,
Count the gold that rich Lombard-fireet yields :
Give a peep at the India-houfe coffer,
Go number the treafury's fore,
And when fo many guineas you offer,
Iftll fall be afsing for more.
ballad-in castles in thear.

TiiOUGH pleafure's eafily defin'd ${ }_{3}$ Droll mortals fo employ it.
Starce any two among mankind Go the fame way to enjoy it.
With fome a dying parent's groan, With others ill got treafure,
A friend betray'd, a widow's moan, An orphan's tears are fleafure.
From no fuch fource my pleafure's Now, Unfafhionably bappy ;
Reafon fuppiics the joys I know, Their zelt a jug of Nappy.
Their country's downfall, Faction's elves, For fun, would be purfuing,
Though, Samfon like, they were themfelve Cruthed in the mighty ruin.
Let thern go on, they doubtlefs fee, Congenial to their natures,
Some pleafure in that mifery They wifi their fellow creatures,
For me, protected while I fing, My wife and children happy,
My favorite toalt, church, fate, and king, Shall fweeten my brown Nappy.

## 1) IBDIN'S SELECTED SUNGS.

Love, as facetioully we're told, Has bleffings out of meafure,
And hearts put up, and bought, and fold,
Confer a world of pleafure.
Then for the joys that wine promotes, Who dares, a lie prefuming,
Deny that brawls and cutting throats, Are fomething more than human?
Why love and drink's the zeft of life, When Reafon hids be happy;
With hallow'd lips when a lov'd wife Bleffes the fmiling Nappy.
Yet every mortal to his talte : O'er others no dominion
Du I ufurp, I've only traced,
With deference, my opinion;
And, if mankind in foily funk, Find glorious fun in treafon,
In vicious love, in getting drunk, And taking leave of reafon;
E'en let them thiuk fo, fince they will, My own way I'll be happy;
Of Reafon's picafures take my fill, And drink my jug of Nappy.

## 

## BALLAD-IN CAStLes in the AyR.

THE Yarmouth roads are right ahead, The crew with ardour burning, Jack fings out as he heaves the lead, On tack and half tack turning;

> By the dip eleven!

Lafi'd in the chains, the line he eoils,
Then round his head 'tis fwinging;
And thus to make the land he toils, In numbers quaintly finging,

By the mark feven!
And now teft we run bump aflore,
He heaves the $h a l$, and fing; once more
Quarter lefs fous!

## SI2 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

About fhip lads, tumble up there, can't you fee! Scand by, well hark, hark; helm's a lee, Here the comes, up tacks and fheets, haul, mainfail haul, Haul off all:

And as the long lof fhore they view, Exulting fhout the happy crew ; Each finging, as the fails he furls, Hey for the fiddles and the girls.
The next tack we run out to fea, Old England fcarce appearing;
Again we tack, and Jack with glee Sings out as land we're nearing, By the dip eleven!
And as they name fome beauty dear, To tars of blifs the fummit, Jack joins the jelt, the jibe, the jeer, And heaves the pond'rous plummet; By the mark feven!
And now, while dang'rous breakers roar, Jack cries, left we run bump a fhore, Quarter lefs four!
About thip lads, tumble, un there, can't you fee!
Stand by, well hark, hark; the helm's a lee!
Here the comes, up tacks and fheets, haul, mainfail haul, Haul off all:

And as the long loft fhore they view,
Exulting fhout the happy crew;
Each finging as the fails he furls,
Hey for the fild!es and the girls.
Thus tars at fea, like fwabs at home, By tack and tack are bias'd,
The furtheit way about we roam, To bring us home the nigheft;

By the dip eleven!
For one tack arore, and 'fore the wind, Shall we, in a few glaffes,
Now make the land both true and kind, To find our friends and laffes;

By the mark feven!
Then heave the lead, my lad once more,
Soon thall we gaily tread the fliore,
And a half four !
About hip, \&ce.

## NEW [AMERICAN] <br> PATRIOTIC SONGS.

## S O N G

ADAPTED TOTHE

## PRESIDENT's MARCH.

MAIL Columbia! happyland,
Hail ye Heroes, heav'n born band,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's caufe,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's caufe,
And when the Storm of War was gone,
Enjoy'd the Peace your Valour won,
Let Independence be our boaft,
Ever mindful what it coft ;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the fkies-
Firm-United let us be, Rallying round our Liberty, As a band of brothers join'd, Peace and Safety we flall find.
Immortal Putriots ! rife once more, Defend your Rights-defend your fhore;

Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the flurine where facred lies,
Of toil and blood the well-carn'd prize.
While offering Peace, fincere and juft,
In Heav'n we place a manly truft, That truth and juntice will prevail,
And every fcheme of bondage fail-
Firm-Uaited let us be,
Ra lying round our liberty, As a band of Brothers join'd, Peace and fafety we fhall find.

D d 2

Sound, found, the trump of fame, Let Wafhington's great name,

Ring through the world with Ioud applaufe,
Ring through the world with loud applaufe, Let every clime to Freedom dear,
Liften with a joyful ear-
With equal kill with godlike pow'r,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with eafe,
The happier times of honeft peace,
Firm-United let us be, Rallying round our Liberty, As a Band of Brothers join'd, Peace and Safety we fhall find.
Behold the Chief who now commands, Once more, to ferve his country, ftands

The Rock on which the Storm will beat,
The Rock on which the Storm will beat,
But arm'd in virtue, firm and true, His hopes are fix'd on Heav'n and you-

When Hope was finking in difmay,
When glooms obfcur'd Columbia's day;
His fteady mind from clianges frec,
Refolv'd on Death or Liberty-Firm-United let usbe, Rallying round our Liherty, As a Band of Brothers join'd, Peace and Safety we flall find.

THE NEW-1゚ORK PATRIOTIC SONG, called,

## The Federal Constitution Boys ane

Liberty for ever.

POETS may fing of their IGellicon freams,
Their Gods and their Heroes are fabulous dreams,
They ne'er fang a line
Half fo grand, fo divine,
As the glorious toaft
We Columbians boaft,
The Federal Confitation boys, and Liberty forever.

AnAMS the erran of ourt choice, guides the helm, No tempert can harm us, no form overwhelm :

Our theet anchor's fure And our bark rides fecure, So here's to the toaft We Columbians boaft, The Foderat Conflitution, and the Prefident forcver. A frec Navigation, Commerce and Trade", We'll feek for no foe, of no for be afraid;

Our frigates thall ride
Our defence and our pride;
Our Tars guard our coaft
And huzza to our toaft
The' Federal Confitution, Trale and Commerce, forever.
Montgomery, Warren, ftill live in our fongs,
Like tham our young beroes finall ipurn at our wrongs,
The world flall admire
The zeal and the fire
Which blaze in the toaft
We Columbians looaft,
The Fedral Co.jqitution, and its advocates forever.
When an cnemy threats all party flall ceafe,
We bribe no intruders to buy a mean peace,
Columbians will fcorn,
Friends or foes to fuborn;
We'll ne'er ftain the toaft
Which as freemen we boaf-
The Federal Confilution, and Integrity forever.
Faime's trumpet fhall fivell in Washington's praife,
And Time grant a furlough to lengthen his days ;
May health weave the thread
Of delight round his head-
No nation can boaft
Such a name-fuch a toaft-
The Feleral Confitution boys, and Wasurngton forever.

## BOSTON PATRIOTIC SONG.

> Tune, Anacreon in Heaven.

YE fons of Columbia who bravely have fought
For thofe rights, which unfain'd from your fires lad defcended

May you long tafte the blefings your valour has bought, And your fons reap the foil which your fathers defende Mid the reign of mid peāce, may your nation increafe, With the glory of Rome, and the wifdon of Greece;
And ne'er may tbe fors of Columbia be faves,
While the curth bears af lunt or the fea rolls in zeaves.
In a clime whofe rich vales feed the Marts of the world,
Whofe thores ate unfhaken by Europe's commotion,
The trident of commerce flould never be hurl'd
To incenfe the iegitimate powers of the Oican, But floould Pisates invade, Though in thunders array'd,
Let your cannon declare the free charter of tradeFor ne'sr frall tbe fons of Colismbia be flaves, छ゙c.
The fame of our arms, of our Laws the mild fway, Had jufly ennobled our Nation in itory,
Till the dark clouds of faction obfcured our young day, And enrelop'd the Sun of American giory.

But let traitors be told Who their country have fold,
And barter'd the God, for his Image in GoldThat ne'er revi, the fons of Coliunbia be faves, G'co While France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in bood, And fociety's bafe, threats with wide difflution, May Peace, like the Dove, who return'd from the flood, Find an ark of abode in our mild Conftitution,

But though Peace is our aim,
Yet the Boon we difclaim,
If lought by nur for'reignty, juftice or fanc: For nécr foall the fons of Coluwbis be flawes, \&́c.
Tis the fiee of the flint, each American warms; Let Rome's haughty victors beware of collifion! 1,et them tring all the vafills of Europe in arms, W't're a werld by ourfelves, and didain a divifion'

While with Patriot pride.
'To our laws wc're allied,
Nin foe can fubdue us-mno faction diride. For ne'se poull the fons of Cchamlia be fiaves, छ゙c.
Our Mountains are crown'd with Imperial Oak, Whofe roots like our Liberties, ages have nourifh'd, But long e're our nation fubmits to the Yoke, Not a tree flaall be left on the field where it flourith'd.

Should Invafion impend,
Every grove would defecnd,
From the Hill tops they hiaded, our fliores to defend.
For ne'er foall the fons of Columbia be flaves, $\mathrm{v}^{\prime}$.
Let our Patriots deftroy Anarch's peftilent worm,
Left our Liberty's growth thou'd be check'd by corrofion;
Then let clouds thicken round us, we heed not the form ;
Our realms feel no flock, but the earth's own explofion,
Foes affail us in vain
Though their fleets bridge the main,
For our Altars and laws with our lives we'll maintain,
And ne'er foall the fons of Columbia be flaves, छ'c.
Should the tempeft of war overfladow our land,
Its bolts could ne'ei rend freedom's temple afunder,
For, unmov'd at its portal, would Wanhington ftand,
And repulfe, with his brealt, the affaults of the thunder !
His fword from the fleep
Of its fcabbard wou'd leap,
And conduct with its point, every flafh to the deep.
For ne'er fball the fons of Columbia be faves, E'c.
Let Fame to the world found Arnerica's voice;
No intrigue can her fons from their government fever;
Her pride is her Arlares-his Laws are her choice,
And Giall flourifh till liberty flumber forever.
Then unite, heart and liand
Like Leonidas' band,
And fwear to the God of the Ocean and Land, That ne'er Ball tbe fons of Calum, bia be gives, While the earth bears a plant or the fee rolls $n$ ruizves.


## S O N G.

OUR country is our flip, d'y'fce, A galant veftel too ;
And of his fortune proud is he;
Who's of Columbia's crew,
Each man whate'er his itation be,
When duty ftern commands,
Should take his ftand,
And lend a hand,
As the common caufe demande,

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Among ourfelves in peace 'tis true,
We quarrel-make a route;
And having nothing elfe to do,
We fairly foold it out :-
But once the eneny in view,
shake hands-we foon are friends;
On the deck,
'Till a wreck,
Each the common caufe defends.

GOME all Grenadiers whom your country invites, To affemble in arms in defence of her rights, Here let us determine to fland or to fall, By that glorious caufe which makes brothers of all, No force here compells us our paftinues to yield, Ourfelves by ourfelves are call'd forth to the field, Then let us all range round Columbia's laws, Refolv'd to live free or dic in her caufe.

Then let us, \&c.
Remember our fathers with Heflington fought, And for us Independence moft cheerfully bought, Let us to our children be equally good, And tranfmit it, if needful, enricn'd with our blood. That blelling by union for us was procur'd And by union alone can by us be fecur'd.

Then let us all rauge, \&c.
"Divide and exterminate" long will prevail, As the maxim of tyrants where power may fail. No force from their bafe can our liberties tear, If united the bauners of freedom we rear. And ihough fentiments multiply under the fun, Americaus furely can now have but one.

With courage to range, \&c.
Could Montgonery, Mercer, and Warren behold With what joy we the banners of freedom unfold, Their bleft flades would rejoice and with rapture exclaim-
"Our example is follow'd, and guarded our fame." Let their conduct be held by each patriot dear,

And their virtues be equalled by each Grenadier.
While we manfully range, \&c.

- Then brother with brother cur arms we'll entwine,

And courage and difeipline cheerfully join;
Let our fteadinefs prove thofe opinions are juft
Which place in our conduct unlimited trult:
Nor fo hard is the tafk for mankind to be frec-
Let's determine to be fo, and pride beads the knee.
Then let us all range, \&

## Natponor) SONG.

TUNE—PRESIDENT'S MARCH.
"LO! I quit my native fkies-
To arms! my patriot fons arife. Guard your freedons, rigbts and fame;
Guard your freedom, riohts and fame;
Preferve the clime, your fathers gave;
Heaven's facred boon from villains fave-
Left fuch daring, impious foes,
Your grandeur in oblivion clofe-
Your virtue, wifdom, worth decline,
And gafp, convuls'd, at frectom's fhrine.
Rife! my fons, to arms arife!
Guard your heaven defcended prize;
Prove to France, the zuorld, and me-
Columbia's sons are bravean free."
We hear, blef flade, your warning voice;
Approve your call-purfue your choice-
With hearts united, firm and free.
With hearts united, firm and free.
The facred houn your valour won,
Shall wake to arns each patriot fon ;
Aud glowing with the glorious caufe,
Of Jreedom, country, rigbts and lazes-
The forms of worlds our arns will brave,
Or firk with freedom to the grave.
Peaccful, feek your native fkies-
Lo! to arms your fons arife;
Firm and fix'd our foes to brave,
'Till heaven's trump flall burft the grave.
"Worthy fons of glorious fires;
Behold, the warning fhade retires;
Pleas'd your martial fame to fpread-
Pleas'd your martial fame to fpread-
Where immortal patriots ftand,
Watching freedon's fav'rite land;
Charm'd to hear fuch deeds of fame,
In holy choir they'll breathe your name,
Till ancient heroes catch the found,
And thus the heavens with joy rebound-
Happy nation! brave and free;
Friends to man and liberty-
Long enjoy the facred boon, Which immortal valour won."
Illuftrious thace, to thee we fwear,
To freedom's altar we'll repair;
And, like a band of Spartans, brave,
And, like a band of Spartans, brave,
To Pluto's realm each foe conrey-
O'er lawiefs tyrants bear the fway-
Till freedom's banner is unfurl'd
And waves around the darken'd world;
Till from the centre to each pole,
In rapt'rous founds fiall conflant roll-
Hail! fwect frecdom, gift divine-
Lo! we bend before thy florine,
Firmly fix'd on this decreeTo folluif deata or hiberty.


## S O N G.

Tune, Yankee Doodle.

COLUMBIAAS all, the prefent lour,
As Brothers flould Unite us-
Union at home's the only way,
To make each nation right us.
Yankee Doodle, guard your coaft,

- Yankee Doudle, Dandy-

Fear not then nor threat nor boaft,
Yankee Doodle Dandy.
The only way to keep off war,
And guard 'gainft perfecution,

Is always to be well prepar'd, With hearts of refolution.
Yankee Doodle, let's Unite, Yankee Doodic Dandy,
As patriots, ftill maintain our right,
Yankee Doodle Dandy,
Great WASHINGTON, who led us on, And Liberty effected,
Shall fee we'll dic, or elfe be freeWe will not be fubjected.

Yankee Doodle, guard your coaf, Yankee Doodle Dandy -
Fear not then nor threat nor boaft, Yankee Doodle Dandy.
A Band of Brothers let us be,

And nill our dear bought Ereedom guard, In every fituation.

Yankee Doodle, guard your coaft, Yankee Doodle Dandy-
Fear not then nor threat nor boaft, Yankee Doodle Dandy.
Hay foon the wifh'd for hour arrive, When PEACE thall rule the nations-
And Commerce, free from letters, prove Mankind are all relations.

Then Yankee Doodle, be divine, Yankee Doodle Dandy-
Beneath the Fig-tree and the Vine, Sing Yankee Doodle Dandy.

$\mathrm{S} O \mathrm{~N}$. TUNE—HEARTS OF OAK。

WHILST Europe is wrapt in the horrors of war, And our ocean is fpread with their fleets near and far ; Shall we live unditurbed, or fhall party from hell Divide all the men who their country wifl well? No! we all fhall be ready-fteady, boys, fteady ; We have fought-if we light, we flall conquer again. 'Tho' attacaments to France hoafted legions of friends, She has bafely deccived them to gain her own ends;

Let her threat, let her wheedle, cajole, we difdain All her fchemes and her power-we're united again.

Let our union be ready-ftearly, boys, fteady, And our foldiers gay clad, thall pluck laurcls again.
No nation on earth muft difpute our frong powers; Our refources, our calmnefs how dark eser our hours;
Nor defputs in mafs, nor e'er one un a throne, Shall tear from our bofoms one terrify'd groan.

For whoe'er dare invade us, our fons will not degrade 118 .. Nor their fathers' white tombs with black infamy ftain.
Let hunger-let cold with his icy clad ftorm, All their horross with fury unitedly form;
For our country we rank, and our children thall know, That the fnakes 'midft ourfelves are our deadlieft foe.

In vain flall they hifs, they thall certainly kifs
The rod, that iheir en'mies do not merit in vain,
To our Government juf, Confliution and Laws, Let us pay the free tribute of virtuous appiaufe: No tribute extorted by bribes from a foe, But fuch as to merit will cordiaily flow, To the honeft and juft, to the men we can truft, To the men we can drink without feeling difdain. If our Country muf bleed, let its pureft of bloed Tell the earth thele thy fons, undivided have food;
And for every bleft drop let a lamel arife, Whofe gallant gay green naail ponterity prize.

Secure in our aid, on our hill and our glade,
And fight as we have fought, united again.
To the band that fhall bind us in freedom divine
Let the tribute fo chafte be libated of wine-
Let that wine he as found as our hearts withnut fear, Are refolved from difiention and faction to ftecr.

For my toalt then be ready-feady, boys, feady, Let us live, fight, or die all united again.

For flowld the blaft of war be heard,
To threat ippending harms,
Secure beneath thy vet'ran bird,
We'll brave the wor'd in arms.
fold as our Sires, nor born to yield, But fcorn for forn beftow;
The blofinms which adorn our fields,
Bloom not to deck a foe.
For fhould the blaft of war, \&c.
From traitor friends, with ferpent fmile,
We ll rend the thin difguife,
Who fpeak of faith, and love the while They pillage and defpife.

For fhould the blaft of war, \&cc.
Here once, by folly's fons difplay'd,
The Gallic fandard hone;
No ribband now our feafts invade,
There waves our flag alone.
And fhould the blaft of war, \&c.
With generous wine your bumpers fill,
Where purple joys refort;
Feace to the Sage of Vernon Hill,
To Adams here's fupport.
Then flould the blaft of war, \&c.

© D E
FOR THE $4^{t / 3}$ OF JULY I798.

THERE's Icbabod has come to tazun,
From Philadelphiacity,
He's ftroll'd the ftreets all up and dazon,
And brought nice tales to fit ye!
He's becn among the peophitb tolks,
And varus they're rotten clever,
They talk fo cute, and crack fuch jokes,
Would make you fare for ever.
Yankee doodle doodle doo,
Yankee doodle dandy.
When times look blue,
The heart that's true, Is fweet as Treacle Candy.

Some fay, you lie-then Order cry ;
Somte fpir, fome Notions eating ;
Some move, fome fit as mute and fly,
As Chairman at Town-meeting.
Some talk like yes, and come aut no:
Sone laugh at French invafion;
But in a little while-or fo-
We'll fee what's the occafion. Yankee doudle, \&c.
Yet we ll love Yaukee land the beft,
Stand by her fout as fingo,
Tho' ferely fump'd with fuch a peft,
As folks with foreign lingo.
Thefe cry for peace, who once croak'd war!
And make tarnation wonder,
Becaufe we can no longer bear
Our Friends to rob and plunder. Yankee doodle, \&c.
There's fome caunt coft with fwamping rant,
Thefe crawl, that they may clamber,
And ring the room with peoplifs cant,
Tho' big as our barn chamber.
To fpare fome cents, they twift and turn,
Tho' fleets and armies crave them;
And fhould our tazens be like to burn-
They can't afford to fave them.
Yankee doodle, \&c.
For time fome talk, and fome for fpite,
They wince and growel, when ground hard, And hobble, when they mu/f go right,
Like our old Boll that's founder'd.
'Tho' fome be weak yet more are frong
As flip, with rum and cider,
And if they all can get along
Our fhip-why let 'em guide ber.
Yankee doodle, \&c.
If fomething's wrong, there's more that's right,
The leaks will foon le fpy'd out,
And, with our veffel faunch and tight,
The gale we'll fcud, or ride out.
Our XANKEE CHIEF fhall con our courfe,
Though foes may gibe or rate him,
And, while he ftealy kee s, the worfe
The Sarpents hifs, and hate him.
Yankec doodle, \&c.

Ic faw our Envoy found and true,
Who left the Cits a frothing,
And is among the nation few
One likes-for doing nothing :
If nothing 'tis t' affirt our Right, When hollow Friends would nlake it, And bring th' old Sarpents fchemes to Light, Nor give a Bribe, nor take it.

Yankee doodle, \&c.
He tells us of one Talleyrand
Who frove to hum and fob us";
And if we'd give our purfe, and fand-
Mayhap-they would not rob us.
But let us now tackle to
And join all hands at mufter;
We'll keep our cafl to fight the crew;
Nor fear their threats or blufter. Yankee doodle, \&c.
Let's all with honeft heart and foul
At foldicr's trade be handy;
Curfe Ca Ir $九$ and Carmagnole,
And march to Doodle Dandy :
Then let them come, with furce or hum,
If they'll fight fair, we'll beat 'em :
And for their " fkill" and tricks-but mum-
By Zeornds-rie've Folks cau cheat 'em.
Yankee daodle, \&c.
Onr tried old chief is coming forth,
Again to 'ead and fave us;
Again to flew his frength and worth,
Whin foes infult and brave us :
Our nation's boafthis name a lioft;
Let foes and traitors far him;
Ec Waflington each patriot's toaft :
Then rife to hail and cheer him.
Yankee doodlc, doodle do
Yanky doodle daudy,
When times run fough, the hearts that's true


## E e

# OUR COUNTRX'S EFFICIENCX ! 

> Tune-"To Anacreon in Heaven, ซ゙C."

YE fons of Columbia, determin'd to keep
Thofe choice Bleffings and Rights, that for years have defcended,
From the battles and blood of your fires-who now fecep,
And who gain'd by the fword, what with life they defended:
Swear, and fhout in the fong,
In a flrain loud and long,
Until heaven like, earth, fhall its echo prolongThat neंer foall Columlia be reb"'d of a Rigbt W'bile the fin rules the day, or the meon rules the niglit !
Since the period, paft, when our fires won the Prize
Which fair Freedom and Juftice decreed as their portion; Lo! their plant, grown a tree, tow'rs o'er earth to the fkies!

And commands from the world, admiration, devotion;
Its once young tender rind,
Felt the blaft of each wind;
Now its roots firm are fix'd-nor heeds torrents combined! And ne'er, E'c.
'The mild fway of our laws, like the fame of our arms,
Has arifen fuperior to hate and detraction :
Here, Virtue and Reafon need feel no alarms,
From the threats of French gas, nor the pow'r of French faction :
We're a World feparate,
A kingdom each fate-
And in numbers, and means, are invincibly great. And ne'er, Ėc.
France fays we're Divided! and views us her prey ! -
But to thew her our feern, and convince her of error,
'Tis the pure fire of heaven now lends us its ray,
Light up Truth in her glory, and Vice frikes with terror; She fhall fee, feel, and fear,
That the moment is ncar,
When our country will live, herfelf fink, difappear ! Thatne'er, E'c.
The great chief of Columbia, JOHN ADAMS, fhall be, Supported lyy All who deteft broil and faction:

And the world will admire, as our Union they fee-
Feeling all with one foul-aud impelled by one action :
E'er determined to fight
To maintain ev'ry right,
And Columbia guard fáfe from all Europe's defpite ! No! néer EJc.
Shall the proud Cock of Gallia e'cr crow among our hens ?
Shall he tread on our fuil, to impregnate pollution?
We will foon wring his neck if he's feen thro' the lens-
And thus rid all mankind of a banelul delufion;
'Tho' extinction we hate, Yet to fofter his fate,
Shall his own guillotine his curs'd fpirit tranflate! And ne'er, F'c.
And has not great WASHINGTON, offer'd again,
To lead, and to march, in fupport of our nation!
Then, Americans, roufe! to the field and the main, And there crufh ev'ry wretch that oppofes your fation: Let your cannon and fivord, All protection afford-
Shew your firmnefs, your courage-fo fam'd fo ador'd. Szear ue'er, छ'c.
Woods and rocks, round our fhores, fhould occafion e'er be,
Would by, inftinet, at once form a navy and a barrice:
And the fowls of the air, and the fill of the fea,
Wrould repel ev'ry Talleyrand, Marat, and Carrier : Not a beaft of the field, Nor an infect would yield,
'Till their life on the flarine of their country they feal'd ! No ne'er, छ゙c.
Old Neptune, enrag'd, from the ocean would rife,
And o'erwhelm ev'ry foe that flould dare an invafion;
And Jove would his thunder-bolts hurl from the fkies-
And Olympus would arm in defence of our nation!
From the grave would afcend Ev'ry patriot friend,
Who Columbia's liberties died to defend!
No re' $\epsilon r, \& c$.
Bellona o'er Europe may drive her fierce car,
And with anarch keep up a blood-thirfly commotion;
Tho' the horrors of carnage, and mis'ries of war,
May keep foreign elimes to the death-ftriking motion ;

Our Columbia, in peace,
Will be gath'ring the fleece:
And, in war, flall her wealth, frength and power increafe ! And ne'er, \&c.
Intrigue and Sedition fhall ne'er cut the band
That encireles our Government, Laws, Faith and Union!
We'll fupport ev'ry Claim on the ocean and land,
And with Wifdom and Jufticc e'er be in commotion !
Then let this be our cry-
That "Divided we die :
"And, United we fear not a foe 'neath the fky!"
And ul's Ball Colunibia be robb'd of a regbt, While the jun rules the day, or the moon rules the night!

## I N D E X.

## A

And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman, ..... 3
A kernel from an apples core, ..... 12
A plague take all fuch grumbling elves, ..... 18
Ah me! what filly things you are, ..... $3 x$
At a jovial meeting of Gods, ..... 34
A bed of mofs we'll ftraight prepare, ..... 38
A plagne of thofe mufty old lubbers, ..... 47
A failor's life is void of art, ..... 49
As Derinot toil'd one fummer's day, ..... 50
A tinker I am, ..... 60
Art one of thofe mad wags ..... $6 I$
A novice in love, ..... 62
Arm'd with jav'lin, arm'd with dart; ..... 74
At firf like an infant appearing, ..... 16
A failor's life is a life of woe, ..... 82
Away and join the rendezvous, ..... 83
Alas where flall I comfort fiud, ..... 87
Abergavaey is fine, ..... 92
And did you hear what fad disafter, ..... 112
A failor, and an honeft heart, ..... $1 \mathrm{II}_{2}$
Away, pale fear and ghafly terror, ..... $\mathrm{I}_{4}$
Ah let not an inflant, ..... II4
An infant defencelefs, of fuccour bereft, ..... ${ }^{2} 21$
Adieu, adicu, my only life, ..... ${ }^{1} 29$
Avert yon omen, gracious hcaven, ..... ${ }^{5} 3$
Alas ! the battle's loft and won, ..... 164
Adien my gallant failor, ..... 164,
Arrah if 'tis no lie in this world, ..... 166
A mighty Sultan once for fun, ..... 170
Alas! where is my love gone, ..... 176
A word in your ear if you pleafe MLr. Fop, ..... 182
As wit and Beauty for als hour, ..... 195
Ah, have you forgot then, ..... 206
A faying 'twas, when I was young, ..... 207
Alas! when once the book of life, ..... 208
A while in ev'ry nation, ..... 311
As dulcet found on wether floats ..... 330 .
A watchman I am, ..... 231
All endeavors fruitlefs prove, ..... 233
A fiepherd long figh'd, ..... 237
Anacreon tells us, ..... 249
A bard in yonder corner fee, ..... 284
As a plain cafe in point is the beft way of explaining, ..... 289
A fup of good whilky will make you glad, ..... 3.3
B
Blow high, blow low, let tempefts tear, ..... 6
Brother foldier why caft down ..... I)
By love and fortune guided, ..... 29
Bright gems that twinkle from afar ..... 32
$3 y$ rogusry, 'tis true, ..... 41
Behold the fairies' jocund band, ..... 58
Be it known to all thofe, ..... 75
Ben Backftay lov'd the gentle Anne, ..... 91
Bold Jack the failor here I come, ..... 133
Bards call themfelves a heav'nly race, ..... 141
Bleft friendhip hail! ..... 349
Sut, perhaps thus boldly expofing each elf, ..... $15 I$
Beauty I fell, who'll buy, ..... 152
Bleak was the morn, ..... 167
Be others the ungracious tank, ..... 205
Bacchus come, thy vot'ry own me, ..... 2C9
Be quiet that blackbird and thrufh, ..... 220
Befecch ye, would ye, ..... 8.44
Behold two mighty chiefs advance, ..... 304
C
Come all ye gem'men volunteers ..... 8
Come every man now give his toaft, ..... 9
Come here ye rich, ..... 25
Curtis was old Hodge's wife, ..... 28
Come, courage lads, and drink away, ..... 38
Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend, ..... 59
Come around me and weep, ..... 80
Come painter with thy happieft night, ..... 81
Crown me Bacchus, mighty god, ..... 93
Cotchelin fét all alone, ..... 106.
Celia's an angel, hy her face, ..... 116
Curfed be the fordid wretch of yore, ..... I 23
Come all you maids who fain would marry, ..... - 84
Come all hands ahoy to the anchor, ..... 193
Contentment lof? each others treafure, ..... 203
I N D E X. ..... iii
Come here ye fair, ..... 203
Cupid, cried Vulcan, 'tis no jeft, ..... 204
Come away then at my call, ..... 221
Come buy my fraw, ..... 243
Come here, come here, my pretty dear, ..... 292
Come round me ye laffes, ..... 300
Come all who love, ..... 301
Come all grenadiers whom your country invites, ..... 318
Columbians all, the prefent hour, ..... 320
Come genius of our happy land, ..... 322
D
Did fortune bid me chufe a ftate, ..... 36
Do falmons love a lucid fream, ..... 47
Dear Yanko fay, and true he fay, ..... 97
Devoted to Celia, ..... 122
Dear John prithee tell me, ..... ${ }^{1} 57$
Dapper Ted Tattoo is my natty name, ..... 16 r
Don't you fee that as how, ..... 246
Dick Dock, a tar at Greenwreh moor'd, ..... 307
Dear Maudlin cóme give me bright guineas, ..... 309
E
Excufe me, pray ye do, dear neighbour, ..... 16
F
For dainties I've had of them all, ..... 42
From prudence let my joys take birth, ..... 67
Firft chufe a pretty melody, ..... 99
Far from ftrife and loves alarms,
109
109
Forgive me if thus I prefuming, ..... 115
Far removd from noife and froak,
144
144
For wedlock's a royage, ..... 180
For I am the girl that was made for my Joe, ..... 181
Fine fport, indeed, fur god and godlin, ..... 240
G
Go patters to lubbers and fwabs d'ye fee, ..... 69
Give round the word difmount, ..... 125
Go, proud lover go, ..... 201
Gay Bacchus, and Mercury, and I, ..... 209
Give ear to me, both high and low, ..... 298

## II

Herc's all her geer, ..... 14
How kind and how good of his dear majefty, ..... 26
Here fleeps in peace, ..... 32
Here I was my good mafters, ..... 35
Here lies a pliilofopher, knowing and brave, ..... 83
How much I love thee girl would'f know, ..... 88
Here a fheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling, ..... 106
Hark the din of war, ..... r34
He ran to the farm yard, and there bit a bog. ..... r7\%
Haughty Celia, ftill difdaining, ..... 236
Hear the merry minftrcl found, ..... 247
How happy fle, ..... 248
Have you heard of the tax, ..... 308
Hail Columbia! happy land, ..... $3^{13}$

## I

If faw what feem'd a harmlefs child, ..... $z$
Indeed mifs, fuch fweethearts as 1 am , ..... 4
I locked up all my treafure, ..... II ..... ${ }^{1} 3$
I loft my poor mother,
I loft my poor mother,
I fail'd in the good fhip the Kitty, ..... 23
If 'tis to wifl you near, ..... 24 ..... 24
In all your dealings take good care, ..... 33
I'll mount the cliffs, ..... 37
Is't my fory you'd know, ..... 42 ..... 42
Jack Ratlin was the ableft feaman, ..... 4
Is it little Tom Thumb you mean, ..... 52 ..... 52
I thought we were fiddle and bow, ..... 53
I fing of a war fet on foot for a toy, ..... 54
I fing Ulyfles and thofe chiefs, ..... 54
I've made to marches Mars defcend, ..... 56 ..... 56
In Paris, as in London, ..... 58
1 am a jolly fifhernan, ..... 73
I fail'd from the downs in the Nancy, ..... 93
I'm jolly Dick the lamplighter, ..... 97 ..... 97 ..... 100I am the world's epitome,
I was d'ye fee a waternan, ..... 104
I vow I thought you, at firff fight,
I went to fca with heavy heart, ..... 110 ..... 110
I pray you when your fweetheart pouts, ..... 118
If my hearty, ..... 119 ..... 119
In which of all thy various joys,
In which of all thy various joys, ..... II9 ..... II9
If tars of their money are lavif, ..... 520

## INDEX.

I he one of thy failors, ..... 130
I was the pride of all the Thames, ..... 131
I'm dafling Dick the duftman, ..... 137
If bold and breve, ..... 138
In peace, when fprightly drum and fife, ..... 146
Jack dances and fings, ..... 148
I that once was a ploughman, ..... 154
In the motly feather'd race, ..... 171
I fing of that life of delight, ..... 174
1 am a chairman my name is Mc'Gee, ..... 181
I've health, and I have fpirits too, ..... 183
In vain, dear friends, ..... 203
In the month of may, ..... 212
I made a promife to be wife, ..... 2 I 3
If ever a failor was fond of good fport, ..... 216
In ev'ry fertile valley, ..... 236
I'm up to all your tricks, my dear, ..... 239
Infpir'd by fo great a duty, ..... 24.5
In one thou'dft find variety, ..... 254
If you'll only juft promife, ..... 255
I thought and I've faid it, ..... 259
I never fhall írvive it, cried Lumkin in defpair, ..... 262
If lubberly landfnen, ..... 267
Is't my country you'd know, I'm an Irifhman born, ..... 269
I'm a cook for the public, ..... 275
I am one of thofe pretty tonifh fmarts, ..... 279
l've heard, cried out one, ..... 280
L
Let your courage boy be true t'ye, ..... 22
Look fairly all the world around, ..... 75
Let bards elate, ..... 85
Like a very gallant will I compliment all, ..... 120
Lovely woman, pride of nature, ..... 135
Let fons of floth drcam time away, ..... 158
Ladies and gentlemen l'm a beau, ..... 162
Life's a jeft, fays the poet, ..... 168
Lawyers pay you with words, ..... 175
Love's a cheat ; we over rate it ..... 200
Lord what be all the rich and great, ..... 222
Life's as like as can be to an Irifh wake, ..... 272
Look all over the world, ..... 281
Life's general chafe, ..... 23
Lo! I quit my native @kies, ..... 319
vi I NDEX.
M
Madam, you know my trade is war, ..... IO
My lord, and pleafe you, he and I,
19
19
My name is Ted Blarney, I'll be bound,
27
27
My tears-alas! I cannot fpeak, ..... 30
Mankind all get drunk, ..... 160
My boforn is proof,
234
234
Meck I'll be as Venus' dove, ..... 243
My grandfather's grandfather, ..... 297
N
Nofegays I cry, and though little you pay, ..... 64
Now you fhall fee what you fhall fee, ..... 260
No more of waves and winds the fport, ..... 277
0
Orra no talk, no fay fine word;
37
37
O think on the time,
39
39
Of all fenfations pity brings, ..... 68
Of the ancients is't fpeaking, ..... 94
Once on a time to mighty Jove, ..... 108
Our Jupiter has near his throne, ..... 116
Onc negro, wi my banjer, ..... 140
Oh money, thou mafter of all things here below, ..... 176
On Cochetini loves attend, ..... 180
Oh the camp's delightful rigs, ..... 196
Oft has the world been well defin'd, ..... 214
On Olympus blue fummit, ..... 263
Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes, ..... 287
Our country's our fhip d'ye fee, ..... 317
P
Parents may fairly thank themfelves, ..... 26
Poor Orra tink of Yanko dear, ..... 37
Paffion is a torrent rude, ..... $3^{8}$
Propitious gods that rule dur fate, ..... I 24
Poor Peggy lov'd a foldier lad, ..... 153
Pray ladies think not I prefume, ..... 185
Praife is a mirror, ..... 201
Poor negro fay one ting you no take offence, ..... 299
Poll dang't how d'ye do, ..... $3 C 8$
Poets may fing of their Helicon ftreams, ..... 314
R
Refplendent gleam'd the ample moon, ..... 92
Rail on at joys that are not thine, ..... I22

## I N D E X.

## s

Sing the loves of John and Jean, ..... 20
See the courfe throng'd with gazers, ..... 46
Sweet ditties would my Patty fing, ..... $5{ }^{6}$
Says Fanuy wilt thou go with me, ..... 63
Smiling grog is the failor's beft hope, ..... 71
Say fluttcring heart, ..... 77
Sure 'cnt the world a ma〔querade, ..... 96
Sweet is the dow drop on the thorn, ..... 93
Such as love holy hermits bear, ..... I24
So fweet I'll drefs my Zootka fair, ..... 146
Sweet fung the lark, high poif'd in air, ..... 156
Spankirg Jack was fo comely, ..... 165
Such ufage as this is, what wife but myfelf, ..... 205
Slue who inked by her fate, ..... 206
Sweetly, fweetly, let's crjoy, ..... 210
Since Zcph'rus firft tafted the charms of coy Flora, ..... 258
Says me father, favs hee. orie day to I, ..... 228
Since artful man to oft betrays, ..... 237
Sportfmen who are flaunch and truc, ..... 242
Sweet is the flip that under fail, ..... 245
See, fee to join the revel rout, ..... 247
Say foldicrs which of glorv', charms, ..... 249
Standiag one day on the Tower Slip, ..... 293
T
There was a millers daughter, ..... I
Two youths for my lave are contending in vain, ..... 2
Then fareweil my trim built wherry, ..... 4
'Twas in a village, near Caft ebury, ..... 4
The wor d'; a ftrange world, ..... 5
The little birds as well as you, ..... 6
That nature every where's the fame, ..... 7
The monent Aurora pcep'd intu my room, ..... 8
There was a joily fhepherd lad, ..... 15
They tell me you lifen to all that he fays, ..... 17
'Tis truc that oft, in the fame mead, ..... 18
'Twas not her eyes, ..... 22
This life is like a troubled fea, ..... 27
The rifing fun Lyfander found, ..... 30
The coy PARora Damos woo'd, ..... 31
The fun's a frec-mafon, ..... 33
The ladies faces, now a days, ..... 35
Thou'f heard thofe old proverbs, ..... 39
This, this my lad's a foldiers life, ..... 5 I
That all the world is up in arms,
That all the world is up in arms, ..... 52 ..... 52
Thou man of firmnefs turn this way, ..... 57
The younker, who his firf effay, ..... 64
'Tis faid we venturous die hards, ..... 65
The grey ey'd Aurora, ..... 66
The fpangled green confeffed the morn, ..... 68
That girl who fain would chufe a mace, ..... 77
${ }^{6}$ Twas in the good thip Rover, ..... 78
The morning breaks, ..... 79
'Tis true the marks of many years, ..... 80
To Bachelor's ha:I we good fellows invite, ..... 84
'Twas Saturday uight the twinkling fars, ..... 86
Than marriage and mufic, ..... 87
The wind was huflid the fleecy wave, ..... 89
Tu look upuncirefs, ..... 103
The ftorm had ceaf'd, ..... 107
The boatfwain ca:ls, the wind is fair, ..... 110
Truly friend Gil lhou choofeft well, ..... 114
This lifés a ciay's journey, ..... 115
The wind blew hard, ..... 117
To a flight common wound, ..... 123
To ank whuld you come for to go, ..... 126
The fun's defcending in the wave, ..... 13 I
The wind was huflid, ..... 154
Two real tars whom duty call'd, ..... 136
The tar's a jolly tar that can hand, ..... 143
Time was, for oh there was a time, ..... $1_{4} 5$
Tight lads have I farl'd with, ..... ${ }^{1} 5$
To the pla:n, to the plain, hark! ..... 153
The peafant in his humble cot, ..... 155
This here's what I dues, ..... 174
To be inad for a hufand, ..... 177
To ev'ry fav'iste village fort, ..... 182
The falcon, tow'ring ligh in air, ..... 183
This tiic is like a country dance, ..... 184
The wafing bell was head to toll, ..... 190
The furge hoarfe'y inura'ring, ..... 194.
Too yielding a cartiage, ..... 205
There's fquething in women, ..... 208
Tell me, neighbeur, icll me plain, ..... 215
This firange cmution at my heart, ..... 213
The hiecre was frefh, the dip in fays, ..... 215
The manial pomb, ..... 217
The world a goud thing, ..... 219

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[^0]:    

[^1]:    YOUNG Pariswas bleft juft as I am this hour, When proud Juno effer'd him riches and power, When itately Minerva of war talk'd and arins, When Venus beam'd on him a fmile full of charms.

[^2]:    IF tars of their money are laviflh,
    I fay brother take this wipe from me,
    ' lis becaufe we're not nuck worms, nor faviflr,
    Like lubbers who ne'er go to fea.

[^3]:    ALAS! where is my lover gone? in all the world I have but one,

