











Kobert Henry

COLLECTION

OF

SONGS,

SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF

MR. DIBDIN.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE NEWEST AND MOST FAVOURITE

AMERICAN PATRIOTIC SONGS.

Let there be Music, let the Master touch The sprightly String. and softly breathing Flute.

—Ev'n Age itself is cheer'd with Music; It wakes a glad remembrance of our youth, Calls back past joys, and warms us into transport!

Rowe.

If to be merry's to be wife, to be wife is to be merry.

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SELECTED SONGS.

SONG-IN THE WEDDING RING.

I saw what feem'd a harmless child, With wings and bow, And aspect mild, Who fobb'd, and figh'd, and pin'd, And begg'd I would some boon bestow On a poor little boy stone blind.

Not aware of the danger, I inflant comply'd, When he drew from his quiver a dart, Cry'd

'My power you shall know,'
Then he levelled his bow,
And wounded me right in the heart.

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BALLAD-IN THE DESERTER.

THERE was a miller's daughter
Liv'd in a certain 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 understand,
Was three acres of land,
Besides a mill,
That never stood still,
Some sheep and a cow,
A harrow and plough,
And other things for tillage:
What d'ye think of my miller's daughter?

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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 old,
And fome too old;
And the gave them to understand
That, though they were grand,
She'd never be fold:

That, though they were gr She'd never be fold: For fays Betty, fays she, Since my virtue to me Is dearer than gold,

Let'em 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 person quickly caught her;

For who fo clean
Upon the green
As Ned was feen,
For her his queen:
Then blithe as a king,
His bells he'd ring,
And dance, and fing,
Like any thing:—
Says he, 'My life,
'Woot be my wife!'

A blush, and yes, was Betty's answer. What d'ye think of my miller's daughter?

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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 deserves me the most? Let me ask of my heart;— Is it Robin, who smirks, and who dresses so smart? Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan?

Which, which is the man?

Indeed to be prudent, and do what I ought,
I do what I can:

Yet furely papa and mamma are in fault; To a different man

They, each, have advifed me to yield up my heart, Mamma praifes Robin, who dreftes fo fmart: Papa honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan:

Which, which is the man?

Be kind then, my heart, and but point out the youth, I'll do what I can

His love to return, and return it with truth;
Which, which is the man?

Be kind to my wishes, and point out, my heart, Is it Robin, who smirks, and who dresses so smart? Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan? Which, which is the man?

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BALLAD-IN THE WATERMAN.

AND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman, Who at Black friar's bridge used for to ply; And he feather'd his oars with fuch skill and dexterity, Winning each heart, and delighting each eye. He look'd fo neat, and row'd fo fleadily, The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily, And he ey'd the young rogues with so charming an air, That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare. What fights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry, 'Twas clean'd out fo nice, and fo painted withal; He was always first oars when the fine city ladies In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall And oftentimes would they be giggling and leering, But 'twas all one to Tom, their jibing and jeering, 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 strangely things happen, As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all, He was ply'd by a damfel fo lovely and charming, That the fmil'd, and fo straitway in love he did fall. And would this young damfel but banish his forrow, He'd wed her to-night, before to-morrow, And how flould this waterman ever know care, When he's married, and never in want of a fare.

DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

BALLAD-IN THE WATERMAN.

THEN farewel my trim-huilt wherry, Oars, and coat, and hadge farewel; Never more at Chelfea ferry, Shall your Thomas take a fpell.

A.

Eut to hope and peace a stranger, In the battle's heat I'll go, Where exposed to every danger, Some friendly ball may lay me low.

Then, may hap, when homeward steering,
With the news my messimates come,
Even you, the story hearing,
With a figh may cry poor Tom!

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BALLAD-IN THE WATERMAN.

INDEED, Miss, such sweethearts as I am,
I fancy you'll meet with but sew,
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 inflead of all these were there twenty, I never should think but of you.

False hearts all your money may squander, And only have pleasure in view, Ne'er from you a moment I'll wander, Unless to get money for you.

The tide, when 'tis ebbing and flowing, Is not to the moon half to true, Nor my ears 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 Castlebury, A cobler and his wife did dwell; And for a time no two so merry. Their happiness no tongue can tell. But to this couple, the neighbours tell us, Something did happen that caus'd much strife, For going to a neighb'ring alchouse, The man got drunk and beat his wife,

But though he treated her so vilely, What did this wise, good creature do? Kept snug, and sound a method slily To wring his heart quite through and through:

For Dick the tapfler and his mafter, By the report that then was rife, Were both in hopes, by this difafter, To gain the cobler's pretty wife.

While things went on to rack and ruin, And all their furniture was fold, She feem'd to 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.

BALLAD-IN THE SERAGLIO.

THE world's a strange world, child, it must be consest,
We all of distress have our share;
But since I must strangel to live with the rest,
By my troth 'tis no great matter where.'
We all must put up with what fortune has sent,
Be therefore one's lot poor or rich,
So there is but a portion of ease and content,
By my troth 'tis no great matter which.

A living's a living, and fo there's an end;
If one honestly gets just enow,
And something to spare for the wants of a friend,
By my troth'tis no great matter how.
In this world about nothing we busy'd appear;
And I've said it again and again,
Since quit it one must, if ones conscience be clear,

By my troth 'tis no great matter when.

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RONDEAU-IN THE SERAGLIO.

Blow high, blow low, let tempess tear,
The main mast by the board;
My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well-stor'd,
Shall brave all danger, feorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging fea,
In hopes on shore
To be once more
Sase moor'd with thee.

Aloft while mountains high we go,
'The whilling winds that feud along,
And the furge roaring from below,
Shall my fignal beTo think on thee.
And this shall be my fong.
Blow high, blow low, &c.

Elow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night when all the crew
The mem'ry of their former lives,
O'er flowing cans of flip renew.
And drink their fweethearts and their wives,
I'll heave a figh, and think on thee;
And, as the flip rolls through the fea,
The burthen of my fong shall be
Elow high, &c.

BALLAD-IN THE SERAGLIO.

THE little birds, as well as you,
I've mark'd with auxious care,
How free their pleafures they purfue,
How void of every care.
But birds of various kinds you'll meet,
Some conflant to their loves:
Are chatt'ring fparrows half fo fweet
As tender cooing doves?
Birds have their prik'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 conflant to their loves; Are chatt'ring fparrows half to fweet As tender, cooing doves?

SONG-IN POOR VULCAN.

VENUS now no more behold me,
But an humble vi lage dame,
Coarfe and homely trappings fold me,
And Mistress Maudlin is my name.
Yet here no less is paid that duty
Ever due to Venus's worth,
Not more insensible of beauty

Than gods in heaven, are men on earth.

BALLAD-IN POOR VULCAN.

THAT nature's every where the fame, Each passing day discovers; For that in me

Some charms they fee, Behold me, though a country dame, Leading a crowd of lovers.

My sporting squire to keep at bay
The course I'll double over,
Whilst he, intent
On a wrong scent,

Shall always find me stole away
When he cries 'Hark to cover.'

With new-coin'd oaths, my grenadier May think to ftorm and blufter, And fwear by Mars, My eyes are ftars,

That light to love :- he'll foon find here Such stuff will ne'er pass muster.

Thus will I ferve those I-distrust, First laugh at, then refuse 'em; But, ah! not fo My shepherd Joe? He like Adonis look'd, when first I press'd him to my bosom.

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BALLAD-IN POOR VULCAN.

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

Will Whiftle by this had uncoupled his hounds, Whofe extacy nothing could keep within bounds; First forward came Jowler, then Scentwell, then Snare, Three better staunch harriers ne'er started 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 off 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, hark away.

And now Jemmy Lurcher had every buth beat, And no figns of madam, nor trace of her feet; Nay, we just had began our hard fortunes to curse, When a I of a sudden out starts mistress Puss; Men, horses, and dogs all the glad call obey, And echo was heard to cry—Hark, hark away.

The chase was a sine one, she took o'er the plain, Which she doubled, and doubled, and doubled again; Till at last she to cover return'd out of breath, Where I and Will Whistle were in at the death; Then in triumph for you I the hare did display, And cry'd, to the horns my boys, hark, hark away.

BALLAD-IN POOR VULCAN.

COME all ye gem'men volunteers, Of glory who would fhare, 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 firike.
A golden guinea and a crown,
Besides the Lord knows what renown,
His majesty the donor,
And if you die,
Why then you lie

Stretch'd on the bed of honor.

Does any 'prentice work too hard,

Fine cloaths would any wear, Would any one his wife difeard, To the drum head repair. Or to the, &c.

Is your estate put out to nurse, Are you a cast-off heir, Have you no money in your purse, To the drum head repair. Or to the, &c.

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BALLAD-IN FOOR VULCAN.

COME, every man now give his toaft, Fill up the glass, I'll tell you mine, Wine is the mistress I love most, This is my toast—now give me thine.

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 toast—now give me thine.

Fill up your glasses to the brink,
Hebe let no one dare decline,
Twas Hebe taught me first tordrink:—
This is my teast—now give me thine.

Gem'men I give my wife, d'ye fee;
May all to make her blest combine,
So she be far enough from me;—
This is my toast, now give me thine;

Let constant lovers at the feet Of pale-fae'd wenches figh and pine, For me the first kind girl I meet Shall be my toast-now give me thine. You toast your wife, and you your lass, My boys, and welcome; here's the wine. For my part, he who fills my glass Shall be my toast-now give me thine.

Spirit, my lads, and toast away. I have still one with yours to join; That we may have enough to pay: This is my toasi-now give me thine.

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BALLAD-IN POOR VULCAN.

MADAM, you know my trade is war, And what should I deny it for? Whene'er the trumpet founds from far, I long to hack and hew; Yet inadam eredit what I fay, Were I this moment call'd away, And all the troops drawn in array,

Did drums and sprightly trumpets found, Did Death and Carnage stalk around, Did dving horfes bite the ground,

I'd rather stay with you.

Had we no hope in view; Were the whole army lost in smoke, Were they the latt words that I fpoke, I'd fay, and dam'me if I joke, I'd rather stay with you,

Did the foe charge us front and rear, Did e'en the bravest sace appear Impress'd with figns of mortal fear, Though never veteran knew So terrible and hot a fight, Though all my laurels it should blight,

Though I should loose so fine a fight,

I'd rather stay with you.

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DÙET.

JOE.

WHEN Serjeant Belfwagger, that masculine brute, One day had been drinking, to fwear a recruit, He kis'd you, I saw him, or else may I die, And you cruel Maudlin, ne'er once cry'd O sie!

Again, when the squire had come home from the chase, You receiv'd him, O Gods, with a smile on your sace, Hencesorth, then, my slicep harum skarum may run, For Maudlin is saithless, and I am undone.

MAUBLIN.

Ah, Joe! you're a good one; one day in my place— My husband 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 just for what you could get; As for charms then I ne'er will believe I have one; For Joey is faithless, and I am undone.

JOE.

Will you know then the truth on't? I touz'd her I own, Though I rather by half would have left it alone; But I did it to fee if you jealous would prove, For that, people fay, is a fure fign of love.

MAUDLIN.

And for me, if the fquire faid foft things in my ear, I fuffer'd it, thinking he'd call for krong beer; And as to the ferjeant, 'tis always a rule, One had better be kifs'd, than be teaz'd—by a fool.

BALLAD-IN THE QUAKER.

I LOCK'D up all my treasure,
I journied many a mile,
And by my grief did measure
The passing time the while.

12 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

My business done and over, I hasten'd back back amain, Like an expecting lover, To view it once again.

But this delight was stifled, As it began to dawn: I found the casket risled, And all my treasure gone.

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SONG-IN THE QUAKER.

WOMEN are Will o' th' Wifps'tis plain,
The closer they seem, still the more they retire;
They teaze you, and jade you,
And round about lead you,
Without lopes of shelter,
Ding dong, helter skelter,
'Through water and sire;

And, when you believe every danger and pain From your heart you may banish,

And you're near the possession of what you defire,

That instant they vanish,

And the devil a bit can you catch them again.

By fome they're not badly compared to the fea, Which is calm and tempertuous within the fame hour, Some 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 his reason to seize, And lead the poor devil wherever they please.

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BALLAD-IN THE QUAKER.

A Kernel from an apple's core One day on either cheek I wore, Lubin was plac'd on my right cheek, 'That on my left did Hodge bespeak; Hodge in an inflant dropt to ground, Sure token that his love's unfound, But Lubin nothing could remove, Sure token his is conflant love.

Last May I fought to find a fuail,
That might my lover's name reveal,
Which finding, home I quickly sped
And on the hearth the embers spread;
When, if my letters I can tell,
I saw it mark a curious L:
O may this omen lucky prove,
For L's for Lubin and for love.

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RONDEAU-IN THE QUAKER.

While the lads of the village shall merrily ah, Sound their tabors, I'll hand thee along, And I say unto thee, that merrily ah, Thon and I will be first in the throng.

Just then, when the youth who last year won the dow'r,
And his mate shall the sports have begun,
When the gay voice of glacnels resounds from each bow'r,
And thou long'st in thy heart to make one,
While the lads, &c.

Thole joys that are harmless what mortal can blame?
'Tis my u axim that youth should be free;
And to prove that my words and my deeds are the same,
Believe thou shalt presently see,
While the lads, &c.

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BALLAD-IN ROSE AND COLIN.

I loft my poor mother When only a child, And I fear'd fuch another, So gentle and mild, Was not to be found:

DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS. 14

But I saw my mistake, For scarce was she gone,

But I prov'd I had mother and father in one: And though at this minute he makes my heart ach, There's not fuch another fearch all the world round.

> I'd reach'd my teens fairly, As blithe as a bee, His eare, late and early, Being all to please 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 ftare, And I fay it again, though he's peevifh, God knows, There's not fuch another, feareh all the world round,

> But love, who, they tell us, Does many strange 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 so kind is a father severe;

Yet still will I fav, though he feolds more and more, There's not fuch another, fearch all the world round.

udhundhu @ @ udhundhu

BALLAD-IN ROSE AND COLIN.

HERE's all her geer, her wheel, her work; These little bobbins to and fro, How oft I've feen her fingers jerk, Her pretty fingers, white as fnow. Fach object to me is fo dear, My heart at fight on't throbbings goes; 'Twas here she fat her down, and here She told me flie was Colin's Rofe.

This poefy for her when she's drefs'd, I've brought, alas! how happy I, Could I be, like thefe flowers, carefs'd, And, like them, on her befom die.

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

methodo @ @ methodo

BALLAD-IN ROSE AND COLIN.

There was a jolly shepherd lad,
And Colin was his name,
And all unknown to her old dad,
He sometimes to see Peggy came—
The object of his slame.
One day of his absence too secure,
Her father thunder'd at the door,
When, scaring of his frown,
Says she, 'dear love the chimney climb;'
'I can't,' cries he, 'there is not time
'Besides, I should tumble down.'

What could they do, ta'en unawares?
They thought, and thought again;
In clofets underneath the stairs
To hide himself 'twere all in vain,
He'd soon be found, 'twere plain:
'Get up the chimney, love yo must,'
Cry'd she, 'or esse the door he'll burst,
'I would not for a crown;'
Young Colin seeing but this shift,
E'en mounted up—Peg lent a lift,
And cry'd; 'don't tumble down.'

With throbbing heart, now to the door,
Poor Peggy runs in haste;
Thinking to trick her father sure;
But haste, the proverb says, makes waste,
Which proverb's here well plac'd.
Her father scolded her his best,
Call'd names, and said, among the rest,
' Pray have you seen that clown?'
She searce had time to answer no,
When all over black as a crow,
Poor Colin tumbled down,

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BALLAD-IN ROSE AND COLIN.

EXCUSE me, pray ye do, dear neighbour, But Rofe, you know, and I Have oft partook one foort or labour, While you have pleas'd stood by. And fince from little children playing You've kindly called me fon, I thought to Rose I might he saying ' 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 I might be faying ' Good day,' and no harm done.

mdperecker @ @ wedperecker

BALLAD-IN ANNETTE AND LUBIN.

YOUNG, and void of art or guile, From ill intention free, If love I've chcrish'd all this while, It came in spight of me.

When you've to me. and I've to you,
'Try'd who could kindest prove,
If that was love—what then to do
'To sly from this same love?

When abfent from you I have mourn'd, And thought each hour a fcore; When on a fudden you returned, I've thrill'd with joy all o'er;

They fay 'twas love—I thought 'twas you
Ha! made my heart thus move;
Alas what can a poor girl do,
To fly from this fame love?

'To every thing that you can ask,' What should I say but yes?

It is because I like the task, I freely grant each kiss.

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 same love?

DUET -- IN ANNETTE AND LUBIN. A 'I' er value in a

BAILIFE.

THEY tell me you listen to all that he says; That each hour of the day you are full of his praise; That you always together your flocks lead to graze : Is this true damsel?

ANNETTE.

Yes, Mister Bailly. BAILIFF.

They tell me also you are so void of grace As to brag that dear form, and that dear pretty face, That young dog shall be welcome to kiss and embrace : Is this true damfel?

ANNETTE.

Yes, Mister Bailly.

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

Yes, Mister Bailly.

BA(LIFF.

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

ANNETTE,

Yes, Mister Bailly. B 2

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DUET-IN ANNETTE AND LUBIN.

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LUBIN.

'Tis true that oft, in the same mead, We both have led our flocks to feed, Where by each other's fide we've fat;

ANNETTE. - 1. Alas! there was no harm in that,

LUBIN.

"Tis true for thee this cot I rose, Where thou tak'ft pleasure to repose: For which I found the greenest plat?

ANNETTE.

Alas! there was no harm in that.

LUBIN.

'Tis true when tired thou fain would'st rest, And thy dear lips to mine I've press'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 hast flept, Closer and closer have I crept; And while my heart went pit-a-pat-

ANNETTE.

Alas! there was no harm in that.

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BALLAD-IN ANNETTE AND LUBIN.

A PLAGUE take all fuch grumbling elves, If they will rail, fo be it; Because we're happier than themselves, They can't endure to fee it. For me, I never shall repine, Let whate'er fate o'ertake us; For love and Annette shall be mine, Though all the world forfake us.

Then, dear Annette, regard them not,
The hours shall pass on gaily,
In spite of every snare and plot
Of that old doating Dailly.

No, never, Annette, thou'lt repine, Let whate'er fate o'ertake us; For love and Lubin shall be thine, Though all the world forsake us.

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BALLAD-IN ANNETTE AND LUBIN.

MY Lord, and please you, he and I, Morn, noon, and night, in every weather, From little children, not this high, In the same cottage liv'd together.

Our parents left me to his care,
Saying, let no one put upon her:
'No, that I won't,' fays he, 'I fwear;'
And he ne'er lies, and like your honour.

As I was faying, we grew up,
For all the world figer and brother,
One never had nor bit for fup,
Unless it was partook by tother:

And I am fure, instead of me,
Were it a duches, he had won her;
He is so good, and I've, d'ye see,
A tender heart, ank like your honour,

But, woe is ours, now comes the worst,
To-day our forrows are beginning,
What I thought love—oh, I shall burst—
That nasty Bailly says was sinning.

With Lubin, who, of all the blifs
I ever tafted is the donor,
I took delight to toy and kifs,
Till I'm with child, and like your honour.

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BALLAD-IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

BROTHER foldiers why cast down? Never, boys, be melancholy: You fay our lives are not our own, But therefore should we not be jolly?

This poor tenement, at best, Depends on fickle chance: mean while,

Drink, laugh, and fing; and, for the rest, We'll boldly brave each rude campaign; Secure, if we return again,

Our pretty landlady shall smile.

Fortune his life and yours commands, And this moment, should it please 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 stay on earth, And boldly brave, &c.

Life's a debt we all must pay, 'Tis fo much pleafure, which we borrow, Nor need, if on a distant day

The bottle fays we're tardy grown, Do not the time and liquor spoil, Laugh out the little life win own, And boldly brave; &c.

It is demanded, or to-morrow.



BALLAD-IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

SING the loves of John and Jean, Sing the loves of Jean and John; John, for her, would leave a queen, Jean, for him, the noblett don. She's his queen, He's her don;

John loves Jean, And Jean loves John.

Whate'er rejoices happy Jean, Is fure to burst the fides of John, Does she, for grief, look thin and leam, He instantly is pale and wan: Thin and lean, Pale and wan,

John loves Jean. And Jean loves John. "I'was the lily hand of Jean
Fill'd the glass of happy John;
And, heavens! how joyful was she feen
When he was for a license gone!

Joyful feen,
They'll dance anon,
For John weds Jean,

For John weds Jean, And Jean weds John.

John has ta'en to wife his Jean, Jean's become the spouse of John,

She no longer is his queen, He no longer is her don. No more queen,

No more don; John hates Jean, And Jean hates John.

Whatever 'tis that pleases Jean,
Is certain now to displease John;
With scolding they're grown thin and lean,
With spleen and spite they're pale and wan.
Thin and lean,

Pale and wan,
John hates Jean,
And Jean hates John,

John prays heaven to take his Jean,
Jean at the devil wilhes John;
He'll daucing on her grave be feen,
She'll laugh when he is dead and gone.
They'll gay be feen,
Dead and cope.

Dead and gone.
For John hates Jean,
And Jane hates John.

BALLAD-IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

WHEN thou shalt see his bosom swelling, When soft compassion's tear shall start, As my poor sather's woes thou'rt telling, Come back and claim my hand and heart.

The cause blest elequence will lend thee; Nay, haste, and ease my soul's distress; To judge thy worth, I'll here attend thee, And rate thy love by thy success.

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BALLAD-IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

"TWAS not her eyes, though orient mines Can boast no gem so bright that glows; Her hps, where the deep ruby shines, Her cheeks, that shame the blushing rose,

Nor yet her form, Minerva's mien, Her bosom, white as Venus' dove, That made her my affection's queen, But 'twas alone her filial love.

The ruby lip, the brilliant eye,
The rofy cheek, the graceful form,
In turn for commendation vie,
And justly the fir'd lover charm:

But transient these—the charm for life, Which reason ne'er shall disapprove, Which truly shall ensure a wise, Faithful and kind, is slial love.

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SONG-IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

I.E.T your courage boy be true t'ye,
Hard and painful is the foldier's duty;
'Tis not alone to bravely dare,
To fear a firanger,
Each threat'ning danger,
That whiftles through the dufky air;
Where thund'ring jar.
Conflicting arms,
All the alarms,
And dreadful havock of the war.

Your duty done, and home returning, With felf-commended ardour burning,

If this right pride
Fees should deride,
And from your merit turn aside,
Though than the war the conslict's more severe,
This is the trial you must learn to bear.

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BALLAD-IN THE FRIENDLY TARS.

WHILE up 'he shrouds the failor goes, Or ventures on the yard, The landsman, who no better knows, Believes his lot is hard.

But Jack with smiles each danger meets, Casts auchor, heaves the log,

Trims all the fails, helays the flieets, And drinks his can of grog,

, And drinks his can of grog.

When mountians high the waves that fwell The vessel rudely bear,

Now finking in the hollow dell, Now quiv'ring in the air. Bold Jack, &c.

When waves 'gainst rocks and quicksands roar
You ne'er hear him repine,
Freezing pear Crossland's in those

Freezing near Greenland's icy shore, 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 fhot fing through the air.
Bold Jack, &c.

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BALLAD-IN THE FRIENDLY TARS.

I sail'o in the good ship the Kitty, With a fmart blowing gale and rough sea, Lest my Polly, the lads call so pretty, Safe here at an anchor, Yo Yea.

She blubber'd falt tears when we parted,
And cry'd now be conflant to me;
I told her not to be down hearted,
So up went the anchor, Yo Yea.

And from that time no worse nor no better, I've thought on just nothing but she;
Nor could grog nor slip make me forget her,
She's my best bower anchor, Yo Yea.

When the wind whistled larboard and starboard, And the storm came on weather and lee, The hope I with her should 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, Mistress Polly would never receive me, So again I heav'd auchor, Yo Yea.

BALLAD-IN THE FRIENDLY TARS.

IF 'tis love to wish you near,
To tremble when the wind I hear,
Because at sea you floating rove:
If of you to dream at night,
To languish when you're out of sight,
If this be loving—then I love.

If, when you're gone, to count each hour,
To ask of every tender power
That you may kind and faithful prove;
If void of fallhood and deceit,
I feel a pleasure now we meet,
If this be loving—then I love.
To wish your fortune to partake,
Determin'd never to forsake,
Though low in poverty we strove;
If, so 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 no fortune to offer,
I've fomething to put on a par;
Come then, and accept of my proffer,
'Tis the kind honest heart of a tar.

Ne'er let fuch a trifle as this is, Girls, be to my pleafure a bar, You'll be rich, though 'tis only in kiffes, With the kind honest heart of a tar. Befides, I am none of your ninnics;
The next time I come from afar
I'll give you your lao full of guineas,
With the kind, honest heart of a tar-

Your lords, with fuch fine baby faces,
That first in a garter and flar,
Have they, under their tambour and laces,

Have they, under their tambour and laces
The kind, honest heart of a tar.

I've this here to say, now, and mind it.

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 hines make our ha

Who, while the fun flines, make our hay. 'The gay plum'd lady, with her state, Would she in courts a moment stay. Could she but guess our happy fate, Who, while the sun shines, 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.

Hodge goes a courting to his mate,
Who ne'er coquets, nor fays him nay,
But shares content, an humble fate,
And, while the sun shines, 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 shines, make our hay.

See Hodge, and Dick, and Nell, and Kate, In the green meadow frisk and play, And own that happy is our fate,

Who, while the fun flines, make our hay.

Come then, and quit each glitt'ring bait, Simplicity shall point the way To us, who bless our humble fate, And, while the fun shines, make our hay.

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BALLAD-IN THE OLD WOMAN OF EIGHTY.

HOW kind and how good of his dear majefly,
In the midft of his matters fo weighty,
To think of fo lowly a creature as me,
A poor old woman of eighty.

Were your sparks to come round me, in love with each charm, Says I, I have nothing to say 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 fee,
And one that will never fay may t'ye;
I cannot but think what a comfort he'll be
To me, an old woman of eighty.

Then fear not, ye fair ones, though long past your youtli, You'll have lovers in fcores beg and pray t'ye, Only think of my fortune, who have but one tooth,

A poor old woman of eighty.

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BALLAD-IN THE TOUCHSTONE.

PARENTS may fairly thank themselves, Should love our duty master, Checking his power, the senseles elves But tie the knot the faster.

To trick fuch dotards, weak and vain, Is duty and allegiance, Whilst love, and all his pleasing train,

To fly were disobedience.

As fickle fancy, or caprice,
Or headlong whim, advises,
Children, and all their future peace,

Become the facrifice:

Then trick these dotards, weak and vain,
'Tis duty and allegiance;
Whilft love, and all his pleasing train,
To fix were dit bedience.

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SONG-IN THE TOUCHSTONE.

THIS life is like a troubled fea,
Where, helm a-weather or a-lee,
The ship will neither slay nor wear,
But drives, of every rock in fear;
All seamanship in vaiu we try,
We cannot keep her steadily,
But, just as fortune's wind may blow,
The vessel's tosticated to and fro;
Yet, come but love on board,
Our hearts with pleasure stor'd,
Nostorm can overwhelm,
Still blows in vain
The hurricane,
While he is at the helm.

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BALLAD-IN THE TOUCHSTONE.

MY name's Ted Blarney, I'll be bound, And man and boy, upon this ground, Full twenty years I've beat my round, Crying Vauxhall watch:

And as that time's a little fhort, With fome fmall folks that here refort, 'To be fure I have not had fome fport, Crying Vauxhall watch.

Oh of pretty wenches dreft fo tight, And macaronies what a fight, Of a moonlight morn I've bid good night, Crying Vauxhall watch.

The lover cries no foul will fee,
You are deceived my love, cries she,
Dare's that Irish taef there—meaning me—
Crying Vauxhall watch.

So they goes on with their amorous talk,
'fill they gently steals to the dark walk,
While I steps aside, no sport to balk,
Crying Vaushall watch,

Oh of pretty wenches, &c.

white company

BALLAD-IN THE WIVES' REVENCE.

CURTIS was o'd Hodge's wife, For virtue none was ever fuch, She led fo pure, fo chafte a life, Hodge faid 'twas vartue over much: For fays fly old Hodge, fays he, Great talkers do the least d've see.

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 she dreamt a drunken fool Be rude with her in fpight would fain ; She makes no more, but, with joint stool, Falls on her husband might and main.

Still fays, &c.

By that time flie had broke his nofe, Hodge made shift to wake his wife; Dear Hodge, faid she, judge by these blows, I prize my vartue as my life.

Still fays, &c.

I dreamt a rude man on me fell; However I his project marr'd : Dear wife, cried Hodge, 'tis mighty well, But next time don't hit quite fo hard.

For fays, &c.

At break of day Hodge cross'd a stile, Near to a field of new-mown hay, And faw, and curft his ftars the while, Curtis and Numps in am'rous play. Was'nt I right, fays Hodge, fays he, Great talkers do the least d'ye see.

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GLEE-IN THE WIVES' REVENCE.

YOUNG Paris was bleft just as I am this hour, When proud Juno offer'd him riches and power, When itately Minerva of war talk'd and arms, When Venus beam'd on him a fmile full of charms. Venus' charms gain'd the prize, what an idiot was he! The apple of gold I'd have parted in three; And, contenting them all by this witty device, Given juno, and Pallas, and Venus a flice.

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BALLAD-IN THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

WHEN jealous out of feafon,
When deaf and blind to reafon,
Of truth we've no belief;
With rage we're overflowing,
Nor why, nor wherefore knowing,
And the heart goes throb with grief.

But when the fit is over, And kindness from the lover Does every doubt destroy, Away fly thoughts alarming, Each object appears charming, And the heart goes throb with joy.

BALLAD-IN THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

BY love and fortune guided, I quit the bufy town; With cot and sheep provided, And vestments of a clown,

Thus have I barter'd riches
For a shepherd's little stock;
A crook to leap o'er ditches,

And well to climb each rock:
A faithful dog, my steps to guide,

A ferip and hauthoy by my fide, And my horn, to give the alarm, When wolves would harm My flock.

Ah, fay then, who can blame me?
For beauty 'tis I roam;
But, if the chafe should tame me,
Perhaps I may come home.

Till then I'll give up riches, &c.

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BALLAD-IN THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

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 shall end my truth,
For love of Phillis will I die.

The radient god made half his tour,
The kine fought shelter from his heat,
Which pas'd within the cottage door,
Where poor Lyfander drank and eat.
His dinner snissh'd, up he rose,
Stalk'd, sighing, silently and slow,
To where were hung his Sunday's clothes,
Then took a walk to chase his woc.

The fun to Thetis made his way,
When, underneath a friendly shade,
A shepherd sung in accents gay,
His passion for a gentle maid.
O lovers, what are all your cares!
Your sighs! your sufferings! tell me what!
To Daphne 'tis Lysander swears,
And lovely Phillis is forgot.

SONG-IN THE TOUCHSTONE.

MY tears—alas! I cannot fpeak!
Must thank this goodness, sure, divine!
For had I words—words are too weak,
Too poor to vent such thoughts as mine.
The sun, in its meridian heigh',
Will gratitude like this inspire;
Whose kindly heat and picreing light,
We wonder at, and we admire.

BALLAD-IN THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

THE coy Pastora Damon woo'd,
Damon the witty and the gay;
Damon, who never fair pursu'd
But she became an easy prey.
Yet, with this nymph, his ev'ry power
In vain he tries, no language moves;
Thus do we see the tender flower
Shrink from the sun whose warmth it loves.

Figured at the little angry pufs,
Cry'd he, she fets me all on fire!
Then plagues herself, and makes this sufs,
Only to raise her value higher.
For, that she loves me every hour,
Each moment some new instance proves:
Thus do we see the tender slower
Shrink from the sun, whose warmthit loves.

How to refolve then? what refource?
By fair means she will near come to;
What of a little gentle force?
Suppose I try what that will do?
I know she'll tears in torrents pour;
I know her cries will pierce the groves:
Thus do we see the tender flower
Shrink from the fun, whose warmth it loves.



RONDEAU-IN THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

AH men! what filly things you are.
To woman thus to humble,
Who, fowler like, but spreads her snare,
Or, at her timid game
Takes aim,
Pop, Pop, and down you tumble.

She marks you down, fly where you will,
Or'e elover, grass, or stubble;
Can wing you, feather you, or kill,
Just as slie takes the trouble.
Ah men, &c.

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



BALLAD-IN THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

BRIGHT gems that twinkle from afar, Planets, and every leffer flar, That darting each a downward ray, Confole us for the lofs of day, Begone! e'en Venus, who fo bright, Reflects her visions pure and white, Quick disappear, and quit the skies, For lo! the moon begins to rise!

Ye pretty warblers of the grove, Who chant fuch artlefs tales of love, The throftle, gurgling in his throat, The linnet with his filver note, The foaring lark, the whiftling thrufl, The mellow blackbird, goldfinch, hufl, Fly, vanish, disappear, take wing, The nightingale begins to fing.



BALLAD-IN THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

HERE fleeps in peace, beneath this ruftic vafe, 'The tenderest lower a husband could prove; Of all this distress, alas! I am the cause, So much I ador'd him, heaven envied my love. The sighs I respire ev'ry morn I arise, The misery I cherish, the grief, and the pain, The thousand of tears that sall from my eyes, Are all the sad comforts for me that remain. When, his colours display'd, honour call'd him to arms, By tender persuasions I kept him away, His glory forgetting for these state charms, And to punish me he is deprived of the day.

Since when to his memory I've rais'd this fad tomb, Where to join him, alas! I shall shortly descend; Where forrow, nor pain, nor assistion can come, And where both my love and my crime shall have end:

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# BALLAD-IN HARLEQUIN FREEMASON.

IN all your dealings take good care, Instructed by the friendly square, To be true, upright, just, and fair, And thou a sellow-crast shalt be: The level so must posse thy mind, That satisfaction thou shalt sind, When to another fortune's kind:—
And that's the drift of masonry.

And that's the drift of maionry.

The compass t'other two compounds,
And says, though anger'd on just grounds,
Keep all your passions within bounds,
And thou a sellow crast shalt be.

Thus symbols of our order are
The compass, level, and the square;
Which teach us ... be just and fair:
And that's the drift of masonry.

# BALLAD-IN HARLEQUIN FREEMASON.

THE Sun's a free mason, he works all the day,
Village, city, and town to adorn;
Then from labour at rest,
At his lodge in the west,

Takes with good brother Neptune a glass 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 done, First the glass, And then the lass, And then Sweet flumbers give fresh force To run our course, Thus with the rising sun.

The course of the sun all our mysteries defines:
First masonry rose in the east,

Then, to no point confin'd, His rays cheer mankind;

Besides, who'll deny but he well knows the signs?
The Grand Master he
Then of masons shall be,
Nor shall ought the craft harm,
Till to shine and to warm
He has ceas'd.
Then like him, our labour done, &c.

todanos a composição

# -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 flory, 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 jeft; Yet their mirth wanted fomething to give it a zeft.

Said Jove, our affembly to-day's pretty full,
Yet, I don't know how 'tis, we are horridly dull;
We have all the ingredients that mirth should inspire,
But some clay-born alloy damps our heavenly fire,
I have it—in this I'll a mixture inclose
Of all the delights whence good fellowship flows,
And we'll taste of its produce, for mirth's bad at best
When there's any thing wanting to give it a zest.

So faying, fo doing, he buried the shrine, Which quickly sprung up in the form of a vine, The leaves broad and verdant, the sruit deepest 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 swallow'd bon mots, Cupid love—so the rest, While Jove, spurning nectar, cry'd—This is the zest.

#### admindon@@@admindon

# BALLAD-IN HARLEQUIN FREEMASON.

HERE I was, my good masters, my name's Teddy Clinch. My cattle are found, and I drives to an inch; From Hyde Park to White Chapel I well know the town, And many's the time I've took up and fet down: In short, 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 fleep out the day, The kind one who plies for a fareat the play; Or, your gents of the law, there, who, four in a lot, To Westminster 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 spot, And, do you tip a tizzy, I'll tip the long trot.

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# BALLAD-IN THE ISLANDERS.

THE ladies' faces, now a-days,
Are various as their humours,
And on complexions oft we gaze,
Brought home from the perfumer's.

Hid as it were beneath a cloak, The beauty's falfe that wins you, Then parpon me, by way of joke, If I prefer my Dingy.

A handkerchief can rub away
Your rofes and your fillies;
The more you rub, the more you may,
My Dingy dingy fill is.

Besides, her hair is black as jet,
Her eyes are gems from India;
Rail as you list then, I shall yet,
For joke's fake love poor Dingy,

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# BALLAD-IN THE ISLANDERS.

DID fortune bid me chuse a state From all that's rich, and all that's great, From all that oftentation brings, The splendor, pride, and pomp of kings; These gifts, and more, did she display, With health, that felt not life's decay, I'd fpurn with fcorn the useless lot, Were my Camilla's name forgot. But did she for my fate assign, That I should 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 more would she attone, Were my Camilla all my own.

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# BALLAD-IN THE ISLANDERS.

WHEN Yanko dear fight far away, Some token kind me fend; One branch of olive, for dat fay Me wish de battle end. The poplar tremble as him go, Say of dy life take care, Me send no laurel, for me know Of that him find him fliare. 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 last me go, weep wid the pine, For fear poor Yanko dead; He come, and I de myrtle twine, In chaplet for him head.

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#### SONG-IN THE ISLANDERS.

l'LL mount the cliffs, I'll watch the coast,
Anxicus some welcome tidings soon to bear,
Nor let your fortitude be lost,
Confiding still in honest Yanko's care,
Though to my comrades I'm untrue,
Honour shall infidelity applaud,
And call in charity to you,
My broken faith to them a pious fraud.

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# BALLAD-IN THE ISLANDERS.

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

But Orra, &c.

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#### BALLAD-IN THE ISLANDERS.

POOR Orra tink of Yanko dear,
Do he be gone forever,
For he no dead, he still 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 still the place
"Tis easy to discover.

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

SONG—IN THE ISLANDERS.

PASSION is a torrent rude,
Which rapid bears down every height,
A turbulent, unruly flood,
Which with the ocean would unite.

Reason's a fountain, calm serene, Which, near gay fields, and laughing how'rs, While it restects th' enchanting scene, Is born among a bed of slowers.

# BALLAD—IN THE ISLANDERS.

A BED of mess we'll straight prepare, Where, near him gently creeping, We'll pat his cheeks, and stroke his hair, And watch him while he's sleeping.

Sweet flowers of every feent and hue, Pinks, violets, and rofes, And blooming hyacinths we'll ftrew, As fweetly he repofes.

And we'll with fend emotion flart, And while, with admiration, We foftly feel his fluttering heart, Partake its palpitation.

# BALLAD—IN THE ISLANDERS.

COME, courage lads, and drink away, A man upon his wedding day Ought rarely well his part to play At Stingo, or October: For, who would be that stupid elf For whim, caprice, or love, or pelf, To poison, hang, or drown himself,

Or marry when he's fober.

For madam's will at nothing stops, She must have balls, and routs, and fops, And of en ranfack all the thops, In gav attire to robe her: Then drink the day you take a wife, As the last comfort of your life : For, ever after, noise and strife Are fure to keep you fober.

# BALLAD-INTENDED FOR THE QUAKER,

THOU'ST heard those old proverbs, ne'er lean on a rush, A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, 'Tis the money 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 who trusts to a stranger. 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 best fail in the ship, 'Fis a good thing to lend, but a better to borrow, Pay me to-day, and I'll trust you to-morrow. Brag is a good dog, but hold-fast a better, You may guess at a word when you know the first letter, There's not the most fire where you see the most smoother, Promising's one thing, performing another.

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## BALLAD-IN THE MISCHANCE.

O THINK on the time when you came home at night, And supp'd upon muscles, no lily more white, When I u'ed to provide you with many a treat Of as fine Melton oysters as ever were eat. Now fee what a change! all the mufcles for me May be trod under foot, or thrown into the fea; My Dev is faife! and the once sprightly tone With which I cry'd oysters is sunk to a drone!

When the last 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 slip through my hands 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, So crusty am grown, I ne'er speak a word civil, And my customers fay I'm as cross as the devil. My stall was fo clean, and my tubs were fo white, They were perfectly-people would tell me-a fight: I listen'd with joy when the folks told me fo, For my stall and my tubs were both fcower'd for Joe. But now they're all dirty, neglected they lie, 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.

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# BALLAD-IN PANDORA.

WHAT naughty things we women are, Who long for fruit forbidden; Though 'twere our bane, we cannot bear The least thing from us hidden. But what we fee will we believe, Though ill on ill we're heaping, Though to this day, from mother Ere, We have always paid for peeping. Thus carious girls, urged by their youth, Thoughtless what they were doing, Have fallhood found difguis'd like truth, And mask'd like pleasure, ruin. Instead of failing, who must grieve, Whose joys are turn'd to weeping, And who too late, like mother Eve, Find they have paid for peeping. Should I to my defires give way, I may encounter forrow, And that I think a good to-day, May prove an il! to-morrow. Yet, cautious prudence, by your leave,. The fecret's in my keeping; I am weak woman, and, like Eve, Cannot refrain from peeping.

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#### BALLAD-IN THE REASONABLE ANIMALS.

# -A Wolf who had been a Lawyer .-

By roguery, 'tis true, I opulent grew,

Just like any other professional sinner;
An orphan, d'ye see,
Would just wash down my tea,

And a poor friendless widow would serve me for dinner,

I was, to be fure,

Of the helples 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 starve, to take care of myself.

With thefe tricks I went on

Till, faith fir, anon, A parcel of stupid, mean-spirited souls,

As they narrowly watch'd me, Soon at my tricks catch'd me.

And, in their own words, haul'd me over the coals,

In the pillory, that fate For rogues, foon or late,

I flood, for the fport of a diffolute mob;

Till my neck Master Ketch

Was so enger to freetch

Was so eager to stretch, That I gave the thing up as a dangerous job-

Now a wolf-from their dams

I fical plenty of lambs, Pamper'd high, and well fed—an infatiable glutton—

> In much the fame sphere When a man, I move here,

Make and break laws at pleafure, and kill my own

Then fince, for their sport, No one here moves the court,

Nor am I amenable to an employer,

I shall ever prefer,

With your leave, my good fir, 'The life of a wolf to the life of a lawyer.

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#### BALLAD-IN THE REASONABLE ANIMALS.

# -A bog who had been an alderman-

FOR dainties I've had of them all, At taverns, Lord Mayor's, and Guildhall, Where the purveyors, nothing stingy,

To fill the wallet,
And pamper the palate,
Have rarities brought from India.

Then what figuifies 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 hogwash, one dines,
At last 'tis but eating and drinking.
Besides, I've no books I arrange,
Nor at two need I e'er go to change;

Have no business with note, bond, or tally, Nor need I, from any ill luck, Either bull, or a bear, or lame duck, Ever sear waddling out of the alley.

For dainties, &c.

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#### EALLAD-IN THE REASONABLE ANIMALS.

# - A bull who had been an Irishman-

IS'T my story you'd know ?—I was Patrick Mulrooney,
A joiman, and Ireland my nation,
'To be fure I was not a tight fellow too, honey,
Before my transinogrification.

I did not at all talk of flames and of darts,
To conquer the fair—the dear jewels!
And wid husbands, becafe why I won their wives' hearts,
I did not fight plenty of duels.

Then arrah, bodder how you can, You'll ne'er perfuade me, honey, For I thall always, bull or man, Be 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,

'Mongst black legs, and coggers, and pigeons, and noodles,

The calling to use I was born in:

To be fure many honest 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 stranger.

#### 

# BALLAD-IN LIBERTY-HALL.

WERE Patience kind to me
Oh he de nos!
Far plyther than a coat I'd be,
Oh he de nos!

Leap, skip, and pound, would poor Ap Hugh, And capriole, and caper too, And frilk, 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 fob Ap Hugh, And whining, his fad fortune rue, And crieve, and croan, and crunt, look you, Oh he de nos!

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#### BALLAD-IN LIBERTY-HALL.

WHEN faintly gleams the doubtful day,
Ere yet the dew drops on the thorn,
Borrow a lustre 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 strength his nerves to brace,
Urges the sportsman to the chase.
Do we pursue the timid hare,
As trembling o'er the lawn she bounds?
S.ill of her safety have we care,

While feeming death her steps surrounds, We the defenceless creature spare, And instant stop the well taught hounds: For crucity should ne'er disgrace. The well-earn'd pleasure of the chase.

Do we purfue the fubtle fox, Still let him breaks and rivers try,

Through marthes wade, or climb the rocks,
The deep-mouth'd hounds shall following fly
And while he every danger mocks,

Unpitied shall the culprit die: To quell this cruel, arcful race, Is labour worthy of the chase.

Return'd, with slaggy spoils well stor'd,
To our convivial joys at night,
We toast, and first our country's lord,
Anxious who most shall do him right;
The fair next crowns the social board,
Britons should love as well as sight—

For he who flights the tender race, Is held unworthy of the chafe.

## SONG --- IN LIBERTY-HALL.

WHO to my wounds a balm advises,
But little knows what I endure;
The patient's pain to torture rises
When medicine's try'd, and fails to cure.

What can the wifest counsel teach mc, But sad remembrance of my gries? Alas! your kindness cannot reach me, It gives but words—I ask relief.

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# BALLAD-IN LIBERTY-HALL.

JACK RATLIN was the ablest fea-man, None like him could hand, reef, and steer, No dangerous toil but he'd encounter, With skill, and in contempt of fear: In fight a lion—the battle ended, Meek as a bleating lamb he'd I rove; Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit, Yet did he figh, and all for love.

The fong, the jeft, the flowing liquor, For none of these had Jack regard; He, while his messimates were carousing, High sitting on the pendant yard, Would think upon his fair ones beauties, Swear never from such charms to rove, That truly he'd adore them living, And, dying, sigh—to end his love. The same express the erew commanded Once more to view their native land, Among the rest, brought Jack some tidings, Would it had been his love's fair hand! Oh sate—her death defae'd the letter, Instant her pulse forgot to move,

# GLEE-IN LIBERTY HALL.

With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted, He heav'd a figh—and dy'd for love!

WHAT if my pleafures fools condemn, Because I am not dull, like them, Because no minute I let pass, Unmark'd by a convivial glass? Or else retir'd from strife and noise, I tempt the sair to softer joys; A mortal with a soul divine, Alternate crown'd with love and wine. These shall on earth my being share, And when I'm gone, if in my heir My spirit live, let him not mourn, But see embos'd upon my urn. Bacchus and Venus in a wreath, With this inscription underneath:

"This mortal had a soul divine,

"Alternate crow'd with love and wine."

#### BALLAD-IN LIBERTY-HALL.

WHEN fairies are lighted by night's filver queen, And feaft in the meadow, or dance on the green, My Lambkin afide lays his plough and his flail, By yon oak to fit near me, and tell his fond tale. And though I'm affur'd the fame vows were believed By Patty and Ruth, he forfook and deceived, Yet, fo fweet are his words, and like truth fo appear, I pardon the treafon, the traitor's fo dear.

I faw the straw bonnet he bought at the fair, The rose-colour'd ribbon to deck Jenny's hair. The shoe-ties of Bridget, and still worse than this, The gloves he gave Peggy for stealing a kis. All these did I see, and with heart-rending pain, Swore to part; yet I know, when I see him again, His words and his looks will like truth so appear, I shall pardon the treason, the traitor's so dear.

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# BALLAD-IN LIBERTY HALL.

SEE the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are begune. The confusion but hear!—I'll het you sir—done, done; Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and near, Lords, hawkers, and jockies, assail the tir'd ear: While with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest, Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching his breast

Scarcely finishing the air, he's fo proud and elate, The high-mettled racer first starts for the plate.

Now renard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch rush, Hounds, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at this brush; They run him at length, and they have him at bay, And by scent and by view cheat a long tedious way: While, alike born for sports of the field and the course, Always sure to come thorough, a staunch and sleet horse; When sairly run down, the fox yields up his breath, The high-mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, used up, and turn'd out of the stud.
Lame, spavin'd, and windgali'd, but yet with some blocd;
While knowing possiblions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won the sweepsleakes, his sire gain'd that race;
And what matches he won to the offlers count o'er,
As they laiter their time at some hedge ale house door,
While the harness fore galls, and the spurs his sides goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

Till at last, having labour'd, drudg'd early and late, Bow'd down-by degrees, he bends on his fare, Blind, old, lean, and seeble, he tugs round a mill, Or draws fand, till the sand of his hour-giass stands still: And now, cold and lifeles, exposed to the view, In the very same cart which he vesterday drew, While a pitying crowd his sad relicks surrounds, The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds.

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# BALLAD-IN LIBERTY HALL.

DO falmonds love a lucid stream?

Do thirsty sheep love fountains?

Do Druids love a doleful theme?

Or goats the eraggy mountains?

If it be true these things are so,

As truly she's my lovey,

And os wit I yng carie 1,

Rooi sit dwyn de garie di,

As ein, dai, tree, pedwar, pimp, chweck go

The bells of Aberdovey.

Do keffels love a whifp of hay?
Do fprightly kids love prancing?
Do curates crowdies love to play?
Or peafants morice dancing?
If it he true, &c.

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## BALLAD-IN THE BENEVOLENT TAR.

A PLAGUE of those musty old lubbers, Who tell us to fast and to think,
And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
With nothing but water to drink.
A can of good itust! had they twigg'd it,
"Twould have set them for pleasure agog,
And, spight of the rules
Of the schools,
The old fools
Would have all of 'em swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

My father when last I from Guinea Return'd, with abundance of wealth, Cry'd Jack, never be such a ninny To drink:—faid I—father your health. So I shew'd him the suff, 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 flould never get drunk, I shew'd him the suff, and he twigg'd it, And it soon set 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 trust me there's nothing like drinking, So pleasant on this side the grave; It keeps the unhappy from thinking,

And makes e'en they aliant more brave. As for me, from the moment I twigg'd it,

The good stuff has so set me agog, Sick or well, late or early, Wind soully or fairly, Helm a-lee or a-weather, For hours together,

I've constantly swigg'd it, And, dam'me, there's nothing like grog-

# BALLAD—IN THE BENEVOLENT TAR.

WHAT argufies pride and ambition? Soon or late death will take us in tow; Each bullet has got its commission, And when our time's come we must go.

Then drink and fing—hang pain and forrow, The halter was made for the neck; He that's now live and lufty—to-morrow Perhaps may be stretch'd on the deck. Then drink and fing—hang pain and forrow, The halter was made for the neck; 'He that's now live and luty—to-morrow Perhaps may be stretch'd on the deck.

There was little Tom Linstock of Dover Got kill'd, and left Polly in pain, Poll cry'd, but her grief was soon over, And then she got married again. Then drink, &c.

Jack Junk was ill ufed by Bet Crocker, And fo took to guzzling the fluff, Till he tumbled in old Davy's locker, And there he got liquor enough. Then drink, &c.

For our prize 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, &c.

## BALLAD-IN THE BENEVOLENT TAR.

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 hoisterous elements that jar-All's peace with lovely Polly. Enough that, far from fight of shore, Clouds frown, and angry billows roar, Still is he hrifk and jolly: And while caroufing with his mates, Her health he drinks-anticipates The fmiles of lovely Polly. Should thunder on the horizon press, Mocking our fignals of diffress, E'en then dull melancholy, Dares not intrude :- he braves the din, In hopes to find a calm within The fnowy arms of Polly.

# BALLAD-IN THE MILK MAID.

SWEET dities would my Patty fing, Old Chevy Chafe, God fave the King, Fair Rofemy, and Sawny Scot, Lilebularo, the Irish Trot, All thefe would fing my blue-cy'd Patty. As with her pail she'd trudge along, While still the burthen of her fong My hammer heat to blue-ey'd Patty. But nipping frosts and chilling rain Too foon alas choak'd every strain; Too foon, alas! the miry way Her wet shod 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 sweet voice of blue-ey'd Patry! Love taught me how-I work'd, I fung, My anvil glow'd, my hammer rung, Till I had form'd from out the fire, To bear her feet above the mire, An engine for my blue-ey'd Patty. Again was heard each tuneful close, My fair one on the patten role, Which takes its name from blue-ey'd Patty.

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# BALLAD-IN HARVEST HOME.

As Dermot toil'd one fummer's day,
Young Shelah, as the fat behind him,
Fairly stole his pipe away—
Oh den to hear how she'd deride him.
Where, poor Dermot is it gone,
Your lily lily loodle?
They've left you nothing but the drone.
And that's yourfelf, you noodle.
Beum bum boodle, loodle lo,
Poor Dermot's pipe is lost and gone,
And what will the poor devil do?

Fait, now I am undone and more,
Cry'd Dermot—ah will you be acfy?
Did not you flale my heart before?
Is it you'd have a man run crazy?
I've nothing left me now to moan,
My lily lily loodle,
That ufed to chear me fo is gone—
Ah Dernot 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,

But Shelah hearing Dermot vex, Cry'd fhe, 'twas little Cupid mov'd me, Ye fool to steel it out of tricks, Only to see 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 shall have mine, you noodle. Beum bum boodle, loodle lo, Shela's to church with Dermot gone, And for the rest—what's dat to you.

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# BALLAD-IN CLUMP AND CUDDEN.

'THIS, this my lad's a foldier's life, He marches to the sprightly sife, And in each town to some new wife, Swears 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 fliot, And follows the loud tattoo. Call'd out to face his country's foes, The tears of fond domestic woes He kiffes off, and boldly goes To earn of fame his due. Religion, liberty, and laws, Both his are, and his country's cause -For these, through danger, without panse, He follows the loud tattoo.

And if at last, in honour's wars, He carns his share of danger's scars, 52

Still he feels bold, and thanks his stars He's no worse sate to sue: At Chelfea, free from toil and pain, He wields his crutch, points out the flain. And, in fond fancy, once again, Follows the loud tattoo.

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# BALLAD-IN TOM THUMB.

IS it little Tom Thumb that you mean, and his battles? Arrah fend him for playthings fome whiftles and rattles: At the fight of a fword all his nerves would be quaking, He fight! he kill giants! is it game you are making? As well may you tell us that eagles fear larks, That mice cat up lions, and sprats swallow sharks: Then talk not of any fuch nonfense to me-Wid your confounded hoderum bumboodle liddle lee. Tom Thumb! fuch a flirimp fure no eyes ever faw-He handles his arms as a fly hugs a straw: To be fure in the wars dangers certain to quit him, For the taef's fuch a flea dare's no bullet can hit him. And then as to courage, my jewel-hoot, hoot! Arrah did not I find him chin deep in my boot?

Then talk not of any fuch nonfenfe to me,

Tom Thumb marry you !- musha honey be acfy, Were it not for your fense, I should think you gone crazy: Shall a fine flately offrich thus wed a cock-sparrow ? "Twere a halberd fluck up by the fide of an arrow-Or a fly on a church, or a mountain and mouse, Or a pifmire that crawls by the fide of a house: Then talk not of any fuch nonfense to me, Wid vour confounded boderum, bumboodle liddle lee.

Wid your eenfounded boderum humboodle liddle lee.

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#### BALLAD.

THAT all the world is up in arms, And talks of nought but Celia's charms, That crowds of lovers near and far, -Come all to fee this blazing flar,

Is true—who has not heard on't. But that she all at distance keeps, And that her virtue never sleeps—I don't believe a word on't.

That for one lover had she ten,
In short, did she from all the men
Her homage due each day receive,
She has good sense, and, I believe,
Would never grow abfurd on't:
But for soft dalliance she'd refuse.
Some savourite from the crowd to chuse—
I don't believe a word on't.

That in the face of standers-by ...
She's modesty itself's no lie;
That then were men rude things to say,
'Twould anger her—oh I would lay
A bottle and a hird on't:
But to her bedchamber, d'ye see,
That Betty has no private key
I don't believe a word on't.

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#### BALLAD.

I Thought we were fiddle and bow,
So well we in concert kept time,
But, to strike up a part base and low,
Without either reason or rhime:
What a natural was I so soon
With pleasure to-quaver away!
For I'm huiam'd, I think, now to some tune,
She has left me the piper to pay.

I plainly perceive she's in glee,
And thinks I shall be such a flat
As to shake, but she's in a wrong key,
For she never shall catch me at that.
Whoe'er to the crotches of love
Lets his heart dance a jig in his breast,
'Twill a bar to his happiness prove,
And shall surely deprive him of rest.

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#### BALLAD.

I fing of a war fet on foot for a tov, And of Paris, and Helen, and Hector, and Troy, Where on women, kings, gen'rals, and coblers you stumble, And of mortals and gods meet a very strange jumble, Sing didderoo bubberoo, oh my joy, How fweetly they did one another destroy! Come, fill up your bumpers, the whifky enjoy, May we ne'er fee the like of the fiege of Troy! Menclaus was happy wid Helen his wife, Except that the led him a devil of a life, Wid dat haudsome tafe Paris she'd toy and she'd p'ay, Till they pack'd up their alls, and they both ran away. Sing didderoo, &c.

Agamemnon, and all the great chiefs of his house, Soon took un the cause of this hornified spouse, While Juno faid this thing, and Venus faid that, And the gods fell a wrangling they knew not for what.

Sing didderoo, &c.

Oh den fuch a flaughter, and cutting of trotes, And flaying of bullocks, and offering up goats ! Till the cunning Ulyfles, the Trojans to crofs, Clapt forty fine fellows in one wooden horie.

Sing didderoo, &c.

Oh den for to see the maids, widows, and wives, Crying some for their virtue, and some for their lives; Thus after ten years they'd defended their town, Poor dear Troy in ten minutes was all burnt down! Sing didderoo, &c.

But to see how it ended's the best joke of all, Scarce had wrong'd Menelaus afcended the wall, But he blubb'ring faw Helen, and, oh strange to tell, The man took his mare, and fo all was well.

Sing didderoo, &c.

mprinthin @ @ nthingha BALLAD.

1 Sing Ulysses, and those chiefs Who, out of 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 first of cities, Return'd in triumph, while the bards All sruck up amorous ditties. Yankee doodle, &c.

The Cyclops first we visited,
Ulysses made him cry out,
For he eat his mutton, drank his wine,
And then he pok'd his eye out.
Yankee doudle, &c.

From thence we went to Circe's land,
Who faith a girl of fpunk is,
For the made us drunk, and chang'd us all
To affes, goats, and monkies.
Yankee doodle, &c.

And then to hell and back again,
Then where the Syrens Cara,
Swell cadence, trill, and fliake, almost
As well as Madam Mara.
Yankee doodle, &c.

To fell Charibdis next, and then Where yawning Seylla grapples Six men at once, and eats them all, Juft like fo many apples. Yankee doodle, &c

From thence to where Apollo's bulls And sheep all play and skip so, From whence Ulysses went alone To the Island of Calypso. Yankee doodle, &c.

And there he kifs'd, and toy'd, and play'd,
'I is true upon my life fir,
Till, having turn'd his miftref, off,
He's coming to his wife fir.
Yankee doodle, &c.

# udundu @@udundu

GLEE.

\*\*\*\* WE, on the present hour relying, Think not of future, nor of past, But feize each moment as 'tis flying, Perhaps the next may be our last. Perhaps old Charon, at his wherry, This moment waits to waft us o'er; Then charge your glasses, and be merry, For fear we ne'er should charge them more. With brow austere, and head reclining, Let envy, age, and haggard care Grow four, and at our joy repining, Blame pleasures which they cannot share. Put round the glaffes, and be jolly, In spight of all such idle stuff, Whether 'tis wifdom or 'tis folly, 'T is pleasure boys, and that's enough.

# BALLAD.

I'VE made to marches Mars defcend,
Justice in jigs her scales suspend,
Magicians in gavots portend,
And Furice black wigs bristle:
To prestos Pallas Ægis' blaze,
Snakes twist to sugues a thousand ways,
And Jove whole towns with lightning raze,
At sound of the prempter's whittle.

I've made a fun of polifh'd tin,
Dragons of wood, with ghaftly grin,
A canvas fea, the which within
Did leather Dolphins caper;
I've firung with packthread Orpheus' lyre,
Made fheep and oxen dance with wire,
And have defiroyed, with painted fire,
Grand temples of cartridge paper.

I've made a fwain, his love afleep, Chide warbling birds and bleating fheep, While he himfelf did bawling keep,

Like boatman at a ferry:

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

#### ~4\nu4\n\@@@~d\n\n\n

#### BALLAD.

WHEN last from the straights we had fairly cast anchor, I went, bonny Kitty to hail,

With quintables stor'd, for our voyage was a spanker, And bran new was every fail:

But I knew well enough how, with words sweet as honey, 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 chased her, d'ye see, my lads, under false colours, Swore my riches were all at an end,

That I'd fported away all my good-looking dollars, And betrow'd my togs of a friend:

Oh then had you feen her, no longer my honey, 'Twas variet, audacious and bold,

Begone from my fight—now you've spent all your money.
For Kitty the bag you may hold.

With that I took out double handfuls of fliners, And fcornfully bid her good bye,

'Twould have done your heart good had you then feen herfine airs,

How she'd leer, and she'd sob, and she'd sigh; But I stood well the broadside, while jewel and honey. She call'd me, I put up the gold,

And bearing away, as I fack'd all the money, Left the bag for Ma'am Kitty to hold.

#### 

# BALLAD-INTENDED FOR THE QUAKER.

THOU man of firmness turn this way,
Nor time by absence measure,
The sportive dance, the sprightly lay
Shall wake thee into pleasure:
Spite of thy formal outward man,
Thou'rt gay, as we shall prove thee;

Then cheer thee, laugh away thy fpan, And let the fpirit move thee,

None are more just, more true, more fair, More upright in their dealings,
Than men of thy profession are,
But are they without feelings?
E'en now I know thy honest heart
Full forely doth reprove thee;
Be gay then, in our joy take part,
And let the spirit move thee.

# BALLAD.

IN Paris, as in London,
Vice thrives, and virtue's undone;
Errors, passions, want of truth,
Folly, in age as well as youth,
Are things by no means rare,
But honest usurers, friends sincere,
And judges with their conscience clear,
C'est qu'on ne voit guere.

In Paris All things vary,
Sixteen and fixty marry;
Men prefuming on their purse,
Heirs with their cliates at nurse,
Are things by no means rare:

But doctors who refuse a fee, And wives and husbands who agree, C'est qu'on ne voit guere.

In Paris idle passion
And folly lead the fashion;
Attention paid to shew and dress,
Modest merit-in distress,

Are things by no means rare: But friendship in sarcastic sneers, And honesty in widow's tears, C'est qu'on ne voit guere.

# BALLAD.

BEHOLD the fairies' jocund band, Who firm, though low of stature,

'Gaiust giant vice sha'll make a stand. Pourtraying human nature.

We've characters of every mould,
All tempers, forms, and fizes,
The grave, the gay, the young, the old,
Hid under quaint disguises.
Then hey for the fairies, &c,

We have a priest who never swears,
But who 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 much, Have never had a fquabble, Then hey for the fairies, &c.

A magistrate 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,

A lcarn'd physician of great skill,
All cures, like Galen, pat in,
Who never does his patients kill,
Take fees, or jabbers latin.
Then hey for the fairies, &c.

A country fquire who hates the fmell
Of Stingo and October,
A modern poet who can spell,

A modern poet who can ipell,
And a mulician fober.

Then hey for the fairies, &c.

Away then, comrades, beat to arms,
Difplay your sportful banners,
Strike hard at vice, explore false charms,
And catch the living manners.
Then hey for the fairies, &c.

methan @ @ methan ethan

# BALLAD.

CHAIRS to mend, old chairs to mend.

Like mine to botch is each man's fate,

Each toils in his vocation—

One man tinkers up the state,
Another mends the nation.
Your parsons preach to mend the heart,
They cobble heads at college;
Physicians patch with terms of art
And latin want of knowledge.
But none for praise can more contend
Than I,
Who ery
Old chairs to mend.

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 rouge, 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 estate
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,
Physicians, priests, free-thinkers,
That rove up and down
Great London town,
What are they all but tinkers?
Work for the tinker, &c.

Those 'mong the great Who tinker the state,

And badger the minority,
Pray what's the end
Of their work, my friend,
But to rivet a good majority?
Work 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.

m4m4~4~4@@@>m>m>m>...>~

#### BALLAD.

ART one of those mad wags, whose brain Intruder reason can't contain, Who are of such unruly minds, They buffet waves, and split the winds; In blanket robe, and crown of straw, Who to mad subjects deal mad law? If this 'tis makes thy bosom swell, Hie demoniac 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 reason in bad wine?
Every desire in life who think
Compris'd in a desire to drink!
If by this demon thou'rt possess,
Hie the good drunkard home to rest.

Or art in love, and fo gone mad?
Doft go with folded arms? art fad?
Doft figh? doft languish? 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 madness, supid els?
Hie thee away and hang thyself.

#### 

# BALLAD-IN CLUMP AND CUDDEN.

WHEN in order drawn up, and adorn'd in his beft, If my foldier appears with more grace than the rest, If his gaiters are jet, his accourtements fine, If his hair's tied up tight, and his arms brightly shine, Let him turn, wheel, or face, march, kneel, stoop, or stand, Anxious still to obey every word of command; Erect like an arrow, or bending his knee, 'Tis not for the general, 'tis all to please me, If with smoak and with dust cover'd over by turns, 'To gain a sham height, or false bastion, he burns; If, of danger in spight, and regardless of fear,

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He rushes to fight when there's nobody near: In short, let him turn, &c.

# BALLAD-IN CLUMP AND CUDDEN.

A Novice in love, and a flranger to art,
As pure as my withes my unpractis'd heart;
When I rose with the lark, and out-warbled the thrush,
Free frem falshood or guile, for I knew not to blush:
Those past days I deplore.

When to think, and to act, and commend were the fame;

When on my face, In artless grace,

Dane'd frolic fport and pleafure-now no more.

Ere I liften'd and lov'd, ere man fmil'd, and betray'd, Ere by horror appall'd, and of confeience afraid; Loft to each fond delight that e'er woman adorn'd, By a hard judging world look'd at, pity'd, and fcorn'd,

Those past joys I deplore:
Those joys, ere by man's artful treachery forsook,
Which, guildless and pleased, with the world I partook;

With artless grace,

Dane'd frolic sport and pleasure-now no more.

#### 

#### DUET-IN CLUMP AND CUDDEN.

#### PLATOON.

SAY Fanny, wilt thou go with me?
Perils to face, by land and fea,
That tongue can never tell ye?
And wilt thou all these dangers forn,
Whilst in these arms
I hold thy charms,

Enraptur'd ev'ry opening morn, When the drum beats reveillez.

FANNY.

Yes, yes, Platoon—I'll go with thee In danger, whatfoe'er it be— Believe 'tis truth I tell you: My constant mind shall peril scorn, Brave all alarms, So in my arms

I hold thee every opening morn, When the drum beats leveillez.

#### PLATOON.

Still Fanny wilt thou go with me?
Suppose the cruel sates decree,
Alas how shall I tell you?
The news should come—thy soldier fell,
And thou shalt hear,
Appall'd with fear,
Next morning his fatal passing bell,
When the drum beats reveillez.

#### FANNY.

Still fearless will I go with thee,
Refign'd to cruel fate's decree,
And bravely this I tell you:
When on the spot my foldier fell
I'd shed a tear,
The world should hear,
Mingling with his, my passing bell,
When the drum beats reveillez.

#### BOTH

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 fure fuch love may perils fcorn,
Brave all alarms,
While in my arms
I hold thee every op'ning morn,
When the drum beats reveillez.

and and an expension

# BALLAD.

NOSEGAYS I cry, and, though little you pay, 'They are fuch as you cannot get every day. Who'll buy? who'll buy?—'tis nofegays I cry. Who'll buy? who'll buy?—'tis nofegays I cry. Each mincing, ambling, lifping blade, Who fmiles, and talks of bliffes

He never felt, is here portray'd

In form of a Narciffes.

Nefegays I cry, &e.

Statesmen, like Indians, who adore
'The sun, by courting power,
Cannot be shewn their likeness more
Than in th' humble sun-shower.
Nosegays 1 cry, &c.

Poets I've here in sprigs of bays, Devils in the bush are friars; Nettles are critics, who damn plays, And fatirists are briars. Nosegays I cry, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

# BALLAD-IN TOM THUMB.

THE younker, who his first essay Makes in the front of battle.

Stands all aghast, while cohorns play, And buliets round him rattle for pride steps 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 nots Upon my fancy rushes,

I fear I know not why or what,
I'm cover'd o'er with blushes,

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

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### BALLAD-IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

'TIS faid we venturous die-hards, when we leave the shore, .

Left we return

To bless their fight no more:

But this is all a notion

Bold Jack can't understand, .

Some die upon the ocean,

And some on the land:

Then fince 'tis clear,

Howe'er we steer,

No man's life's under his command.

Let tempests howl,

And billows roll,

And dangers prefs:

Of those in spight, there are some joys

Us jolly tars to blefs,

For Saturday night still comes my boys, . To drink to Poll and Bess.

One feaman hands the fail, another heaves the log-The purfer fwops

Our pay for flops,

The landlord fells us grog;

Then each man to his station,

To keep life's ship in trim,

What argufies noration?

The rest is all a whim:

Cheerly my hearts,

Cheerly my hearts,

Then play your parts,

Boldly resolved to fink or swim;

The mighty furge

May ruin urge,

Of those in spight, &c.

For all the world just like the ropes aboard a ship, ... Each man's rigg'd out

A veffel flout,

To take for life a trip :

The shrouds, the stays, and braces Are joys, and hopes, and fears, The halliards, sheets and traces, Still, as each passion veers, And whim prevails, Direct the fails, As on the fea of life he steers: Then let the ftorm Heaven's face deform, And danger press:

> Of those in spight, &c.

# BALLAD-IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

THE grey ey'd Aurora, in faffron array, 'Twixt my curtains in vain took a peep,

And though broader and broader still brightened the day,

Nought could wake me, fo found did I fleep. At length rofy Phæbus look'd full in my face,

Full and fervent but nothing would do,

Till the dogs yelp'd imparient, and long'd for the chafe,

And flouting appear'd the whole crew. Come on, yoics honies, hark forward my boys,

There ne'er was fo charming a morn, Follow, follow, wake Echo, to share in our joys-

Now the music, now echo-mark! mark!

Hark! hark!

The filver-mouth'd hounds, and the mellow ton'd horn. Fresh as that smiling morn from which they drew breath,

My companions are rang'd on the plain, Blest with rosv contentment, that nature's best wealth,

Which monarchs aspire to in vain:

Now spirits like fire every bosom invade,

And now we in order fet out, While each neighb'ring valley, rock, woodland, and glade, Re-vollies the air-rending flout.

Come on, &c.

Now renard's unearth'd, and runs fairly in view, Now we've lost him fo fubtily he turns,

But the fcent lies fo strong, still we searless pursue,

While each object impatiently burns: Hark! Babler gives tengue, and Fleet, Driver, and Sly, The fox now the covert forfakes,

Again he'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 pufl,
No longer fo proudly he flies,
Tir'd, jaded, worn out, we are close to his brush,
And conqer'd, like Cæsar, he dies.
And now in high glee to board we repair,
Where sat, as we jovially quast,
His portion of merit let every man share,
And promote the convivial laugh.
Come on, &c.

#### udpundyn @ @udpundyn

## BALLAD-IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

FROM prudence let my joys take birth,
Let me not be passion's slave,
Approv'd by reason, sweet's the mirth,
Vice of pleasure is the grave.
Then still to reason's dictates true,
Select the sweets of life like bees;
Thus your enjoyments will be sew
But such as on reflection please.

Wine exhilirates the foul,
Infpires the mirth of every feast,
But gluttons so may drain the bowl,
Till man degenerates to beast:
Then mirth and wisdom keep in view,
And freely on the bottle feize;
What though your pleasures are but sew!
They're such as on reslection please.

Love the fource of human joys,

The mind with blifs that fweetly fills,
Too often its own end deftroys,
And proves the fource of human ills.
Here reason's dictates keep in view,
Or, farewell freedom, farewell ease,
The real joys of life are few
But such as on restedion please.
Then while we meet, let's only own
Love that do honor to the heart

Joys that do honor to the heart,
And ceafing to prize these alone,
Deplore our frailty, figh, and part;
Meanwhile to reason's dictates true,
Sclect the sweets of life like bees,
Thus your enjoyments will be few
Eut such as on reslection please.

#### 

## 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—

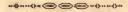
Ye shepherds swains impart,
Where did she gang? ah me! I've lost
The lasty of my heart.

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 shepherd fwain finds, to his cost, . What power they can impart, But most poor Sandy, who has lost The lasty of his heart.

But mine's the fault, and mine's the grief, How could I rashly dare! Oh I have sinn'd beyond relief, 'Gainst all that's sweet and rare:

But fee, she comes! cease heart to bound, Some comfort ah impart? She smiles! ah shepherds I have found The lassy of my heart!



## BALLAD-IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

OF all fensations pity brings,
To proudly swell the ample heart,
From which the willing forrow springs,
In others grief that bear a part.
Of all sad sympathy's delights,
The manly dignity of grief
A joy in mourning that excites,
And gives the anxious mind relief:
Of these would you the feeling know,
Most gen'rous, noble, greatly brave,

That ever taught a heart to glow,
"Tis the tear that bedews a fordier's grave.
For hard and painful is his lot,
Let dangers come he braves them all;
Valiant perhaps to be forgot,
Or undiftinguish'd doom'd to fall:
Yet wrapt in conscions worth secure,
The world, that now forgets his toil,
He views from a retreat obscure,
And quits it with a willing smile.
Then tray'er one kind drop bestow,
"Twere graceful pity, nobly brave;
Nought ever taught the heart to glow
Like the tear that bedews a foldier's grave.

GO patter to lubbers and fwabs d'ye fee 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like,

Take the top-fails of failors aback,

There's a fweet little cherub that fits up aloft,

To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

# BALLAD-IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

A tight water hoat and good fea-room give me, And t'ent to a little I'll strike; Though the tempels top gallant masts smack smooth should fmite, And fliver each splinter of wood, Clear the wreck, flow the yards, and bouze every thing tight, And under reef'd forefail we'll fend: Avast! nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft To be taken for trifles aback, For they fays there's a providence fits up aloft To keep watch for the life of poor Jack. Why I 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 sparrow can't founder d'ye ice, Without orders that comes down below, And many fine things that prov'd clearly to me That providence takes us in tow; For, fays he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft

# 70 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

I faid to our Poll, for you fee fhe would cry,
When last we weigh'd anchor for fea,
What argusts fniv'hing, and piping your eye,
Why what a damn'd fool you must be!

Can't you fee the world's wide, and there's room for us all, Both for feamen and lubbers affore,

And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll, Why you never will hear of me more:

What then, all's a hazard, come don't be fo foft, Perhaps I may laughing come back,

For d'ye see there's a cherub sit smiling alost,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me a failor should be every inch All as one as a piece of the ship,

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,

As for me, in all weathers, all times, indes, 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 so soft

As for grief to be taken aback,
That fame little cherub that fits up aloft
Will look out a good birth for poor Jack.

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# BALLAD-IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMERT.

WHAT though from Venus Cupld fprung,
No attribute divine
—Whate'er the bawling bards have fung—
Had he, his bow till Bacchus strung,

And dipp'd his darts in wine:
Till old Si'cnu's plung'd the boy
In nectar from the vine,
Then love, that was before a toy,
Became the fource of mortal joy;

The urchin shook his dewy wings, And careless levelled clowns and kings, Euch power has mighty wine.

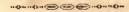
When Thefeus on the naked shore Fair Ariadne left, D'ye think she did her fate deplore, Or her fine locks or bosom tore, Like one of hope bereft: Not the indeed, her fleeting love From mortal turns divine, . And as gay Bacchus' tigers move, His car afcends amidst a grove Of vines, surrounded by a throng, Who lead the jolly pair along, Almost half gone with wine.

Ma'm Helen lov'd the Phrygian boy,
He thought her all his own,
But hottest love will soonest cloy,
He ne'er had brought her safe to Troy
But for the wife of Thone.
She, merry gossip mixed a cup
Of tipple, right divine,
To keep love's slagging spirits up,
And Helen drank it every sup;
This liquor is 'mongst learned elves,
Nepenthe called, but 'twist ourselves,

'Twas nothing more than wine.

Of Lethe and its flowery brisk
Let musty poets prate,
Where thirsty souls are faid to drink,
That never they again may think
Upon their former state,
What is there in this soulless loss,

I pray you so divine?
Grief finds the palace and the cot,
Which, for a time, were well forgot;
Come here then, in our lethe share,
The true obivion of your care
Is only found in wine.



## RONDEAU-IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

SMILING grog is the failor's best hope; his sheet anchor, His compass, his cable, his log, That gives him a heart which lite's cares cannot canker,

Though dangers around him Unite, to confound him,

He braves them, and tips off his grog.

'Tis grog, only grog, Is his rudder, his compass, his cable, his log, The failor's sheet anchor is grog.

# DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

What though he to a friend in trust
His prize money convey,
Who to his bond of faith unjust,
Cheats him and runs away:
What's to be lone? he vents a curse
'Gainst all false hearts assure,
Of the remainder clears his purse,
And then to sea for more.

There's similing grog, &c.
What though his girl, who often swore
To know no other charms,
He sinds, when he returns ashore,
Claso'd in a rival's arms:
What's to be done? he vents a curse
And seeks a kinder she,

72

And feeks a kinder file,
Dances, gets groggy, clears his purse,
And goes again to sea.
To crosses born, still trusting there,
The waves less faithless than the fair;
There into toils to rush again,
And stormy 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 brook, Him flowing hair, him lovely yiei Sweetly on Orra look: Him fee big world fine warrior men, Grand cruel king love blood; Great king! but Yanko fay what den If he no honest good? Virtue in foe he virtue (fill, Fine stone be found in mine, The fun one dale, as well one hill, Make warm where'er him shine. You broder him, him broder you, So all the world should call, For nature fay, and the fay true, That men be broder all. If cruel man, like tiger grim, Come bold in thirst of blood, Poor man :- be noble-pity him, That he no honest good:

Virtue in foe be virtue still,
Fine stone be found in mine,
The sun one date, as well one hill,
Make warm where'er him shine.

## BALLAD-IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

I am a jolly fisherman,
I catch what I can get,
Still going on my betters' plan,
All's fish that comes to net;
Fish, just like men, I've often caught,
Crabs, gudgeous, poor John, Codfish,
And many a time to market brought,
A dev'iish fight of odd fish,

Thus all are fishermen 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 fisherman,
Who takes what he can get,
Still going on his betters' p'an,
All's fish 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 fifth,
And members who give filent votes
May fairly be called dumb fifth:
Falle friends to eels we may compare,
The roach refembles true ones!
Like gold fifth we find old friends rare,
Plenty as herrings new ones.

Then praife, &c.
Like fish then mortals are a trade,
And trapp'd, and fold, and bought;
The old wife and the tender maid
Are both with tickling caught;
Indeed the fair are caught, 'tis faid,
If you but throw the line in,
With maggots, slies, or something red,

Or any thing that's fhining:
With fmall fifth you must lie in wait
For the fe of high condition,
But 'tis alone a golden bait
Can catch a learn'd physician.
Then praise, &c.

# SONG-IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

ARM'D with jav'lin, arm'd with dart, With mighty arm and steady heart, We to the battle go; Yet, '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 rush to meet the foe: Station'd on impervious ground, We watch their number featter'd round; The fubile ambush then prepare, And fee they fall into the fnare ! Hid as in the woods we lav, They tread the unfuspected way; Sudden and fierce from every buffi, Upon the aftonish'd foe we rush, Bold and resolved :- and now around, Hark! the dreadful war-whoop found, Confusion, terror, and dismay, It scatters as it wings its way : They fly! consusion in their train, And flaughter treads the fanguine 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 festive train advance, Breathe the mufic, lead the dance ! Sound the cymbals! Beat the tymbals! Haste, in glad procession come To our anxious friends at home, For our reception who prepare, While acclamations rend the air,

And loudly a whole nation cry, Honour, glory, victory.

## BALLAD-IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

BE it known to all those whose'er it regards, That we singers of ballads were always' call'd bards; And from Ida to Grub-street the muses who sollow Are each mother's fon the true spawn of Apollo: Thus recording great men, or a flea, or a star, Or the spheres, or a jew's-harp, we're all on a par; Nor in this do I tell you a word of a lie, For Homer steap ballads and so do I.

Don't you know what the encient's were —great things they talk'd,

How they rode upon Pegasus—that's to say, walk'd—'That near kindred gods they drove Phoebus's chariot, The English of which is—they liv'd in a garret: And thus they went forward, Diogenes quast'd, Heraclitus cried, and Democritus laugh'd, Menander made multitudes both laugh and cry, But Homer sung ballads and so do!

Thus did they strange whimsical notions pursue, Some argued on one leg, and some upon two; To which last my pretensions are not hypothetic, For 'tis certainly clear I'm a perapatetic: Lycurgus and Solon 'bout laws made a pother, Which went in at one ear, and then out at t'other. Old songs such as mine are will nobody buy? Come, Homer sung ballads and so do I.

Historic 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 such a rout,
My claim to call cousin I've fairly made out,
And if any hereaster my right should deny,
Tell'em Homer sung ballads, and so do I.

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# BALLAD-IN THE BY-STANDER.

Look fairly all the world around, And, as you truth deliver, Tell me what character is found A real favoir vivre? Who truly merits fober fame— To find you need not wander, None can detect life's fraudful game So well as the By-stander.

The Jover cogs, and palms, and flips,
The cafy fair to buffle,
And fill to win that flake her lips,
Will deal and cut, and fluffle:
Still will he ply cach fubtle art,
Till he has quite trapaun'd her,
And then is fure to trump her heart,
If abfent the By-flauder.

Preferment is a bowling green,
Where, placed in each position,
Bowls jost ing in and out are feen,
To reach the Jack ambition.
The bias intrest still they try,
T'wist, turn, and well meander,
Yet their manœuvres, rub or fly,
Are known to the By-stander.

The law's a game at whist, wherein
The parties nine are both in,
Where tricks alone the game can win,
And honours go for nothing:
And white they, a fure game to nick,
Their client's money squander,
Full many more than one odd trick
Discovers the By-stander.

The coxcomb plays at fluttlecock,
The wit commands and questions,
The carping cits to commerce flock,
Each follows his suggestions.
Yet he aloue who merits fame,
Who blunts the slasts of slander,
And on the square life's motely game
Best p'ays is the By-stander.

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BALLAD-IN THE GRACES.

AT first like an infant appearing, With neither his bow nor his darts, To his wiles we attend without fearing, Till he creeps by degrees to our hearts.

When foon for our folly requited,
This guest the sole master we find,
For scarce to the bosom invited,
He lords it at will o'er the mind.

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## BALLAD-IN THE GRACES.

SAY, fluttering heart,
Why after days of fiveet delight,
Where confcious innocence bore part,
Serene as fmiling morn, peaceful as filver night,
Or gay as gaudy noon, when Phœbus' beams fhone bright.

Say, how one hour,

One little inftant could remove That vacant carcles joy? what power Inflict the torments we now prove; Cynthia forbid it ever should be love,

Dear goddes, for fair honour's fake, Relieve the torments we partake! Teach us to cure our am'rous fires, Or elfe permit us our defires: And this with zealous care perform, Swift as the wind that rules the storm; Swift as the glowing god of day Darts from afar a downward ray, And so shall vot'ries to thy praise A thousand, thousand altars raise.



# BALLAD-IN THE HONEST IMPOSTORS.

THAT girl who fain would chuse a mate, Should ne'er in sondness sail her, May thank her lucky stars if sate Should splice her to a failor. He braves the storm, the battle's heat, The yellow boys to nail her; Diamonds, if diamonds she could eat, Would seek her honest sailor.

If she'd be constant, still his heart She's sure will never fail her; For, though a thousand leagues apart, Still faithful is her failor.

If she be faste, still he is kind,
And absent does bewail her,
Her trusting as he trusts the wind,
Still faithless 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 refuse,
The devil fure must ail her;
Search round, and, if your wife, you'll chuse
To wed an honest failor,



# BALLAD-IN THE ODDITIES.

'TWAS in the good fhip Rover I fail'd the world around, And for three years and over, I ne'er touch'd British ground;

At length in England landed, I left the roaring main, Found all relations ftranded, And went to fea again.

That time bound straight to Portugal, Right fore and aft we hore; But when we made Cape Ortugal, A gale blew off the shore:

She lay, fo did it fhock her,
A log upon the main,
Till, fav'd from Davy's locker,
We flood to fea again.

Next in a frigate failing,
Upon a fqually night,
Thunder and lightning hailing
The horrors of the fight,
My precious limb was lopp'd off,
1, when they'd eas'd my pain,

Thank'd God I was not popp'd off, And went to fea again.

Yet still am I enabled
To bring up in life's rear,
Although I'm quite difabled,
And lie in Greenwich tier;
The king, God bles his royalty,

Who fav'd me from the main,
I'll praife with love and loyalty,
But ne'er to fea again.

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# BALLAD-IN THE ODDITIES.

THE morning breaks,
Those ruddy streaks
Proclaim the opening day,
With glowing health,
The sportsman's wealth,
Away boys, come away.

Away boys, come away.

'The mellow horn
On the fill morn
Pours founds which echo mocks,
While following bound
Man, horfe, and hound,
T' uncarth 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,
See 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,

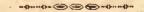
T' entrap the wily fox. Hark echo mocks, &c. Now, now he's feiz'd, The dogs well pleas'd Behold his eye-balls roll; He yields his breath, And from his death Is born the flowing bowl. The mellow horn That through the morn Led over hills and rocks, Now founds a call

To fee the fall Of the expiring fox.

## GLEE-IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

COME around me and weep, to your hearts take despair: 'I'is a cause that all nature must mourn, Poor Hylas, of love from all had a share, From our wishes for ever is torn.

That Hylas to whom we look'd up for a smile, As we bleffings from heaven would obtain, Whose form was so faultless, whose tongue knew no guile, Is gone, and our wishes are vain.



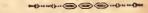
## BALLAD-IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

"TIS true the marks of many years Upon my wrinkled front appears, Yet have I no fuch idle fears This will my fortune spoil: Gold still some happiness bestows, E'en where no youthful ardour glows; For proof dear girl, take these rouleaus, And give a fweet smile. 'Tis true upon my haggard face No marks of beauty can you trace, Nor wears my figure ought of grace To ensure the lover's blifs?

Yet am Ino fuch horrd fright But that bank notes may fet things right, Take then these bills all drawn at fight,

And give me a fweet kits.
'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:

Than beauty in my face:
But one within this caffeet here
May make amends, its luftre's clear,
Nor shall I think I've fo'd it dear
Paid by a fweet embrace.



## BALLAD-IN THE ODDITIES.

COME painter, with thy happiest slight, Portray me every grace In that blest 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 stole away my heart,

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 eternal fmile.

Next draw—prefumptuous painter hold; Ah think'st to thee 'twas given To paint her bosom!—would'st so bold Prefume to copy heaven!

Nay leave the talk, for 'tis above;
Far, far above thine art!
Her portrait's drawn—the painter love,
The tablet my fond heart.

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# BALLAD-IN THE ODDITIES.

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: Blest with a smiling can of grog. If duty call, Stand, rife, or fall, To fate's last verge he'll jog: The cadge to weigh, The flicets belay, He does it with a wish! To heave the lead, Or to cat-head The pondrous anchor fish: For while the grog goes round, All fense of danger drown'd, We despise it to a man: We fing a little, and laugh a little, And work a little, and fwear a little, And fiddle a little, and foot it a little,

If howling winds and roaring leas Give proof of coming danger, We view the storm, our hearts at ease, For Jack's to fear a stranger; Blest with the smiling 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 flip relief: Though perils threat around, All fenfe of danger drown'd, We despise it to a man. We fing a little, &c.

And fwig the flowing can.

But yet think not our fate is hard, Though storms at fea thus treat us, For coming home, a fweet reward, With fmiles our sweethearts greet us ! Now too the friendly grog we quaff, Our am'rous toak, Her we love most, And gayly fing and laugh: The fails we furl, Then for each girl The petticoat display; The deck we clear. Then three times cheer, As we their charms furvey; And then the grog goes round, All fense of danger drown'd, We despise it to a man:

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# CATCH-IN THE BY-STANDER.

We fing a little, &c.

HERE lies a philosopher, knowing and brave, From whom madam nature ne'er hid the least wonder, Who looking to heaven, tumbled into his grave, And disdain'd that same earth where he rotting lies under.

## BALLAD-IN THE ODDITIES.

AWAY and join the rendezvous,
Good fellowship reigns here,
Joys standard flying in your view,
To invite each volunteer.
Hark! pleasures drum
Cries come, come, come,
Obey the kind falute,
The cehoing hall
Resounds 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, &c.

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

Hebe an aid-de-camp.

Hark! pleafure's drum, &c.

Mow down the ranks, fee, fee, they fly,

Attack them glafs in hand;

Clofe quarters, rally, fight or die,

'Tis Bacchus gives command.

Hark! pleafures drum, &c.

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## 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 health fuch a ftock,
That our pulfe strike the seconds as true as a clock.

Did you fee us, you'd swear, as we mount with a grace, That Diana had dubb'd some new gods of the chase. Hark away, hark away, all nature looks gay, And Aurora with smiles ushers in the bright day.

Dick Thickfet came mounted upon a fine black,
A better fleet gelding ne'er hunter did back;
Tom Trig rode a bay, full of mettle and bone,
And gaily Bob 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, &c.

Then for hounds, there was Nimble, fo well that climbs rocks, And Cocknofe, a good one at fcenting a fox, Little Plunge, like a mole who will ferret and fearch, And beetle-brow'd Hawk's-eye, fo dead at a lurch. Young Sly-looks, who fcents the ftrong breeze from the fouth,

And musical Echo-well, with his deep mouth. Hark away, &c.

Our horses thus all of the very best of blood, 'Tis not likely you'll easily find such a stud:

And for hounds our opinions with thousands we'd back, That all England throughout can't produce fuch a pack. Thus, having described you dogs, horses, and crew, Away we set 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 favourite hoard. Come on then, do honour to this jovial place, And enjoy the fweet pleafures that fpring from the chafe; Hark away, hark away, while our fpirits are gay, Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

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# 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 O:

A lass 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 compare
The favourite fair
To every thing in nature;
Her eyes divine
Are funs that thine,
And fo on with each feature.

Lcave, leave, 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 morrie'd,
Were it a trac,
Why I should be
For all the world a forest;
Five hundred fops,
With shrugs and hops,
And leers, and smiles, and smirkings,
Most willing she
Would leave for me,
Oh what a Peggy Perkins.

# BALLAD-IN THE ODDITIES.

"TWAS Saturday night the twinkling stars Shone on the rippling fea, No duty call'd the jovial tars, The helm was lath'd a-lee : The ample can adorn'd the hoard: Prepar'd to fee it out, Each gave the lass that he ador'd, And puffi'd the grog about. Cried honest Tom, my Peg I'll toast, A frigate neat and trim, All jolly Portfmouth's favourite boaft : I'd venture life and limb. Sail seven long years, and ne'er see land, With dauntlefs heart and flout, So tight a veffel to command— Then push the grog about. I'll give, cried little Jack, my Poll, Sailing in comely state, Top gan'tfails fet, she is so tall, She looks like a first rate : Ah! would she take her Jack in tow, A voyage for life throughout, No better birth I'd wish to know, Then push the grog about. I'll give, cried I, my charming Nan,

Trim, handsome, neat, and tight,

What joy fo fine as ship to man, She is my heart's delight! So well she hears the storms of life, I'd sail the world throughout, Brave every toil for such a wise, Then push the grog about.

Thus to describe Poll, Peg, or Nan, Each his best manner tried; Till, summon'd by the empty can, They to their hammocks hied: Yet still did they their vigils keep, Though the huge can was out, For, in soft visions gentle sleep

Still push'd the grog about

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## BALLAD-IN THE ODDITIES.

THAN marriage and music can ought be more like?

Both are bound and cemented by strong chords;

Hymen's chains, tho' they gall, yet with cestafy strike,

Exactly like discords and concords:

Like hooting of owls and of bats on the wing, Strife all wedding happiness garbles, But when hearts born for pleasure in unifon sing, 'Tis the mellow-ton'd nightingale warbles.

When the wife or the husband a note founds too sharp,
In alt both immediately foar;
On family discords they appeals have

On family discords they mutually harp, Nor will either come down a note lower. Thus like hooting, &c.

All harmony's powers in wedlock we trace, Dutch harmony, not Italiano; She thunders the counter, he grumbles the bass, And the children squall out the soprano. Thus like, &c.



## RONDEAU—IN THE ODDITIES.

ALAS where shall I comfort find?
My peace is gone, distressed my mind,

My heart beats high, I know not why,

Poor heart! ah me, ah me! So tender, artless, and so young, I listen'd to his flatt'ring tongue,

Nor did I e'er Sufpect a fnare

From one who went to fea.

For failors kind and honest are, They injured virtue make their care, One, only one, did c'er depart From that prov'd rule, and he, Ali me!

Was born to break my simple heart. Alas, &c.

When abfent from my longing arms,
Each hour was fraught with new alarms,
Each rifing morn beheld my tears,
The foftest breeze, in my fond fears,
Did the horizon straight deform;
And zephyr grew into a storm:
Yet to be cheated of my blifs,
And was I then so kind for this?
Alas, &c.

#### 

# BALLAD-IN THE ODDITIES.

HOW much I love thee girl would'ft know, Better than rofin loves the bow, Than treble shrill the growling bass Or spruce guitars a tawdry case. No more then let us solo play, To Hymen's temple jig away,

There when we get,
In a duct,
Of pleafure will we take our fwing,
Joy's fiddle fhall play,
Love's bells fhall ring:
And while we celebrate the day,
We'll frifk away,
And laugh and play,
And dance and fing,
And frifk away lile any thing.

I love thee more, I really think, Than dancers jigs, or fiddlers drink; Than dancing-mafters love a kit, Or jolly failors fal dral tit. No more then, &c.

I love thee Griddy Oh much more Than fingers love a loud encore, Than curates crowdies love to fcratch, Or roaring drunkards love a catch. No more then, &c.

## BALLAD-IN THE ODDITIES.

THE wind was hush'd, the fleecy wave Scarcely the veffel's fides could lave, When in the mizen top his stand Tom Clueline taking, spied 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, Serene was the attentive eve, That heard 'l'om's bonny Kitty grieve. 'Oh what avails,' cried flie, 'my pain? 'He's fwallow'd in the greedy main: 'Ah never shall I welcome home, 'With tender joy, my honest Tom.' Now high upon the faithful fhroud, The land awhile that feem'd a cloud, While objects from the mist arise, A feast present Tom's longing eyes. A riband near his heart which lay, Now see him on his hat display, The given fign to shew that fate Had brought him fafe to bonny Kate. Near to a cliff, whose heights command A prospect of the shelly strand, While Kitty fate and fortune blam'd, Sudden, with rapture, the exclaim'd, H 2

6 But fee, oh heaven! a ship in view, ' My Tom appears among the crew,

'The pledge he fwore to bring fafe home,

'Streams on his hat-'tis honest Tom.'

What now remains were easy told, Tom comes, his pockets lin'd with gold, Now rich enough no more to roam, To ferve his king, he stays at home. Recounts each toil, and shews each scar. While Kitty and her constant tar With rev'rence teach to bless their fates Young honest Toms and bonny Kates.

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# BALLAD-IN THE ODDITIES.

WHY I be squire 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, 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, that he wool: So you never must To faces truft, For I be fly,

And queer, and dry And they that thinks to make a fool of I, Are all deceiv'd in little Neddy.

When the comely captain on his knees I find, Who to mother has vow'd, and kis'd her Why 'tis nothing more than kind after kind, For the dancing-mafter kiffes fifter:

So they thinks me to chouse, While I goes about the house, As tame as a mouse,

By the nick name of fimple Teddy;

But 'tis all one to me
If, in day time, d'ye see,
They meets their spark,
I kis maids in the dark,
So you never must
To faces trust, &c.

If father be in love with a bouncing dame,
Thinking I be a lout, and no better,
He spells me out good madam's name,
And gives me a guinea and a letter,
What does I do, d'ye think?
To myself while I wink,
I pockets the chink,
Burns the letter, and makes love to the lady:
Thus, while down to the ground,
I tricks them all round,
Pretty sister and mamma,
And my reverend pappa:
So you never must

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To faces truft, &c.

## BALLAD-IN THE ODDITIES.

BEN Backstay lov'd the gentle Anna, Constant as purity was the, Her honey words, like foce'ring manna, Cheer'd him each voyage he made to fea. One fatal morning faw them parting, While each the other's forrow died, They, by the tear that then was starting, Vow'd to be constant till they died. At distance from his Anna's beauty, While howling winds the fky deform, Ben fighs, and well performs his duty, And braves for love the frightful fform : Alas in vain-the veffel batter'd, On a rock splitting, open'd wide, While laccrated, torn, and shatter'd, Ben thought of Anna, figh'd, and died. The femblance of each charming feature,

The femblance of each charming feature,
That Ben had worn around his neck,
Where art flood fubflitute for nature,
A tar, his friend, fav'd from the wreck,

In fervent hope while Anna, burning, Blush'd as she wish'd to be a bride, 'The portrait came, joy turn'd to mourning, She saw, grew pale, sunk down, and died!

# BALLAD—IN THE ODDITIES.

ABERGAVNEY is fine, Aberiffwith alfo,
And the laffes it is fine when to market they go;
The hirds and the pretty finches fing fine in the grove,
But the finest bird of all is that little rogue luff.
Luff me I pray you now, luff me as your life,
And Taffy and Griddy shall foon be man and wife.
The mountains are high, and the fallies are low,
And from Radnor to Glamorgan's a long say to co;
But I'd co, and I'd run, and I'd fly, and I d rove,
If when I came there I should neet with my luff.
Luff me, &co.

Toil and labour is hard, and the time's very long, From the lark's pretty chant to the nightingale's fong, But I'd toil and I'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 scarce a ripple shook the sea,
When thus, for failors, nature's care,
What education has denied,
Are of strong sense, a bounteous share
By observation well supplied:
While thus, in bold and honest guise,
For wisdom mov'd his tongue,
Drawing from reason comfort's drop
In truth and fair restection wise,
Right cheerfully sung
Little Ben that kept his watch on the main top,

Why should the hardy tar complain?
"Tis certain true he weathers more
From dangers on the roaring main
Than lazy lubbers do ashore.
Ne'er let the noble mind despair,
Though roaring seas run moun ains high,
All things are built with equal care,
First rate or wherry, man or sly:
If there's a power that never errs,

And certainly 'tis fo—
For honest 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 distant climes I roam,
Far from my darling Nancy's charms,
The sweeter is my welcome home,
To blissful moorings in her arms.
Perhaps she on that sober moon
A lover's observation takes,
And longs that little Ben may soon
Relieve that heart which forely achs.

Ne'er fear, that power that never errs, That guards all things below— For honest 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 submits to wine:

Love, the dream of idle boys, That makes the fage an afs, Love cannot vie with those fweet joye That crown the sparkling glafs.

To plunge in care let lovers whine, Such fools who will be may, Good fellows glass in hand combine
To drive pale care away:
With grief of heart, how many a boy
Goes mad to please fome lass;
We too go mad, but 'its with joy,
Fir'd by the sparkling glass.

How many dangle on a tree
Who buckle to love's tether,
True to our honest purpose we
Hang too, but 'tis together:
The lover numbers, by his sighs,
The moments as they pass,
We count them in a way more wise.
By putting round the glass.

See in his cage the husband sing,
Wife, children, squall sonorous,
We make the air and glasses ring,
While singing freedom's chorus:
No never shall presumptuous love
The joys of wine surpass,
Worn out by bickerings, even Jove
Seeks Bacchus and his glass.

# 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 smalliliow nonsense, and all your queer bodderns,

Since whisky'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 drumk as a beaft, Den what do you tink of that rogue Epicurus? Was not he a tight hand at a feaft! Wid your fmalfiliow, &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, 'Io refresh bira-and pray would not you? Wid your smalliliow, &c.

Den dat tother old fellow they call'd Aristotle, Such a devil of a tipler was he, That one night, having taken too much of his bottle, The taef stagger'd into the sea.

Wid your smalliliow, &c.

Wid your fmalliliow, &c.

Den they made what they call of their wine a libation, Which, as all authority quetes,
They threw on the ground, musha what boderation,
To be sure 'twas not thrown down their troats.

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## 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 vessel as tight to my fancy
As ever fail'd on the falt scas.
So adieu to the white clifts of Briton,
Our girls, and our dear native shore,
For if some hard rock we should split on,
We shall never see 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 must go.
When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar,
I verily thought she'd have sunk,
For the wind so began for to altar,

She yaw'd just as thof she was drunk.
The squalt tore the mainfail to shivers,
Helm a weather the hoarse boatswain cries,
Brace the foresail athwart, see she quivers,
As through the rough tempest she slies.
But failors, &c.

The florm came on thicker and fafter, As black just as pitch was the sky, When truly a doleful difaster Befel three poor failors and I. Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handfail, By a blaft that came furious and hard, Just while we were furling the mainfail, Were ev'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 flation,
Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.

For failors, &c.

# BALLAD-IN THE ODDITIES.

SURE 'ent the world a masquerade,
Wid shrugs and queer grimaces,
Where all mankind a roaring trade
Drive underneath bare faces?
Pray don't the lover, let me ask,
Hid by a sascine battery,
Steal hearts away? and what's his mask?
To be sure it is not flattery.
Then join the general masquerade,
That men and manners traces,
'To be sure the best masks dat are made
For cheating 'ent bare faces.
Weigh yonder lawyer—I'll be bail,

So able are his talents, The devil himfelf, in t'other scale, Would quickly kick the balance. See that friar to a novice preach,
To holines to win her,
Their marks dropt off, what are they each?
He a taef and she a sinner.
To be sure they ent, &c.

For her husband see you widow cry,
She'll never have another;
By my foul she weeps wid but one eye,
For she's leering with the tother.
You courtier see, who, in a crack,
Will promise fifty places,
By my foul his friends scarce turn their back
But he laughs before their faces.
To be sure he don't, &c.

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## 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 use 'cm? For dere no virtue in de face, De virtue in the boson.

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.

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# BALLAD-IN THE ODDITIES.

I'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 I 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 shew the sun: Rogues, owls, and bats can't bear the light, I've heard your wife ones fay, And fo d'ye mind I fees at night Things never fees by day. At night men lay afide all art, As quite a ufeless task, And many a face and many a heart Will then pull off the mask : Each formal prude and holy wight

And fin it openly all night
Who fainted it all day.
His darling hoard the mifer views,
Miffes from friends decamp,
And many a flatefman mifchief brews
To his country o'er his lamp:
So father and I, d'ye take me right,
Are just on the same lay,
I bare-fac'd samers light by night,
And he false saints by day.

Will throw difguife away,

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# 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 halmy evening's close, That shuts the foliage of the rose: Thise to creation joys impart Like those which warm the grateful heart,

The little fongsters on the spray Spontaneous chant their grateful lay, Or, to the pebbly rivulet driven. They sip, and lift their heads to heaven; Or, for the worm or infect sly, To feed their craving progeny:

Feelings a lesson that impart
To stimulate the grateful heart.

Mark vegetation, wond'rous fight! See how the germ breaks into light! The fruitful shower the tree receives, And fresher green adorns its leaves: Man cultivates the grateful foil, And slowers and fruit reward his toil: Plants, birds, all nature thus impart Jøys such as warm the grateful heart.

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# SONG-IN THE ODDITIES.

FIRST chuse a pretty melody,
To take in all the flats:.
Then change your drift,
And suddenty
Prepare to shift
The key;
Then growl
Like dogs, and miows
Like cats:

Then chatter like monkies—now low, and now high, Then whine and then figh,

And all through the nose, And then swim and die, And then come to a close.

Among the flats and sharps now a tedious journey travel, Then lofe yourself in knots of chords, And then those knots unrayel:

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.

# DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Then once more the melody,
To take in all the flats:
Then change your drift,
And fudderly
Prepare to shift
The key;
Then growl
Like dogs, and miowl
Like cats.

Then chatter like monkies—now low, and now high,
And all through the nofe;
And then fujin and dia

And then fwim and die, And then come to a close.

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Yet not shabbily,
But with a fine contabile,
In which go high and low boy,
Still follow'd by the hautboy,
And all through the nose,
And then swim and die,
And then come to a close.

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## BALLAD-IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

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

As nature, in her motley round, Oft shifts from day to night, So fickle man is varying found, Still changing wrong and right.

The application's prompt and ripe, I of all nature am the type,

So turn me round,
I shall be found,

From right to left, and left to right, Look how you will,

To vary still, From white to black, and black to white.

Do but that learned counsel sec, Who proves that wrong is right, And prefently augment his fee, His argument takes flight:

And now, unswearing what he swore, The burden of his song. Reverses what he said before, And proves that right is wrong.

The application's prompt and ripe, I of that lawyer am the type: For turn me round, &c.

Behold you lordly statesman frown,
At mention of a bribe,
As if difgrace it had brought down
On him and all his tribe:

But left behind, he'll instant seize
Upon the well-fill'd sack,
Nor could the strength of Hercules
Have power to get it back.

The application's prompt and ripe, I of that statesman am the type: For turn me round, &c.

When basking in prosperity,
Each friend to serve you burns,
And boatting his sincerity,
The smiling white side turns:

But let uncertain fortune frown, And take her bleffings back, Instant the friendly white is flown, And every man looks black.

The application's prompt and ripe, I of all nature am the type: For turn me round, &c.

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#### BALLAD-IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

WHAT a plague cried young Colin would Chloe be at? I ne'er will be caught in a noofe:
Odds wounds l'nı refolv'd, and who'd wager 'gainst that,
Were it even a guinea, he'd lofe.
I told the young baggage, fays 1, to her face,
Toy as much as you will, but no priest shall fay grace.

Cry'd young Thyrfis, pray Colin this bluftering hold,
What you've utter'd is only through fear;
In the absence of danger all cowards feel hold

In the absence of danger all cowards feel hold, But you'd soon change your tone were she near:

She has honour and truth, and I fay't to your face, With her you'll ne'er toy till the priest shall say grace.

Away then cried Colin a foldier 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 shall snap me for life;

For in spite of their fancies, I'll say't to their face, Toy as much as you will, but no priest shall say grace.

As he utter'd those words, charming Chloe came by, Unaffected and lovely as May;

Adieu then poor Colin cried she, with a sigh, While the sun shines begone and make hay.

Cried Thyrlis, d'ye hear, you may well hide your face! With fuch beauty would'st toy till the priess should say 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 fweet Chloe?—She finiles! See, fee glad confent lightens up in her face! Then let us to church, where the priest shall fay grace.

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## BALLAD-IN THE ODDITIES.

WHAT thef I be a country clown,
For all the fuss that you make,
One need not to be born in town
To know what two and two make:
'S puire fop there thinks his empty pate
Worth all ours put together,
But how can that have any weight
That's only made of feather.
Then duont ye be so proud, a'ye see,
It 'ent a thing that's fuiting;
Con one than tother better be,
When both are on a footing?
Now here's a man who seas and land

Has dreamt that he can cross over,

That all the world's at his command,
For he's a great philosopher:
That to each feeret he no bars
E'er finds but can unlock it,
And conjure down the moon and stars,
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 wise,
But can he make us better?

My lady there, because she's dress'd In lappets, frils, and flounces, See how with pride her flutt'ring breaft Throbs, heaves, and jumps, and bounces. And then 'tis faid they makes a face, New spick and span each feature, As if they thought that a difgrace That's ready made by nature. The money for a head fo high, Such scollops and such carving, Would keep an honest family A month or more from starving. As for the doctors and their pill, Odds waunds 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 story. I've yet another wipe to spare, For wounds I'll give no quarter,

Next time you'd find a fool, take care You do not catch a taratr.

### BALLAD-IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

TO look upon dreft, upon shew, upon birth, As the noblest distinction of life, On riches as all that give pleasure on earth, And that only cure forrow and strife;

### 104 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

And though to these maxims one might say quoi bon, Yet this is the life of a lady of ton.

Stale virtue and vice to erafe from their lift, Those of life make a pitiful part,

Things certainly in people's mouths that exist,
But have nothing to do with the heart:
To maxims like these one may well say quoi bsn,

Yet this is the life of a lady of ton.
Upon prudence as vulgar, and honesty 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 these one may well say, gnoi ben.

Yet this is the life of a lady of ton.

To be short—in a church as the best place to make Appointments, or charms to display.

And the time most commode of all others to take

On Sunday for cheating at play:
These maxims 'tis certain ne font pas trop bon,
Yet this is the life of a lady of ton.

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### BALLAD-IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

I WAS, d'ye fee, a waterman, As tight and spruce as any, 'Twixt Richmond town And Horsley down I earn'd an honest penny : . None could of fortune's favours brag More than could lucky I, My cot was fing, well fill'd my cag, .. My grunter in the fly: 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 these awhile, Folks far and near carrefs'd me, Till, woe is me,

'The prefs-gang came and prefs'd me:

So lubberly

How could I a'l these pleasures leave?
How with my wherry part?
I never so took on to grieve,

It wrung my very heart.

But when on board

They gave the word

They gave the word, To foreign parts to go,

I ru'd the moment I was born, That ever I should thus be torn From my Poll and my partner Joe.

I 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 taste again

The joys I left behind: In climes afar,

The hotest war,
Pour'd broadsides on the foe,
In hopes these perils to relate,
As by my side attentive sate,

My Poll and my partner Joe.

At last it pleas'd his majesty
To give peace to the nation,
And honest hearts

From foreign parts, Came home for confolation: Like lightning—for I felt new life,

Now fafe from all alarms—
I rush'd, and found my friend and wife,
Lock'd in each other's arms!

Yet fancy not I bore my lot

Tame like a lubber:—No;
For feeing I was finely trick'd,
Flump to the devil I fairly kick'd
My Poll and my partner Joe.

### BALLAD.

COTCHELIN fat all alone, Devil a foul hefide her, While from Taddy, who was gone, Oceans did divide her; His pipes, which she'd been used to hear, Careless left behind him. She thought she'd try, her woes to cheer, Till once again she'd fir him. "Twill not do, you loudle" r 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 bosom's panting, And now she'd figh, and now the'd frown, Caze why? dere's fomething wanting: And now the plays the pipes again, The pipes of her dear Taddy, And makes them tune his favourite strain, Arrah be acfy 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 buff, Where he'd long been listening, Now like lightening forth did rush, His eyes with with please re glislening, Snatching up his pipes, he play'd, Pouring out his pleafure,

Arrah now be acfy, Tad was born with joy to make Cotchelin run crazy,

While half delighted, half afraid, Pat the time did measure: Ah well will do this loodle loo.

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### BALLAD-IN THE ODDITIES.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling, The darling of our crew, No more he'll hear the tempest howling, For death has broach'd him too: His form was of the manliest beauty, His heart was kind and fost, Faithful below he did his duty, And now he's gone alost.

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,

Ali many's the time and oft! But mirth is turn'd to melancholy, For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant 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 dispatches,
In vain Tom's life had doff'd;
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone alost.

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## BALLAD-IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

THE ftorm had ccas'd, the veffel, striving,
Lay on the frightful breakers, torn,
When the drown'd crew scarcely surviving,
Jack pin'd his destiny forlorn:
Where are those friends whom late I cherish'd,
That manly, noble, honest band,
Ah do I live, my messimates perish'd,
To wail them in a foreign land.
Where is my love, my charming Kitty,
Alas unmindful of my grief,
To others wees she gives her pity.

To others woes she gives her pity,
Nor thinks her Jack most wants relief.
But see what numbers curious througing,
To view our mis'ry, crowd the strand!
Hard state's perhaps my life prolonging,
For murder in a foreign land.

But do my flatt'ring eyes deceive me, Or, if they do, what out-stretch'd arms Are these thus tender'd to relieve me? Tis she, 'tis she, 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 land.

## BALLAD-IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

I vow I thought you, at first fight, . A moppet, a baboon, a fright, Or some hobgoblin of the night, That guilty creatures waken: With nose 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 mistaken. For now I fee, with half an eye,

You are not old, nor made awry, Nor do your shambling trotters ply, As if by palfy shaken: You're young as Ganemede and fair, Narcissus had not such an air, Well, 'tis amazing I declare, How one may be mistaken.



ONCE on a time to mighty Jove, Complaints came from afar, From men of unfuccessful love, Miscarriages in war: In law the want of equity, Of mirth at city feafts, Of pathos in their poetry, And of good works in priefts. So loud and clam'rous were these clods, That Jove, ne'er left at reft,

Conven'd a fynod of the gods,
And Eacehus 'inongft the reft:
He, merry wag, knew what on earth
Thus canfed them to repine,
And infant fent them genuine mirth,
Cask'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 just became. Bards fung divine, priests put up prayers,

For fuch a bleffing given,
And Bacchus to this day declares,
There's no fuch drink in heaven.

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## BALLAD.

WHEN last in the DreadIul your honour set fail,
On Newfoundland banks, there came on a hard gale,
There was thunder, red lightening, and cold whistling hail,
Enough the old gemman to scare;
One who threaten'd your life, dash'd below by a wave,
Your own hand I saw snatch'd from a watery grave;
And you said 'twas well done, for that still with the brave

The noblest of glory's to spare.

When yard arm and yard arm long side of a foe,
When the blood from the seuppers rain'd on us below,
When crippled enough to be taken in tow,

To strike we saw Mounsecur prepare:
If a broad side below, or a volley above,
The men were ready to give her for love,
How oft has your honour cry'd not a hand move,
A hero's true glory's to spare.

SONG.

FAR from strife and loves alarms, With joyous heart, and mind at ease. Time was when resistless charms, Bacchus knew the way to please. When while the merry glee went round,
Gaily I faw each minute pas,
Nor ever had I heard a found
Like the fweet tinkling of the glass.
My flask now broke, and spilt my wine,
For Cupid Bacchus' joys I quit,
The myrtle kills the blighted vine,
And love, turn'd Fate, cries out submit.

BALLAD.

I WENT to fea with heavy heart,
Of her I lov'd the feorn,
Yet from my thoughts did ne'er depart
Her image, night or morn:
Storms lour'd, waves roll'd, and lightning flew,

Yet did I wish to live, Still willing, for my poor heart was true, 'To forget and to forgive.

The first word, when on English ground, I spoke was her salse name,
And soon upon enquiry sound

-For feandal flies—her shame:
She lov'd a youth before the wind,
Who cut and let her drive;

Avast, cried I, 'twere now too kind, To forget and to forgive.

While of these thoughts my mind was full, While adverse hopes and sears, Like winds did this and that way pull, She came to me in tears:

Down went my colours, and I fwore For her alone I'd live, Kifs'd her, and promis'd o'er and o'er, To forget and to forgive.

BALLAD.

THE boatswain calls, the wind is fair, The anchor heaving, Our sweethearts leaving, We to duty must repair,

Where our stations well we know:
Cast off halliards from the elects,
Stand by well; clear all the sheets;
Come my boys,
Your h indspikes poise,
And give one general huzza:
Yet sighing as you pull away,
For the tears assione that flow,
To the windlass let us go,
With yo heave ho!

The anchor coming now apeak,
1.est the ship, striving,
Be on it driving,
That we the tap'ring yards must feek,
'And back the foretop-sail well we know:
A pleasing duty! from alost
We faintly see those charms were oft,
When returning,
With passion burning,
We fondly-gaze, those eyes that seem
In parting with big tears to stream;
But come, lest ours as fast should flow,
To the windlass once more go,
With yo heave ho!

Now the ship is under weigh,
The breeze so willing,
The canvass silling,
The prest triangle cracks the stay,
So taught to haul the sheet we know:
And now in trim we gaily fail,
The massy beam receives the gale,
While freed from duty
To his beauty,
Lest on the less ning shore asar,
A fervent sigh heaves every tar,
To thank those tears from him that slow,
That from his true love he should go,
With yo heave ho!

### BALLAD-IN THE LONG ODDS.

AND did you hear what fad difaster, Poor Peg of Mapledown befol,

For love that floutest hearts can master,

Alas! that these who love so well,

In forrow's train Should mourn in vain:

Her story does such grief impel, That woe is me the while I tell.

She lov'd a youth of honest kindred; At church behold the happy pair; And ask what 'twas their bliss that hinder'd, For he was young, and she was fair:

Accurs'd be wars, And party jars,

Why must the handsome danger share: Alas it fills me with despair.

Onward to his liege lord's dwelling A rebel rout had cut their way;

What fhricks enfued! and what a yelling!

For he a true man must away; He swore 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 war's deftructive knife; She ran to clafp, with paffion burning, Her wedded lord—depriv d of life!

Oh cruel spight,
What! not one night,
Is not her tale with misery rise?
At once a maiden and a wise.

end present to the company of the

## BALLAD-IN THE LONG ODDS.

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A Sailor, and an honest heart, Like thip and helm, are ne'er apart For, how should one stem wind and tide

If tother fhould refuse to guide ? With that she freely cuts the waves. And fo the tar, When clashing waves around him jar, Confults his heart and dangers braves Where duty calls; nor asks for more Than grog aboard, and girl ashore. 'Tis not a thousand leagues from home More horrid than the billows foam ? 'Tis not that gentler is the breeze In channel than in distant seas; Danger furrounds him far and near: But honest tar, Though winds and water round him jar, Confults his heart and fcorns to fear, The risks he runs endears him more To grog aboard, and girl athore. 'Tis not that in the hottest fight The murd'rous ball will fooner light On that than any other spot, To face the cannon is his lot; He must of danger have his share : But hone tar, Though fire, and winds, and water jar, Confults his heart, and shakes off care: And when the battle's heat is o'er, In grog aboard, drinks girl ashore.

## BALLAD-IN HARVEST HOME.

WOUNDS, here's fuch a coil! I am none of your poor Petty variets, who flatter, and cringe, and procure; I'm a freeman, a nabob, a king on his throne, For I've chattles, and goods, and strong heer of my own: Besides, 'tis a rule that good fellows ne'er fail 'To let any thing wait but the generous ale.

My interest I love; thee I love toe, good wife, But still I love better a jovial life:
And for thee, or my lady, with duty devout I'll run to Old Nick, when the dobbin's drank out.

Put 'tis always a rule that good fellows ne'er fail To let any thing wait, but the generous alc.

## mpanda @@@mpanda

## SONG-IN HARVEST HOME.

AWAY, pale fear and ghafily terror!

Fly, at a parent's voice away!

Correcting every youthful error,

she deigns to bid, and I obey:

And Oh, my heart! thou murmur'st treason,

Perturb'd and frighten'd thus, to move;

This facrifice I make to reason,

Lie still, poor flutt'rer, and approve!

#### سراسان سرادر و الله المراسات ا

## BALLAD-IN THE ISLANDERS.

TRULY friend Gil thou choosest well, Taking a helpmate homely, For often times fad tales they tell, Of wives who are too comely: But cheer thee Perez, and be gay, From farnish'd brows exempted, For how can flie e'er go altray Who never will be tempted. For thieves do never rob the poor, A pebble's not a jewel, Fruits do not bloffom on a moor, Fire burns not without fuel: Up with thy heart then Gil, be gay, From furnished brows exempted, Thy wife can never go aftray, For the will ne'er be tempted.

#### udundu @ @ ndpundu

## BALLAD-IN THE ISLANDERS.

AH let not an inftant of life pass in vain, 'The moments escape us, and age brings on pain;

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Life's too precious, to fugitive joy,
The flowers which yesterday zephyr disclosed,
Droop'd their heads on their stalks before Phœbus repos'd,
Thus one single day serves to form and destroy.

Then think not of ought but the moment that slies,
To learn to be happy's to learn to be wife,
Seize pleasure while pleasure's our own,
Fear nothing, thou'rt mine, 'tis allotted above,
Chance but obeyed Fate, and blest with thy love,
I envy no king on his throne.

### and how and how the company and how and how

## 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 shelter then quickly, and fee now 'tis o'er, And in pretty good spirit we set out once more, Now up hill, now down, now even, and now We are cover'd with dust, and now popp'd in a slough.

Thus we jog on till dinner, now wet and now dry,
And now we've a low'ring, and now a clear fky,
With the fire, the good landlord, the wine, and the cheer,
Now refresh'd we fet forward to end our career:
But the roads are uneven, we trip, are bemired,
And jolted, and jostled, and tumbled, and tired,
Yet we keep a good heart, and our spirits are light,
In hopes we shall meet with a good inn at night.

# BALLAD.

FORGIVE me if thus I prefuming
Come hither your heart to surprise,
Smile, smile, and my hopes re-illumine:
But my pardon I read in your eyes:
No impostor the passion I own is,
And heaven what delight could I be

## 116 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

No impostor, &c.

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 were never excited
By an object fo charming as you.

m. pm. - (pm. -

### BALLAD.

OUR Jupiter has near his throne, Two veffels which he fills, The one with benefits 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, stone, and scolding wives. Thus to mankind with heedful care, In just proportion weigh'd, The lot to each, each best can bear, By Jove's decree convey'd: Unless his patience when to rub, 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 still passed away, Till that same 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.

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BALLAD-IN THE ODDITIES.

CELIA's an angel, by her face The rose and lily's shamed, The treffes of love's queen, for grace,
With her's can ne'er be named:
The gods, cried one, that face with care
Formed in their best of humours,
What pity'tis both face and hair
Were bought at the perfumer's.

Celia has fworn to love till death;
For words fo full of blifs,
I could have long'd, but for her breath,
To feel an artent blife:

To fteal an ardent kifs:
Rapture itself is poor and cold,
To joy that she discovers,
What pity she the same has told
To fifty other lovers.

Celia is young, behold her mien,
Alert from top to toe,
My aunt, fays she, was just sifteen
Some thirty years ago:
Thus youth and beauty's best delights
Sweet Celia are adorning,
For she a Venus is at nights,
A fybil in the morning.

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### BALLAD.

THE wind blew hard, the fea ran high,
The dingy feud drove erofs the iky,
All was fafe lashed, the bowl was flung
When careless thus Ned Haulyard sung:
A failor's life's the life for me,
He takes his duty merrily,
If winds can whistle, he can sing;
Still faithful to his friend and king,
He gets belov'd by all the ship,
And toasts his girl, and drinks his slip.
Down topfails boys, the gale comes on,
To strike top-gallant yards they run,
And now to hand the fail prepar'd,
Ned cheerful sings upon the yard:

A failor's life, &c.

## 118 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

A leak, a leak!—come lads be bold,
There's five foot water in the hold,
Eager on deck fee Haulyard jump,
And hark while working at the pump:
A fai.or's life, &c.

And fee! the vessel nought can fave, She strikes and finds a wat'ry grave! Yet Ned preserved, with a few more, Sings as he treads a foreign shore: A failor's life, &c.

And now—unnumbered perils paft, On land as well as fea—at laft In tatters to his Poll and home See honeft Haulyard finging come: A failor's life, &c.

Yet for poor Haulyard what difgrace, Poll fwears site never saw his face; He damns her for a faithless site, And singing goes again to sea: A failor's life, &c.

# WELCH BALLAD.

I 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 fantifies I pray you now ? Rack poor men's powels, prains, and hearts, Do not their arts, And whims, and starts, Plue tiffles in their heads that crow, And jealouses I pray you now? Then mind not nonfense of the fair, But change your air, And shake off care

Nor to their tricks and fancies pow, But let them ko I pray you now.

# BALLAD.

IF, my hearty, you'd not like a lubber appear, You must very well know how to hand, reef, and steer, Yet a better manœuvre 'mongst seamen is sound, 'Tis the tight little maxim to know how to found: Which a failor can tell from a bay to a shoal, But the best fort of sounding is sounding 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 houfe,
And I've founded my purfe without sinding a fouse:
What then, we've a brother in each honest foul,
And failors can ne'er want for founding the bowl.

All men try for foundings wherever they fleer, Your nabobs for foundings strive 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 shall controul, Though at fea, we're in foundings while founding the blow.

### ndundu ---

## BALLAD.

IN which of all thy various joys,
The tongue of fame that so employs,
Didst thou best taste, say mighty Jove,
The pure, unmix'd delights of love?
Not with Europa:—there recourse
Thou boldly had'st to brutal force;
Her wishes took with these no part,
She gave her person, not her heart.
Not with the beauteous Theban dame,
When thou assumedes ther husband's name;
For, though ingenious was the whim,
She knew not thee, but thought of him:

Not then when in a glitt'ring shower Thou viiit's Danac in the tower: The gold prevail'd 'tis true, and she Yielded to interest, not to thee.

Nor Semele, whom to obey. Thou cam'st in terrible array, She, proud one, yielded not to love, But to ambition, and to Jove:
No; 'twas Menosyne, sweet fair,
Thy joys, indeed, were perfect there,
Joys hadst thou not, no bard had sung,
For thence the immortal fisters sprung.

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# BALLAD.

LIKE a very gallant will I compliment all:

I must leer and ogle the pretty,

Tell the short ones they're neat, and majestic the tall,
And call all the homely ones witty.

Thus agreeable salfehood still passing for truth,
I shall tickle their vanity snugly,

Talk of prudence to age, and of pleasure to youth,

And confole with a fortune the ugly.

To the pale I'll on delicate lillies begin,
To the florid I'll hold forth on rofes,
Call fquinting a leer, find a finile in a grin,
And proportion where chins kifs with nofes:
Thus agreeable falfehood ftill paffing for truth,

I'll their vanity tickle fo fnugly,
That I'll please tall and short, fat and lean, age and
youth,

And reconcile even the ugly.

# BALLAD.

IF tars of their money are lavidh,
I fay brother take this wipe from me,
'Tis because we're not muck worms, nor flavidh,
Like lubbers who ne'er go to fea.

What's cunning, and fuch quivication, And them fly manœuvres to we, To be rougish is no valuation

To hearties who plough the falt fea.

As for cheating-light weights, and flort measures, And corruption, and bribery d'ye fee, These never embitter the pleasures,

Of good fellows who plough the falt fea: You've ashore actions, writs, cesseraries,

And a regiment of counsel to see, Jack knows not of fuch like vagaries-We never trust lawyers at sea.

'Tis faid that with grog and our lasses, Because jolly failors are free,

That money we fquander like affes, Which like horses we earn'd when at sea:

But let them fay this, that, or tother, In one thing they're forc'd to agree, Honest hearts find a friend and a brother In each worthy that ploughs the falt fea.

ndhundhu @ Judhundhu

### GLEE.

WOULD ye know where freedom dwells, Where jovial hearts caroufe and fing, Haunt these grots, explore these cells, Here every subject is a king ! Sprightly mirth inhabits here, And joy that knows no liftless pause; For how flould we dull forrow fear, Who fquare our lives by pleafure's laws? What's fortune!-is it chance or worth? Peafant and prince their race must run-Nor is there that poor fpot on earth But's cherish'd by the genial sun.

## BALLAD-IN THE ISLANDERS.

AN infant desenceless, of succour bereft, On this rude barren wild was I thrown, My fole ray of comfort I had not been 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,
I the fate noor Element, was born to dealers.

Is the fate poor Flametta was born to deplore, Which she oft would wish 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

Could one think for a heart which had so much en-

Fate should store up a torment like love.
"Tis too much, I've decided, and who shall relate
When her and her miseries sleep,
The tale of Flametta, will sure wish her sate,
Poor wretch, had been kinder, and weep.



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 her mouth and her eyes: Like counfel this open'd, and t'other replied, and the present the property of the present the present

Her mouth opening sweetly, thus said with a smile,

"Tis I who the torments of lovers beguile;
I can speak, I can sing, I can vent the fond figh,

And vain may eyes promise, if I should deny:

Then while rows of pearls vermeil lips fweetly hide,

On our different charms 'twere not hard to decide.'
With ineffable sweetness, while looking me through,
Her eyes carcless:cried—' Why I can speak too;

· And in fuch charming language, so made to controul,

. That of fenfible lovers it goes to the foul:

"Mouths may fib, but while eyes to the heart are the guide,

'Twere no difficult task on our charms to decide.'
Transported with rapture, I cried with an oath,

'Charming eyes, charming mouth, I'm in love with you both:

To express your sweet influence no language has terms,

One makes me a promise which t'other confirms :

'Your words and your looks are my joy and my pride,
Oh your different claims then how can I decide?'

#### まなところをののしまなことなる

# BALLAD.

TO a flight common wound it is fome diminution,
Diverting its throbbing, to fmile at the fmart,
But where's the firm mind can boalt fuch refolution,
On the face to wear fmiles when the wound is in the

The wand'rings and errors of folly are treafon,
And should be condemn'd as disloyal to love:
But reverence is due to the errors of reafon,
Which, though they're a weakness, we're forc'd to approve.

Then pray cease to jest: were my griefs supersicial, Unconcern'd, like yoursell Sir, I merry might be, But such cruel jests can but prove prejudicial,

And though passime to you, may be mortal to me: Yet let me not wrong you by any rude mention,
Or word that the fairness of candour might blot, But gratefully just, may alone the intention
in my memory be cherish'd, the action forgot.

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## BALLAD.

CURS'D be the fordid wretch of yore,
Who from the bowels of the earth,
First drew crude heaps of shining ore,
Stamp'd the rude mass, and gave it worth
Ere yet distinctions and degrees
In lovers wishes bore a part,
Truly to love was then to please,
And heart was made the price of heart.

Henceforthye lovers nothing hope, Your fire is dead, your ardour cold: Love has no influence, pow'r or fcope, But that which it derives from gold:

## 124 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Long you may languish, long expect, Vows lavish, withes, fight employ, A brittle temple to erect, Which gold can in an hour destroy.

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### BALLAD.

PROPITIOUS gods that rule our fate,
Whose ears are 'ir'd with idle prayers
To banish ills that nien create,
And chase imaginary cares;
And fift they ask, in rank and pow'r,
A fate from every care exempt?
Vain hope!—ambition lasts its hour,
Then dwindles into just contempt.
Next reputation in the field,

Next reputation in the field,
Renown, and to be great in flory,
In all fuch horrid honours yield,
No brother's blood fhall by my glory.
A fumptuous pace, georgeous board,
A train of followers next they crave:
Poor fool! his guefts retir'd, the lord
Is but a folitary flave.

Next to their memories they'd erect, A flatue, lafting fame to give:— I afk but reason, and expect My little pleasures while I live. Happy in honours, power, wealth, If you but grant my fond delire, A blameles heart, unshaken health, My friends, my bottle, and my lyre.

# BALLAD.

SUCH love as holy hermits bear,
The shrine where they put up their prayer,
As love the seather'd race the air,
Or sportive sish the sea:
Such as in breass of Seraphs spring,
When on the expanse of heav'n they wing

To greet that power by whom they fing, Such love I bear to thee.

Such thankful love as warm must glow In those who sunk in night and snow, When welcome beams first faintly shew The long-lost sun they fee.

As pleasure youth comfort the old.

As pleasure youth comfort the old, Virtue the good, or fame the bold, As health the fick, or misers 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 fweet health-infpiring morn.
'Twas glorious fport, none e'er did lag,
Nor drew amifs, nor made a ftand,
But all as firmly kept their pace,
As had Acteou been the flag,
And we had hunted by command
Of the goddefs of the chace.

The hounds were out and fnuffed the air,
And fearee had reach'd th' appointed fpot,
But pleas'd they heard a layer, 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 echo note for note repeats,
While sprightly horns resound a call.
'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now the stag has lost his pace,
And while war-haunch the huntsman cries,
His bosom swells, tears wet his face,
He pants, he struggles, and he dies,
"Twas glorious sport, &c.

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### BALLAD-IN THE WAGS.

WOULD you hear a fad story of woe, That tears from a stone might provoke, 'Tis concerning a tar you must know, As honest as e'er biscuit broke:

His name was Ben Block, of all men
The most true, the most kind, the most brave.
But harsh treated by fortune, for Ben
In his prime found a watery grave.

His place no one ever knew more:
His heart was all kindness and love:
Though on duty an eagle he'd foar,
His nature had most of the dove:
He lov'd a fair maiden named Kate,
His father to interest a slave,
Sent him far from his love where hard fate
Plunged him deep in a watery grave.

A curse on all slanderous tongues,
A fasse friend his mild nature abused,
And sweet Kate of the vilest of wrongs,
To poison Ben's pleasure abused:
That she never had truly been kind,
That salse were the tokens she gave,
That she scorn'd him, and wish'd he might find,
In the ocean a watery grave.

Too fure from this cankerous elf,
The venom accomplish'd its end;
Ben, all truth and honour himfelf,
Suspected no fraud in his friend:
On the yard, while suspended in air,
A loose to his forrows he gave,
Take thy with, he cried, salse cruel fair;
And plung'd in a watery grave.

## паринери 🕳 🍩 перинери

## BALLAD-IN THE WAGS.

TO ask would you come for to go Now a true-hearted tar you'd discern, He's as honest a fellow I'd have youto know
As e'er stept between stem and stern:
Let surious winds the vessel wast,
In his station amidships, or fore, or ast,
He can pull away,
Cast off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
Avast, yo ho!
And hand, reef, and steer,
Know each halliard and jeer,
And of duty every rig;
But his joy and deight
Is, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to swig.

The first wayses I made to for

The first voyage I made to sea, One day as I hove the lead,

The main top gallant mast went by the lee,
For it blew off the Devil's Head;
Tumble up there, bear a hand, turn to,
While I, the foremost of the crew,
Soon could pull away,
Cast off, belay,
Alost, alow,
Avast, yo ho!
And hand, reef and steer,
Know each halliard and jeer,
And of duty every rig;
But my joy and delight;
Was, on Saturday might,
A drop of the creature to swig.

There was Kit with a cast 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 grown and crank,
As true as ever bumbo drank,
For they'd pull away,
Caft off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
Avaft, yo ho!
And hand, recf, and fleer,
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 form or the Spaniards come on, So but fearoom I get, and a fkin full of grog, I fear neither devil nor don : For I'm the man that's spract and daft, In my station amidships, or fore, or aft, I can pull away, Cast off, belay, Aloft, alow, Avast, yo ho! And hand, reef, and steer, 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 fwig.

## 

## BALLAD-IN 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 wretched to-morrow:
For funfhine's fucceeded by rain,
Then fearful of life's flormy weather,
Left p'eafure should only bring pain,
Let us all be happy together.

I grant the best blessings we know
Is a friend, for true friend hip's a treasure,
And yet, lest your friend prove a foe,
Oh haste not the dangerous pleasure:
Thus friendship's a simfey affair,
Thus riches and health are a bubble,
Thus there's nothing delightful but care,
Nor any thing pleasing but trouble.

If a mortal would point out that life
Which on earth cou'd be nearest to heaven,
Let him, thanking his stars, chuse a wife
To whom truth and honour are given:

But honour and truth are fo rare,
And horns, when they're cutting, fo tingle,
That, with all my refpect to the fair
I'd advise him to figh and live single.
It appears from these premises plain
That wisdom is nothing but folly,
That pleasure's a term that means pain,
And that joy is your true melancholy:
That all those who laugh ought to cry,
That 'its sine frisk and sun to be grieving,
And that since we must all of us die,
We should taste no enjoyment while living

## ndynudys @@@udynudyn

### BALLAD-IN THE WAGS.

ADIEU, adieu, my only life, My honour calls me from thee, Remember thou'rt a foldier's wife, Those tears but ill become thee; What though by duty I am called, Where thund'ring cannons rattle, Where valour's felf might stand appalled, When on the wings of thy dear love To heaven above . Thy fervent orifous are flown, The tender prayer Thou put'st up there Shall ca'l a guardian angel down, To watch me in the battle. My fafety thy fair truth shall be, As fword and buckler ferving, My life shall be more dear to me, Because of thy preserving:

Let peril come, let horrer threat, Let thundering cannons rattle, I'll fearless feek the conflicts heat, Assured when on the wings of love To heaven above, &c.

Enough, with that benignant smile Some kindred god inspir'd thee, Who knew thy bosom void of guile,
Who wondered and admired thee:
I go assured, my life adien,
Though thundering cannons rattle,
Though murdering carnage stalk in view,
When on the wings of thy true love
To heaven above, &c.

# BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

I BE one of they failors who thinks 'tis no lie, That for every wherefore of life there's a why, That be fortune's strange weather, a calm or a squall, Our births, good or bad, are chalk'd out for us all: That the stays and the braces of life will be found To be some of 'em rotten and some of 'em sound, That the good we should cherith, the bad never feek, For death will too foon bring each anchor a-peak. When aftride on the yard, they top-lifts they let go, And I com'd, like a thot, plump among 'em below. Why I cotch'd at a halliard, and jump'd upon deck, And fo broke my fall, to fave breaking my neck: Inft like your philosophers, for all their jaw, Who less than a rope, gladly catch at a straw; Thus the good we thould cheriff, the bad never feek, For death will too foon bring 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 the foon flruck, and though crippled on thore, And laid up to refit, I had fliners galore: At length live and looking, I tried the false main, And to get more prize money, got fliot at again: Thus the good we should cherish, the bad never feek, For death will too foon bring each anchor a-peak. Then just as it comes, take the bad with the good, One man's spoon's made of silver, another's of wood. What's poifon for one man's another man's balm, Some are lafe in a florm, and some lost in a calm: Some are rolling in riches, fome not worth a foufe, To-day we eat beef, and to-morrow lobs-foufe:

Thus the good we should cherish, the bad never feck, For death will too foon bring each anchor a-peak.

### 

### BALLAD- IN THE WAGS.

The fun's descending in the wave, 1 go, I go, my fate to brave: Ghosts 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 sliall come; Cover me with fears, Nought can controul The dauntless foul, That shall live among its kindred stars. What it's to die?' to leave this clay,

And breathe in everlasting day, For robes celestial shake off dust,

Among the bleft From eare to rest, And emulate the virtues of the just : Then fun, my fire, Lend me all thy noble fire, Illia Moniaco, &c.

Adieu ye friends, vain world adieu, Blifs is for me, but woe for you: While I, new born, shall go to find The upper heaven

You shall be driven, Like scattered chaff, before false fortune's wind, Now fun, my fire, I feel, I feel thy noble fire! Illia Moniaco, &c.

### מלאו מלאו שלאו של וולאו וולאו BALLAD-IN THE WAGS.

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

The best of smarts and stashy dames
I've carried in my wherry:
For then no mortal foul like me
So merrily did jog it,
I lov'd my wife and friend, d'ye see,

And won the prize of Dogget:
In coat and badge, is neat and fpruce,
I row'd all blithe and merry,
And every westerman did use

And every waterman did use To call me happy Jerry.

But times foon changed, I went to fea, My wife and friend betray'd me, And in my absence treacherously

Some pretty frolics play'd me:
Return'd, I used them like a man,

But still 'twas fo provoking, I could not enjoy my very can, Nor even fancy smoaking:

In tainish'd badge, and coat so queer, No longer blithe and merry.

Old friends now passed me with a sneer, And called me dismal Jerry.

At 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 brought 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 so merry, Your kind old friends, the watermen, May hail you happy Jerry.

I'm Peggy, once 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 used so badly,

Though now the best friend to your back Then prithee look not fadly: Few words are best, I seiz'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 here I come,
Pray how d'ye like my nib,
My trowfers wide, my trampers rum,
My nab, and flowing jib:
I fails the feas from end to end,
And leads a joyous life.
In every mess I find a friend,
In every port a wife.

I've heard them talk of constancy,
Of grief, and such like sun,
I've constant been to ten, cried I,
But never grieved for one:
The slowing sails we tars unbend,
To lead a jovial life,
In every mess to find a friend.

In every mess to find a friend, In every port a wife.

I've a spanking wife at Portsmouth gates,
A pigmy at Goree,

An orange tawny up the Straits; A black at St. Lucia:

Thus whatfomedever course I bend, I leads a jovial life,

In every mess 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, stood in William's shoes.

She cut, I chased, but in the end
She lov'd me as her life,

And so she got an honest friend, And I a loving wife.

Thus be we failors all the go, On fortune's fea we rub,

## 134 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

We works, and loves, and fights the foe,
And drinks the generous bub:
Storms that the mast to splinters rend,
Can't shake our jovial life,
In every mess we find a friend,
In every port a wife.

### 

## BALLAD-IN THE WAGS.

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

He's crown'd with victory's laurel. How many who, difdaining fear,

Rush on the desperate duty,

Shall claim the tribute of the tear
That dims the eye of beauty?

A doubtful fate, &c.

What nobler fate can fortune give? Renown shall tell our story, If we should fall, but if we live, We live our country's glory. 'Tis true a doubtful fate, &c.

# BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

THE wind was hush'd, the storm was over, Unfurl'd was every flowing fail, From toil released, when Dick of Dover, Went with his messmates to regale:

All danger's o'er, cried he, my neat hearts,
Drown care then in the finiling can,
Come boar a hand, let's toast our sweethearts,
And first I'll give you buxom Nan.

She's none of those that's always gigging, And Item and It rn made up of art : One knows a veilel by her rigging, Such ever flight a constant heart: With straw hat and pink streamers slowing, How oft to meet me has the ran; While for dear life would I be rowing, To meet with-smiles my buxom Nan, Jack Jollyboat went to the Indies, To ice him stare when he came back, The girls were all off of the hinges His Poll was quite unknown to Jack : Tant masted all, to see who's tallest, Breaftworks, top gant-fails, and a fan, Messinate, eried I, more fail than ballast, Ah still give me my buxom Nan. None in life's sca 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, I fay then find me out who ean One half fo tight, fo kind fo clever,



Sweet, trim, and neat as buxom Nan.

LOVELY woman, pride of nature.

## BALLAD-IN THE WAGS.

Good, and fweet, and kind, and fair Than man a higher stile of creature, Perfect as celestials are:
See Myra come, like stately Juno,
Ever fair, and ever young,
Completely like, as I and you know,
For Myra, like Juno, has a tongue.
Young Celia's charms that beam so sweetly,
To paint ah what ean words avail,
She's Venus' self, an I so completely,
That Celia is, like Venus, frail:
To woo the charming Gloriana,
Andacity would stand afraid;
She chaste and icy as Diana,
And, like Diana, an old maid.

Thus women boaft a near relation,
'Tis pian to the celefital race,
'Thus we of their divine creation
A family refemblance trace:
If then fome faults of this complexion,
Like fpots upon that run, their fame,
Ruft this fame model of perfection,
The flars, not women, are to blame.

# BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

Two real tars, whom duty call'd
To watch in the foretop,
Thus one another overhaul'd
And took a cheering drop:
I say, Will Hatchway, cried Tom Tow,
Of conduct what's your fort,
As through the voyage of life you go,
To bring you lafe to port?

Ctied Jack: you lubber, don't you know?
Our pailions close to rees,
To steer where honour points the prow,
To hand a friend relief:
These anchors get but in your power,
My life for't that's your fort;
The bower, the sheet, and the best bower

Shall bring you up in port.

Why then you're out, and there's an end,

'Tom cried out blunt and rough,

Be good, be honeft, ferve a friend,

Be maxims' well enough:

Who (wabs his hows at other's woe,

'That tar's for me your fort,

His veilel right a-head shall go

To find a joyful port.

Let florms of life upon me prefs,
Misfortunes makes me ree!,
Why, dam'me, what's my own diffrefs?
For others let me fee!:
Ay, ay, if bound with a fresh gale
To heaven this is your fort,

A handkerchief's the best wet fail To bring you fafe to port.

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# BALLAD-IN THE WAGS.

I'M dashing Dick the dustman,
None my calling can degrade,
For I am not the first man
Who has driv'n a dirty trade:
Dust ho! I rings my bell and cries,

My tricks, if you would find 'em, Pretty early you must rife,

For watch me fill,

Howe'er you will,

I bears off many a prize,

And when I wants to blind 'em, I throws dust in their eyes.

Why what's your man of honour? And what's your madam fame?

A jit when he has won her, That proves a dirty name:

Victory! victory! each draws his fword and cries,. In the midst of slaughter find him,

See where the favage flies, He spares no life,

No friend, nor wife, Where'er he finds a prize,

Till death, at last, to blind him,

Throws dust in his eyes.

The lawver, the physician, 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 confeience can't bind 'em,

The wretched patient dies,

All prayers fail, While in a jail,

The ruin'd client lies, Un'ess you throw to blind 'em

Gold dust in their eyes.

And fo, d'yefee, men buftle,
To fee who's dirty first,
And one another hustle,
And all to raise the dust:
Dust ho! dust ho! each draws his purse and cries,
And he, Old Nick, behind him,
Will take, to mount up tries,
All serambling go,

All ferambling go,
Both friend and foe,
To bear away fome prize,
And each throws dust to blind

And each throws dust to blind him Plump in his neighbours eyes.

# BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

IF bold and brave thou can'ft not bear, Thyself from all thou lov'it to tear, If, while winds war, and billows roll, A spark of fear invade thy foul, If thou'st appall'd, when cannons roar, I prithee messmate stay ashore: There, like a lubber, Whine and blubber, Still for thy ease and fasety busy, Nor dare to come, Where honest Tom, And Ned, and Nick, And Ben, and Phil, And Jack, and Dick, And Bob, and Bill, All weathers fing, and drink the fwizzy.

If, should'st thou lose a limb in fight, She who made up thy heart's delight, Poor recompence that thou art kind, Shall prove inconsant as the wind, If such hard fortune thou'st deplore, I prithee message has been a lighter.

There like a lubber, &c.

If pris'ner in a foreign land, No friend, no money at command, That man thou trufted hadft alone, All knowledge of thee fhould difown.

# DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

If this should vex thee to the core, I prithee messmate stay ashore. There like a lubber, &c.

> BALLAD-IN THE-WAGS.

WHY don't you know me by my fcars? I'm foldier Dick come from the wars; Where many a head without a hat Crowds honour's bed-but what of that? Beat drums, play fifes, 'tis glory calls, What argufies who stands or falls; Lord what should one be forry for? Life's but the fortune of the war: Then rich or poor, or well, or fick, Still laugh and ang shall soldier Dick,

I used to look two ways at once, A bullet hit me on the fcoure, And dowsh'd my eye, d'ye think I'd wince? Why lord I've never fquinted fince,

Beat drums, &c.

Some distant keep from war's alarms, For fear of wooden legs and arms, While others die fafe in their beds Who all their lives had wooden heads.

Beat drums, &c.

Thus gout or fever, fword or fhot, Or fomething fends us all to pot : That we're to die then do not grieve, But let's be merry while we live. Beat drums, &c.

> BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

AVERT you omen, gracious heaven, The ugly foud, By rifing winds refiftlefs driven, Killes the flood.

How hard the lot for failor's cast, That they should roam For years, to perith thus at last In fight of home!

# 140 DIBDIN'S SELECTED CONGS.

For if the coming gale we mourn,
A tempest grows,
Our vessel's shatter'd so and torn,

That down she goes!

The tempest comes, while meteors red Portentous fly;

And now we touch old ocean's bed, Now reach the fky!

On fable wings, in gloomy flight, Fiends feem to wait,

To fnatch us in this dreadful night, Dark as our fate:

Unless some kind, some pitying pow'r Should interpose,

She labours fo within this hour Down she goes.

But fee, on rofy pinions borne, O'er the mad deep,

Reluctant beams the forr'wing morn, With us to weep:

Deceitful forrow, cheerles light, Dreadsu! to think,

The morn is ris'n, in endless night, Our hopes to fink!

She splits! she parts !-through suices driven, The water flows;

Adieu ye friends, have mercy heaven! For down she goes!

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# RONDEAU—IN THE WAGS.

ONE negro, wi my banjer,
Me from Jenny come,
Wid cunning yiei
Me favez fpy
De buckra world one hum,
As troo a fireet a firanger
Me my banjer firum:

My missy for one black dog about the house me kick, Him say, my nassy tawny sace enough to make him sick; But when my massa he go out, she then no longer rail, For first me let the captain in, and then me tell no tale a So aunt Quashy fay,
Do tabby, brown, or black, or white,
You see um in one night,
Every fort of cat be gray.
One Negro, &c.

To fetch a lily money 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, &c.

# BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

BARDS call themselves a heavinly race,
Topers find heaven in wine,
We truly brast who love the chase,
An origin divine.
The deities all hunters are:
Great Jove, who spends his life
In hunting of the willing fair,
Is hunted by his wife.

Then come and wake the drowfy morn, While the fwift game we follow: The feather'd throng and tuneful horn Shall join the hunter's hollow.

Gay Bacchus, on his tun, that hack, Toasts for view hollows gives, While Mercury, with his Bow-street pack, Scours heav'n to hunt for thieves: Bold Mars, a blood hound, hunts for same, Nor till its latest breath, Will he e'er leave the panting game, But comes in at the death.

Diana in her facred grove Saw rath Advon near, And though the feem'd to foorn his love, See took him for her deer?

Then come, &c.

Yet vex'd to think this hint fo fly
On the foei flie could not pass,
From his own hands the made him fly,
And kitt'd him for an ass.
Then come, &c.

Great Juno, wretched, reflics fair, On jealous firry bent, Still in full cry is hunting care, And still on a wrong scent. Indeed the fair oft mount their nag, By the hunting mania struck, And if Acteon was a stag, Poor Vulcan was a buck.

Then come, &c.

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# RONDEAU-IN THE WAGS.

WHILE whim, and glee, and jeft, and fong;
Display their charming treasure,
Mingling in gay laughter's throng,
Come to the camp of pleasure.

Come to the camp of pleature.

All human beings have their cares,
Life's made of joy and forrow;
To balance life then our affairs
Should of our pleafures borrow;
Youth's joy's feafon, fo is age,
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 whose means are slender,
You whose lungs proclaim your health,
You who fe frames are tender:
You who wear grave wisdom's wigs,
You who deal in folly,
You who merry are as grigs,
You who are mclancholy:
While whim, &c.

Where's amongst them all the cynic elf, Of joy the open scorner, But doff'd the fage, and to himself
Took pleasure in a corner?
In short who sets up to despise
Those joys the mirth awaken,
I will not rudely say he les,
But surely he's mistaken.
While whim, &c.

### 

# BALLAD-IN THE WAGS.

THE tar's a jolly tar that can hand, reef, and steer,
That can nimbly cast off and belay,
Who in darkest of nights finds each halliard and jeer,
And dead reck'ning knows well and lee way:

But the tar to please me,

More jolly must be, He must laugh at the waves as they roar;

He must 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 ashore.

The tar's a jolly tar who his rhino will spend,
Who up for a messimate will bring,
For we failers all think he that's true to his friend

Will never be false to his king.

But the tar to please me, More jolly must be,

He must venture for money galore;

Acting duly,
Kind and truly,
And nobly inherit
A generous spirit,

A prudent one more; Singing, laughing, Dancing, quaffing, Take it cherrily,

# 144 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

And fave up his eash for his girl ashore.

The tar's a jolly tar who loves a beauty bright, And at fea often thinks of her charms, Who toasts her with glee on a Saturday night, And wishes her moor'd in his arms;

But the tar to please me More jolly must be,
Though teaz'd at each port by a score,
He must, sneering
At their leering,
Never study to delight 'em,
But scorn 'em, and slight 'em,
Still true to the core;
Singing, laughing,
Dancing, quasting,
Take it cherrily,
And merrily.
And constant return to his girl ashore.

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# BALLAD- IN THE WAGS.

remov'd from noise and smoak, Hark . hear the woodman's stoke, Who dreams not as he fells the oak, What mischief dire he brews: How art shall shape his falling trees, For aid of luxury and eafe, He weighs not matters fuch as thefe, But fings, and hacks, and hews. Perhaps, now fell'd by this bold man, That tree shall form the spruce sedan, Or wheelbarrow, where oyster Nan So runs her vulgar rig; The stage where boxers erowd in slocks, Or elfe quacks, perhaps, the stocks, Or posts for figns, or barber's blocks, Where finiles the parfon's wig.

Thou mak'st bold peasant, oh what grief, The gibbet on which hangs the thief, 'The feat where fits the great Lord Chief, The throne, the cobler's stall: Thou pamper'st life in every stage, Mak'st folly's whims, pride's equipage, For children toys, crutches for age, And cossins for us all.

The chairs, and this convivial board,
These chairs, and this convivial board,
The bin that holds gay Bacchus' hoard,
Confess the woodman's stroke:
He made the press that bled the vine,
The butt that holds the generous wine,
The hall itself, where tiplers join,
To crack the mirthful joke.

### 

# VAUXHALL BALLAD-IN THE WAGS.

TIME was, for oh there was a time, Sweet Phœbe by my fide,
The foftest verse I fung in rhime,
Where falling pools do glide:
But, Phœhe hence, I'm lest alone,
Nor verse nor rhime can please,
And pools stand still to see me moan,
In whispers through the trees.

The pride of laughing nature flood In fertile heaths confest de, When birds, in you impervious wood, With Phæbe faw me blest.

But laughing nature's now in tears,
The heaths begin to mourn,
Birds hoot in my melodicus cars,
For Phœbe's glad return,

To flun fierce fol's meridian heat,
Upon you verdant green,
How oft, at close of eve, I'd meet,
Sweet Phæbe, beauty's queen:
But lost the fun sline of her charms,
The verdant green's all brown,
And I, with nothing in my arms,

Lie hard on beds of down.

Then come fweet fair, and leave behind

All forrow, pain, and woc,

DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

The birds shall smile, and the north wind Like Boreas gently blow:
So shall the daify-mantling green,
The cowsip-studded brook,
In sable robes all crimson seen,
Reslect each azure look.

# mether served @ @perenetherhor

# BALLAD-IN THE WAGS.

SO fweet l'll dress iny Zootka fair, Such pretty toys her charms shall deck, The nails of foes shall grace her hair, Their eyes and teeth adorn her neck: A hut I'll build her of catalps, And fweetly hang it round with fcalps, And as we frantic skip and fing, And join to form the mystic ring, And fymbals twang, And tymbals bang, And jump and prance, And frisk in wedlock's devious dance, We'll drink and yam, And make the banjer cry giam, giam, The rose let Europe's beauties boast, Asia the satfron's fickly die, Let Ebon wives grace Afric's coast:-Can these with lovely Zootka vie? Her olive cheek the gloss outshines, That decorates the copper mines-Come then and frantic, &c. Some shave their eyebrows for the fair, Others for love pull out their teeth, Some by the roots tear up their hair, To form a pretty marriage wreath: My loving fift at Zootka's nofe Shall aim a hundred tender blows, And as they frantic, &c.

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## RONDEAU-IN THE WAGS.

IN peace, when sprightly drum and fife Quick marches sweetly play, Then charming is the foldier's life, To lounge it all the day:

How different the trade is From war's destructive call, He ogles all the ladies,

And dances at the ball.

The fath fo fweet a zone is, So powerful are its charms,

That Mars becomes Adonis, Reclines in Venus' arms.

No more upon the dangerous plain, Death grimly stalks abroad, No more

The gasping and unpitied slain, Weltering in gore,

For unavailing help implore:
Their fpirits issue with a groan,

Their eyes are closed in endless night, Beholders are with horror aw'd, And dread a fate, fad fate of woe, That soon may be their own,

No time for pity now!—the fight Grows hot,

The trumpet founds a charge, Soldiers and fleeds with ardour glow, Stern carnage takes the field,

And traverses his boundaries long and large:

The word is die or yield, And mercy is torgot:—

Such is the dreadful ardour of the war; Yet different far

When all these horrors cease,

And foldiers taste the joys of smiling peace.

Sweet peace, &c.

The well pack'd column, like a rock,
While they the war fustain

Greatly receive an army's shock, The glorious terror of the plain: Advancing near,

The foe is struck aghast,
The panic spreads,

Pale fear Cains on 'em fait; To order's post confusion now succeeds, And now the front becomes the rear;

All refolution's gone, While wan defpair,

Turn'd gen'ral, to destruction leads 'em on: They fly,

Follow the victors cry, War's dreadful tempest comes,

Trumpets and drums,

Shouts, grouns, and thund'ring cannons rend the fky!

The banners flutt'ring late in air, Now from the bearers grafp are torn, And on the fpear Of victory borne:—

The stroke's decifive!—glutted war, Defending from his fanguine car, Tired soldiers from their post release, To taste the joys of smiling peace. Sweet peace, &c.

# RONDEAU—IN THE WAGS.

JACK dances and fings, and is always content, In his vows to his lass he'll ne'er fail her, His anchor's a-trip when his money's all spent— And this is the life of a failor.

Alert in his duty, he readily flies
Where winds the tir'd veffel are flinging,
Though funk to the fea gods, or tofs'd to the fkies,

Still Jack is found working and finging :

Long fide of an enemy, boldly and brave,

He'll with broadfide on broadfide regale her, Yet he'll figh to the foul o'et that enemy's grave, So noble's the mind of a failor.

Let cannons rose loud, but its their fides let the bombs, Let the winds a dread hurrienne rattle, The rough and the pleafant he takes as it comes,

And laughs at the form and the battle: In a fostering power while Jack puts his trust, As fortune comes, smilling he'll hail her,

Refign'd, fill, and manly, fince what must be must, And this is the mind of a failor. Though careless and headlong, if danger should press,
And rank'd 'mongst the free list of rovers,
Yet he'll melt into tears at a tale of distress;
And prove the most constant of lovers:
To rancour unknown, to no passion a slave,
Nor unmanly, nor mean, nor a railer,
He's gentle as merey, as sortitude brave
And this is a true hearted failor.

# BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

BLEST Friendship hail! thy gifts possessing,
That happy mortal's rich indeed:
Thou willing giv'st each carthly blessing
To all but those who stand in need:
Thy words are sweet as Hybla's honey,
In accents kind, and mild, and civil,
Flows thy advice:—thou giv'st not money,
For money is the very devil:
And rather than the soul temptation
Should into scrapes thy friend betray,
Distor'rested consideration,
Thou kindly tak'st it all away,

Are his affairs at rack and manger,
Left a bad world thy friend thould chouse,
No time for thee to play the stranger,
'Thou deign'st to manage all his house:
To make him thy good pleasure tarry,
'To kis thy feet, to leap o'er sticks,

To run, to hop, to fetch, to carry, And play a thouland monkey tricks. Nay, if thy liquorith chops thould water, To cale him of domettic ftrife,

Thou rid'ft him of a flirting daughter, Or, kinder still, thou steal'st his wife.

Come then, my friend, prevent my pleafure, And out of doors politeness kick, With me and mine pray keep no measure, Drench me with bumpers, make me fick: My cellar bleed, devour my mutton, Upon my vitals dine and sup:

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

## ndandan@@@mdanndan BALLAD-IN THE WAGS.

WHAT fong shall I chant? while I sing Venus sparrows, Her cestus, her dove, Shall I hold forth on love ?

Source of fo many bletlings and ills,

On which fo many Cupids have blunted their arrows,

And fo many poets their quills !

All its pains and its pleafures, its muchiefs and joys, Have been fung o'er and o'er, by fond girls and vain boys, Not a fingle new thought the Pierian fpring On love can inspire :- nor of love will I fing.

While I celebrate uproar, and bottles and glaffes,

That fools think divine. Shall my fong be on wine?

Source of fo many furfeits and feads, Where so many topers have toasted their lasses,

And so many men become beasts! Let those describe wine who can drink till they reel, "Twere folly to write on a theme I can't feel; How can 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 who all comfort and pleafure Leave at home for a name,

Shall I deseant on same?

Source of fo many murders and woes, Where fo many heroes have plunder'd for treasure,

And so many friends become focs !

A stranger to battles, and all their delight, Fond of peace and its joys, I can't shudder and write : The best plame that e'er hero bore off from Fame's wing Should not tempt me a fcene of fuch horror to fing.

What shal! be my fong ? Shall I celebrate riches ?

Whose grasp can combine Live, glory, and wine!

Source of each mortal man's rife and fall:

That thing youth and age, high and low, that bewitches!

A nothing that comprehends all!

Be the theme of these of others, they cannot be mine:—

Till love's led by prudence, by temperance wine,

Till war shall sweet peace, and gold charity bring,

Reason smiles, and lorbids me such folly to sing.

# BALLAD—IN THE WAGS.

BUT, perhaps, while thus boldly exposing each elf, A dupe to passion, or folly, or pelf, I the critic severest become of myself,

Prefuming to hope for your favours—
What is it to me who fings great, or fings fmall,
Or whether knave first every knave likes to call,
Or who's roguish, or honest—Lord nothing at all,
But to eke out the crotchets and quavers.

Advice from a lawyer, a fmile from his grace, From a hypocrit treachery with a fmooth face, From a bithop a blefling, a gametter ames ace,

The public receive for their favours:
Thus in their vocation all earnefily join,
For what should a man circulate but his own coin?
Let us humbly entreat then you'll not refuse mine,

Though compos'd but of crotchets and quavers.

Every piece is full weight, nor debas'd by vile art,

Sterong gratitude ftill will be found in each part,

The lively imprefion was made on my heart,

For what lefs can purchase your favours?
Thus I fearless submit to pass through your mint,
When assay'd, should you find there's no counterfeit in't,
The stamp of your kind approbation imprint,

To pass current my crotchets and quavers.

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# BALLAD-IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

TIGHT lads have I fail'd with, but none e'er fo fightly, As honeft Bill Bobftay, fo kind and fo true: He'd fing like a mermaid, and foot it fo lightly, The forecastle's pride, and delight of the crew? 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 Nipcheese the purser, by grinding and squeezing, First plund'ring, then leaving, the ship like a rat,

The eddy of fortune stands on a stiff breeze in,

And mounts, fierce as fire, a dog-vane in his hat. My bark, through hard ftorms on life's ocean should rock her, Though she roll in misfortune, and pitch end for end, No, never shall Bill keep a shot in the locker,

When by handing it out, he can fuceour a friend,

Let them throw out their wipes, and cry, 'Spight of their eroffes,

And forgetful of toil that fo hardly they bore, 'That failors, at fea, earn their money like horses,

'To fquander it idly like affes ashore.

Such lubbers their jaw would coil up, could they measure, By their feelings, the gen'rous delight without end, That gives birth in us tars to that truck of plcafure, The handing our rhino to fuccour a friend.

Why what's all this nonfense they talks of, and pother. About rights of man? What a plague are they at? If they mean that each man to his messmate's a brother,

Why the lubberly fwabs, ev'ry fool ean tell that. The rights of us Britons we knows to be loyal,

In our country's defence our last moments to spend, To fight up to the ears to protect the blood royal, To be true to our wives, and to succour a friend.

# RONDEAU-IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

PEAUTY I fell, who'll buy? Who'll buy? Rofes and lilies girls, here am 1; Neither black, brown, nor fair, shall have cause for complaint, They shall look like angels, and all without paint: Who'll buy? Who'll buy?

Here am 1. Come maids and he beautiful, easy's the task, Use the rouge newly taken from modesty's mask; As it blooms shall fair truth shew your heart in the flush, And duty's enamel shall polish the blush,

For duty gives charms that shall last all your lives: None but dutiful Jaughters make beautiful wives. Beauty I fell, &c.

Now's your time, all ye wives, would ye beautiful grow, Draw fome drops from content's lucid fount as they flow; Take the mildness of love, throw away all the art, Mix these in endearment's alembic, the heart, Let the fire of attention the whole gently boil, Then add nature's best gloss, a perpetual smile,

Beauty I sell, &c.

Come round me, I've wares for maid, widow, and wife: This effence of truth to the eyes gives a life,
This tincture of fweetness shall lilies disclose,
And from this, virtue's balm, shall spring beauty's best rose;
Then while art's in sashion, how can you resuse,
That which nature and re ason permit you to use?
Beauty I sell, &c.

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## BALLAD-IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

TO the plain, to the plain, hark! hark we are summon'd away;

The birds with new notes thrill the heart through the ear; Trees and flow'rs fresh liv'ry have put on to-day,

And the fun with new glory begins his career!

Some iplendid occasion Arcadia invites

To the court of its lov'd, its illustrious lord,

Where, while pleafures and fports blend their various delights,

Plenty empties her well loaded horn on the board.

What, what can it mean?

For our hearts' king and queen

May just fate thus each day fome new plcasures prepare:

The fnorts now begun!

'Tis the nuptials propitious of Fred'rick their fon, And the fong, and the dance, and the clarion fo loud, And those acclamations we hear from the crowd, 'All hail the royal pair.'

Now louder it grows! 'tis the bridegroom and bride; What loyalty cent the glad air as it rung,

He a Mars in his ca", Venus the, by his fide: He a hero, and the from a hero's race forung.

# 154. DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Venus here finds her court; three fweet Graces are feen, 'Than Cytherea more lovely, more mild than her dove, The fair stranger to hail, in their hearts to reign queen, Each a fister in heauty, a fister in love:

And feethe glad throng, For the dance and the fong

With eager respectful affection prepare!

The sports are begun,

George fanctions the nuptials of Frederick his fon, While the fong, &c.

Again a loud burst! What new shouts rent the air! A fond brother a bride to a fond brother gives! While a father, a mother, a progeny rare,

Each alike imparts transport, and transport receives.

Long, long may their joys in a tide of love flow, Pure, unmix'd from the conjugal fount whence they fpring:

The first title of human perfection we know

Is the parent whose virtues illustrate the king.

And fee the glad throng, For the dance and the fong

With eager respectful attention prepare!

The fports are begun,
George fanctions the nuptials of Frederick his fon:
While the fong, &c.

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# BALLAD-IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

I THAT once was a ploughman, a failor am now,

No lark that aloft in the fky, Ever flutter'd his wings to give speed to the plough

Was fo gay or fo carcless as I: But my friend was a carfindo aboard a king's ship,

And he ax'd me to go just to sea for a trip, And he talk'd of such things.

As if failors were kings, And fo teizing did keep,

That I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep: No longer the horn

Call me up in the morn,

I trufted the carfindo and the inconftant wind, That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

I did not much like for to be aboard a fhip; When in danger there's no door to creep out: I liked the jolly 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, cried I, who would roam That like me had a home?

Where I'd fow, and I'd reap,

Ere I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep s Where sweetly the horn

Call'd me up in the morn,

Ere I trusted the carfindo and the inconstant wind, That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

At last fafe I landed and in a whole skin,

Nor did I make any long stay,

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, hast thou to blame,

Wives losing their husbands of the shair and ran

Wives losing their husbands, oft lose their good name; Ah why did I roam,

When so happy at home,

I could fow, and could reap,

Ere I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep:

When so fweetly the horn

Call'd me up in the morn:

Curfe light upon the carfindo and the inconstant wind, That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

Why if that be the case, faid this very same friend,

And you hen't no more minded to roam, Gis a shake by the fist, all your cares at an end,

Dad's alive, and your wife fafe at home! Stark staring with joy, I leapt out of my skin,

Buss'd iny wife, mother, fifter, and all of my kin:

Now eried I, let them roam,

Who want a good home; I am well, fo I'll keep,

Nor again leave my plough to go ploughing the deep:

Once more shall the horn Call me up in the morn,

Nor shall any damn'd carfindo, nor the inconstant wind, E'er tempt me for to go, and leave my dear behind,

BALLAD—IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

THE peafant in his humble cot, The Ethiope on the fandy Nile, 156

The mole-like Laplander, whose grot Boasts little genial nature's smile: These, blest with virtue, are not poor; Mer cheering voice such thrilling comfort brings, It throws around the thatch obscure A joy that shames the palaces of kings.

Oh virtue, forrowing man's relief, In pity by kind heaven fent, That tear'ft away the thorn of grief, And plant'st instead the rose content!-Thy smallest spark such lustre owns, With it fuch truth and dignity it brings, It throws obscurity on thrones, And beams to dim the diadem of kings!

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## 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 share, Anna and I were fworn. Sweetly the thrush, in varied fong, The vacant joy encreas'd, When kindly came the village throng To join the marriage feath. But sweeter sang the nightingale, Love's herald of the grove, When Cynthia, through the filver vale, Led to the bow'r of love! The lark's sweet morning song of joy Is known by that content, A lovely girl and blooming boy, Are given us to cement: The thrush still merrily at noon, In varied cadence fings, When fmiling fortune oft fome boon, To cheer our labour, brings : Nor, time far distant, shall we grieve, Though bleffing now and bleft, When Philomel, at nature's eve,

Shall lull us into reft.

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## BALLAD-IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

DEAR John prithee tell me, cried Ruth, To Gubbins, her hufband, one day, Dost not think, in good footh, I should swear but the truth Did I swear what I am going to say?

That wedlocks's a state,
In good humour, that fate
Contriv'd to bless woman and man,
And that Giles here's an afs,
Who such fortune lets pass?
All should marry as foon as they can.

Why Goody, cried Gubbins, you know My thoughts of the thing 'fore to day, Nor, as I shall shew, 'Need one many miles go

Need one many miles go
To prove what I am going to fay.

Did wives ever feeld.

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 can.

If one's children one wish'd in their grave, Still plaguing one day after day, The girls fashion's slaves,

Thy hoys 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 finiles,
Get married as foon as you can

Cried Ruth, will you let your tongue run Here you scurvy old villain I rule! Rogues there are, said the son, Eut, old Quiz, am I one? Cried the daughter, my sather's a sool

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Don't you fee, Gubbins cried,
I've the tenderest bride,
And best children that ever blest man!
Giles would you be driven,
To bedlam or heaven,
Get married as soon as you can!

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# BALLAD-IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

LET fons of flothdream time away,
Regardless what may follow,
And rail at us who wake the day
With horn, and hound, and hollow:
We their pursuits should find the same,
To their scerets were we privy,
Each man to hunt some savourite game
Through life goes on tantivy.

The book-worm huuts the ancient schools, And walks with Aristotle, Black-legs and ladies huut for fools,

The toper hunts his bottle.

Thus should we find, whate'er the name, To their secrets were we privy, Mankind to hunt, &c.

When doctors come in at the death,
For true bred hunters these are,
The patient cries, with his last breath,
"Et tu Brute! then fall Cæsar."
Thus we with safety 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,
Outrageous faints huut finners,
While with round belly, capon-lin'd,
Fat aldermen hunt dinners.
Thus fhould we find men's views the fame,
To their feerets were we privy,

All, to hunt, &c.

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

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# BALLAD-IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

POOR Peggy lov'd a foldier lad,
More, far more, than tongue can tell ye,
Yet was her tender bosom sad
Whene'er she heard the loud reveliez:
The si'es were screetch owls to her cars,
The drums like thunder seem'd to rattle,
Ah too prophetic were her sears,
They call'd him from her arms to battle!
There wonders he against the foe
Personn'd, and was with laurels crown'd,
Vain pomp! for soon death laid him lo

Vain pomp! for foon death laid him low On the cold ground. Her heart all love, her foul all truth,

That none her fears or flight difcover, Poor Peg, in guife 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 affliction as she stood,
While her woman's fears consound her
With terror all her soul subdu'd,
A mourning train came througing round her:
The plaintive fise and the sum.
The period of search and the sum.

The martial obsequies discover,
His name she heard, 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 lover low On the cold ground!

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# BALLAD-IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

MANKIND all get drunk, ay and womankind too,
As by proof 1 thall prefently thew 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 eyes does he roll! Why mutter and ftorm in that fashion?

What wine has he drank? How oft emptied the bowl! Not at all fir, the man's in a paffion!

Then round with the bowl, the tree's known by its trunk!
"Tis not liquor our natures can vary,

And passion as easy can make mortals drunk As claret, or fack, or canary.

See that whimfical creature, now cry, and now laugh, Now rave, and now florm, 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

And love as completely can make a man drunl As claret, or fack, or canary.

See those beautiful creatures like angels come on, Form'd us fellows 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 bowl, the tree's known by its trunk, 'Tis not liquor our natures can vary,

And fashion as casy can make ladies drunk As claret, or fack, or canary.

Thus passion, or power, or whim, or caprice, Poor mortals can make non se ipse; We fwill like a spunge, or a mayor at a feast,
The men drunk, and the ladies all tipsey!
Then round with the bowl, the tree's known by its trunk,
'Tis not liquor our natures can vary,
And solly as easy can make mortals drunk

As claret, or fack, or canary.

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## 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 I fmirking come, Leer, cock my hat, Swear and all that, Nor never dread A broken head Where the cause of strife's a doxy: But as for wars, And wounds, and scars, And fighting foes, And thumps, and blows, I'd rather fight by proxy.

When chiefs and privates mingled lie, And gasp without assistance, In baggage waggon, perch'd up, I

Stand umpire at a distance:
And with fife and drum—
I smirking come,
'Mongst foldier's wives,
Who lead merry lives,
Nor ever dread
A broken head

Where the cause of strife's a doxy :

Let their husbands go, And, 'gainst the foc Gain glory's scars In honour's wars:

I'd rather fight by proxy. Yet think ye I am not renown'd.

In foreign wars and civil,

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,
When the cause of strife's a down.

When the eaufe of strife's a doxy: Let others go, And, 'gainst the foc,

Gain glory's fcars In honour's wars: I'd rather fight by proxy.

Thus through the world I make a noise

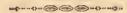
Where'er I'am a fojourner,
The mighty wonder and furprife
Of every chimney corner!
Where with fife and drum
I fmirking come,
And rap out zounds,
And talk of wounds,
Nor ever dread

Nor ever dread

A broken head

Where the cause of strife's a doxy:
They're sools who go,
And, 'gainst the soe,

In glory's wars
Gain honour's fears:
I'm wife, and fight by proxy.



# BALLAD-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 know
How I, whole whole trade is
To tickle up the ladies,
Have never yet got me a wife.
I started in life 'bout the year fixty-two,
My small clothes were scarlet, my stockings were blue,
My shoes were half-boots, pudding sleeves too I wore,
My that in the true pistol cock, and the more

# DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

O'er the fair to prevail,
I sported a fine ramilie for a cue,
For what's a beau or a monkey without a tail?

Fashion thus yields to fashion, as night yields to day,
The huge hat that was cock'd with an air

Soon was kiek'd out of doors, of the fmart Nivernois.
The charm'd world fung the praifes.

The belles put on jaxies,

And the beaux foorted now their own hair.

By that time it came to the year feventy-two,
The fashions of mixture of old were and new;
Your hair like a bushel might look or a wig,
Or nine hairs of a side, 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 heau or a monkey without a tail?

Again with the varying modes did I jump, Of fashion I gave the grand pas;

My coat hung to my heels, or was tuck'd to my rump, In all circles shoving,

A beau, or a floven,

With a flouch, or a chapeau de bras:
Thus I fported my figure about eighty-two,
Drove a two-ftory gig; that four pony rats drew,
Wore a coat with feven capes, thirteen waiftcoats in one,
And, that I might ne'er be in folly outdone,
With the fair to prevail,

A large porter's knot would have fcarce held my queue, For what's a beau or a monkey without a tail?

Thus in all forts of modifu affembles the first,
Have my purse, health, and spirits been hack'd,
But the polish worn off, nothing less but the rust,

I of fashion's strange stages, Like Shakespeare's Seven Ages,

Play the farce, though I'm in at the last act.
Arrived to year of Our Lord ninety-two,
I dress, and I coax, and I stirt, but won't do;
At a hundred and one I should still be a sop,
Lut done up, and nick named by the world the grey crop,
Can I hope to prevai.

To play gallantry's part I have now loft 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 borne off the field
By death, from whom the floutest run,
Who makes whole armies yield!
Dick well in honour's footstep 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 humble fod

Has grounded his arms !

Come fire a volly o'er his grave,
Dead marches let us beat;
War's honours well become the brave,
Who found their last retreat.
All must obey Fate's awful nod,
Whom life this moment warms,
Death foon or late, beneath the fod.

Will ground the foldier's arms!

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# BALLAD-IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

ADIEU my gallant failor, obey thy duty's call,
Though faile the fea; there's truth afhore;
Till nature is found changing, thou'rt fure of conftant
Poll:

And yet, as now we fever, Ah much I fear that never Shall I alas behold thee more.

Jack kis'd her, hitch'd his trowsers, and hied him to begone, Weigh'd anchor, and lost fight of shore, Next day a brisk south wester a heavy gale brought on, Adieu cried Jack for ever, For much I fear that never

Shall I, fweet Poll, hehold you more.

Poll heard that to the bottom was funk her honest tar, And for a while lamented fore;

At leight cried she, I'll marry; what should 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 out his faithful Poll, Think you, cried she, that false I swore,

I'm constant still 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 shift and veer, About ship for a kinder shore,

About thip for a kinder more, I hear'd the trick you play'd me, and fo, d'ye fee, my dear,

To a kind heart for ever
I've spliced myself, so never
Shall I false Poll, behold you more.

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# BALLAD-IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

SPANKING Jack was so comely, so pleasant so jolly, Though winds blew great guns, still he'd whistle and sing, Jack lov'd his friend, and was true to his Molly,

And, if honour gives greatness, was great as a king:

One night, as we drove with two reefs in the main fail,
And the feud came on low ring upon a lee shore,
Jack went up alost, for to hand the top gantfail,
A spray wash'd him off, and we ne'er saw him more:

But grieving's a folly, Come let us be jolly,

If we've troubles on fea boy, we've pleasures 'shore.

Whiffling Tom still of mischief, or fun in the middle, Through life in all weathers at random would jog, He'd dance, and he'd sing, and he'd play on the siddle, And swig with an air his allowance of grog:

Long fide of a Don, in the Terrible frigate, As yard arm and yard arm we lay off the shore, In and out whiffling Tom did so caper and jig it,
That his head was shot off, and we ne'er saw him more:
But grieving's a folly, &c.

Bonny Ben was to each jolly messimate a brother,
He was manly and honest, good natured and free,
If ever one tar was more true than another,
To bis friend out his chart that follower has

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 hold craggy shore, He over board tipt, when a shark and a spanker, Soon nipt him in two, and we ne'er saw him more! But grieving's a folly, &c.

But what of it all lads, shall we be down hearted Because that mayhap we now take our last sup? Life's cable must one day or other be parted, And death in safe moorings 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 forme damn'd thing or other, He's popp'd off the hooks, and we ne'er fee him more!

But grieving's a folly, &c.

#### 

## BALLAD-IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

ARRAH if 'tis no lie in this world we are living,
And it en't, for it's feen every day,
That the trueft of joys honell hearts are receiving
Are those they are giving away.

And 'tis clear to the stupidest elf
That the best kind of comfort a man gives to others,
Is that which he takes to himself:
Thus this bodder and game, this same meum and tuum,
Means the devil a meaning but suum.

For your friend's peace of mind fliould you let your mouth water,

And be getting the wish you obtain, In possessing his purse, or his wise or his daughter, What delight would the joy be but pain. Then let knav'ry alone, the vain work's useless labour, 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 himself? Thus this bodder, &c.

If I'm rich, and should chuse to do good to another, Arrah fait for the felfish design

Devil tank me, for if you allow I'm his brother,
Fait and confeience fure is not he mine?
But, fays musty Morality, chuse objects fitting:

But, fays musty Morality, chuse objects fitting; Just your fermions lay by on the shelf;

Why you stupid old big wig, arrah fure 'ent I getting For one joy of his ten for myself. Thus this bodder, &c.

Then from fuch bothoration in pity release us, Fortune all you bestow will repay,

And though poor as Job, you'll all be as rich as Craefus
For you'll keep what you've given away:

The fine generous maxim then while you're purfuing Spend your all to hoard mountains of pelf,
Soar high while you're finking, be prosperous 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 sleecy snow frown'd on the whiten'd shore,

Cold as the fears that chill'd her dreary fancy,
While she her failor from her bosom tore:

To his fill'd heart a little Nancy preffing, While a young tar the ample trowfers ey'd, In need of firmness, in this state distressing,

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, For we must part

In joy to meet again.

Loud blew the wind, when leaning on that willow Where the dear name of William flood,

When Nancy faw, tofs'd by a faithlefs hillow, A fluip dath'd 'gainst a rock that topp'd the flood: Her tender heart with frantic forrow thrilling,

Wild as the form that howl'd along the shore, No longer could refis a stroke so killing,

'Tis he, she cried, nor shall I see him more!
Why did he ever trust the sickle 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 passed 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 auxiously furround her,
And now Will class his girl and now his boy:
Did I not say, though 'tis a fickle ocean,

Sorrow's all a notion, Grief all in vain? My joy how fweet, For now we meet, Never to part again!

## BALLAD-IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

LIFE'S a jest, says the poet, arrah sure 'tis a pun— Men call black for white through some quibbling pretence,

And expressions still use where the found is all one,
Though as distant as London from Dublin the sense
Then let 'em now just go their gig and their sun,
This life by my foul's nothing more than a pun,
Where men play on our passions to turn us all sools,
And make puns and quibbles, that we may make bulls

That he's o'er head and ears the fond lover declares, And must marry or hang—the dear creature befet, Consents, little dreaming he puns while he swears, For the taef does not mean he's in love, but in debt. Then let them now just go their gig and their fun, This life by my foul's nothing more than a pun, Where fine dashing lovers fond widows turn fools,

And make puns and quibbles, that they may make bulls.

That fweet babe, fays old Bolus, I'll quickly restore 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 speaks truth, for he meant mother earth! Then let them now just go their gig and their fun,

This life by my foul's nothing more than a pun,

And thus learned physicians their patients turn sools,

And make puns and quibbles, that they may make bulls. Says the courtier, my friend, you shall have a snug 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 just 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 express,

Thus feathers cut throats, thus are sycophants civil, Don't bishops and ladies say no, and mean yes? Don't we call women angels for playing the devil?

Then let them now just go their gig and their fun, This life by my foul's nothing more than a pun,

Thus men laugh in their fleeves, while they turn their friends fools,

And make puns and quibbles, that they may mak buils

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## RONDEAU-IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

WHO calls ?- Who calls ? Who Wifdom calls by Momus' name ? Who needs a fample of my quality? Momus and wisdom are the same, Wisdom's god's the god of jollity. Let the dark fage who low'rs and fcowls, And broods o'er melancholy, Seek creeping fnakes and hooting owls, And call all pleasure folly :

If this be truth, truth speaks in lies,
This axiom 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 contradicts 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 volunteers,
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 flory's done You'll make its application.
A wag he fent for to his court,
Who, each way you can mention,
'To furnish whim, and fun, and sport,
Still tortured his invention.
To please this sultan, &c.

'Mongst Folly's fons and daughters too
With Satire did he wander,
And still attempting fomething new,
Relying on the candour
Of this mighty sultan, &c.
At length his frolies at an end,
Cried one, I do not bam you,

But as you merit, my good friend, He'll either fave or dam you, Will this mighty fultan, &c.

But, for your comfort, he is just, And easily contented, Nor to him e'er did any trust

Nor to him e'er did any trust Who afterwards repented.

You are the fultan who for fun Indulge an inclination, I am the wag—my flory's done— Now make its application,

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## BALLAD-IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

IN the motley feather'd race Mankind you may diftinctly trace, Evermore on pleafure's wing

Idly roving,
Fighting, loving,

They chatter, croak, and hoot, 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, birds 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 distinctly trace, Evermore on pleasure's wing,

Idly roving, Fighting, loving,
They charter, croak, and hoot, and fing.
Thou hast seen upon the prowl,
Grave as any judge, an owl,
On birds and mice at random seize.

For wren, or linnet,
Watch the minute,
And make a fnatch by way of fees:
Lawyers, who deal in froth and words,

What are they all but humming-birds? Geefe are those who go to law, A hoarding mifer's a jackdaw, Fond doves, like lovers, kifs and tov. A bulfinch is an Irish joy, Neglected worth's the humble wren, While corni rants are all aldermen! Thus in the motley feather'd race, &c.

Vain peacocks thou haft feen, who hide Their ugly feet, though puff'd with pride; Thus, while they bask in funshine's hour,

> Spacious wonders, Hide the blunders

Of gaudy peacocks, p'um'd with power: Fools fo love knaves one can't defery The dove-house from the rockery: The meerest dolt can tell you who Are like the wagtail and cuckoo: And all know those who swear 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.

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# BALLAD-IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

WHEN I comes to town with a load of hay, Mean and lowly though I feem, I knows pretty well how they figures away, While I whiftles and drives my team: Your natty sparks, and flashy 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 To hear 'em fret,

A mobbing away they go-(" The feoundrel deferres to be horfe whipt !" Who, me ma'am?')

Wo Ball, wo!

So to mind them I ne'er feem, But whiftles and drives my team!

So as I feems thinking of nothing at all, And driving as fast as I can, I pins a queer thing against 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 goes fpank, I tips Ball on the flank,

Ball plunges, and paints him all over with mud, Queers his stockings, and spoils 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 bless your baby face, I would not hurt your fpindle shanks for the world!').

Wo Ball, wo!

So to mind 'em I ne'er feem, But whiftles and drives my team.

And so gets the finest sun.
And frisk that ever you saw,
Of all I meets I can queer ev'ry one
But you gemmen of the law:

Though they can fearcely 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 Lordon town.

They dreffes a calf's head.

Then ev'ry dunce To he ar open at once,

Like mill-clacks their clappers go,

(" Oh that's the fellow I faw grinning through the horse " collar in the county,"

'I fancy you're the fellow I faw grinning through the 'pillory in London!')

Wo Ball, wo!

So to mind 'em I ne'er feem, Butwhistles and drives my team.

#### met-electrical and proper method

#### BALLAD-IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

I SING of that life of delight beyond measure
That tars calmly lead on the boisterous main,
Where toil is enjoyment, where trouble's all pleasure,
And where men lose their lives, a sure fortune to gain:
Where you fear no diseases but sickness and senry,
Where the water slinks sweetly, by way of a zest.
Where you walk on your legs, when you're not topfy turvy,
And where, though you sleep soundly, you're never at rest!

Then pull round the can, oh you have not a notion Of failors, their grog, and their sweethearts, and wives,

Ah give me, my foul, the tight lads of the ocean,
Who though they're fo wretched, lead such happy lives.

'Then you're always of billows and winds in the middle,
'That fo dash, and so whistle, and bodder your ears,
And play a duet with the tar's fong and siddle,

So fweetly that founds, and nobody hears:

Then to fee the tight lads, how they laugh at a stranger,
Who fears billows can drown, and nine pounders can kill
For you're fafe fure enough, were you not in such danger,
And might bill at your ease, if you could but sit still.
Then push round the can, &c.

What of perils that, always the fame, are so various,
And through shot holes and leaks leave wide open Death's
doors,

doors,

Devil a rifk's in a battle, wer't not fo precarious,

Storms were all gig, and fun, but for breakers and fhores:

In thort, a tar's life, you may fay dat I told it,

Who leaves quiet and peace, foreign countries to roam, is, of all other lives, I'll be bound to uphold it,
The best life in the world, next to staying at home.

Then push round the can, &c.

### BALLAD-IN PRIVATE THEATRICAL'S.

'I'HIS here's what I does—I, d'ye fee, forms a notion.
That our troubles, our forrows and firife,
Are the winds and the billows that foment the ocean,
As we work through the passage of life:

And for fear on life's fea lest the veffel should founder, To lament, and to weep, and to wail,

Is a pop gun that tries to out roar a ninepounder, All the same as a whiff in a gale.

Why now I, though hard fortune has pretty near starv'd me, And my togs are all ragged and queer,

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 griev'd 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 false friend though are gone by the bargain, So the gain d'ye see's more than the loss.

For though fortune's a jilt, and has, &c.

The heart's all—when that's built as it should, 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 palayer and nonfense I'm not to be paid off,

I'm a drift, let it blow then great guns,

A gale, a fresh breeze, or the old gemmen's head off,
I take's life rough and smooth as it runs:

Content, through hard fortune, &c.

#### 

### FINALE-IN THE COALITION.

I.AWYERS pay you with words, and fine ladies with va-

Your parsons with preaching, and dancers with capers, Soldiers pay you with courage, and some with their lives, Some men with their sortunes, and some with their wives: Some with same, some with conscience, and many throw both in,

Physicians with latin, and great men with nothing; I, not to be singular in such a throng, For your kindness pay you with the end of a song.

But pleading, engrossing, declaring, and vap'riag, And sighting, and hectoring, and dancing, and capering,

### 176 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

And preaching, and fwearing, and bullying—prescribing.

And coaxing, and wheedling, and feeing, and bribing,

And every professional art of hum-drumming

Is clearly in some fort of species of humming;

Humming!—nay, take me with you, the term's very strong.

But I only meant humming the end of a song,

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 expression Can describe of your kindness the grateful impression? May every defire of your hearts be propitious, Be lasting success the result of your wishes, Unimpair'd be your joys, your lives happy and long! And now I am come to the end of my fong.

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### BALLAD-IN SHE IS MAD FOR A HUSBAND.

OH money, thou master of all things below, Of each chain thour't the principal link: What can purchase a friend, or can buy off a foe, Or make black appear, like the chink?

Your lawyers phylicians, in fhort ev'ry tribe, Who to cat dip the pen in their ink, Would they write, or advise, or consult, or preseribe, Were it not for the sake of the chink?

Of men and of women, high, low, great and small,
"Tis the life, 'tis victuals, the drink;
"Tis a good univerfal acknowledg'd—all, all
Revive at the found of the chink.

No more talk of Cupid, for thine far above, His power to nothing can fink; I doat to distraction, could have her I love, Alas! if I had but the chink.

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#### BALLAD—IN SHE IS MAD FOR A HUSBAND.

ALAS! where is my lover gone? In all the world I have but one,

Near to my heart his image fits, And 'twas for him I lost my wits.

Where art thou fled, my only dear?
To find thee they have fent me here;
Thou'lt cure, they fay, these love-sick fits,
And give me back again my wits.

Haste then, to pleasure shew the way,
For now in doubt and scar I stray,
My brain with dubious torments splits;
Haste, haste, and give me back my wits.

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### BALLAD-IN SHE IS MAD FOR A HUSBAND.

To be mad for a husband is not a thing new:
'The widow who swere to her first 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;
Because truly Dick was a lusty young lad:
What a plague do you call such a woman but mad?

The young lady, brimful of the last new romance, Who ogles the footman, as if 'twere by chance; Who gets out of her room by a ladder of ropes, And at last, with her John, who to Scotland elopes, Leaving, fore in affliction, her worthy old dad; What a plague do you call fuch a woman but mad? She, because he is rich, and because she is poor, Who weds with a batter'd old rake of fourscore: She at seventy-seven who marries a boy; For title and rank, she who barters all joy; 'Those who marry for motives like these or as bad, What a plague do you call all these women but mad?

#### BALLAD-IN SHE IS MAD FOR A HUSBAND.

HE ran to the farm-yard, and there bit a hog
That, in less than ten minutes, bark'd just like a dog;
The hog bit a horse that was just come from hunting,
And presently after the horse fell a grunting;
Such grunting, and barking, and barking, and grunting.

And grunting, and barking, and barking, and grunting, The village will never have done with the talk on't, Tho' the wifest man there cannot make hog or dog on't.

A fine brindled cow, near a hay-stack was straying, Which, bit by the horse, was soon after heard neighing; The cow bit a man, who was driving the plough, When he walk'd on four legs, and low'd just like the cow. Such lowing, and neighing, and barking, and grunting, And grunting, and barking, and neighing, and lowing, The visitage will never have done with the talk on't, Tho' the wifest man there cannot make hog or dog on't.

The man bit a Jack-afs, that foon after ran Half a mile on two legs, and talk'd just like the man; The Jack-afs encountered a sheep in his way, And 'its 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 on't, Tho' the wifest man there cannot make hog or dog on't. The sheep bit a wolf, which was soon heard to bleat,

The wolf more dumb things than I've time to repeat; But the worst that was bit, was, alas! my poor wench! Heav'n keep us, I say, from mad dogs and the French! Such bleating, and taking, 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 wifest man there cannot make hog or dog on't.

#### BALLAD-IN SHE IS MAD FOR A HUSBAND.

YOUNG Doll a comely village girl
Was courted by a huge rich 'fquire,
Who offer'd diamonds, gold, and pearl,
Or goffip fame's a wounded liar:
But to honeft Doll
Virtue was all,
So he could ne'er get nothing by her;
And for all his jeer,
With a flea in his ear,
She packing fent this huge rich 'fquire.

One day as he had hunting been, Come crofs the fields this huge rich 'fquire, On the finest horse that e'er was seen, And fpying Doll, was all on fire. Doll, in a fright, Saw him alight,

And run o'er bramble and o'er 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 horse, and in the mire,

Of hope bereft, She fairly left,

To curse his stars, this huge rich 'squire.

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#### BALLAD-IN ENGLAND AGAINST ITALY.

WHY is the devil in you,

Or are you fuch a ninny To believe of you she'll ever think, persuade her all you can

No, no, whate er believe you, Your hopes will all deceive you,

For a girl of sense will yield 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 flash in the pan His pretty felf admiring,

Be ought but hate inspiring,

When a woman always yields to-not a monkey, but a man.

Then give this folly over, Nor longer play the lover,

For I plainly tell you 'tis a mighty filly plan;

Or, fpight of all your vapouring, I'll fo finely spoil your capering,

You shall own this arm belongs to-not amonkey, but a man.

#### 

### SONG-IN ENGLAND AGAINST ITALY:

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

#### 

### BALLAD-IN THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

THE willing foul well pleas'd delights
To heal the stranger's grief;
Nor will its hospitable rights
From worth withhold relief:
But still we should—deceitful lest
The tear we wish to dry—
Distinguish 'twixt the gen'rous guest,
And the insidious spy.
Our passions each should, station'd well,
Have some good post apart,
And, as a wary centinel,
Prudence should guard the heart?
Thus, like a camp, the human breast
Might a surprise defy:
Rewarding still the gen'rous guest,

And punishing the spy.

### ndpandpa@@ndpandpa

### BALLAD—IN THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

FOR wedlock's a voyage, where, should boisterous billows; Arise to disturb of our lives the calm sea, Pcace, joy, and delight, would, deserting our pillows, Leave behind a strong with once again to get free.

Domestic disquiet, like quicksand or shallow, Would the vessel of Love shock in every part,

Rocks of Anger would, bruise her, or Hates ocean swallow, And the tempest of Marriage would shipwreck the heart.

But gayly her course through the sea of life bending, With a surface that killes the generous gale,

Each effort, each wish, each affection, still tending To steer by Love's compass, and hoist Reason's fail.

The fenses, that crew of the mind, all in motion,
To make the voyage prosp'rous exert ev'ry art,
While the vessel tow'rs on the face of the ocean,
'Till in wedlock's kind haven rides safely 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'er lov'd my Joc for the lucre of gain.

If so be, by good chance, such a fortunate thing Was to happen, for me to be crowned a queen, 'Twould quickly be seen,'
If they did not consent to make Joey a king,

That for Bet they might get who they would for to reign, For I ne'er lov'd my Joe for the lucre of gain,

O'Conner, he in the pea-aches that plies, Ap Skenkin, the Welchman, Mac Pherson the Scot, For his sake 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.

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#### BALLAD-IN ALL'S NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS,

I AM a chairman my name is Me Gee, No flower in May was fo blithe as me, Till that buftard Cupid, lodg'd in difguife In pretty Bridget's two good looking eyes, DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Arrah is't you, the urchin cry'd,
I've a strong bow I never try'd;
Like a shelalah he then choic a dart,
And what a whack it gave my heart.
And since that time I grunt and sigh,
And fob, and moan, becase as why
I strive to hate, but am ne'er the nigher,
By her frosty looks I'm all on fire.
Oh! Bridget, Bridget, ease my pain,
Or give me back my heart again,
Or else, in troth, do all I can,
My partner'll soon be an odd man.

ndpundin@@@pupundhu

#### BALLAD-IN ALL'S NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

A WORD in your ear if you pleafe Mr, Fop,
No more in this pickle be reaming;
But pull off your fool's jacket, step home to your shop,
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 so greedy,
'Tis not for the likes of such people as we,
To be aping my lord and my lady.

For you, Mrs. Bridget, if just in the room
Of being dressed out like an actor,
You were twirling your mop round, or handling your broom,
'Twould be more, I believe, in character.

Be advis'd by a fool, &c.

ndmadph @ @ndmindm

#### BALLAD-IN THE OLD WOMAN OF EIGHTY.

To ev'ry fav'rite village fport
With joy thy steps I'll guide;
Thy wishes always will I coart,
Nor e'er stir from thy side.
But when the sprightly sife and drum,
With all their dread alarms,
Echo afar
The cry of war,

When chiefs are heard to cry we come, And Honour calls—To arms.

Thy pain and pleafure will I share,
For better and for worse,
And if we have a prattling care,
I'll be its tender nurse.
But when, &c.

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#### BALLAD-IN THE OLD WOMAN OF EIGHTY.

I'VE health, and I have spirits too, Of work I've had my share; And when you go, for love of you, I will your knapsack 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.

Though thunders growl, and light'nings blue In flashes cleave the air,

I'll march content, for love of you And will your knapfack hear.

All daugers, hazardous and new, One fmile shall make me dare; Rememb'ring 'tis for love of you, That I your knapfack hear.

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### BALLAD—IN ENGLAND AGAINST ITALY.

THE falcon, tow'ring high in air,
Diferies afar the turtle dove,
Watching his nest with anxious care,
And waiting for his willing love.

Nor can the victim's harmless cries, His foe's infatiate vengeance stay, On rapid pinions down he slies, And pounces on his tender prey.

#### erdhendhu @@ndhundhu

### BALLAD-IN THE RAZOR GRINDER.

COME all you maids who fain would-marry, Learn, learn of me the way to-choose, Rather by half till doomfday-tarry, Than beauty to an old man-lofe. Ah tell me, how can wrinkles-charm you, What joys can age excite or-prove, Let, then, your dangerous state-alarm you, And choose a young man that can-love.

An old man always will be-weezing, No feeling, hearing, tafte, or-fight; A young man always will be-pleafing, Sprightly all day, and kind at-night. Ah tell me how, &c.

#### 

### BALLAD-IN THE QUIZES.

THIS life is like a country dance, The world a spacious ball room, In which fo many take a prance, They fearcely find for all room. Fidlers, and pipers, in a row, See how the ranks are closing, Each strives his neighbour's faults to shew, While he's his own exposing.

(Pray Ma'am what dance have you called? Matrimony Ma'am. The figure is extremely easy, you turn single, run away with your partner, lead up the midd le, back to back, part, and change partners.)

Thus busied in the fond turmoil, They time by folly meafure, Turn all their pleasures into toil, And fancy toil a pleafure.

Some in full dance with ardour burn, And fwim, and glide, and wander; While others, waiting for their turn, Sneer, smile, and deal out slander.

" And fo the Count must run away !"
" Why really I'm afraid so;

" His flirt has ruin'd him at play:"
" Poor man, I always faid fo."

"(Oh no doubt about it:—kept by a physician before she came to the count!—duel with a young apothecary!—fyringes loaded with analeptic pills!—"Tis your turn to begin Sir:—Sir I beg your pardon,"

Thus busied in the fond turmoil, &c,

Away they prance it, fmall and big,
Brown, ginger, fair, and grizzle,
"Lord ma'am you difconcert my wig,
"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 should consider that the dance is My Lord Mayor's Feast:—it begins with a set to, and finishes with a reel.)"

Thus busied in the fond turmoil, &c.

Thus dance succeeding after dance,

As if old Nick had got 'em,

They scandal vent, and flirt, and prance, And foot it to the bottom.

Thus having made for others fport,

In regular rotation,

With swinging interest 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 false calves turned before!—Come, come, ladies and gentlemen, a new dance.—Strike up none so Pretty)."

Thus bused, &c.

### BALLAD-IN THE QUIZES.

PRAY ladies think not I prefume The art of love to teach you; Proficients long ago become, My counsel could not reach you: A hint I offer, nothing more,
For your determination,
Love's mysteries would you explore,
Observe the seather'd nation.
As in a mirror, may you there,
Of love, make your elections,
As you choose ribbands at a fair,
To suit with all complexions.

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 have heard the laughing loves,
More truly aim their arrows,
When Venus harneffes her doves,
Than when fle's drawn by fparrows:
But if the fmallest hint by you
To this should be objected,
With defference, so much your due,
I soon shall stand corrected.

The peacock, with fuch stately pride,
His haughty bosom throbbing,
May fcorn, while hopping by his side,
The blest, though humble robin:
But, sparingly true joy is lent,
To envy, pride, and malice:
Tis said a cottage, and content,
Sometimes outweighs a palace:
Yet may, against my playful verse,
No fit of anger seize you:
I would not, for the universe,
Do ought that could displease you.
Jays, pies, and all the chattering crew,
To folly giv'n, and pleasure,

To folly giv'n, and pleasure,
May turn to jest the chosen few,
Who love by virtue measure:
Not so the grateful nightingale,
Who soon as evening closes,
His orgies offers in the vale,
To heav'n, ere he reposes.
Of this you'll judge, as of the rest,
Yet, while the smile's beginning,
Ere you turn counsel to a jest,
'Take care that laughing's winning.

#### ···dindpio

### 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 russic 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 sport for sport.
From a sceptre to a rattle,

From a feeptre to a rattle, We've every thing in toys, For infants that fearce prattle, To men who still are boys.

Cock horses, and state 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 shew.

Walk in here ladies and gentlemen; here you fee the Queen of Sheba, and King Solomon in all his glory; you think that figure's alive, but he is no more alive than I am!

While the pipes and the tabors rend the air, Haste neighbours to the fair.

What's your fweepstakes, and your races,
And all your fighting cocks,
To our horse collar grimaces,
And girls that run for smocks?
Our Hobs can swivle noses,
At single-slick who fight,
As well as your Mendozas,
Though not quite so polite:

In their deceptions neater,
Are your keen rooks allow'd,
Than is yonder fire eater,
Who queers the gaping croud?
Then book not tricks to noxious,

That genteel life befpeaks, Our jugler's hixious doxious, Shall distance all the greeks.

### 188 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Can Pharoah and his host 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 assure ye,
Of diseases, by the score,
A single dose shall cure ye:
Can Warwick-lane do more?
Wid virligigs, tetotums,
Yon jew's imposhing faish,

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 donkies,

For all the world like you.

Then would ye Ranelagh find out, What think ye of our Roundabout!

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.

#### adminding @ onderedon

### 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 foldiers come,
Beheld the glitt'ring arms fo gay,
Was charm'd with the loud trumpets bray,
Delighted with the sprightly fife,
And deafened with the thund'ring drum:

While foldiers march'd to the loud tattoo, And though to honeft Ralph fill true, She liftened to the loud tattoo,

l've faid that Mog was debonair, Nor was their admiration small:

She was thought artlefs, young, and fair,
By the regiment, 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'd, 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 strove, to make young Mog untrue,
Pike, trumpet, fife, and loud tattoo.

Mog foon found reason to condemn
The nonsense of each blust ring est:
And, looking with contempt on them,
Some little shame took to herself.
Determin'd now to be the wife

Of honest Ralph, so kind and true, Cried she to the ensga, child go home To your mamma.—For you, old Bluff, Your trumpet's like yourself, a puff! I'll not be whistled after, fife,

Nor, drummer, shall your hollow drum To me beat Wedlock's loud tattoo. True to my Ralph, to honour true, Hence trumpet, sife, and loud tattoo.

md...d.ud>u @ @ >u>n.ud>n.

### BALLAD—IN THE QUIZES.

WHAT art thou, facinating war,
Thou throphied, painted peft,
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 shall return,

### 190 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Their woes, that but furvive to mourn E'en when the battle rages high,
When to the charge the legions fly,
And trumpets strike the ear,
Shall from the bravest wrest the sigh,
That starts fost Pity's tear.

Where will ambition's folly reach!
Sure nature ne'er defign'd
Her noble gifts an art should teach,
To man, to thin his kind!
Well they deferve their county's care,
In its desence who fight,

Who bulwarks of their nation are, Its glory, its delight:

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 shall heave a figh, Shall vent kind Pity's tear.

Then do not, for an empty name
A phantom thus purfue:
Think, that if Glory mark thy fame,
Murder shall mark it too.
Reason, and Peace, and Love dwell he

Reason, and Peace, and Love dwell here,
And, if for others woe,
We heave the sigh and fort the tear

We heave the figh, and flart the tear,
From guilt they never flow.
Ah flay, left thou should'st ne'er return,
Lest I should but survive to mourn.
Lest 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 standing by,

"Lord how this world is giv'n to lying!"

The throng retired, John left alone,

He meditated 'mongst the tombs,

And spelt out on the mould'ring stones, What friends were gone to their long homes:

"You're gone before,"

Cried John, no more—
"I shall come foon, I'm almost dying:"

Cried Neighbour Sly, While standing by,

"Lord how this world is given to lying!"

' Here lies the bones, heav'n's will be done,
Of farmer Slug:-reader would'st know

Who to his mem'ry raifed this stone?

"I'was his disconsolate widow."

Cried John, "Oh oh!"
To her I'll go,

"No doubt with grief the widow's dying :"
Cried Neighbour Sly,

Still standing by,

"Lord how this world is given to lying !"

Their mutual grief was short and sweet; Scarcely the passing bell had ceased,

When they were sped ;- the funeral meat

Was warmed up for the marriage feast!

They vow'd, and fwore, Now o'er and o'er,

They ne'er would part till both were dying: Cried Neighbour Sly,

Still standing by,

6 Lord how this world is given to lying!"

Again to hear the passing bell, John now a fort of hank'ring feels;

Again his help-mate brags how well She can trip up a husband's heels:

Again to the tomb

Each longs to come,

### 192 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

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

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### BALLAD-IN THE QUIZES.

RAIL on at joys that are not thine,
That thus thou leer'st, with Envy's blink,
'Tis not because we drink good wine,
But 'tis that thou hast none to drink.
What though two roads before us lie,
We on no crooked path shall fall,
For that we may not walk awry,
We'll drink till we can't walk at all.

Thou fay'st that wine's the cause of strife,
That to the brain-when it ascends,
We quarrel, so do man and wise,
And then, like them, we're better friends:

And then, like them, we're better friend But here thou shalt not have thy will, Nor coax good fellows to a brawl;

Rather than of our friends think ill, We'll drink till we can't think at all.

Thou call'ft the glass a foe to love, Why fool 'tis Cupid's dearest boast, What fair did celebrated prove, Till celebrated as a toast?

But imperfections should there be, That sometimes to their lot may fall, Rather than faults in ladies see, We'll drink till we can't see at all.

Thou fay'st that treason lurks beneath,
And our convivial pleasure sours;
'Thou liest, that monster does not breathe,
That dares profane a king like our's
But our firm loyalty to prove,

But our firm loyalty to prove, And choak 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, abuse our joy, Indulge this cynic spite of thine; When thou hast faid thy worst, old hoy, Thou canst not say we drink bad wine.
We envy no man's pleasures, we;
Still ready at each generous call;
Nay, rather than speak ill of thee,
We'll drink till we can't speak at all.

### BALLAD-IN THE QUIZES.

COME all hands aloy 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 boisterous main,

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

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

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

Our Boatswain takes care of the rigging, More spessionly when he gets drunk;

The Bobstays supplies him with swigging,

He the cable cuts up for old junk:
The fludding-fail ferves for his hammor,

With the clue-lines he bought him his call, While Enfigns and Jacks in a mammoc

With a will ho, &c.

Of the Purser this here is the maxim, Slops, grog, and provision he sacks:

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

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

If his Majesty's honour and glory, Was only just told about that.

With a will ho, &c.

Our Chaplain's both holy and godly, And fets us for heaven agog;

### 194 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Yet to my mind he looks rather oddly,
When he's fwearing and drinking of grog:
When he took on his knee Betty Bowfer,
And talk'd of her beauty and charms,
Cried I which is the way to heaven now fir?
Why you dog, cried the Chaplain, her arms.
With a will ho, &c.

The Gunner's a devil of a bubber,
The Carfindo can't fish a mast,
The Surgeon's a lazy land lubber,
The Master can't steer if he's ast,
The Lieutenants conceit are all wrapt in,
The Mates scarcely merit their slip,
Nor is there a swab, but the Captain,
Knows the stem from the stern of the ship.

Now fore and aft having abused them,
Just but for my fancy and gig,
Could I find any one that ill used them,
Damn me but I'd tickle his wig.
Jack never was known for a railer,
'Twas fun ev'ry word that I spoke,
And the fign of a true hearted failor,
Is to give and to take a goed joke.
With a will ho, &c.

With a will ho, &c.

#### mathemather a mathemather

### BALLAD-IN THE QUIZES.

THE furge hearfely murm'ring, young Fanny's grief

The spray rudely dashing as falt as her tears,
The ships in the osling, perpetually rocking,
Too saithful a type of her hopes and her sears.

'Twas here, the cried out, that Jack's vows were fo many,

Here I bitterly wept, and I bitterly weep:

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

Ah mock not my troubles ye pitiless breakers, Ye winds do not thus melt my heart with alarms, He is your pride and mine, in my grief then partakere, My sailor in safety watt back to my arms.

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

Some true lover shall write the fad fate of poor Fanny,

On the trembling pine that hangs over the deep.

Thus her heart fadly torn with its wild perturbation No friend but her forrow, no hope but the grave ; Led on by her grief to the last desperation,

She ran to the cliff, and plung'd into the wave.

A tar fav'd her life :- the fond tale shall please many; Who before wept her fate, now no longer shall weep: 'Twas her Jack, who, returning, had fought out his Fanny,

Near the trembling pine that hangs over the deep.

### BALLAD - in THE QUIZES.

As Wit and Beauty, for an hour, The other day were jarring, Which held o'er man fuperior pow'r, They almost came to sparring : Cried Reafon, Wit you're grown a fool, You-look quite ugly, Beauty: Come take me with you, both be cool, Sure mortals know their duty 1

To them fubmit, Whether 'tis Wit, They most admire, or Beauty.

So faid, fo done, out they both fet, With Reason to protect 'em, Resolv'd that the first men they met, Should to the truth direct 'em .-

Instant they ask'd a midnight throng, Who, to Bacchus paid their duty, Wit, cried out they, teems in our fong,

But 'tis inspired by Beauty. Learn wisdom, Wit, Like us, fubmit

To the sweet power of Beauty.

Cried Wit, no tricks on travellers here, I faw you fmile, you gipfy; 'Twas brib'ry and corruption clear; Besides, the rogues were tipfy :

Yon bard the truth will quickly hit:
Come, poet, do your duty:
Do you not owe your fame to Wit;
To Wit fool!—no, to Beauty.
Adieu to Wit,

When men fubmit To be the flaves of Beauty.

Quaint rogue, with his fatiric page,
I'he fellow is a lover:
If I'm condemn'd by yonder fage,
I'll give the matter over.

Did'st not the world, fay Hermit, quit, Imposing this hard duty,

Better to contemplate on Wit?

"No, to reflect on Beauty."

Then, in fond fit,

He turn'd from Wit,

And fqueez'd the hand of Beauty:
"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 presence 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.

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### RONDEAU-IN THE QUIZES.

OH the camp's delightful rigs,
At which fuch crowds are peeping,
Where chaifes, dillies, cars, and gigs
Serve 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,
Who, higgledy piggledy, on the ground,
Like gipfies pig together.
The morning gun
Begins the fun,

Reveilles 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 sham fight;

Marches, retreats, attacks, and routs,

Proclaim'd by guns, and shrieks, and shouts,

The air with various clangors fill;

While ranks of foot, and troops of horse,

Refiftlefs in their headlong courfe,

Bear down, while fidling, shifting, 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 stilly stands, The neighing horses cease to prance,

The trumpet, that erst cried advance,

Now founds retreat; Drums cease to beat:

Foes, turn'd to friends, eager shake hands;

On neither fide the winner:
No longer arm'd for a sham fight,

They tooth and nail unite

To exterminate—the dinner. Oh the camp's delightful rigs, &c,

Oh for a muse of fire, to sing

The conflict of the day!

Upon a plain, in form a ring,

The foe within entrenchments lay;
A cover'd way

Hid each division:—At the fight

The heroes, eager for the fight, Arm, and the enemy invest.

Each charge fresh vigour brings,

They thin the ranks, ., Attacking flanks

And wings :

Legs, heads, and carcases around They in one shapeless heap consound, And, ris'n to such a favage heat, Not only kill, but all they kill they cat!

And fee, to urge their furious course, Light troops the foe now reinforce; On the instant, as they stand amazed, New works are raised, Like magic, to their wond'ring eyes, Bastions, redoubts, and rav'lins rife. Again the fignal's given; Again with headlong fury driven; Comfits, now discomsited, Lie in promiseuous ruin spread ; Trifles, blanc mange, and jeilies quake, While, as with rage they teem, Whole islands 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 strew with mangled heaps the plain, And fight the battle o'er again, And flay the flain! And now, the foe all kill'd or fled, While those that can walk off to bed: The folemn trumpet's flowly founded, Leave's given to carry off the wounded, And bury all the dead. Oh the camp's delightful rigs, &c.

#### erdpundhu @ @ wdhundhes

### BALLAD-IN THE QUIZES.

WHILE woman, like foft Mufic's charms, So fweetly blifs dispenses, Some favourite part each fair performs In the concert of the fenfes. Love, great first siddle in the band, Each passion queils and raises, Exploring, with a master's hand, Nice Modulation's mazes; Till the rapt foul, supremely bleft, Beams brightly in each feature, And lovely woman stands confessed The harmony of Nature. Hark! with the penfive, in duet,

The sprightly how it mingles!

The prude's the flute, and the coquette, The lively harp that tinkles. One holdly sweeps the yielding strings,

While plaintive to ther prates it; Like Cæfar, this to victory springs,

Like Fabius, that awaits it.

With various gifts, to make us bleft, Love skills each charming creature:

Thus lovely woman stands confessed
The harmony of Nature.

Maids are of virginals the type,
Widows the growling tymbal,
Scolds are the shrill and piercing pipe,
Flirts are the wiry cymbal.

All wives piano fortes are,
The bass how old maid thump it,

The hugle-horn are archers fair, An amazon's a trumpet.

Thus, with rare gifts, to make us bleft, Love skills his favourite creature; And thus fweet woman stands confessed. The harmony of Nature.

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### BALLAD-IN THE QUIZES.

WHILE Fancy, as she rules the mind, Sits cock-horse on the brain,

A thousand methods mortals find Elysium to obtain.

"I's found by fo diers in brave deeds,
Tars trust it to the breeze,

Wives hope to find it in their weeds, Physicians in their fees.

Thus expectation in us plants Alternate hope and fear,

I know of one whose bosom pants-To find elysium here.

The toper fancies he pursues
Elysium in the bowl,

The hunks in pelf he dare not use, No, not to save his soul. The sauderer when he can revile,

The churl when he can warn,

The lover in his mistres's smiles, The parson in his barn.
Thus as they rule the mind by turns,
Hope soars above the scar;
I've half a mind to tell who burns
To find elysium here.

To find elyfium here.

I-can't refift—hence prudence law'sI'll finish the dispute;
Of that elyfium, your applause,
I'm now in warm pursuit:
But then, say you, to gain this heav'n,
What right can you affert?
Let it be by your goodness giv'n,

It can't by my defert.
So shall ye bid my labours live,
So shall each following year,
While you confer, and I receive,
Both find elysium here.

# BALLAD—IN THE CIPSIES.

WHY am not I that fragrant flow'r,
Near to heart Spinnetta plac'd;
Which proudly living a fweet hour,
Died on that boson it had grac'd?
Why am 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 not that cryftal wave,
At fultry noon with pride that heav'd:
To which her heav'nly form fhe gave,
Which thought 'twas Venus it receiv'd?
Gods, had I been the limpid ftream!
But whither do my fenfes love?
Sunk in a dear deficious dream,
All things feem possible to love.

# BALLAD—IN THE CIPSIES.

LOVE'S a cheat; we over-rate it; A flatt'ring, false, deceitful joy; A very nothing can create it,
A very nothing can destroy.
The light ning stack, which wondering leaves us,
Obscur'd and darker than before;
The glow-worm's tinfel, which deceives us,
A painted light, and nothing more.

### BALLAD-IN THE GIPSIES.

PRAISE is a mirror, that flatters the mind,
That tells us of goodness, and virtues, and graces;
As that on our toilet instructs us to find

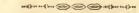
The dimples and smiles which appear on our faces; To which our attention we cannot refrain,

Though we draw off confus'd yet but fee its attraction, In spite of ourselves we return back again,

Regard, are abus'd, and yet feel fatisfaction.

I know I'm deeciv'd, and I say to my heart, You believe that succere which is nought but profusion; Call pleasure what soon will severe make you smart, And hug that for a substance you'll find but delusion. Your praises are flatt'ry, I know it as plain

As if you had faid, "I am false and deceive you: But truth, reason, every thing, argues in vain; For such is my weakness, I blush and believe you.



### BALLAD-IN THE GIPSIES.

GO, proud lover, go!

Take your heart back again;

For me 'tis too low,

Too unworthy a chain.

Be haughty, imperious, this gipfy despise;

You rife but to fall, while I fall to rife.

True love, never erring,
Has no felfish fears;
That, the more 'tis conferring,
'The nobler appears:

It has no fordid views, no vile ends for its guide, 'Tis ungovern'd by int'reft, uninfluenc'd by pride...

#### 

### BALLAD-IN THE GIPSIES.

YES, yes, thank heaven, I've broke my chain;
And, while my liberty I gain,
While I my heart redeem,
Indifference fucceds at laft,
And my egregious follies paft
Appear an idle dream.

Thus from a false injurious snare,
The lianet timid, unaware,
Hardly escapes with pain;
The seathers he has left behind,
Are lessons to him to remind
Not to be caught again.

The warrior bravely counts each fear, Deferibes the peril of the war,
Well pleafed his dangers o'er:
The flave at last exempt from pain,
With smiles behold that very chain
Which held him to the oar.

#### 

#### BALLAD-IN THE GIPSIES.

WHEN we promise an heir or a miser,
This gold, that his father's free land,
We pause and look grave, to seem wiser,
And his fortune read in his hand.

If Miss at fifteen would discover
When she'll like her mother be wife,
To promife a handsome young lover
Her fortune we read in her eyes.

But if husbands with jealoufy quaking, Would know if they are—you know how, We confider—our heads gravely shaking— And their fortunes read on the brow.

#### nethunether @ @ nethunethu

### BALLAD-IN THE GIPSIES.

CONTENTMENT loft, each other treasure
To ease the mind essays in vain,
Riches and pomp take place of pleasure,
And misery leads the splendid train.

Fortune possessing, not enjoying, Feasting the senses, not the mind, In vague pursuits our time employing, We grasp at all, and nothing sind.

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### BALLAD-IN THE GIPSIES.

COME here, ye fair; come here each lover, That lot Dame Fortune would conecal, But crofs my hand, and I'll discover: I'm mistress of her and her wheel.

To trembling age we boldly promife, In fpight of nature, years of health; Widows receive new hufbands from us, And young men all their fathers' wealth.

We give the fair, Love's influence under, Young lovers, conflant all ther lives; Nay, we een dare—a greater wonder— To promife hufbands faithful wives.

#### 

#### BALLAD-IN THE WATERMAN.

IN vain, dear friends, each art you try;
To neither lover's fuit inclin'd,
On outward charms I'll ne'er rely,
Eut prize the graces of the mind.
The empty coxeomb, which you chofe,
Juft like the flower of a day,
Shook by each wind that folly blows,
Seems born to flutter and decay.

### 204 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Your choice an honest aspect wears;
To give him pain I oft have griev'd;
But it proceeded from my fears;
Than me much wifer are deceived:
I thank you both, then, for your love,
Wait for my choice a little while;
And he who most shall worthy prove,
My hand I'll offer with a smile.

#### 

### BALLAD-IN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

CUFID, cried Vulcan, 'tis no jest,
I'll forge thy darts no longer, boy!
I cannot get a moment's rest,
Thy folly gives me such employ.
Not against Pallas, no, nor Mars,
My worn-out patience so revolts,
To surnish arms tor all their wars—
Nor e'en to sorge Jove's thunderbolts.

'Their confcience is in their demands
But thou wouldft tire me out in footh
Had I Briareus' hundred hands—
Cries Cupid—Dad, wilt hear the truth!
The darts, thou makeft, fo blunt are found;
Scarce do I draw my bow at men,
But instantly heals up the wound,
And all my work's to do again.

Vainly I lavish heaps of darts,
And empty quiver after quiver;
Which, while they guard their well arm'd hearts,
Thefe lovers into atoms shiver.
Find out some furer temper, new—
So shall, like Jove's resistless fiat,

My power grow fix'd as fate—and you— Will henceforth live a little quiet.

Old Mulciber began the work—
Forged dart the first—quoth Love, let's see!
'Then pois'd his bow, and, with a jerk,
He made his coup d'effai on me.
The stroke had power each wav'ring trace
Of folly from my mind to sever;
And now I feel, one lovely face
Has fix'd my willing heart for ever.

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#### BALLAD-IN THE WATERMAN.

TOO yielding a carriage, Has oft before marriage, To ruin and mifery pointed the way; You're shun'd if complying, But your lover once flying, How eager he'll follow and beg you to stay.

A coquette ne'er proclaim me, Ye maids, then, nor blame me, If I with to be happy, whene'er I'm a wife; Each lover's denial, Was only a trial, Which is he that's most likely to love me for life.

#### مرابد، در عو در الله در الله مرابده

#### BALLAD-IN HARVEST HOME.

BE others the ungracious task Of judging my too thoughtless fex, By envy drefs'd in Candor's mask, That even Virtue's felf suspects. Mine he the better, kinder part, While I examine well my own, To pity and forgive the heart, That has transgress'd from love alone. Stern Justice with unthaken hand, Sprung from necessity and time, That laws he kept which rule mankind, May fix the forfeit price of crime. Judges of a fofter kind, Frail error well has reason given : Pity-perfection of the mind, And Mercy-fav'rite child of heaven.

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#### BALLAD-IN THE COBLER.

SUCH usage as this is, what wife but myself Would put up with, and not figh and fob; No cross in her pocket, no food on the shelf,
Or what husband would let her but Snob?
And yet, let me hope, though for every crime,
He had more than there's days in the year,
That his heart is fo good, I should still see the time,
When a different man he'd appear.

But if I'm deceiv'd, while another guefs wife, So treated, would feeld and revile; Though poor, though confined in a prison for life, With him I'd endeavour to smile. I love him, and every way I'll pursue,

That I can, his affections to keep:
And if then he should slight me, I've nothing to do,
But to wish he were kinder, and weep.

## BALLAD—IN THE COBLER.

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 feolded I got for not fweeping the room,
And heat for not making the hed?
When you told me you'd have me, my hrush and my mop
Kept time while with pleasure I'd sing;

And foon 'twas the talk at the chandler's fliop,
You had purchas'd the licence and ring.
But when you had married, and carried me home
How fweetly my time pass'd away:
You fwore that you lov'd, that no longer you'd roam,
And I thought it would never be day.

#### 

# BALLAD - IN NONE SO BLIND AS THOSE WHO WON'T SEE.

SHE who linked by her fate, To a four churlish mate, And to some smart young statterer dares not be kind; Who a look fears to steal, That her flame would reveal,

What would that woman give, were her husband but blind.

She in youth's early bloom, By a too fevere doom,

To decrepid old age, whose hard parents have join'd How bloft would she be,

Till death set her free,

Could the add to his gout, that her husband was blind.

In thort, we all chuse, With our different views,

And 'tis right each should pick out a mate to her mind;

For me, let my dear, Since men fee to clear,

Be biest with a spanking large fortune—and blind.

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#### BALLAD-IN THE LONG ODDS.

A SAYING 'twas, when I was young,

That golden earts take hay in; And in my ears my mother rung, Oft times this felf fame faying.

My dad, who, the main chance did think, Of human cares the deatest,

Would cry, whene'er thou goest to drink, The deepest stream's the clearest.

I had an uncle, and his faw

Was take and never render, And this he gave me as a law,

While yet my years were tender. My aunt had her good adage too,

Who also was my tutor: Says she, whoever comes to woo, A dower's a handsome fui or.

Let me good fir, add mine to theirs, Tell not your name for nothing,

A rule I've found in all affairs, Meat, washing, drink, and cloathing.

My girl, who has her parent's knack, For maxims adds a right one;

No crows are found that are not black, Yet a rich crow's a white one.

#### metanene @ @ >npenbaba

#### SONG-IN THE SALOON.

ALAS! when once the book of life Draws towards the last page, What folly then to take a wife! Our days are on the close; And, as at one door comes in age, Love out at t'other goes. Is it not truth, That youth loves youth, Just as the zephyr loves the rose. This law I own's severe, though just; But let us fince fubmit we must, Submit with a good grace; Laughing at Love with all his trair, And as reason takes its reign, The table and the chase, The jovial fong, the fparkling winc, And a true friend, that gift divine! Shall well fupply the place.

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### BALLAD-IN HARVEST HOME.

THERE'S fomething in women their lovers engage, Of whatever complexion, or flature, or age; And the who would frighten a mere flander by, Is a Venus herfelf in the fond lever's eye. If the's pale, never Iwan was a tenth part to fair; If tawny, like jet, are her eyes and her hair, If Xantippe herfelf, her feolding's thought wit; If meek, all good wives to their husbands submit. If a pigmy, how neat are her air and her mien! If a steeple, the's graceful, and walks like a queen; If a girl in her teens, all's handsome that's young; If cighty, her fortune fays-World ho'd your tongue. In fhort to dear women 'tis given to pleafe, And tho' the whim often should take them to tcaze, To perplex, to torment, and a thousand things more; They're the deities men were all horn to adore.

## **是是事働働…会…?**

#### GLEE.

BACCHUS come, thy vot'ry own me,
'Tis faid that thou all cares can'ft end:
A perjured fair has bafely flown me,
Fled with a false perfidious friend.
Let's drink!—'tis true my forrows pass:
New joys exhilerate my fowl,
I find a friend in every glass,
And a kind mistress in the bowl.

#### 

## BALLAD—IN THE GIPSIES.

WOULD'ST error leave, to follow truth, Would ft all thy cares should end, Turn here thy steps, misguided youth, And listen to a friend. Nor to Severity austere, 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 derives Which churl refuses all? Turn then, thy errors to atone, And steer a courfe between; Fair Moderation 'tis alone That holds the golden mean.

# BALLAD—IN THE COBLER.

GAY Baechus, and Mercusy, and I, One evening a strange froste took, And left the queer dons of the sky, To take at queer mortals a look: But our vifit ne'er alter'd the scene;
The same folly, the same senseles mirth
We still sound, and 'tis this mortals mean
When they tell us of heaven upon earth.
We juin'd a convivial crew,

Who pull'd 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 cars,
Noise and Discord so fairly give birth,
That I thought 'twas a crash of the spheres,
And thus music is heaven upon earth.

At Pharaoh we punted and cock'd,
Till we fuch an example were made,
That Mercury retired, quite shock'd,
To be foil'd at his own proper trade,
In love mortals all riot run,
Beauty, honour, escem, 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 d'esprit, lucky hit,
And quibble, conundrum, and point.
Thus below they act o'er the same seene
We play here, the same clamour and mirth,
And this is the nonsense they mean
When they tell us of heaven upon earth.

# 

# GLEE-IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

SWEETLY, fweetly, let's enjoy
The fmiling moments made for love;
And while we class the dimpled boy,
The glass to you, to you shall move.
And drinking, laughing, jesting nearly,
The time shall pals on sweetly—sweetly.
Love's arrows, dipp'd in rosy wine,
To the charm'd heart like light'ning pass;
And Mars seels transport more divine,
When smiling Venus fills his glass.

#### 

#### GLEE-IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

WITH mingled found of drum and fife, We follow the recruiting life; And as we march through every fair, Make girls admire, and bumkins stare, With bumpers full we ply Sir Clown, Or elfe produce the well-tim'd crown; And listing first the sturdy elves, We gain their sweethearts for ourselves.

#### 

## GLEE-IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

TELL me, neighbour, tell me plain,
Which is the best employ?
Is it love, whose very pain
They say is perfect joy?
Is it war, whose thund'ring sound
Is heard at such a distance round?
Is it to have the miser's hoard?
Is it to be with learning stor'd?
Is it gay Pegasus to rein,
Tell me, neighbour, tell me plain?
No, no, will answer every honest soul,
The best employ's to push about the bowl.



#### SONG-IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

A WHILE in every nation
War may b'aze 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 o'ertaken,
A tempeft in his mind,

## 212 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

His warring passions shaken, Are reeds as in the wind. Rare is the eloquence that has the charm, To rule that pestilence, or quell the storm.

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#### BALLAD-IN THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

WHEN well one knows to love and please, What distresses an one prove, What can reb that heart of ease Posses'd of pleasure, rich in love? Alas! without this sovereign good, Whose power no emperor can stay, Riches, rank, or noble blood, Honours, titles, what are they? One tender look's to lovers worth More treasure than the Indies own; Smiles are the empire of the earth, The arms of those we love a throne.

#### SONG-IN THE SHEPERDESS OF THE ALPS.

IN the month of May, The morning grey, First peeps a doubtful light; Three strikes the clock, The village cock Next crows with all his might. Each waking bird, Chirping is heard; Tinges of red the sky adorn; Bird, man, and beatt, Regard the east, And, pleas'd, falute the rifing morn. The shepherd now his flock unfolds; Night, like a thief, steals flow away; His dirgy line, Ugly to view,

Is chang'd to a delightful blue; All nature's gay;

And now the villager beholds, His mowers mow, his ploughers

His mowers mow, his ploughers plough, Sheep bleat, hirds fing, and oxen low:

Each rural found falutes his ears; He whiftles to make one:

And now,

Usher'd by all this fine parade, In every splendid pomp array'd,

Appears

The radient fun.

And Betty has nine times run up and down stairs,
For lappets and ribbands, and one thing and t'other,
And the house top and bottom's alarm'd with the pother.
And a hundred things more are done equally rishble,
The lady, at last condescends to be visible.

#### المراسيد المراسية

## SONG-IN THE ISLANDERS.

THIS strange emotion at my heart
Oh how shall I exp!ain?
'Tis joy, 'tis grief, 'tis ease, 'tis smart,
'Tis pleasure, and 'tis pain!
The busy trembling flutterer plays,
It knows not how or why?
And throbs and beats a thousand ways—
Ah quiet prithee lie!
Cease, and sensations such as these
With careful heed destroy:
What good is in the same degrees
Of ming!ed pain and joy?

#### BALLAD.

I MADE a promife to be wife, Eat 'twas a promife out of feafon; So much fo, that I'm fure he lies Who fays he always follows Reason. I foon grew tir'd of Wifdom's dream, And turning from pale melancholy, Fell on the opposite extreme: But I at last grew tired of Folly.

. Thus separate: what was next to do?
Perhaps 'twould keep them to their tether
If I could work upon these two
To live in harmony together.

After, of course, a little strife,
"Twas settled, without farther pother,
One should be treated as a wise,
And only as a mistress t'other."

Her portion of my joys and cares Now each, by my appointment, measures; Reason conducts all my affairs, And Folly manages my pleasures.

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## BALLAD-IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

OFT has the world been well defin'd, By favers and by fingers, I call't a belfrey, and mankind I call the jully ringers. Through major bobs, and triple bobs, Each emuloufly ranges; And while each anxious bosom throbs, All try to ring the changes, These college youths are sent to school, And afterwards to college, And thence return by fquare and rule, Well verfed in worldly knowledge. As genius leads, to cram his maw, Each art's close lab'rynth ranges, And on religion, physic, law, Completely ring the changes. The fortune hunter fwears and lies, And courts the widows jointure; Then with a richer heiress flies,

Nor minds to difappoint her. The widow too has her arch whim, Nor thinks his conduct strange is;

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A titled heir, fucceeds to him, And thus fhe rings the changes.

The waiter pillages the greek, The greek the spendthrist sleeces, The spendthrift makes dad's fortune squeak, Dad rackrents and grants leafes.

The tenants 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 suspended; All tug away, while fome a rope Gct, more than they intended.

In merry cadence as they roll, We'll rove where reason ranges: Nor shall the bell of fadness toll. Till death shall ring the changes.

## BALLAD-IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THE breeze was fresh, the ship in stays, Eich breaker hufh'd, the fliore a haze. When Jack, no more on duty cell'd, His true love's tokens overhaul'd: The broken gold, the braided hair, The tender motto, writ fo fair, Upon his 'sacco-box he views, Nancy the poet, Love the muse: If you loves I as I loves you, " No pair fo happy as we two.'

The form-that like a shapeless wreck, Had strewed with rigging all the deck, That tars for sharks had given a feast, And left the ship a hulk-had ceas'd: When Jack, as with his messmates dear He shar'd the grog, their hearts to cheer, Took from his 'bacco-box a quid, And spelt, for comfort, on the lid, " If you loves I as I loves you,

" No pair fo happy as we two.

The battle—that with horror grim, Had madly ravaged life and limb, Had feuppers drench'd with human gore, And widow'd many a wife—was o'er: When Jack, to his companions dear, First paid the tribute of a tear, Then, as his 'bacco-box he held, Restor'd his comfort, as he spell'd "If you loves I as I loves you," No pair so happy as we two."

The voyage—that had been long and hard, But that had yielded 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 shore,
He then the 'bacco-box display'd
And cries, and seized the willing maid,
"If you loves I as I loves you,
"No pair so happy as we two,"

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## BALLAD-IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

IF ever a failor was fond of good fport,
'Mong's the girls, why that failor was I,
Of all fizes and forts, I'd a wife at each port,
But, when that I saw d Polly Ply,
I haird her my lovely, and gov'd her r, kifs,
And swore to bring up once for all,
And from that time black Barnaby spliced us to this
I've been constant and true to my Poll.

And yet now all forts of temptations I've flood,
For I afterwards fail'd round the word,
And a queer fet we faw of the devil's own brood,
Wherever our fails were unfurled:
Some with faces like charcoal, and others like chalk'
All ready one's heart to o'erhaul,
Don't you go to love me, my good girl,' faid I 'walk'
I've fworn to be constant to Poll.'

I met with a squaw out at India, beyond, All in glass and tobacco pipes dress'd, What a dear pretty monster! so kind, and so fond, That I ne'er was a moment at rest.

With her bobs at her nofe, and her quaw, quaw, quaw, All the world like a barthelmy doll,

Says I, 'You Mifs Copperkin, just hold your jaw, 'I've fworn to be constant to Poll'

Then one near Sumatra, just under the line, As fond as a witch in a play,

'I loves you,' fays the, 'and just only be mine,
'Or, by poifon, I'll take you away.'

'Curse your kindness,' says I, 'but you can't frighten

' You don't eatch a gudgeon this haul,

"If I do take your rathbane, why then, do you fee,
"I shall die true and constant to Poll."

But I'fcap'd from them all, tawny, lily, and black, And merrily weather'd each from,

And, my neighbours to pleafe, full of wonders came back,
But, what's better, I'm grown pretty warm.
And fo now to fea I shall venture no more,

For you know, being rich, I've no call,
So I'll bring up young tars, do my duty afhore,
And live and die confrant to Poll.

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# BALLAD-IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THE martial pomp, the mournful 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 G'ory place
An ever-living laurel round his facred tomb.

Nor deem it hard, ye thoughtless gay, Short's man's longest earthly stay; Our little hour of life we try, And then depart:—we're born to die. Then lose no moment dear to same, They longest live who live in name, The plaintive fife, &c.

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## BALLAD-IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

SINCE Zeph'rus first tasted the charms of coy Flora,
Sure Nature ne'er beamed on so lovely a morn,
Ten thousand sweet birds court the smile of Aurora,
And the woods loudly echo the sound of the horn:
Yet the morn's not so lovely, so brilliant, so gay,
As our splendid appearance, in gallant array,
When all ready mounted, we number our forces,
Enough the wild boar or the tiger to seare:
Piry sity stout beings, count dogs, men, and horses,

Should encounter fuch peril—to kill one poor hare! Little wretch, thy fate's hard!—thou wert gentle and blame.

Little wretch, thy fate's hard!—thou wert gentle and blame lefs;

Yet, a type of the world in thy fortune we fee;

And Virtue, by monfters as cruel and fhamelefs,
Poor, defencelefs, and timid, is hunted like thee.
See! vainly each path how the doubles and tries:
If the 'feape the hound Treachery, by Slander the dies!

To o'ercome that meek fear for which men fhould respect her, Ev'ry art is employed, ev'ry subtle snare—

Fity those who were born to defend and protect her, Should hunt to her ruin—so timid a hare!

Thus it fares with poor Merit, which mortals should cherish,
As the heaven-gifted spark that illumines the mind;
As Reason's best honour: less with it should perish

Evry grace that Perfection can lend to mankind. Hark! Envy's pack opens; the grim lurcher, Fear, And the mongre!, Vexation, shulks fly in the rear:

The rest all rush on, at their head the whelp Slander, The fell mastiff Malice, the greybound Despair! Pity beings best known by bright Truth and fair Candour Should hunt down-shame to manhood-sfo harmless a hare,

Their sports at an end, harsh Reslection's beguiter
To some thoughtless oblivion their souls they resign;
The seducer takes pleasure, revenge the reviler,
The hunter's oblivion, more harmless, is wine.

Thus, having destroyed every rational joy.
That can dignify Reason, they Reason destroy:
And yet not in vain, if this lesson inspirit.
Ought of reverence for Genius, respect for the Fair:
So the tear of lost Virtue and poor ruined Merit.
The sad manes shall appease of the innocent hare,

## BALLAD-IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THE world's a good thing, ah how fweet and delicious
The bis and delight it contains;

Dev'l a pleasure but joy Fortune crams in our dishes, Except a few torments and pains.

Then wine's a good thing, the dear drink's so inviting,
Where each toper each care sweetly drowns,

Where our friends we so cherish, so love and delight in, Except when we're cracking their crowns.

Sing didderoo whack, take the good with the bad, So put round the claret and therry;

If the cares of this world did not make us fo fad,
'Twould be eafy enough to be merry.

Fait a wife's a good ting, fure to charm and content ye, To cherifh and love you fhe's born;

Show'ring joys on your brow, like the goddess of plenty, So sweet, just excepting the horn.

Arrah fait the dear law a nice good ting to trust is, Just your all to its mercy devote;

You'll he fure to get bed, board, and cloathing from Justice, Except when the thrips off your coat.

Sing didderoo, &c.

En't a place a good ting? where the loaves and the fishes, So neatly are handed about, Where you turn while your in, till you get all your wishes,

Except when they're turning you out.
Is not fame a good ting? ah her trump found fo glorious,

And fo lings forth the deeds of the brave! Nothing hinders their living long, great, and notorious,

Except that they're fnug in the grave! Sing didderoo, &c.

Then a friend's a good ting, ah he foothes all your forrows?

And foftens each care of your life,

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And nothing, kind foul, in return ever borrows, Except just your purse or your wife. By comparisons then since each good ting's a treasure, As the foil flews the diamond's true glare, Let us in this life, cherith only the pleasure, Except when we're tasting the care. Sing didderoo, &c.

#### الطالحة المطالعة المحالية المطالعة المط

## BALLA D-IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

BE quiet that blackbird and thrush, So gallanting, And chanting, And whiftling, And briffling,

And warbling your fong in the grove. That goldfinch and linnet pray hufh;

Poor Taffy is fighing, And also is crying. And moreover dying

For love.

What a noife, only hark-! Why you imprudent lark!

The loud little devils to hear

Gives her torture, and torment, and fmart; For though honey their notes to her ear,

They are bitter as gall to her heart, Her cannot for her foul he glad When Winifred's away; Yet it is wrong, and it is bad To chide their pretty lay; That love that makes poor Taffy fad, Makes all the grove fo gay.

Pipe on, merry blackbird, and thrush,

Sing your ditty, So pretty, And whiver it, And quiver it,

Nature smiles, and the spring's in its prime: From each spray, and each tree, and each bush, Your madrigals pouring,

Some hopping

Some foaring,

Your fong will be o'er in Good time.

What a noife, only hark!
Now's your time, Mr. Lark,
When to-morrow fweet Win shall appear,
You'll not make this noife, and this stir,

Then a much fweeter ditty to hear, You'll leave finging, and liften, to her.

Then Taffy be no longer fad,
Though Winifred's away,
But finile with nature, and be glad,
And like the grove be gay,
To-morrow pleafure's to be had,
Then do not grieve to-day.



## BALLAD-IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

COME away then at my call,
High, low, rich, poor, fat, lean, fhort, tall;
I undertake to furnish all
A panacea to cure care.
Would the old renew their youth,
Would Falshood learn to charm like Fruth,
Would Honour in life's game be winner,
Or modest Merit find a d nner,
To Hope fill turning black Despair,
Come build castles in the air.

Here the cit, through clouds of fmoke, In coffee-house who cracks his joke. Whom, at his desk, the cobwebs choke, Still imitates the spider's mare:
Of ton the very life and foul,
Near some Hockley in the Hole,
To all the guttling city beasts,
Shall give such monst rous tumptuous feasts,
Genteel as any dencing bear,
In his cassle built of air.

Would fpendshrift's neser put down their gigs, Would reedy curates count tithe pigs, Would Gout dance rigadoons and jigs, Would Greeks play only on the square, Would guilt a waking confeience blind, Would tabbies handsome husbands find, Would lawyers fight poor orphans' battles, Preserving them their goods and chattles, Would pigeons scape a well-laid snare, Come build castles 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 enough,
Would gluttons root, and water fluff,
Would gambling ceafe to be alarming,
Worth to be priz'd, or beauty charming,
Would lovers ceafe to lie and fwear,
Come build caffles in the air.

In short, all those who Nature force, Who put Life's cart before the horse, Turn Times and Seasons from their course, Build hopes by Folly's rule and square—For instance, now, did I appear, From conscious dissidence or fear, 'T'indulge one moment such a stander That any here were void of candour, My hopes ought all to be despair, And all my castles built in air.

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## BALLAD-IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

LORD what be all the rich and great,

'The pride of courts and cities?'

Their fus, and rout, and pomp, and state,
Lord how a body pities.

The gouty squire, in coach and six,
My lady with her phthise,
His worship with the rheunatics,
All sick from sloth and physic.
How different we ploughmen be,
Through bog, and briar, and thisse,
Who work with health, and strength, and glee,
And o'er the surrow whisse.

That thing, the young fquire, my landlord's heir,

You'd for a doll mistake it; Set on a shelf, like China ware,

For fear the maids shou'd break it:

Then miss loves scandal, cheats at play, Gets tonish, bold, and spunky,

Hates nafty man, then runs away,

To prove it, with a monkey.

How diff'rent from these imps, so spruce,
With pride that swell and bristle,
Are ours, formed ploughmen to produce

Are ours, formed ploughmen to produce.
Who o'er the furrow whiftle.

A nabob, drefs'd in stars, comes down, To our village, worth a million; His villa's here, his house in town,

By the sea side his pavilion. Poor man, he'd thank his stars to seize,

For his, my humble station;

Why he's dying of a new difease, They calls a complication.

With fickness then what's high degree?

What garter, bath, and thiftle? Oh that the nabob could, like me, Blithe o'er the furrow whiftle!

Thus honest Clump, severe, though kind, Did wit with pity season;

Bleft with that manly ftrength of mind,

Taught by content and reason. In artless wit, unconscious sense,

He pitied imperfection;

Not rancour, but heneficence, Inspiring each reflection.

My wish 'gainst haughty pomp, eried he, At the poor who puff and briste,

Is—May they taste such joys as we, Who o'er the surrow whistle!

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## BALLAD-IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THE auctioneer mounts, and—first having and hemming—Addresses his audience with—Ladies and gemmen, Permit me to make on this sale a few strictures. "Its comprised of some choice allegorical pictures.

Lot one is a portrait of Truth :- bid away !

For Truth, la'es and gentlemen, what shall we fay? Suppose we say twenty thousand pounds for Truth: ten thousand: five: one: five hundred: one hundred: twenty

guineas: one guinea. Nobody put in Truth? No lover nor lawyer in company stands 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, spirit, bid on; Will nobody bid more? A going-gone.

Set down Truth to the gentleman in the ragged caffoc.

Lot two is Frugality, modest and meck, Mild Content in her eye, the fresh rose on her check, The offspring of Prudence, the parent of Health, Who, in Nature's fcant wifnes, finds Crasfus's wealth. What d'ye fay for Frugality, ladies? O fie!

What nobody bid! Nobody!!- John, put Frugality by. Lot three: Diffipation. That's engaged: I could have fold them if I had had a thousand Lot four: Crim Con. Oh Lord that is disposed of, by private contract. Lot five,

Fashion. Come, ladies, what shall we say for Fashion? "Twenty thousand pounds.'-Thank you Ma'am, "Twentyfive."- 'Thirty.'-

A going, a going, a going-come, spirit, bid on-What nobody bid more?

'Mr. Smiler, to fave trouble, you may fend Fashion to 'my house upon your own terms.' Much obliged to your Ladyship.

-Going-gone. Set down Fashion to Lady Kitty Cockahoop.

Next lot is the Cardinal Virtues :- why John Some strange metamorphose they've all undergone: Why Fortitude trembles, and looks like a sheep! While Temp'rance is tipfy! and Justice affeep! And as for Ma'am Prudence, the's quite in her airs! Here, John, kick the Cardinal Virtues down stars.

Let me fee, what have we elfe? Conscience. Oh Lord! Honour. Worfe and worfe! A parcel of antiquated fluff. What's this? Anarchy!! Why John what bufiness 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 Popularity is to be fent, as a public gift to the Royal Brethers, upon the continent. Loyalty. A hundred thousand pounds-two hundred thousand-three-four-five-fix-feven-cight-a mil-

'lion-two million-three million-

A going, a going, a going-come, courage, bid on:

A going, a going

Ten million in five hundred places! Oh I knew it was utterly impossible ever to find a fingle purchaser for Loyalty.

——Going, gone.

Set down Loyalty to the whole nation.

What remains there is little occasion to heed;

Of Honour and Worth you have none of you need;

Good Humour, and Frolic, and Laughter, so plump,

I've fold you again and again, in a lump.

The last lot's Content, of sweet Pleasure the twin,

Come purchase Content, and I'll throw Pleasure in.

Come, ladies and gentlemen, what shall we say for Content? It is your interest to buy Content. What beauty can smile, what alderman guttle, without Content? I had once an idea of buying it in, but my content receives all its value from the resection of yours. Come, I'il take nods and smiles for money. Much obliged to you, Sir:—particularly savoured, Ma'am:—highly honoured, Sir:—you slatter me exceedingly, Mis?

A going, a going, a going-come, courage, bid on:

A going, a going

Infinitely above the full value! I am overwhelmed with gratitude!

Set down content to the present company.

سرب سراب

## BALLAD-IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

WHEN to man the distinguishing form And the nature of angels were given, His mind was imbu'd with a charm That mark'd him the sav'rite of heav'n. 'Twas smiling Benighity's grace, To the warm throbbing bosom so dear, That celestially bean'd in his sace, As he shed Sensbility's tear.

Ye who Nature have learnt to subduc, Who your hearts 'gainst compassion can steel, Who know not the joys of the few, Who are happy because they can feel, In luxury and ease as ye roll, Learn that bliss to the bosom so dear, 'Tis the luxury, supreme, of the soul, To indulge Sembility's tear.

#### ndpundpu @ @ wdpundpu

## BALLAD-IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THE village was jovial, the month was May,
The birds were fweetly finging;
Of Numps and Madge 'twas the wedding day,
The bells were merrily ringing.
The bridegroom came in his holiday cloaths,
The bride with ribbands as red as a rofe;
Never did revelry so abound,
The drums beat, and the joke went round:
All manner of instruments loudly play'd,
The hauthoy squeak'd, and the bassoon bray'd.
Then to see them all foot it, and jig it, and prance,
Stump, sigit, and reel, in the mazy dance;
Thus, from when the lark rose till the stocking was thrown,

The fun, and the frisk, and passime went on such whim and such frolic sure never was seen, Till wond'ring so long they had tarried, Young Ralph of the village and Sue of the green, Cry—what a rare thing to be married!

Now scarcely past the honey moon Still Numps and Madge are singing,

But not exactly the fame tune,
For the bells her clapper's ringing.
The Squire steps in, Numps snells a rat,
Love and dear, are changed to dog and cat;
Their loves turn'd hate, and grief their joys,
Contentment's strife, and pleasure noise:
Say a crooked word, and I'll kill you, cries he!
Rams hørns, if I die for't, cries out she!
Night and day thus, at victuals, or up, or abed,
He curries her hide, and she combs his head,
In torment, vexation, and mifery they dwell,
Converting that heaven, called marriage, to hell.

'I'he neighbours maliciously viewing the scene, While charmed that so long they had tarried, Young Ra'ph of the village, and Sue of the green, Cry—what a queer thing to be married!

At length to make fport of the bridegroom and bride, Whose jars in droll ditty they're finging,

The wags of the village now skimmington ride,
While backward the bells they are ringing.
The ladles, the skimmers, the broomsticks they wield,
The porringer helmet, the potlid shield,
The ample ram's horns that so grace the parade,
And the petticoat rampant so gaily displayed,
Denote jars domestic, and family strife,
Where the dolt takes the distass, the cudgel the wise.
Thus hisling, and hooting, and grunting of hogs,
And squalling of children, and barking of dogs,
And shrill penny trumpets, salt boxes, and bells,
And drums, and cow horns, and a hundred things else,
Compose of consusons the drollest e'er seen,
While charm'd that so long they had tarried,
Young Ralph of the village, and Sue of the green,

Cry—what a damn'd thing to be married.

## BALLAD-IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

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, Truth furnished the rigging and Honour the gale. Yet Tom had a failing, if ever man had; That good as he was, made him all that was bad, He was paltry and pitiful, feurvy and mean, And the snivingest scoundred that ever was seen: For so faid the girls, and the landlords long shore, Would you know what this fault was—Tom Tackle was poor!

Twas once on a time when we took a galloon, And the crew touched the agent for cash to some tune, Tom a trip took to jail, an old messimate to free, And sour thankful pratiers soon fat on his knee. Then Tom was an angel, down right from heaven sent! While they'd hands he his goodness should never repent:

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 ? I ben't you see versed in high maxims and sitch, But don't this fame honour 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. Yet, some how or nother, Tom never did right: None knew better the time when to spare, or to fight; He, by finding a leak, once preferved crew and flip. Saved the Commodore's life-then he made fuch rare flip! And yet, for all this, no one Tom could endure ; I fancy's as how 'twas-because he was poor. At last an old shipmate, that Tom might hail land, Who faw that his heart failed too fast for his hand, In the riding of Comfort a mooring to find, Reef'd the fails of Tom s fortune that shook in the wind ; He gave him enough through life's ocean to steer, Be the breeze what it might, steady, thus, or no near; His pittance is daily, and yet Tom imparts What he can to his friends-and may all honest hearts, Like Tom Tackle have what keeps the wolf from the door, Just enough to be generous-too much to be poor.

#### سراب سراب على معادد مراب

## BALLAD-IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

SAYS my father, fays he, one day to I, Thou know'st by false friends we are undone, Should my lawfuit he loft, then thy good fortune try, Among our relations in London:

Here's Sukey, the poor orphan child of friend Grift.

Who once kept thy father from starving, When thy fortune thou ft made, thou fhalt take by the fift,

For a wife, for flie's good and deserving: Be mind thee in heart this one maxim, our Jack,

As thou'st read thy good fate in a book, Make honour thy guide, or elfe never come back To Father, and Mother, and Suke.

So I buss'd Suke and mother, and great'y concern'd, Off I fet, with my father's kind bleffing,

To our cousin, the wine merchant, where I foon learn'd About mixing, and brewing, and pressing: But the floe-juice, and rathbane, and all that fine joke,

Wes food in my tomach a rifing

Was foon in my fromach a rifing,

Why dom it, cried I, would you kill the poor folk?

I thought you fold wine, and not poifon:

Your place, my dear could, would do for you lack

Your place, my dear coufin, won't do, for you lack, To make your broth, another guess cook;

Befides, without honour, I cannot go back To Father, and Mother, and Suke.

To my uncle, the doctor, I next went my ways,

He teach'd me the mystery, quickly,

Of those that were doing to shorten the days

Of those that were dying to shorten the days, And they in good health to make sickly.

Oh the mufic of groans! cried my uncle dear boy, Vapours fet all my spirits a flowing,

A fit of the gout makes me dancing for joy, At an ague I'm all in a glowing!

Why then my dear uncle, cries I, you're a quack, For another assistant go look,

For you fee without honour I munna go back 'To Father, and Mother, and Suke.

From my coulin, the parfon, I foon com'd away, Without either waiting or warning,

For he preach'd upon soberness three times one day,
And then con'd home drunk the next morning.

My relation, the author, flole other folks' thoughts, My coufin, the bookfeller, fold them,

My pious old aunt found in innocence faults, And made Virtue bluth as the told them!

So the prospect around me quite dismal, and black, Scarcely knowing on which side to look,

I just sav d 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 law fuit had banished all forrow:

I'm come faid I father my honour's my own, Then thou shalt have Sukey to-morrow.

But how about London? It won't do for a clown, There Vice rides with folly behind it,

Not, you fee, that I fays there's no honour in town, I only fays I could not find it.

If you fent me to flarve, you found out the right track, if to live, the wrong method you took,

TI

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

## RONDEAU-IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

AS dulcet found on wher 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 varying paffion Sound shall following go,
Through all the wide vicifitudes of Joy and Woe.
Shall laugh with Mirth, with Anger dare;
Shall shrick with Fear;
With Caution creep;
With pitying Sympathy shall weep;

Intrude where Melancholy penfive fits,
Mock Jealoufy, that loves and hates by fits,
And into Madnefs urge despair!
Then, while the extremes of Joy and Misery
Clash madly, like an agitated sea.
O'er the footh'd senses shall she shed a balm,
The storm of Fassion lulling to a calm,
Her mighty magic mark!

Hark!

As dulcet found on wther float, &c. When Music's powerful charms excite, The poorest passion grows delight: Wine is not mirth, the lyre unstrung, Beauty's not heauty, if unsung. Mark! how the organ's solemn air Adds piety to prayer!

Without the aid of willing found, Joy is not pleafure, pomp not flate, 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, lent to Fame.? Nor will the meanelt hero fight, If Music 'end not her de'ight.

Let but the drum, and cheerful fife

Assail his car,

He knows not fear,

The found intpires him with new life, Fired with the fprightly martial band, The foe he charges hand to hand: Rufhes refiftlefs through the ranks, With Glory fi'd!

And takes those thanks

Due to that valour Music had in spired.
Sweet Music take me to thy care,
Breathe in my foul thy vital air;
That when unruly thoughts transform
My mind, with Passion's swelling storm,
Conssid on conssid as they swell,
And make my tortur'd mind a hall!
As duject found on wither sloats, &c.



## BALLAD-IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

A Watchman I am, and I knows all the round, The houskeepers, the strays, and the lodgers,

Where low dev'ls, rich dons, and high rips, may be found, Odd dickies, queer kids, and rum codgers: Of money, and of property, I'm he that takes the care, And cries, when I fee rogues go by, Hey! what are you

doing there?

Only a little business in that house:—You understand 'me?' "Understand you!—well, I believe you are an honest man. Do you hear, bring me an odd filver candlestick—

Then to my box I creep,
And then fall fast affecp.
Saint Paul's strikes one,
Thus after all the mischief's done,
I goes and gives them warning,
And loudly bawls,
As strikes Saint Paul's
Fast one o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

Then round as the hour I merrily cries, Another fine mess I discover, For a curious rope ladder I firaightway espies, And Miss Forward expecting her lover. Then to each other's arms they fly,

My life, my foul, ah ah!

Fine work, Mifs Hot-upon't, cries I,

I'll knock up your Pappa.

'No, no, you won't.' 'I fhall; worthy old foul, to be treated in this manner.' 'Here, here, take this.' "Oh "you villain, want to bribe an honest watchman!—and "with such a trille too!" 'Well, well, here is more.' 'More! You seem to be a spirited lad—now do make her a good husband—I am glad you tricked the old hunks—"good night—I wish you safe at Green seen!—

Then to my box I creep,
And then fall fast asseep.
What's that? St. Paul's strike two,
The lovers off, what does I do,
But gives the father warning,
And loudly bawls, &c

Then towards the square, from my box as I looks, I hears such a ranting, and tearing;

'Tis Pharoah's whole hoft, and the pigeons, and rooks,

Are laughing, and finging, and fwearing.

Then fuch a hubbub, and a din,
How they blaspheme, and curse!
That thics has stole my diamond pin,
Watch, watch, I've lost my purse!

Watch, watch, I've lost my purse!

'Watch, here I charge you,' and I charges you.' "Tis"
a marvellous thing that honest people can't go home without being robbed: Which is the thief?" '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 business, but which is the thief that stole the gentleman's
purse?" 'That's him.' "What Sam Snatch? Give it
to me San. He has not got your purse—you are mise
taken in your man. Go home peaceably, and don't
ohlige me to take you to the watch-house.—

Then to my hox I creep,
And then fall fast asteep
What's that? St. Paul's strikes three—
Thus from all roguery I gets free,
By giving people warning,
And loudly bawls, &c.

#### 

#### BALLAD-IN THE RAZOR GRINDER.

TOM Turnwell is my name, my boys, I'll ftrike a ftroke with any,
The trade that all my time employs,
To get an honest penny,
As good, as just, as most you'll find.

With rubbing stone,
And strop, and hone,
I whet the very sharpest steel;
And cry the while I turn my wheel,
Pen-knives, scissars,

Cleavers, Razors, Chopping knives to grind.

I'm useful throughout all the town,
The smooth and pampered glutton,
When e'er to dinner he sits down,
Can never carve his mutton,

Unless his knife is to his mind.
With rubbing stone, &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 feiflars sharpened find.

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 razors are confign'd, With rubbing flone, &c.

With rubbing stone, &c.

#### 

## AIR-IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICA

ALL endeavours fruitless prove Former pleasure to regain, Sunk in helpless, hopeless love— Can the slave escape his chain? Leave, O leave me to endure,
Probe not wounds that rend my heart;
When the patient's past a cure,
Med'cine but augments his smart.

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## 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 bitter draught,
To tafte a drop, and from his shaft
A firoke or two to feel;
Then tremble, Nymph, for, taught by me,
Strephon shall foon give wounds to thee,
No vanity can heal.

#### 

## AIR-IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

MY bosom is proof against transports and vows, The fawning of treacherous man, Who by artful grimaces, by cringing and bows, Enfnares every woman he ean. His transport is false, and his vows are a cheat, His oaths and his cringing a lie, Each practic'd alone their defires to compleat, And gain what we ought to deny. Poor Daphne too foon own'd the flame in her breaft, Too casy, too quickly was won; Her swain, from that moment a rover confess'd, Forfook her, a maiden undone: And knew, if young Strephon had conquered my heart, To my wish were none pleasing as he, I 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 crystal tide,
And nibling lambkins sportive feed
Along the current's side,
Ye oft have feen, and smil'd to fee,
My love to him, his love to me.
Witness ye flocks, ye heres, ye fawns,
That clouds a software flower.

That o'er the pastures stray,
Witness, ye mountains, groves, and lawns,
Each painted child of May:
The greatest b'is I ere can prove
Is to return my shepherd's love.

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## DUETTO-IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

Strephon.

TURN, O turn, relentless fair, Pity hapless Strephon's pain, Raise him from the last despair, Smile, and hid him live again.

Cælia.

Prythee lay afide your folly;

Mow 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 sweet hour Wherein you pour a friendly balm,

Calia.

Truth I pity your condition,
But if your poor heart must bleed
"Till I act your kind physician—
Your case is desperate indeed.

#### 

## AIR-IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

IN ev'ry fertile valley Where nature spreads the grafs, Her filly conduct rally To ev'ry lad and lass; Where weary reapers labour, With Sylvia gay, he feen, Or, to the pipe and tabor, Light tripping o'er the green. Where cowflips fweetly fmiling, Bedeck the verdant shade, Appear the hours beguiling, Or head fome gay parade. Purfue thefe methods boldly, Nor fink in hopeless grief; The fair once treated coldly, Will quickly grant relief.

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## AIR-IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

HAUGHTY Calia, still difdaining, Ne'er shall triumph o'er my heart; Ne'er will I with mean complaining Sue for comfort to my smart; I'll appear the careles rover, Let her coquettish airs assect, Like a gay a happy lover, Treat contempt with cold neglect.

We'er, ye fair ones, damp the passion Where with honour love attends, Never cross with indignation
Love that fairest trush commends.
Constant minds alike distaining infineerity and fraud,
Are their utmost wish obtaining,
While their hope their hearts appland.

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#### AIR-IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

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SINCE artful man fo oft betrays,
By fubtle wiles, and hardy ways,
Our weak unguarded fex;
By oaths, diffenibl'd figh's and fears,
'To melt the heart, to charm our ears,
And ftill our minds perplex:
In revenge I'm determin'd to treat him with feorn,
And flow him a nymph can perplex in her turn.

But Strephon's heart with purest fire, With kindest love, and fond desire, Has ever warmly glow'd: Yet his may be like all the rest, A treach'rous bait to snare the breast,

And so my fears forbode:
Those fears then shall teach me to treat him with scorn And shew him a nymph can infnare in her turn.

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## AIR-IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

THE God of love will ever
Heap blefling's on the pair,
Where pleafing's the endeavour,
Both of the fwain aud fair.
Believe me kind good-nature,
Of beauty flands in place,
Gives bloom to ev'ry feature,
To ev'ry action grace:
Then never flight the lover,
Or draw too tight his chain,
Leak in the end the rover
Succeeds the dying fwain.

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## AIR -- IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

A SHEPHERD long figh'd for a beautiful fair, And in rapture discover'd his love; Not doubting the nymph would difpe his fond care And his amorous transport approve:

Tho' she to compation infensible grown, No glompic of delight would impart;

When he figh'd at her feet she reply'd with a frown, And rejoic'd at his suff'rings and smart.

He fuffer'd long time this impertinent forn, Nor thought of upbraiding the fair,

But fecretly pin'd in the bower forlorn, Involv'd in the keenest despair;

'Till his friend who observ'd him heart-wounded with grief, Lamenting his fruitless desire,

Refolv'd that the nymph should afford him relief, And in turn feel the force of love's fire,

Too artful, her passion she never had own'd, Tho' it triumph'd alone in her breast;

But laugh'd while the shepherd in misery moan'd, And wander'd a stranger to rest:

Advis'd then his hofom no longer to vex: But her haughtiness treat with disdain;

But her haughtiness treat with distain; He own'd a seign'd courtship, her breast to perplex, And convert to delight all his pain.

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# 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 store, With these makes a fire;

In the midst of which fire being seated.
His wings are the bellows

Which kindle it up till 'tis properly heated;

And farther they tell us, When no longer in flame this combustible stashes, A spick and span new one jumps out of the ashes.

Another wife tale to a dragon gave birth, Whole teeth, it is faid, were but fown in the earth, When 'tis gravely attested, and let who will smile, That a regiment of foldiers appear'd rank and file. These stories, 'tis granted, are very absurd; No man ever saw such a dragon or bird

Yet folly and love to be met with afunder, I hold a phenomenon of fuch a kind, A rarity fo much more worlyy to brag on, That fooner than fet out this wonder To find-

I'd be bound to produce you both phoenix and dragon.

nd) and but the sale of the sale of AIR-IN THE CESTUS.

I'M up to all your tricks, my dear, How the winds you make your letters bear, My care and vigilence to queer, But little are you winning: You know tis true my pretty youth, You fend 'em East, West, North, and South. Don't laugh-lest t'other fide your mouth,

You should be after grinning. You Master! don't believe it, love; I'm Juno still, and you are Jove; Whom Fate has plac d me far above,

Nor her decrees could'st a ter: Then yield with grace the fovereign rule. Not think to make me thus a tool, For those who hang me for a fool,

Will find a knave in the halter.

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RONDEAU-IN THE CESTUS.

THINK not here to drive your gig. Madam Juno; I'll make you know, Who's at home, or burn my w'g.

Why, Ill know the reason. You may grin, but I'll bet twenty. Her Lord and Mafter, I shall can her;

And as to witnesses, I've plenty, 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 lift—Why, Sir, these battles,
'Gainst me are petty treason.
Think not, &c.

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AIR-IN THE CESTUS.

WITH that begirt, each dowdy girl Gets every charm, does the but aik it; Her teeth become a row 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'er the fpeaks, And Cupids play in every dimple.

AIR—IN THE CESTUS.

WHO calls on her whose powerful art, Erects a throne in every heart; Whose love all court, whose anger fear—Venus yclept—behold her here. Sighs some fond youth his love unkind, Wou'd he some watchful Argus blind? Glows some fair virgin's modest cheek, With wishes that she dare not speak?

Who calls, &c.



## AIR-IN THE CESTUS.

FINE sport, indeed, for god and godlin, To see great Jove become Moll Codlin; And threat his wife with sit and horsewhip, Because she loves a little goslip, Yet he, forsooth, can trot and amble, And after scores of misses ramble;

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

## AIR-IN THE CESTUS.

HEAR the merry minstrel found, On the ear it rings, While all the ftrings, Are one entire vibration, The tinkling pleasure spreads around. And as it plays, Sweetly conveys, From fense to sense, Soft eloquence, In thrilling circulation. But stringless, broken, out of tune. Time s thrown away;

For did you play. Without the least cessation, And ftrum from January till june;

You still may bang, At every twang, The difmal hum, The more you thrum, But speaks its mutilation.

But hear, &c.

Just fo let down its pegs, the heart In fadness fits, Nor once admits Of any confolation; But screw it into tune, each smart, And anxious care,

Dissolves to air. Alone its joys The mind employs, And all is jubilation.

So hear the, &c,

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## AIR-IN THE CESTUS.

HOW happy she, who ne'er can know
The misery of the great;
Who, far from reach of scepter'd woe,
Finds in her low estate,
Joy in her innocence—delight
In scenes that still present;
Pleasures that health and strength excite,
And transport in content:
One brook, her mirror and her drink,
The happy wanderer seeks;
And as her lambs play round its brink,
Good Nature paints her checks.
Few are her wants, certain her joy;
For reason's glad consent
Points out her innocent employ,

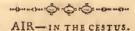
And guides her to content.

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## AIR-IN THE CESTUS.

SPORTSMEN who are staunch and truc, Ne'er the timid hare purfue; Quiv'ring, quaking; Shiv'ring, thaking; Trembling, tott'ring in her flight, She their pity would excite. But who, a badger fet at bay, Withes not to make his prey ? Where's the heart compassion shocks To enfoare the fubtle fox? Come on, then, and partake the spoils, Cunning Reynard's in the toils. Sly and artful I'll prepare, For my madam fuch a fnare, 30 close and cunning a wife gin, With her eyes open she'il run in.

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



MEEK I'll be as Venu's dove? Your presence court, your absence mourn; Love shall be the price of love, And kindness ask a kind return. Folly shall ne'er my mind defile, From prudence will I ne'er depart, My face shall wear a constant imile, And duty goyern my heart.

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## AIR-IN GREAT NEWS.

COME buy my straw, and I'll give you a song,
I dont say my song any satire contains,
I do'nt say it touches on physic or law,
The knave's cunning thrist, or the usurer's gains;
I don't say it execrates cheating at play,
Or points out to scorn every knave in life's throng;
Or dispises the slanderer, the utmost I say,
Is, buy my straw, and I'll give you a song.
I don't say the man, who disseminates strise,
Through a land, the world's wonder rich prosperous and
brave,
That protection affords to his children, and wife,

brave,

Is a good deal a fool, and a little a knave.

I don't fay the thief, who your purfe steals away,

Is more honest than the t'other who does you foul wrong,

Under friendship's fair vizzard, the utmost I fay

Is, buy my straw, and I'll give you a song.

I don't fay young gentlemen, cause 'tis the rage'

To be render'd notorious by public eclat,

While poor beauty, and youth, loose their power to engage,

Are wrong to steal off, with some spruce grandmama.

'Gainst monkeys and apes, I don't mean to inveigh,

Nor do I affert that their feelings are wrong,
Who wish worth at the devil: the utmost I say
Is, buy my straw and I'll give you a song.
I don't say that honour, fair dealing, and truth,
Are better than fraud, and chicanery and lies.
That the mastiffs of age, and the puppies of youth,
Howe're we may pity, we still must despite.
Nay did one whip solly, even though one should flay,
Mer own back for materials to surnish the thong,
Do I say she'd be callous, the utmost I say
Is, buy my straw, and I'll give you a song.

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#### BALLAD-IN GREAT NEWS.

BESEECH you, would ye, gentle folks, Dame fortunes gifts reveal; I can at will turn all the spokes. That guide her fickle wheel: Nor dregs of tea, nor coffee grounds, That mystic apparatus, Need I to fliew life's ups and downs To ev'ry Fortunatus: The failing road to human blifs, Wou'd you pursue, the myst'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 iron mufcled lout Enjoys his feanty meal: The indolent poor fortune curse To fill up life's hiatus, While the industrious find the purse, And cap of Fortunatus. The fmiling road to human blifs, Thus court your steps, the myst'ry's this He that's content, &c.

Then customs ideots, do not fay
Fortune can blindly err,
If to her fane you miss the way,
'Tis you are blind, not her.

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 myfl'ry's this,
He that's content, &c.

## BALLAD-IN GREAT NEWS.

INSPIRED by so grateful a duty,
In terms strongest art can devise,
Bards have written those raptures on beauty,
That lovers have wasted on sighs:
I, to fill the sweet theme more completely,
Sing the beauty of goodness the while,
For every face is dress'd sweet'y,
Where beams a benevolent smile.

While the heart fome beneficent action,
Contemplates, with joy the eyes fpeak,
On the lip quivers mute fatisfaction,
And a glow of delight paints the cheek.
Blifs pervades every feature completely,
Adding beauty to beauty the while,
And the loveliest face looks more sweetly,
Where beaus a benevolent smile.

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## BALLAD-IN GREAT NEWS.

SWEET is the ship that under sail, Spreads her white bosom to the gale, Sweet, oh! sweets the flowing can; Sweet to posse the labouring oar, That tugs us to our native shore, When the boatswain pipes the barge to man; Sweet failing with a faviring breeze; But oh! much sweeter than all these, Is Jack's delight his lovely Nan. The needle faithful to the north, To shew of constancy the worth, A curious lesson teaches man: The needle time may rust, a squall Capsize the binacle and all, Let seamnship do all it can: My love in worth shall higher rise, Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize, My saith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was penn'd, For ferving of a worthless friend, And every creature from me ran; No flip performing quarentine, Was ever fo deserted feen, None hail'd me woman, child, nor man; But though false friendship's fails were furl'd. 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, To moan their lofs who hazard ran; I love to take an honest part, Love beauty and a spotles heart, By manners love to show the man; To fail through life, by honour's breeze-'Twas all along of loving thefe First made me doat on lovely Nan.

# BALLAD—IN GREAT NEWS.

DON'T you fee that as how I'm a fportiman in ftyle,
All fo kickith, fo flim, and fo tall;
Why I've fearch'd after game and that many's the mile,
And feed no bit of nothing at all;
My licence I pockets, my poncy I ftrides,
And I pelts through the wind and the rain,
And, if likely to fall, flicks the fpurs in the fides,
Leaves the bridle and holds by the mane;
To be fure dad at home kicks up no little flrife,
But dabby what's that, on't fashion and life?
At sporting I never was know'd for to lag,
I was always in danger the first,

When at Epfom last Easter they turned out the stag, I'm the lad that was rolled in the dust;
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, besides an old woman: Then let miserly dad, kick up forrow and strife, I'm the lad that's genteel, and knows fashion and life.

But don't go for to think I neglects number one, Often when my companions, with ardour,

Are hunting about with the dog and the gun,

I goes and I hunts in the larder:

There I fprings me a woodcock or flushes a quail, Or finds puls, as she sits under cover,

Then so ho! to the harrel, to start me some ale,

And when I have dined and fed rover, Pays my landlord his shot, as I ogles his wife,

While the daughter cries out, lord what fashion and life.

Then I buys me fome game, all as homeward we jog, And when the folks ax how I got 'cm,

Though I shooted but once, and then killed the poor dog, I swears and then stand's to't I shot 'em;

So come round me ye sportsmen that's smart and what not, All stilish and cutting a slash,

When your piece won't kill game, charged with powder and flot,

To bring 'em down, down with your cash; And if with their jokes, and their jeers, folks are rife Why dabby says you, 'ent it sashion and life.

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## BALLAD-IN GREAT NEWS.

SEE, fec to join the revel rout, All hopping, skipping, prancing,

With squeak and squall, and shrick and shout,

A'l forts and fizes prancing, As old as poles and big as tuns,

Three graces lead the revels, Then devils tame as lambs,

And Nuns as impudent as devils.

'Do you know me?'—' Oh! yes, excellent well—you are a fish monger:"—' No I en't; I am a methodist preacher.'— "Then I would you were so honest a man." Thus leaving every care behind, The pack stale reason scorning, Chase pleasures of the night to find, The head ache of the morning,

See all conditions, fexes, years, Unite to keep the farce on, A swearing quaker next appears, And next a drunken parion;

Beaux, chattering nonfense loud in peals, Bells, furnished well with clappers,

Tumblers, and dancers without heels, And lawyers without nappers.

"Do you know me?'-" Oh! yes, very well-you are Venus."- 'Will you be my Mars?'-" With all my foul."-6 Come unmask, and let me behold the beauties of the Cyprian Queen.'-" Let us unmask together."- 'Agreed.'-"Oh! plague and misfortune, my busband!"- Oh! hell and the devil, my wife!"

Thus leaving every care behind, The pack stale reason scorning, Chase pleasures of the night, to find

The head ache of the morning. At last to close their noisy mirth,

As finis to this kick up, From the supper room they issue forth,

And roar, and rant, and hiccup; My angel-whan-zounds, pull his nofe, Sir do you mean to bam me?

I've lost my wig-he's spoilt my clothes, A ring, boo, fcoundrel, damme.

'An old cloa'bs man to call the grand Turk a fcoundrel!— Satisfaction.' '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'll be murder,' "Arrah fait that's right, exchange addresses. I'll eat him up alive-I'll maul the villain." 'Hark forward-Oh! its a fine row, dabby I love a row.'

The pack thus leaving care behind, And musty reason secraing, Chase pleasures of the night, to find The head ache of the morning.

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# BALLAD-IN GREAT NEWS.

SAY foldier which of glory's charms, That heroes' fouls enflame, Gives brightest lustre to their arms, Or best ensures their same ? Is it her lion-mettled rage, Let loofe from ardour's den, Legion with legion to engage, And make men flaughter men? Is it to a defenceles foe, Mild mercy to forbear, And glut the call of vengeance? No; The brave delight to spare: 'Tis elemency pale misery's friend, Foremost in glory's van, To dry the starting tear, and blend The hero with the man.

Then on the wretch fall double shame, Who, in foul flander lored, Knows war alone by murder's name, The foldier by the fword: As bleffings out of evils come, Let once the conflict cease, 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 flarting tear, and blend The hero with the man.

meneral Comprehension

## BALLAD-IN GREAT NEWS.

ANACREON tells us that mortals mere clods, By the drink they love best are exalted to gods, And fate there's no lie in the truth on't, don't wine,
Though as beaftly 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 transition from heaven, if you go Down to hell, ah! you'll find them all drinking below, Each striving in Lethe to hurry his care; The seducer forgets when he ruined the fair, Greeks the pillory forget they so richly deserve, The usurer forgets when he let the man starve, The perjurer forgets that he died in his shoes, Eut let us all such rascals forget in Rambooze.

Our Shelah, cried ont, one day, making her moan. From my arms, where I held him fast, Taddy is gone, And though in my presence he always will stay, For ever the wanton young rogue's sled away: I'm dead, and I'm kilt, and shall never recover, Heaven take me, or give me that heaven, my lover, Teach me how to be mad, or my senses to lose, My dear creature, cried I, just get drunk with Rambooze.

When hard at the whifkey an Irifhman pulls, In fearch of Europas, he rides upon buils, Of liquors large libations Italians feare fwallow, But every fqualini becomes an Apollo: Then each fair one's a goddefs, don't every flee, Like an angel, talk teandal, whene'er fhe drinks tea, You most Helicon sip, would you turn to a muse, And, if you'd be Bacchus, get drunk with Rambooze.

But did I not ftop 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 cunning as Mercury, as am'rous as Love:
I'm Apollo and Momus, together for wit,
And I boaft an Olympus my godfhip to fit,
For what better heaven, upon earth, can I choofe,
Than good health, a kind wife, a true friend and Rambooze?

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## BALLAD-IN GREAT NEWS.

WHERE a learned physician 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 sponse given over, At the moment a promise she made to her lover, Advertised that her husband began to recover,

Both these would be fish out of water:
Odd fish, queer fish, strange fish, droll fish—

In short they'd be sish out of water. Did a methodist preacher, leave sleecing his slock,

Did a methodiff preacher, leave fleecing his flock,
Did withings let in common fense, should she knock,
Did a toper reel homewards before three o'clock,
Did puppies find taste when they sought her,

Were a rook, by a pigeon, choused out of his booty, Did a wife, kind and handsome, and true to her duty, Meet a brute, unattracted by goodness or beauty,

All these would be fish out of water, Odd fish, &c.

Should true limbs of the law, while extending their palms, From honour or conscience, be troubled with qualms, Should spendthrifts grow prudent, or misers give alms,

Or honefly tempt a defaulter, Did a lover, in high expectation, when ready, At the place of appointment, fequestered and shady,

Encounter a broomstick instead of a lady, All these would be fish out of water.

Odd fith, &c.

Did a tar, or in private, or public strife, For his king, or his friend, fear to venture his life, Did a johnan, from Ireland, in search of a wife,

Expect fortune, and meet with her daughter, In short from mankind, did one strip off the vizard, Without fear of passing for witch, or for wizzard, One might see 'twould so curfedly stick in each gizzard,

That they'd all appear fifth out of water: Odd fifth, &c.

#### erdudber @ @ udberben

## BALLAD-IN GREAT NEWS.

THE squirrel that jingles his bells in his cage, Is the type of that folly and strife,

Call't the fashion, the ton, or the kick, or the rage, That makes up the bustle 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 pleasure they go,

Each strives to be sirft in the chase: So round, round, round goes scug in his cage, And jingles his bells with a fuss and a rage,

Still turning about and about,

And when tir'd with his journey remains in the place,

Exactly where first he fet out.

In search after knowledge, the book worm explores,

Where nature's wide regions expand, But though faucy conducts him to numberless shores, He never once touches on land:

His bark's toft in storms of opinions that rage, Nor truth's trackless 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 share both his heart and his pelf,

Till humbled and tired with his toil without end, He at last makes a friend of himself:

One who fairness professed, picked his pocket at play, One deceived him, and laughed in his face,

One he shewed to his mistress, foon stole her away, One was mean and another was base. So round, &c.

Thus men miss the substance, and grasp at the name, Thus projectors find midnight at noon,

Thus heroes chafe bubbles, and fancy them fame, And thus children cry for the moon.

Those are pleasures alone that lead reason's fair train, The rest bring but shame and disgrace,

And though you may start them again and again, Vexed and tired you'll give over the chase. So round, &c,

#### سارسوسوس کے اساسی سارسوں

#### BALLAD-IN GREAT NEWS.

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

.Cried only but hear what a marvellous man:

Avast, cried out Jack, what's there marvellous in it? When his time's come the floutest of hearts must comply.

Why now you master tallow chandler, by way of throwing a little light on the fubject, don't you think 'tis better to be extinguished when one's fighting 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 shall live till we die, Hurraw, hurraw, hurraw boys let's live till we die.

Why now you master Plumber, that marvels at billows, I thall founder at fea, and you'll die in your bed; What of that? fome have fods, and fome waves for their

pillows, And 'its likely enough we may both die of lead :

And as for the odds, all the difference that's in it, I shall pop off at once, and you! I lingering lie

Why fmite my crooked timbers, who knows but mafter Snip, there, may flip his cable and break his back with taking the ninth part of a fall off the shopboard into his own hell.

Then like men, &c.

As for you master Bricklayer to make out your calling, A little like mine e'n't a matter that's hard,

Pray mayn't you from a ladder or scaffold be falling, As easy as I from a rattling or yard:

Then for you its committion a tile may bring in it,

As foon as a thot or a splinter for 1.

As for mafter Doctor, the Undertaker, and Sexton, they don't want no wipe from me, they lends too many folks contented to their long ho ne, not to know how to go there contentedly themselves.

Then like men, &c.

And when Captain Death comes the reckoning to fettle, You may clear thip for action as much as you like,

And behave like a man, but he 'as fuch weight of metal,
At the very first broadside the bravest must strike.

And when you have faid all you can what's there in it,
Who to seud 'gainst a storm but a lubber would try.

For as to qualms of conscience, cheating customers, betraying friends, and such like, being a set of honest tradesmen, I dare say you are perfectly easy about these sort of things.

Then like men, &c.

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## BALLAD-IN GREAT NEWS.

IN one thou'd'st find variety,
Cried Dick, would'st thou on wedlock fix?
I rather should expect, cry'd I,
Variety in five or six;
But never was thy counsel light,
I'll do't my friend—so said, so done,
I'm noos'd for life, and Dick was right,
I find variety in one.

Her tongue has more variety
Than mufic's fystem can embrace;
She modulates through every key,
Squeaks treble, and growls double base;
Divisions runs, and trills, and shakes,
Enough the noify spheres to stun;
Thus, as harsh discord music makes,

I find variety in one.

Her drefs boafts fuch variety,
Such forms, materials, fathions, hues,
Each animal must plunder'd he,
From Russian bears to cockatoos.

Now 'tis a feather, now a zone,
Now she'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 she's a thunder florm to me,
So I'm an April day to her:
Devil, and Augel, black, and white,
Thus as we Hymen's gauntlet run,

And kifs, and scold, and love, and fight, Each finds variety in one.

Then cherish love's variety,
In spite of every sneering elf,
We're nature's children, and en't she,
In change, variety itself?
Her clouds, and storms are willed by fate,
More bright to show her radiant sun;
Hail then blest wedlock in whose state,
Men find variety in one.

end free and free and free end free end

## - BALLAD-IN GREAT NEWS.

IF you'll only just promise you'll none of you laugh, I'd be after explaining the French Telegraph;
A machine that's endow'd with such wonderful pow'r, It writes, reads, and sends news fifty miles in an hour: Then there's watch words, a spy glass, an index or hand, And many things more none of us understand;
But which, like the nose on your face, will be clear, When we have, as usual, improv'd on them here.
Oh! the dabblers in lotteries will grow rich as Jews, Steap of slying of pigeons, to bring them the news, They'll a Te egraph place, upon Old Ormond Quay, Put another 'board ship, in the midst of the sea: And so on to town each to tell through the rank, The first thousand pound prize was that morn drawn a blank,

And thus if the air should but chance to be clear, In two hours will the news of Dear Dublin sly here. When the Newmarket squad to the races go down, By confederates, and Telegraphs, stationed in town, They'sl get news long before the mail coaches come in, Plates, matches, and sweepstakes, who lose, and who win: And how after a crossing, and jossing, dead heat, That Black Legs, and Rook were by Belzehub beat, Ah! just let them alone by my foul there's no fear, But the turf will improve on the Telegraph here. Ah! then what a sure guide will the Telegraph prove, To promote their defigns who are dying for love, If an old married lady shou'd court a young man,

Can't she make a spy glass with the slicks of her san? Then suppose an appointment, the hour to be two, Can't the index point thus and the watch word be boo? Sure didn't I tell you I'd make it appear, "Twill be mighty convenient improved upon here. Adien penny poss, mails, and coaches adien, Your occupation is gone, 'tis all over wid you, In your place Te'egraphs, on our houses we'll use, 'To tell time, conduct light'ning, dry shirts, and fend news: Thus while signals, and slags, stream on top of each street, 'The town, to a br', will appear a grant sleet, And since England's grand sleet, to the French convey sear, Sure shant we improve on their Te'egraph here.

# melandan (markandan)

## BALLAD-IN GREAT NEWS.

WHEN I first went to school it was all my delight,
To con something or other from morning to night;
I would never conform, nor confess, nor confent,
And however conjured, I never was content:
Ent so well I'd confuse, and conceal and contrive,
And confoire, and concert, and controul, and connive,
And confute and contest, and confound, and so on,
No boy in the school was so pat at a con.
Scarcely did I emancipate, manners to know,
But a strange predilection I cherished for pro;
I proceeded with care, wou'd propose, and protest,
And promoting but little, a great deal professed.
Procured rich connections, old friends to provoke,
With a titter provided, prolonged my lord's joke,

I left little con, and fluck tightly to pre.
Thus well with the world, my next thought after this,
Was to yield to the ton, and to keep a fine mifs,
But here I mifearried, was after mifled,
Mifmatched, and miflaken, and every way fped:
Mifs's conduct mifgave me, and full of mifttrutt,

And pronounced each man's friend, and producing no foe,

And refolved my next frolick shou'd not be amife.

And refolved my next frolick shou'd not be amife.

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Still playing on words, and refolved to get rich, I learnt 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 but produced fear, Then in fearching out there, I foon loft myfelf here, 'Till betwixt and between, this and that, fomehow, I, In fearch of the wherefore, loft fight of the why. Thus ringing the changes on life's wordy war, I found its sheet anchor existed in for; And, by prudence forwarned, folly's joys to forbear, Soon did all nonfense forfake, and forfwear; For the world, for fociety, destined to live, When by any one wronged I forget and forgive, Keep my fortune in petto for honourable ends, Just enough for myself, and the rest for my friends.

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## BALLAD-IN GREAT NEWS.

TELL me not of men's follies, their whims and caprices, That the fum of their vices each moment encreases, That like monsters of prey every friend his friend fleeces, Still friving to cheat, to cajole and trapan : If nature implanted the pathons that rule us, If cuitom her thadow deludes us and fool us, Acquitted by candour where rigour would school 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 fathion supplies the gay measure, Yield some villain accomplished her virtue's sole treasure, And in that abyse plunge that no ray of hope cheers: While you grieve that fimplicity's charms were denied her, That of innocence little fhe e'er had to guide her, Though fall'n ne'er to rife, do not fcorn, nor deride her, But, forgetting her errors, ah! pity her tears. Should a youth, for an opulent station intended, On whom lavish parents large sums have expended, 'Stead of virtues and talents distinguished and splendid, Confirm vice at college imbibed when at school; Low his mind, with no firmness, no discrimination, From Pieria's fount flead of making libation,

Should he roll down the torrent of wild diffipation, In his lofs to fociety pity the foot.

These, these, as I look through the world, are my feelings; For, deal with mankind on a par with their dealings, From accused, and accuser, the eternal appealings, Son justice would wreck on chicanery's shelf:
Then hypocrites pity, the faint hides a hinner, Of the poet buy nonlense, the man wants a dinner, Thus, lose whoe'er may, still shall you be a winner, For in pitying others you honour yourself.

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## BALLAD-IN GREAT NEWS.

TOM TRUELOVE woo'd the feweetest fair,
That e'er to tar was kind,
Her face was of a beauty rare,
More beautiful her mind;
His messimates heard, while with delight,
He named her for his bride,
A fail appeared, ah fatal fight!
For grief his love had died;
Must I, cried he, those charms resign,
I loved so dear, so well?
Would they had tolled instead of thine,
Tom Truelove's knell.

Break heart at once and there's an end,
Thou all that heaven could give!
Eut hold, I have a noble friend,
Yet, yet for him I'il live:
Fortune, who all her haleful fpight,
Not yet on Tom had tried,
Sent news, one rough, tempeftuous night,
That his dear friend had died:
And thou too! must thee resign,
Who honour loved so well?
Would they had telled instead of thine,
Tom Truelove's knell.
Enough, enough, a falt sea wave,

Enough, enough, a falt fea wave,
A healing balm shall bring;
A failor you cried one, and brave?
Live shill to ferve your king!

The moment comes, behold the foe;
Thanks generous friend, he cried,
The fecond broadude 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 rung,
Tom Truelove's knell.

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## BALLAD-IN GREAT NEWS.

I'VE thought and I've faid it fin I were a boy, That what folks get at eaty they never enjoy; Why I was the same, at what's homely I'd scoff, But how fine if it comed a good many miles off: So big with this fancy, though but a poor clown, I hied me away for to fee the great town, Where they push'd me, and throng'd me all as one as a fair, Then they,d titter, and fnigger, and laugh, then I'd stare, Why bumkin did'ft e'er fee fuch fin'ry as this, In your place, cried a monkey in trowfers, why yes! You'd your joke master coxcomb, and now I'll have mine, I've feen peacocks and gold finches ten times as fine: So I left master whiftle, and whistled along, Then humm'd to myfelf the fag end of a fong; The good that we wish for mayn't match what we've got, Their minds are their kingdom, who're pleased with their lot, And to whatever place discontented folks roam, At last they'll be forced to say this of their home, Our friends are as true, and our wives are as comely, And damn it home's home, be it ever so homely.

So fince for strange sights, I to town took my range, Faith I zeed fights in plenty, and all of them strange, I zeed folks roll in riches, who pleasure ne'er knew, I zeed honest poverty rich as a Jew;
Time and oft dressed lamb fashon I zeed an old ewe, I zeed madam's monkey as smart as her beau, I zeed beauty, and virtue, that never knew shame, And I zeed vice carested under modesty's name, I zeed a sine head dress, worth more than the head, I zeed folks with their brains out before they were dead,

I zeed rogues of their knavery making their brags. And I zeed fools in coaches, and merit in rags; And fill through the crowd as I whiftled along, I hummed to myself the fag end of a fong, The good that we wish for mayn't match what we've got, Their minds are their kingdom, who're pleased with their lot : And to whatever place discontented solks roam, At last 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 so homely. But what zickened me most was, one day in the Park, As the guns were all firing, a queer looking spark, Cried, what nonsense and stuff with their fus and parade; Stuff and nonfense, 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 heneft subjects rejoice; Mighty well, cried my spark, but a word in your ear, The affairs of the nation are curfedly queer; 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 whiftling along, Then I hummed to myself, the fag end of a song, The good that we wish for mayn't match what we've got, Their minds are their kingdom, who're pleased with their lot: And to whatever place discontented folks roam, At last 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 so homely.

# BALLAD—IN GREAT NEWS.

NOW you shall fee what you shall fee,.
Lady, gemmen come,
One very great curiosity,
What makes to speak de dumb;
Vat green, and red, and brown, and blue,
And black, and white can paint,
Vat make Jew Christian, Christian Jew,
Make good come out of evil,
Vat make a devil of a faint, and of a faint a devil,

"Peep troo dat little hole, Sir—Vat you fee there? Eh,"
— What do you fay, mafter Shewman, it will make black
white?—The devil's in it if it won't!—Why it is a large
purfe of money!

Now you shall see, vat you see, fine ting before you go,

Come gentleman and lady fee my Raree Show.

Now you shall fee, vat you shall fee, Pleafe to look in there, One very great curiofity, Vat make the people stare; One terrible, one shocking, ting in harror dat abound;

Before your face I go to bring One horrible production;

Look quick and you shall be surround

Vid death, and vid deftruction.

"Vele faar vat you fee now? Eh!"—' Ah! master Shewman, you be a wag—Death and destruction with the devil too't!—Why it be a Pothecaty's sliop,"

Now you shall see, &c.

Now you shall see vat you shall see,
Please to put your eyes;
One very great curiofity,
Vat give you great surprize;
More shocking as the toder sight,
You never have see such,
Come look, make haste, don't you be fright,
You shall see one place spacious,

All fill up vid great many much, Strange animal voracious.

"Why, master Shewman, this be a cuter joke than the tother—I wish I may die if it beu't the Lord Mayor and Aldermen at dinner!"

Now you shall fee, &c.

Now you shall fee vat you shall fee,
Pleafe to look 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 blessing can impart,
Vat make the smile in all the face,
The joy in all the heart.

"Ah! master Shewman, you did never say a truer thing in your life—Why, Lord love him, 'tis the King's Majesty." Now you shall see, &c.

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## BALLAD-IN WILL OF THE WISP.

I NEVER shall survive it, cried Lumkin in despair, She's gone and I shall ever wail and cry,

I've lost my charming Cælia, the fairest of the fair :

Will no one comfort fend me,

Why then these hands shall end me,

Hung by his garter on that tree I'il die; Let none my fame be mangling,

While dangling, dangling, dangling,

On you tree I die.

Young Kitty of the cottage, and, Jenny of the mill,

And bonny Suke, and sprightly Peggy Sly,
And Fan and Nan, and Poll and Doll, I 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!

These girls will all be angling:

'Twent do for dangling, dangling, All for love I'll die.

I own that Kitty's eye brows fome trait of Calia's bear, Suke has her nofe, and Peg her fparkling eye;

Both Fan and Nan, her dimples, and Poll and Doll her hair;

But these shall all be slighted, For Cælia's charms united,

Not all her fex combined can boaft-I'll die!

Then let them all be wrangling, And pulling caps for dangling,

They shall fee me die.

And yet on recollection, Young Dælia formed to please, Her dimples has, her hair, and sparkling eye; Nay, Dælia is like Cælia as eyer were two peas,

> Has all those charms that won me, Would she 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 Calia die.

<sup>3</sup>Twixt hanging, and 'twixt marriage, still doubtful which to chuse, .

As Lumkin paufed, came Dælia tripping by,

Ads wounds, cried he, would'st thou consent, I'd tye the other noose,

She smiles, good bye poor Calia, I go to marry Dalia,

Not in a halter, but in her arms to die;
Better in wedlock wrangling,
Than dangling, dangling,
On a tree to die.

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## BALLAD-IN WILL OF THE WHISP.

ON Olympus blue fummit as foud vacant mirth, Shook with laughter the fides of the gods, Were not nectar, cried Baechus, forbid fons of earth; 'Twere rare foort to celeficialize clods:

Say, shall they a nestar posses of their own, That like ours with delight shall be rise? I've hit it, let Punch, by my siat, be known, A liquor the Symbol of Lise.

Of the elements four, that the universe sway, Our nectar celestial we make,

So punch, that henceforward shall moisten man's clay, Of the passions of man shall partake:

The fweets that from godlike benevolence flows, Shall correct the fliarp acid of firife,

While the spirit of rage temperance mean shall compose, so shall punch be the Symbol of Life.

Punch shall be the first fiddle in life's motley band, That, untuned, scrapes harsh discords and hoarse, But when screwed to its pitch by a masterly hand,

Shall most excellent music discourse: Punch, unmade, will a chaos missuapen disclose,

Rude atom with atom at strife, But, which tempered, to beauty and symetry grows, Thus, is Punch, the true 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 indofence 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 kuife, And the bleffings of peace shed their balm on mankind,

And the bleinings of peace thed their balin on mankind And thus Punch is the Symbol of Life.

As pleafure on pleafure in wedlock you meet, If, thoughtiefe, you furfeit and feed,

Sullen, four difcontent the l corrode every fweet,
And luke warm indifference fucceed:

But when wedlock's ingredients, in mean true and even, Are blended in huband and wife;

Such a pair, fo well mated, on earth find a heaven, And thus Punch is the Symbol of Life,

Thus in all their concerns, shall this liquor divine, Some moral instruction impart,

That the medium of truth may correct and refine, Each crude feeling that fprings from the heart:

Be your fives then nor mankill, firong, four nor yet fweet,
But a mixture of all, to thun frife;
So men's joys thall be next to celefials complete,

So shall Punch be the Symbol of Life.

#### 

## BALLAD-IN WILL OF THE WISP.

'TWAS a hundred years ago,
Or there-about, I believe,
Liv'd a wife you must know,
As I quickly shall shew,
A true bred daughter of Eve:
For this wife, though spouse, was civil,
For so the slory ran,
Was tempted to cvil,
But not by the devil,
But a devi ish handsome young man.

This young man was an officer gay, With a men fo militaire, An enfign on hasf-pay, Though no colone, fome fay, Had fo fierce, and fo noble an air: Now the husband had but one eye, And for this his crafty bride,

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Chose him out by the bye,
Half her faults to espy,
And to catch him upon the blind side.
The husband was sone from home.

The husband was gone from home, she tricked out fmart and neat, Now the officer's come, Cupid braces his drum, And a parley is prefently beat: When Betty, who closely watched, Cried out, as she come unawares, If a lie can't be hatched,

We are all of us catched,

' For my master's a coming up stairs.'

Cried the wife, 'I have hit on it fure; 'Come, come, 'tis no time to flinch!

We're from danger sceure,

Get behind the door,

Wit never left wife at a pinch: Then the husband came in light: Cried she in a counterfeit scream,

What joy and delight,

Does your presence excite,

' Dear Husband I dreamt a dream.

A dream so extraordinary and rare,
Pray heaven it prove not a lie,

'I 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 fiele off.

Her Mars fafe retreated, she cried, 'Well love is the fight wholly lost?'

"Yes wife your dream lied,
"Though 'till doomfday you tried,

"I should yet see no more than a post:"
Then the devil take dreams I say,
For I'm more disappointed than you.
Quoth the husband, nay, nay,

When next I'm away,

Let us hope all your dreams may come true.

## 

## BALLAD-IN WILL OF THE WISP.

WHILE music lends its heavenly art, And banners are unfurled, Hail, hail, the first commercial mart, Throughout the peopled world: See its chief magistrates to grace London in pomp and flow, The fource of its great riches trace, To all the winds that blow: The companies to filver Thames, Move on in flow parade, Each bearing as its banner names, A pageant of its trade: Then while fweet music lends its art. And banners are unfurled, Hail, hail the first commercial mart, Throughout the peopled world. First, minstrelfy and loud acclaim, That fweet muficians bring, Mulicians of fair London's fame, Still emulous to ting: And, hark! the armourers cleave the wind. By one in armour led, While memory tells the patriot mind, At Agincourt who bled: Then, while fweet music lends its art, And banners are unfurled, Hail, hail the first commercial mart, Throughout the peopled world. Nor let the shipwrights by us slip, In high commercial fame First in the rank, for from a ship Fair London took its name: Now while the croud each trade furrounds, 'That joy and use supplies, Hauk! where the maffy anvil founds, See! where the fluttle flies: Then, while fweet mufic lends its art, And banners are unfurled, Hail, hail the first commercial mart;

Throughout the peopled world.

These sit with art the even joint, Those dress the supple skin, Others th' industrious needle point, Or decorative pin: Some fing of Blaze and drefs the wool, Some shape the wheels of time, The ever lengthening wire some pull, Some teach the bells to chime: Then, while sweet music lends its art, And banners are unfurled, Hail, hail the first commercial mart, Throughout the peopled world. Those, friendship's emblem, bring the square, These bear the gordian ring, And now, while trumpets rend the air, And fweet mulicians fing, Haste to the feast where while the band, The focial hour prolong, The loyal toast from plenty's hand, Relieves the loyal fong: Then, while fweet music lends its art. And banners are unfurled, Hail, hail the first commercial mart, Throughout the peopled world. Last at the ball-room fee the fair. Each fair a British toast, Lovely in charms, in virtue rare, Blest England's pride and boast : But did i to my theme give way, By fancy led along, Soon were the poet's teeming lay, A history, not a fong: Yet while fweet music lends its art, And hanners are unfurled,

Hail, hail the first commercial mart, Throughout the peopled world.

## BALLAD-IN WILL OF THE WISP.

IF lubberly landsmen to gratitude strangers, Still cuese their unfortunate flars, Why what would they fay, did they try but the dangers Encountered 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 fellowship, grog and tobacker, Well then damme if Jack cares where.

Then your stupid Old Quid Nunes to hear them all clatter, The devil can't tell you what for,

Though they don't know a gun from a marlinfpike, chatter About and concerning of war:

While for King, wife, and friend, he's through every thing rubbing,

With duty fill 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 home with shiners galore,

Well what if so be he should lavish his favours, On every poor object long-shore:

Since money's the needle that points to good nature, Friend, enemy, false or true,

So it goes to relieve a distressed fellow creature, Well then, damme, if Jack cares who.

Don't you fee how some diff'rent thing ev'ry one's twigging.
To take the command of a rib,

Some are all for the breaft-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 all for the rich;

As to 1, to the's young, her heart honest and tender, Why then, damme, if Jack cares which.

Why now if they go for to talk about living, My eves—why a little will ferve,

Let each a fma'l part of his pittanee be giving, And who in this nation can starve?

Content's all the thing—rough or calm be the weather, The wind on the beam or the bow,

So, honcefly, he can splice both ends together, Why then, damme if Jack cares how.

And then for a bring up—d'ye fee, ahout dying On which fuch a racket they keep, What arguines if in a church yard you'r lying, Or find out your grave in the deep:

Of one thing we're certain, whatever our calling, Death will bring us all up—and what then?

## DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

So his conscience's tackle will bear overhauling, Why then, damme, if Jack cares when.

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## BALLAD-IN WILL OF THE WISP.

IS'T my country you'd know? I'm an an Irishman born,

And they chriftened me Paddy O'Biarney, In havmaking time I stept over one morn,

All the way from the Lakes of Kilarney:

Turn'd my hand to just whatever came in my way,

To be fure while the fun shin'd I did not make hay.

Well then you know the wives and daughters of the
farmers won't—well they won't

Have plenty of cause to remember the day,

When first they saw Paddy O'Blarney.

Then what does I do the next calling I feeks,
Ah! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney.

cries mackeral alive that were caught for three weeks,

Ah! let alone Paddy O'Blarney,

Then fresh gathered strawberries, so sound and so sweet,

With just half a dozen a top sit to eat-

Ah! madam, you need not examine them blefs your two good looking eyes, they are full to the bottom, paper and all. "Well, I'll truit to you.—I dare fay you won't cheat me." So I coaxes her up, and herfelf makes her cheat, Ah! fait let alone Paddy O'Blarney.

Next I turned to a chairman, and got a good job,

Ah! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney, I harangued at a famous election the mob.

Ah! let alone Paddy O'Blarney.

Then to fee 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 such a pair was ne'er feen, by my foul, As his honour and Paddy O'Blarney.

But this notion of greatness was none of the worst,

Oh! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney, Having played fecond fielde, I thought I'd play first,

Can't ye let alone Paddy O'Blarney;

So, fweating, to plunder, and never to fqueak, I my qualification took out and turned greek—

Ah! to be fure we did not make a pretty dovehouse of our Pharoah Bank—Let me see, we pigeoned, aye fait and plucked them completely too—
Four tradesmen, and six banker's clerks in one week,

Will you let alone Paddy O'Blarney.

A big man in all circles fo gay and polite,
Ah! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney,
I found one who larnt grown up jolman to write,
Just to finish gay Paddy O'Blarney:
I first larnt my name, 'till fo fond of it grown,

I'd don't fay I'd better have let it alone—

But by my foul and confcience it had like to have finished me in good earnest, for you see, I just wrote— Another jolman's fignature 'stad of my own, What a devil of a Paddy O Blarney.

But fince fate did not chuse for to noose me that day, Ah! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney, With a Venus of ninety I next ran away, What a fine dashing Paddy O'Blarney.

So marriage turned out the best noose of the two,
'The old soul's gone to heaven I'm as rich as a Jew-

So that if any jolman has an occasion for a friend, or a lady for a lover, or, in short, if any body should wish to be disconumbered of the uneasiness of a wise, or a daughter, or a purse, or any such kind and civil service that can be performed

By a gentleman at large that has nothing to do, I et me recommend Paddy O'Blarney.

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## BALLAD-IN WILL OF THE WISP.

'TWAS post meridian, half past four, By fignal I from Nancy parted, At fix she lingered on the shore, With uplift hands and broken hearted, At fev'n, while taughtening the forestay, I faw her faint, or else 'twas faney, At eight we all get under weigh, And bid a long adieu to Nancy. Night came, and now eight bells had rung, White care es failors, ever cheary, On the mid watch fo jovial fung,

With tempers labour cannot weary :

I, little to their mirth inclined,

While tender thoughts rushed on my fancy, And my warm fighs increased the wind,

Looked on the moon, and thought of Nancy.
And now arrived that jovial night,

When every true bred tar caroufes, When, o'er the grog, all hands delight To toast their sweethearts and their spouses:

Round went the can, the jest, the glee, While tender wishes filted each fancy,

And when, in turn, it came to me, I heaved a figh, and toasted Nancy.

Next morn a florm 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, For me, it may be only fancy,

But love feemed to forbid the waves, To fnatch me from the arms of Naney.

Scarce the foul hurricane was cleared, Scarce winds and waves had ceafed to rattle,

When a hold enemy appeared,

And, dauntless, we prepared for battle: And now, while some loved friend, or wise,

Like lightning, rushed on every fancy; To providence I trusted life,

Put up a grayer, and thought of Nancy.

At last, 'twas in the month of May,
'The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three A. M discovered day,

And England's chalky cliffs together:

At feven up channel how we bore, While hopes and fears rufted on my fancy,

At twelve I gayly jumped aftere,
And to my throbbing heart preffed Nancy.

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## BALLAD-IN WILL OF THE WISP.

LIFE'S as like as can be to an Irish Wake, Where their tapers they light,

And they fit up all night,

Wid their why would you leave your poor Paddy to moan,
Arrah how could you be fuch a cake?

Musha what will I do,
Lilly, lilly, laloo,

Oh hone! Fait we're left all together alone:

But when the grief the liquor puts out, the fun is all chang'd in a crack;

Away like smoke goes the whiskey about,

And they foot it, cross over, and back to back, With their tiptelery, whack,

Poor mis, bolted fase wid a good lock and key,

Like Thisbe, 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?
Musha, what will I do.
Lilly, lilly, lilly, la loo,

Oh hone!

I shall after be lying alone.

But when the rope ladder affords her relief, And she turns on her mother her back;

'Mong her friends and relations, the leaves all her grief, And away to Scotland they trip in a crack,

With their tiptelary whack.

The toper, next morning, low, fick, and in pain, The glasses all breaks,

Beats his head 'cause it aches,

And wishes that wine may to poison be grown,

If e'er he gets tipfey again: With his what will I do, Lilly, lilly, lilly, la loo,

Oh hone!

From this moment I'll drinking disown; But when, in a possee, come Bacchus's troop, We changes his tone in a crack; They drink, and they fing, and they hollow, and whoop, Till they don't know the colour of blue from black, And its tiptelary whack.

And so 'tis through life, widows left in the nick, Dying swains in disgrace, Patriots turned out of place,

Don't they, curling their flars, make a horrible mean,
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 oufled a place shall obtain,
Away to the devil goes care in a crack,
And 'tis tiptelary whack.

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## BALLAD-IN WILL OF THE WISP.

THE gloomy night stalk'd flow away, The twilight spoke the doubtful day, When on a rock poor Peg rec.ined, Mad as the waves, wild as the wind. Give me my love, she frantic scream'd, I saw his ghost as by it gleam'd, I'll dive, I'll search the briny gloom, And snatch him from his coral tombrah! let me, Fate, his relies save, True lovers should find out one grave.

And now the tempest dins the sky,
How many ways poor failors die!
See, see, the staggering vessel splits,
She's lost, like Peg's poor shipwrecked wits:
No, 'twas in battle that he died;
Would no power turn the ball aside?
I saw it as it rent his heart;
I heard him cry—and must we part?
For Peggy, ah! these relies save,
True lovers should sind out one grave.

Where on the deep the cavern yawned, Now as the purple morning dawned. The furge, in breakers loud and hoarfe, Her love cast up a lifeless corfe:
She raves, the fereams, her hands she wrings, The shock returning reason brings, Reason returns, alas! too late,
She class her love and yields to fate:
Their mourning friends their relics save, And these true lovers find one grave.

#### udpandpa @@adpandpa

## BALLAD-IN WILL OF THE WISP.

THE world still judges by the micu, For habit holds the yellow glass, And through that jaundiced medium seen, Shall wisdom's self for folly pass. 'Tis not because you vapid smart, Strays, carelessly, from reason's rules, That he hates reason, has no heart, 'Tis that he's one of fashion's fools.

The toper, o'er the bowl, his joke
Who vents against his dearest 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 friendship's rules,
Wis fault is that he drinks too much,
And thus he's one of fashion's fools.

And thus he's one of naminous tools.

The Bouncer swears that brown is blue,
And moulds at will dame nature's law,
And talks of joys he never knew,
And fancies charms he never saw:
'Tis not that he would fain renounce
Fair truth and all her facred rules,
But 'tis that its genteel to bounce,

And thus he's one of fashion's fools.

If merit pine away forgot,
If rakes at facred honour fneer,
If wedlock prove no gordian knot,
And lovers dread to be fevere.

'Tis not that men fo much delight'
To deviate from honour's rules,
But that its vulgar to be right,

And thus they are all fashion's fools.

Say what conclusion's to be drawn?

Are we to fancy, or to feel,

To live awake, or in a yawn,

To be consistent or genteel:

Soon the election may be made—

Let's fourre our lives by reason's re-

Let's fquare our lives by reason's rules, So far be fashion's modes obeyed, But let us not be fashion's sools.

#### and proceeding to the condem

## BALLAD-IN WILL OF THE WISP.

I'M a cook for the public, can fuite every palate,
With fome favory bonne bouche, from the foup to the
fallad.

Are you partial to fish? I've for dunces, cod's joles, Carp, and crabs, for plain dealers, for topers good soles: I thought I'd fome maids, but I made a mistake, I've a rich liquorish old wife for any poor rake, I've a plaise for a courtier, for jokers I've grigs, I've gudgeons for quacks, and I've slounders for teagues, Coming, coming, you'll see 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 disguised, Some patriots stewed, and some generals surprized; Then, if cayenne you love, and would wish something nice, Lord, I'll roast you a a nabob, dear sir, in a trice,

Then for fops, who to make themselves fools take such pains,

I've a fine thick calf's head, with the tongue and the brains;

I've mushrooms for upstarts, for Wessimmen I've leeks, Ducks and drakes for stock jobbers, and pigeous for greeks: Coming, coming, you'll see that I've told you no fable, This way, if you please gemmen, dinner's on the table.

And then the defert, I have all forts of cakes, I've itlands of moonfline, in fylabub lakes, I've afig for ill nature, I've raifins in gluts,

And then, for all those fond of secrets, I've nuts. Such as through fashion's maze pass their lives in a dream, May ficken on trifles, and ice, and whipt cream, Vain coxcombs on flummery may feast till they burst, Then I've got for your true snarling critic a crust: Coming, coming, you'll see that I have told you no fable, This way, if you please gemmen, dinner's on table.

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## BALLAD-IN WILL OF THE WISP.

YOU have heard of the man who fuch virtues posteffed, That he wished a glass window were placed at his breast. To the world all his actions as plain to display, As the nose in your face, or the fun at noon day. So I put on my fpectacles, look mighty wife, And read in a trice peoples hearts through their eyes: While the catalogue, large, of their whims I run over, And of life's motly crew the deceptions discover, Though my questions are malapropos and uncouth, I, in fight of their teeth, make their tongues to tell truth. When a flirting coquette for fresh conquests agog, One who loves and adores her treats worfe than a dog, Gives him rivals the hates, appears vex'd when the's glad. For the dear harmless pleasure of making him mad; I put on my spectacles, look mighty wife, Read her whimfical heart through her beautiful eyes, As you hope to be married, ma'am, quick answer me, Do you hate this man! Lord what a creature, cries the, Must I then be fincere! Well, I love 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 flirts, rails at each amorous elf, Who flirts never, excepts in a corner, herfelf: I put on my spectacles, look mighty wife, Read her warm yielding heart through her cold frigid eyes; ' Are you this man hater, good ma'am, you pretend?' "And pray who gave you leave to school me my good friend?" " D'ye expect I shall own that I've yet a co't's tooth:

"Well I do love young fellows, and that is the truth."

I could inflance a thousand things, various and true, Where one thing men say, and another thing do, Nay, I now could dispel all my own anxious sear, But there's no occasion for spectacles here:
Nay, were I to wear them, to look ere so wise, I could then, but as now, read your hearts in your eyes; Mister Dibdin, says you, we're here on your behalf, And, while your wit's harmless, and you make us laugh, You may banish each sear from your mind, for, in sooth, We shall willing applaud you, and that is the truth.

#### udandan@@@udandan

## BALLAD-IN WILL OF THE WISP.

NO more of waves and winds the fport,
Our vessel is arrived in port;
At anchor see she fasely rides,
And gay red ropes adorn her sides:
The fails are furled, the sheets belayed,
The erimson peticoats displayed,
Deferted are the useless shrouds;
And wenches come a board in crouds.
Then come, my lads, the slip put round,
While sately moored on English ground,
With a jorum of diddle,
A lass, and a siddle,
Ne'er shall care in the heart of a tar be found:
And, while upon the hollow deck,
To the strightly sig our feet shall hound.

To the fprightly jig our feet shall bound, Take each his charmer round the neck, And kiss in time to the merry found.

Befs hears the death of honest Jack, '
Who swore he'd safe, and sound, come back,
She calls him searry, lying swab,
And then she kindly takes to Bob:
Ben asks the news of Bonny Kate,
Who said she'd prove a constant mate,
But winds, and girls, are salfe, for she
Took Ned the morn Ben went to sea.
Well come, says Ben, the slip put round,
While safely moored on English ground,
With a jorum of diddle,

A lass, and a fiddle

Ne'er shall care in the heart of a tar be found;

And, while upon the hollow deck,

To the fprightly lig our feet shall bound, Take each his charmer round the neck, And kiss in time to the merry found.

By will and power, when last ashore,
His rhino Tom to Poll made o'er;
Poll touched the prize money, and pay,
And with the agent ran away:
And Jenny just as cute a trick,
His back once turned, played whistling Dick,
Dick lest her cloathes to cut a slash,
She fold 'em all and spent the cash.
But come, says Dick, the slip put round,
While sately moored on English ground,

With a jorum of diddle, A lass, and a fiddle,

Ne'er shall care in the heart of a tar be found; And, while upon the hollow deck,

To the fprightly jig our feet shall bound, Take each his charmer round the neck, And kiss 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, 'mongft the girls they left behind, A lot of true and falfe they find, While they hewail those short or drowned, And welcome home the safe and found, Still thankful while the slip goes round, They're safely moored on English ground,

With a jorum of diddle, A lass and a siddle,

Ne'er shall care in the heart of a tar be found; And, while upon the hollow deck,

To the spright'y jig our feet shall bound, Take each his charmer round the neck, And kiss in time to the merry found.

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## BALLAD-IN WILL OF THE WISP.

I AM one of those pretty, tonish smarts, my good old man, Who under love's sweet contribution lay all the fair O,

I make them die, and figh, And confent, and repent, With a ran, dan, dan—

Why I have a hundred times had the felicity, fo fweet, Of feeing fome vielding eafy daughter, or wife.

Begging, and imploring at my feet-

"Hey, fir! how often did you fay you had this felicity?"
Never in the whole course of my life,

With a ran, dan, dare O.'

Then, fince amours are nothing without confidents, my good old man,

How oft when burfling with good fortune and fuccess, so rare O,

Have I, to my friends, told stories 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 O.'

Why would you believe that with the lovely Myrtilla it chanced to hap, my good old man,

Who feemed as if all the powers of virtue made her their care O,

That I should contrive, while those pretty, watchful guardians were taking a nap,

With a ran, dan, dan-

To kneel, pant, entreat, implore, heave figh, start tear, And address, with all the force of cloquence and grace, Till struggling in my arms at last she—Oh dear!

" Well, what did she do?

'Why gave me a flap in the face, With a ran, dan, dare O.' Another time, when I was flatly refused, my good old man, Oh, 'tis a business that will make you stare O! Every one of the family round I fairly abused,

With a ran, dan, dan-

Hamstrung the pigs, pulled the spiggot out of the ale, Poisoned the lap dog, killed the canary birds, put jalap in the tea,

Threw the cat out of the window, cut off the monkey's tail-"Go on, fir, go on."

'Kicked the husband-Oh no, damme, he kicked me! With a ran, dan, dare O.'

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## BALLAD-IN WILL OF THE WISP.

I'VE heard, cried out one, that you tars tack and tack, And, at fea, what strange hardships befel you,

But I don't know what's moorings-what don't you faid Jack,

Man your ear Taekle then and I'll tell you : Suppose you'd a daughter quite beautiful grown, And, in fpight of her prayers and implorings! Some secundrel abused her, and you knocked him down, Why, d'ye fee, he'd be fafe at his moorings.

In life's voyage should you trust a salse friend with the helm, The top lifts of his heart all akimbo,

A tempest of treachery your bark will o'erwhelm,

And your moorings will foon be in limbo: But if his heart's timbers bear up against pelf, And he's just in his reckonings and scorings; He'll for you keep a look out the same as himself,

And you'll find in his friendship fafe moorings.

If wedlock's your port, and your mate true and kind, In all weathers will flick to her duty,

A calm of contentment shall beam in your mind, Safe moored in the haven of beauty:

But if some frisky skiff, crank at every joint, That liftens to vows and adorings,

Shape your courfe how you will, still you'll make Cuckold's

To lay up like a beacon at moorings.

A glutton's fafe moored, head and stern, by the gout, A drunkard's moored under the table,

In straws drowning men will Hope's anchor find out,
While a hair's a philosopers cable:
Thus mankind are a ship, life a boisterous main,
Of Fate's billows where all hear the roarings,
Where for one calm of pleasure, we've ten storms 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 alk how that best we know nothing about, Don't ignorant gipsies pretend to teach Fate, And pray who now like coblers can tinker the state: Blind as mill-posts ourselves we can all guide a friend, Because why 'tis more easy to find fault than mend; In thort no sweet creatures lead such happy lives, Or are half so well managed as bachelor's wives.

If I'd this man's fortune, or tother man's wit, Unnoticed dive think I'd fo quietly fit? No, my cash should do good, and my writings should be, Ah! fait Shakespear himself should be nothing to me: Thus we all to mend merit of others are prone, And how nobly we spend that that's none of our own; Who the reins has not got, always suriously 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 been, by my confeience, a glorious day!
Thus at home, we beft know how abroad matters pals,
Ah! give me a brave bottle fought over the glafs!
Threatened people live long, and the cuvied man thrives,
Just a none are so managed as bachelor's wives.

What we have we don't want, because why dat we've got; Your true style of enjoyment's to have what you've not, What eats so declicious as fish not yet catched, Or as fruit in the blossom, or chicken not hatched? 'Tent the dinner to-day, 'tis the pleasure I borrow, While I think on the dinner I'm eating to-morrow, What's the present my soul till the insure arrives? Arrah give me for management backlelors wives.

To do what we're able's a thing fo abfurd, Arrah who'd walk on foot that cou'd fly like a bird? Don't we fee every moment that lordly ting man Do each nonfeuse in nature except what he can In thort, our defires look from Ireland to Rome, Are the harvest that's growing, the cloth in the loom, The honey we've taken before we've bought hives, And who'll after this rail at bachelors wives.

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#### BALLAD-IN WILL OF THE WISP.

THE poet fays that love's like fire, Which kindly heat and joy imparts, For every purpole, and defire,

That warms, and that expands our hearts: But, trust th's fire, where is the bound,

That shall its devastation slay? Relentless ruin stalks around,

And horror marks its trackless 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 foul, and fo refine

Our joys, that gods might envy men:

But, from this elevation funk,

The moment reason leaves the feast, His godfhip finds a god, when drunk, Is little better than a beaft : Thus both are heaftly, both divine, Thus topers fay that love's like wine.

Your sportsmen say, love's like the chase That leads us many a weary mile, Through many a rude and dangerous place, O'er mound, and hedge, and ditch, and flile:

But when his pleasures, with his toil, Are 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 sportsmen fay, love's like the chase. True lovers fay, love's like the devil, Who turns a hundred devious ways, With, faint-like face, and heart of evil. And smiles the most when he betrays: Does not the devil take every hue, And in all forms and fashions 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 still condemn, Where reason bids them most rejoice, For if they err the fault's in them. And in the objects of their choice: The lover that shall all excel. Let him but choose a faithless fair; His love shall prove a very hell, No Lethe to relieve his care : Let him of reason take advice,

And love fliail be a paradife.



#### BALLAD-IN WILL OF THE WISP.

LIFE'S a general chase, and the world is the field,
Where friends friends hunt, and brothers hunt brothers,
Where to day, fairly hunted, to as others yield,
And to morrow we're hunted by others:

Through calling, profession, and trade, to get rich,

All wrangle, and fquabble, and fcramble,
Through wood, dale, and bottom, o'er hedge, ftile, and ditch,
Through bufh, and through briar, and through bramble,
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-worrow.

The poor poet, of virtue who'd fain be the friend, Cries the age is corrupt, and he'll fliew it; But while hunting his brains the world's manners to mend, Pale poverty hunts the poor poet:

While hunting in battle for glory and fame, Grim death hunts the foldier and failor,

And the heir, out of eash, who can start no more game,

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Is at last hunted down by his taylor:
Then, come round me all hunters—in Life's hark away
We have portions of pleasure and forrow,

And the man after game that's a hunter to-day, May be game for fome hunter to-morrow.

Country squires dash away, nor their noddles concern, 'Bout the world, or its jostlings, and crossings,

Till, at length, to die hottom, Actron's they turn, Eaten up by their dogs and their horses: Indiscriminate pleasures who chases in view,

Whi'e to pleasure in time fall a martyr,

And the bold fortune hunter who ran down a shrew, Will find he was caught by a tarter:

Then, come round me all hunters—in Life's hark away We have portions of pleasure and forrow,

And the man after game that's a hunter to-day, May be game for some hunter to-morrow.

The hunks who hunts riches, is hunted by care,
Those who joy hunt are hunted by trouble, v
The chymist hunts gold through fire, water, and air,

And is run down at laft by a bubble:

Folly hunts the four mifanthrope close at the heels, In the moment at folly he's fcoffing, And ev'n the death hunter, in coshins who deals,

And ev'n the death hunter, in collins who deals, is, at last, hunted into a cossin:

Virtuofos hunt butterslies, courtiers levees, Patriots hunt for the good of the nation, Hungry gluttons hunt turtle, physicians hunt fees, And are chased, in return, by vexation:

A reciprocal chase are mankind and their joys, And this maxim obtains the world over,

Then with reason in view, let's hunt pleasure 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.

#### BALLAD-IN WILL OF THE WISP.

A BARD in youder corner fee, There's fomething in this man, fays he, Tis true he cannot write like me, His wit won't bear infpection: To hit the foolish times was right, When men neglected genius slight, My play for instance, damned first night, The manners want correction:

Certainly they do, and, therefore, fo far this man's attempt is meritorious to be fure. If I had handled the subject it would have been done in a different fort of a manner; but his bungling wit only proves that his own position is truth—

For when he takes fuch foolish sits, To rail, and scoff, at would be wits, He proves, as hard himself he hits, That he's not all persection.

An Alderman 'gainst fools is rage,
Cries, lord, he's right to lash the age,
Old Shakespear said the world's a stage,
He merits our protection:
I liked to hear him laugh at sops,
And waiss cut short, and slirts and crops,
Intrigues in churches, and at hops,
And sashions strange collection:

And then how I did laugh about the fellow's giving a dinner with nothing to eat, ha, ha, ha,—and then he palled a compliment on the city—He ought to be encouraged.

And turtle feasts, the slupid elf,
He's wrong—but then he owns himself,
We can't be all perfection.
Miss Twinkle cries, to sifter Tab,
I'm pleased he's given you prudes a dab,
But of coquetish airs to blab,
'Twas done without resection;
Well now, cries Tab, then I protest,
I likes about coquettes the best;
But when of Prudes he makes a jest,
The map deserves correction.

But when he rails at hoarded pelf,

Well then now fait and troth, faid an Irifhman, 'tis all mighty well with his mixture, and his hope, his good rafeal, his honest slatterer, and the rest of it—Oh it is all fair game!

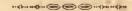
But when he talks, the flanderous rogue, That cards and dice are all the vogue, Fait, tis too much upon the brogue,
But no one's all perfection.

The will then taken for the deed,
I fancy in each face I read,
I fhall, as heretofore, fueceed,
And without much objection;
When I was in the feribbling fit,
Had with my zeal kept pace my wit,
Ev'n Shakespear's felf had nothing writ,
More worthy of protection.

Nay, big with emulation to merit your applause, had my ability kept pace with my inclination, I should have given my own Thesis the lie, and produced a persect entertainment—

nent—

But ardent wishes will not do, I, therefore, must rely on you, And should some little praise be duc, Pass by each impersection.



#### BALLAD-IN WILL OF THE WISP.

THOUGH hard the valiant foldier's life, They fome fweet moments know; Joy ne'er was yet unmixed with strife, Nor happiness with woe:

Nor happiness with woe:
'Tis hard, when friend, when children, wife,
Reluctant from him part,

While fancy paints the muffled drum, The mournful fife,

And the loud volley o'er his grave, The folemn requiem to the brave! All this he hears.

Yet calm's their fears With smiles while horror's in his heart:

But when the fmiling hour shall come, To bring him home at last, How sweet his constant wife to greet,

His children, friends,

And in their circling arms to find amends, For all his fufferings past.

'Tis hard when, desolation spread, Death whirls the rapid car, And those invaded hear, and dread The thunder of the war:

Ah! then, indeed, friend, children, wife, Have you true cause to sear,
Too soon, alas, the mussled drum,
The mournful fife,
And the loud valley of an the grove.

And the loud volley o'er the grave, Shall found fad requiems to the brave,

While those alive, Faint joy revive,

And blend hope's smile with pity's tear:

But when the fmiling hour shall come, To bring him home at last,

How fweet his conftant wife to greet, His children, friends,

And in their circling arms to find amends, For all his fufferings past.

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#### BALLAD-IN WILL OF THE WISP.

OH yes, Oh yes, Oh yes! Loft, or millaid, Or ftolen, or ftrayed,

The character, the decency, the duty of a youth,
Who was famed, 'till this fad accident, for probity and
truth;

Who assuged his parents forrows, alleviated their cares, And who, with spotless honour, regulated their assairs:

This young man, as he came out of his father's bankers, was becomed 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 house not an hundred miles from St. James's, where it is supposed he could get no supper, for he was seen at three o'clock in the morning voraciously to swallow 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 funn far more than Indian mines could e'er afford,

They shall fee the peace and comfort of a family restored -God fave the King.

O yes, O yes, O yes! Loft or millaid,

Or stolen, or strayed,

The tears of a widow, young wealthy and fair. Who nurfed a rich old husband half a year with tender

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 husband's death, to go to the Commons to prove his will, where meeting with a very handsome young Proctor, it is supposed the fire of his glances absorbed and dried up the tears of this difconsolate widow, for she has never been feen to ery fince but once, and then fhe was detested with an onion in her pocket handkerchief,

Who to this wretched mourner thefe fame precious drops

will bring,

Besides the satisfaction, Of doing a good action,

Shall receive a gracious smile, 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 ves! Loft, or mislead, Or stelen or strayed,

The knife and fork of an alderman, a counfellor's wig, The dice box of a grecian, a pariou's tythe pig,

The fan of a beauty, her falfe tooth alfo, And a hair powder licence belonging to a beau.

As these poor suffers are rained and deprived of their livelihood by the lofs of thefe respective articles, they being their working tools, the charitable and humane are humbly requested to take into consideration their forlorn condi-

And, whoever to these poor people these articles will bring Befides the fatisfaction,

Of doing a good action,

Many thanks shall be given to the charitable donors, For they're of very little use to any body but the owners. God fave the king.

#### ndpandpn@@@udpnudpa

#### BALLAD-IN GREAT NEWS.

As a plain case in point's the best mode of explaining, To make my position to each judgment clear, Without surther a tip-toe your patience detaining, I shall ton at Antipodes, shew and ton here:

Here conscience for gold, Ne'er was known to be sold, There to sale they expose it, And every one knows it,

For the matter to mince might a good market spoil:
Thus what's meant by reports, which are variously spread,
That we the seet stand on, and they on the head,
Will turn out to be this, without cavil or coil,
We're the gem and the Antipodeans the soil.

Is a treaty of marriage on foot the dear lady, Here never to talk of her interest is heard, Full of love she ne'er asks if the writings are ready, Nor thinks of a second spouse, much less a third;

Is a counfellor learned, In a law fuit concerned, He gives you his trouble, For nothing, to double

His fee would that instant the whole business spoil: There still topfy turvy we different modes see, Love obeys, the best bidder, and law the best see, And thus clear as day, without cavil or coil, We're the gem and the Antipodians the soil.

Would you wish farther proof as a prominent feature, Take this, though 'twill keen fensibility shock,

At Antipodes they have a beautiful creature, A fine stately bird very like our game cock:

Inflaming its blood,
They mix drugs in its food,
And arm it for fighting,
Then fland round delighting,

While these birds of their plumage each other despoil: You wonder and gaze, yet 'tis truth I report, But since England disclaims so unmanly a sport, No reslection on us from their vice can recoil, We're the gem and the Antipodeans the soil.

But to bring the case home, let us speak of their writers, Who having such sood for their frolicksome muse, Are in satire and ridicule terrible biters,

And, though none they point out, all the cap fit abuse;

Their case touches me, But was I ever so free, In my filly labours,

To laugh at my neighbours?
No; a fair wholesome moral's the jet of my toil:
Besides here no fault could they find did they try,
No, I'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 soil.

#### **பரியாரிய இடுவரும்**

#### BALLAD-IN CHRISTMAS GAMEOLS.

WHEN freedom knew not where to rove,
From conquered Greece, and groaning Rome,
At random driven, like Noah's dove,
Without a shelter or a home:
The expanded world she viewed, where best
She might repose her weary foot;
Saw this our ise, set up her rest,
And bid the spreading oak take root;
Bid it adorn the land, and be
Fair England's tree of liberty.

Thus spoke the goddes—This fair tree,
The towering forest's kingly boast,
Let my behests kept facred be,
This tree shall guard your sea girt coast:
Freedom's behests are these—To know
No faction, no cahal, no cause,
From whose pessiferous breath may grow
Aught 'gainst the monarch, or the laws;
Keep sacred these, the oak shall be
Fair England's tree of liberty.

Its friendly arms that, on their way, Those succour who its aid implore; A faithful portrait shall display, Of England's hospitable thore : Of England's courage 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 enthusiastic strain, Hail freedom's tree in fervent hymns, That freely, on the awful main, Launches in Britain's eause its limbs : That mighty walls, and bulwarks forms, Whence England's thunder shall be hurled, And, fpight of battles and of storms, That bears our commerce through the world; Hail freedom's shrine! still deign to be Fair England's Tree of Liberty.



#### BALLAD-IN CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

WHEN I told you your cheeks wore the blush of the rose. That the fpring was the type of your youth, That no lily a tint like your neck could disclose, I made love in the language of truth : . Yet the loveliest rose, once the summer away, Of its bloom leaves no vestige behind; But your bloom, when the fummer of life shall decay, Fresh as ever thall giow in your mind.

See the bee, as from flower to flower he roves, The sweets of the garden explore, And, in winter, to feast on the banquet he loves, Lay in his industrious store: So all your employment through life's bufy day, Is the sweets drawn from goodness to find; Reafon's feast to supply, and cheat winter away,

From that fource of perfection your mind.

#### 292 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

And thus, as the scassons of life pass away,
We enjoy every various scene;
The spring all expanding, the summer all gay,
The autumn all mild and serene:
You are yet in your summer; but, when on your head,
While from all admiration you find,
Silver winter its honours shall facredly shed,
Still summer shall bloom in your mind.



#### BALLAD—IN CHIRSTMAS GAMBOLS,

COME here, come here, my pretty dear, Leave bufinefs, care, and labour, Christmas comes but once a year, Come lads and laffes, come, and hear My merry pipe and tabor: I fell all forts of curious wares, Tapes, garters, ribbands, laces: That give the form enchanting airs, And fet off pretty faces. And then I've philters, drugs, and charms, That, when the nymph's deferted, Shall lure the shepherd to her arms, And make him tender hearted. Come here, come here my pretty dear, Leave business, care, and labour, Christmas comes but once a year, Come lads and laffes, come, and hear My merry pipe and tabor.

This wonderful love powder fee,
Though ever so hard featured,
To a Venus that converts each she,
By making her good natured:
This eye water can power dispense,
To cure each jealous blindness,
And turn, by generous confidence,
All jarring strife to kindness:
Come here, come here, my pretty dear,
Leave business, care, and labour,

Christmas comes but once a year, Come lads and lasses, come, and hear My merry pipe and tabor.

When clouds shall wedlock's sky deface,
And dim that brilliant heaven,
Upon your lips this padlock place,
By wary prudence given:
But when, from storms, and tempests free,
The horizon looks propitious;
From kindness hand take pleasure's key,
And open scenes delicious:
Come here, come here, my pretty dear,
Leave business, care, and labour,
Christmas comes but once a year,
Come lads and lasses, come, and hear
My merry pipe and tabor.



#### BALLAD-IN CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

STANDING one fummer's day on the Tower Slip,
Carclefs how I my time should employ,
It popped in my head that I'd take a trip
Aboard of a Margate Hoy:
I took a few slops, such as shirts and a coat,
For of prog I knew well they'd be stored;
Then I hail'd a pair of oars, shoved of my boat,
And away I deshed aboard.

"Ah my dear Commodore, who thought of feeing you? "What, Mrs. Garbage! How is the Alderman?"—"There is my husband, Sir;" "Pon my word and dicky I declare." Give me leave, Commodore, to introduce you to my friends: Mr. Shadrack, Commodore Kelson, Commodore Kelson, Mr. Shadrack, "Very much at your sharvice, Sir." Miss Minnikin, Commodore Kelson, Commodore Kelson, Miss Minnikin, "Very happy to have the pleasure of knowing you Sir." Dr. Quibus, Commodore Kelson, Commodore Kelson, Captain Squash, Commodore Kelson, Commodore Kelson, Captain Squash; Sir Phelim O'Drogheda, Commodore Kelson, Commodore Kelson, Captain Squash; Sir Phelim O'Drogheda, Commodore Kelson, Commodore Kelson, Sir Phelim

O'Drogheda.'-Hollo there! Cast off the painter-Sit still ladies and gentlemen.

So off we went with a flowing jib, Full of merriment and joy, The Alderman nunching, and pratting 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: Some were telling a story, fome whistling a fong, As we turned in and out 'mongst the craft : Then we'd talk of our danger, and then we were gay, Then how we'd aftonish the folks, When at Margate arrived; then, cut out of our way, To laugh at the watermen's jokes.

'Ho, the ship ahoy.' "Ay, ay." 'Pray have you one Wiseman aboard?' "No, no," 'Then you are all sools, hey-ha, ha, ha, went Miss Minnikin.'-" Dat is very coot chokes," faid the Jew. 'Why, I fay, Moses,' 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 stopper on your muzzle, clue up the plaits in your jaw bags, and give your tongue leave of absence. About ship-helm's a leehere file comes.'

So we made tother tack and lay gunnel to, Which foon gave a damp to our joy, Miss Minnikin squalled-mine cot, eried the Jew, Sing who fo blyth as we, Who take a voyage to fea, On board of a Margate Hoy.

The company's merriment now out of joint, And their tatlers not moving fo quick, Scarce right a-head did we twig Cuckold's Point, But the alderman began to be fick : Then we'd like to fall foul of an oyster smack, The wind freshing towards the Nore, Then, stretching too far on the larboard tack, By and by, we came bump ashore.

'Ah we shall all be cast away! my poor dear pattern eap; cashed away! What shall I do to be shaved?" "Why faith, said I, I fancy we shall have a touch of the salt water before we get to Margate." 'Yes, Sir,' faid the Doctor, ont that I have any quarrel with death, but I am afraid we shall take in too large a dose." "How do you do, Sir Phelim?" Arrah, I should be well enough if I was not secursedly sick." She rights, she rights!

Next a gale coming on we did precioufly kick, Which finished completely our joy,

"Iwas, madam, how do you do? Oh I am monstrously sick!

Sing who fo blyth as we, Who take a voyage to fea, Aboard of a Margate Hoy.

And now twould have made a philosopher grin, To have feen such a concourse of muns;

Sick as death, wet as muck, from the heel to the chin,

For it came on to blow great guns:

Spoilt cloaths, and provisions, now clogged up the way,

In a dreary boisterous night;

While apparently dead every passenger lay With the sickness, but move with the sight.

'Oh, oh, I wish I was at home in my bed!' "Oh that I was a hundred miles off?" "Mashy upon my shins.' "Oh, oh, will no-body throw me overboard!" 'Avast there.' "Ah my poor dear pattern cap's blown into the pond!" "Oh, my soul, what a devil of a sickness!" "Arrah, stop the ship—Sir, would you be so kind as to be after handing me the caudle cup? Land, land, upon the starboard bow.

At last, after turning on two or three tacks, Margate lights foon restored all our joy;

The men found their flomachs, the women their clacks, Sing who fo blyth as we,

Who take a voyage to fea, Aboard of a Margate Hoy.

#### BALLAD-IN CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

THERE were Farmer Thrasher, and he had a cow, 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 master a barber and a hair-dresser were, Than some squire's 'cod he thought unself bigger, In the day through the town he would dress and cut hair, And dressed out at night—cut a figure.

To ape Jackey's master, were all his delight,
The soap suds and razor both scorning,
He's been took't by the nose by the same sop at night,
That he took't by the nose in the morning.

Now to fee the cow moan, would have made a cat laugh,
Her milk were his food late and early,
And gran if Jackey had been her gran all

And even if Jackey had heen her own ealf, She could not ha loved un more dearly.

She moaned, and fhe moaned, nor knew what fhe dideally. To heart fo fhe took this difaster,
At last roaming about, some rogues cut off her tail,

And then fent her back to her master.

Here's the kiaw came home, Gammer, come bring out the pail,

Poor creature I'ze glad we have found her, Cried Dame, teu't our kiaw, the's got never a tail, Here Roger go take care and pound her.

'Tis our kiaw, but you zee she's been maimed by some 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 whistling a tune he came bolt in,

And bedocked, and belopped, wounds, he look'd all the

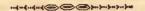
Like trimmed bantums, or magpies a moulting.

Oh dear! 'tis our Jacky, come bring out the ale, So Gammer fell (kipping around him, Our Jacky, why, dam't, he's got never a tail— Here, Roger, go take un, and pound un.

'Tis the kick, I fay, old one, fo I brought it down, Wore by jeminies so neat, and so spunky;

Ah, Jacky, thou went'st up a puppy to town, And now thee be'st come back a monkey.

Cammer stormed, Gasser swore, Jacky whistled, and now 'T was agreed, without any more passion,
To take Jacky in favour as well as the cow,
Because they were both in the fashion.



#### BALLAD-IN CHRISTMAS CAMBOLS.

My grandfather's grandfather, valiant and flout,
A Briton e'er luxury imported the gout,
In the field, in the ball-room, or feampering o'er rocks,
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 lufty, and noble, and true and tried men,
And called, for diffinction, 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 ancestors 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, came on, born of that noble race, Who accomplished such wonders at famed Chevy Chace; Then Orson the jolly, a bold daring elf, Sprung from Arthur, nay, some say, from Nimrod himself: Edwin, Glanville, and Huntingdon, sound men and good, The last the great grandson of bold Robinhood; To these add my ancestor, making just ten, And you'll get the whole list of the Lads of the Glen.

'Tis writ in fair characters, now in the hall, What a chase they were led the sly fox to enthral? He run 'em at length, and then hard at a push, And now they're miles from him, and now at his brush:

'Till the dogs are so weary that, panting for breath, They o'ertake him, but cannot accomplish his death; Britons spare prostrate foes, so they loosed him again, To afford future sport for the Lads of the Glen.

Thus rational pleasure 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 hospitality set up her rest: 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 shall, e'er, see the like of the Lads of the Glen.

Then charge high your bumbers, in chorus loud sing, Like true subjects let's all drink a health to the King; He's a sportsman himself, and long, long may the chase, Give him hea th to behold his i.Instrious race : And would ye, ye Britons, your honour enfure, As firm as your courage, your reditude pure, His virtues but emulate, foon shall, again, Return the good times of the Lads of the Glen.



#### BALLAD-IN CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

GIVE ear to me, both high and low, And, while you mourn hard fates decree, Lament 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; But, now, his tears in torrents pour, , For comely Ned that died at fea.

His fifter Peg her brother loved, For a right tender heart had the, ..... And often to ffrong grief was moved, For comely Ned that died at fea.

His sweetheart Grace, once blyth and gar, 100 1 That led the dance upon the lea,

Now wastes in tears the lingering day, For comely Ned that died at fea.

His friends, who loved his manly worth,
For none more friends could boast than he,
To mourn new lay aside their mirth,
For comely Ned that died at sea.

Come then and join, with friendly tear, The fong that, 'midft of all our glee, We from our hearts chant once a year, For comely Ned that died at fea.

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#### BALLAD-IN CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

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 foolish to tink what to-morrow my come, Lilly laugh and be fat, de best ting you can do, Time enough to be fad when you kickaraboo.

One massa, one slave, high and low all degrees, Can be happy, dance, sing, make all pleasure him please; One slave be one massa, he good, honest brave, One massa bad, wicked, be worse than one slave: If your heart tell you good, you all happy, all well, If bad, he plague, vex you worse and a hell; Let your heart make you merry, then honest and true, And you no care no farthing for Kickaraboo.

One game me fee massa him play him call chefs, King, queen, bishop, knight, castle, all in a mess, King kill knight, queen bishop, men castle throw down, Like card-soldier him featter, all lie on a ground: And when the game over, king, bishop, tag, rag, Queen, knight, all together him go in a bag, So in life's game at chefs, when no more we can do, Massa death bring one bag, and we Kickarabeo

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 use to be sulky and fly, Worky, worky, perhaps, you one massa by'm by. Savee good and be poor make you ack better part, Than be rich in a pocket and poor in a heart, Though ever so low, do your duty for true, All your friend drop one tear when you Kickaraboo.



#### BALLAD-IN CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

COME round me ye lasses, and lend me an ear,
The almanack says ninety-six is leap year,
Leap year, cries our Margery, well numskull, what then?
Why, wounds, don't the women go courting the men?
And they'll make the best on't, and not stand hum drum,
For they won't get another for eight years to come;
Come ladies a truce to each maidenish fear,
Kiss the fellows, and wish them a happy new year.

See the fly little toads how they ogle and grin,
That's right, squeeze his hand, chuck un under the chin,
See that shrimp with that giant there, prattle and toy,
You're a devilish sine fellow—nay don't be so coy;
Then she smirks, and she pats him, and so this the trade is,
'Cod these leap years be nice times for the ladies,
That's right, how they snigger, and simper, and leer,
Kiss'em up girls, and wish 'em a happy new year.

Then as there's no Jack but a finds out his Jill, Who knows, hey, but I may of love get my fill, Let 'em come, who's afraid! wounds, as flout as they be, I should like for to eatch them a courting of me: She that chuses me out as a person of tasse, I can tell her will find me not very shame-saced, What dost tell me, says I, that thou lovest me, my dear, Ge's a buss then, and wish me a happy new year.

But, wounds, while I jokes so in this merry fit, I maunt let my tongue, d'ye see, run 'fore my wit; For, however, one may laugh 'hout the girls and he free, They have more fense by half in these matters than we: Give a woman her way, and I'll wager upon her, She leaves soppery and nonsense to chuse truth and honour, And he may well brag, and his head high up rear, Whom she kisses, and wishes a happy new year.

Then as each British beauty be constant and loyal, So much do they doat on his majesty royal, That now they got leave for to do what they pleases, 'Cod is' twere not for shame they'd all kiss un to pieces: So as loyalty, truth, and each generous duty, Be learnt to we men solks by sweetness and beauty. Let us not be out done in our own proper spear, But let love merit love, and each year be leap year.



#### FINALE -IN CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

COME all who love,
Through pleafure's grove,
To take your merry rambles,
Whose hearts so free,
Consirm your glee,
Join our Christmas Gambols.
See the lads and lasses wind,
In mazy labryuth dancing,
The harmless feelings of the mind,
The general joy enhancing:
The world's vicistitudes they trace,
As they the figure measure,
Variety and change of place,
Still giving zest to pleasure,
Come all who leve, &c.

The merry hunters and the horn,
That oft have waked Aurora,
To unlock the treasures of the morn,
Through the domain of Flora:
Next in quaint form, and vestments gay,
Comes many a morice dancer,

While bells that ring, and flutes that play, In merry cadence answer: Come all who love, &c.

The pipe and tabor's sprightly tone,
The organ's found sonorous,
The comic bagpipe and the drone,
Shall join the swelling chorus:
'The piercing fife, and deafening drum,
For honest hearts recruiting,
To join the mingling sound shall come,
Of singing, siddling, slnting:
- Come then who love, &c.

At length the trumpet's chearful call, Sounds to the feaft of pleafure,
When in the hospitable hall,
Plenty unlades her treafure:
See Father Christmas pleased appear,
To crown our institution,
While circling goes the humming beer,
In sportive revolution:
Come then who love, &c.



#### SONG.

POLL dang't how d'yc do,
Na'n won't you gi's a buss;
Why what's to do wi' you,
Why here's a pretty sus:
Say shall we kis and toy,
I goes to sea no more;
Oh! I'm the failor boy,
For capering ashore.

Father he apprentic'd me,
All to a coasting ship;
I being refolv'd d'ye see,
To give 'em all the ship:
I got to Yarmouth sair,
Where I had been before;

So father found me there, A capering athore.

Next out to India, I went a Guinea pig; We got to Table bay, But mind a pretty rig; The ship driven out to sea, Leit 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 should drop, A fiddle, ' that's your fort' : Thrice tumble up ahoy, Once get the labour o'er : Then fee the failor boy, A capering ashore.



#### SONG.

A SUP of good whiskey will make you glad, Too much of the creature will make you mad, If you take in reason it will make you wise, If you drink to excess it will close 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 bad, I think fo too if there's none to be had:
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 health, And justice will fay 'twill reduce your weath,

#### DIEDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

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Physicians and lawyers will all agree,
When your money is all gone, you can get no fee.
Yet furgeon or doctor,
And lawyer and proctor,
Will all take a fup in their turn.

If a foldier is drunk on his duty found He foon to the three legg'd horfe is bound, In the face of the regiment obliged to strip, 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 fublime, They told us that drinking was held a great crime, Yet after their dinner away they flunk, And tippled their wine, till they got quite drunk. The Sultan and Crommet.

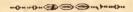
And even Mahomet, They all take a fup in their turn.

The Quakers will bid you from drink abstain, By yea and by nay, 'tis a fault in the vain, Yet some of the broadbrims will get to the stuff, And tipple away till they've tippl'd enough,

For stiff rump or steady, And Solomon's lady, Will all take a sup in their turn,

The Germans will fay they can drink the most, The French and Italians will also hoast, Hibernia's the country, for all their noise, For generous drinking and hearty boys, There each jovial fellow,

Will drink till he's mellow, And take off his glass in his turn.



#### SONG-IN PRIVATE TAEATRICALS.

RECITATIVE.

BEHOLD two mighty chiefs come on! Not Hector, nor yet Telamon;

Who, 'stead of fists, cuff'd 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 mastist dogs-But chiefs from Homer's mice and frogs: Lank both in form and voice, and taper, Like an eel-skin, or a thread paper; Who ammunition draw from lungs, And wield not fwords, nor spears, but tongues. Suppose them enter'd in the lift, Their cause of quarrel who was his'd, Or groan'd at most at either house : Says general frog to general moufe-

Signor Pantheon

' Vat ting you play on, 'To give Mr. John Bull delight?

" Monsieur Haymarket, " Pray don't you bark yet,

- "Nor shew your toose, for you can't bite."
- ' My great big house make people stare,'
- " Vat use great house, nobody dare? "I do de op'ra, you must fing song :"
- Ninety foot wide, hundred yard long,
- ' And den great many much foot high,
- 'The chandelier he touch de tky:'
- " You Sadler-vells, Aftley, Foxhall, "All Derry Down, Tit fol de rol:"
- Your house make mine one servant-hall,"
- "I license get, you none at all."
- Fire and fury, dev'l in hell,
- Oh vat difgracia,
- To my faccia, "Tis ferry fell,
- Fiddler, finger, dancer, quick
- 'To affist your gen'ral rush,
- Make hafte, fhoulder your fiddle-flick,
- ' And all to piece dis nutifiell cruft.'
- " Nutshell be full, he bring some meat as "Your fiddle-stick no good to cat a."

## 306 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

6 Oh zounds, cot tam!

' Vat rage I am,

- "I could my flesh for anger eat:"
  "Ah do, you'll get no other meat."
- 6 Shades of creat muficians all,
  - In heaven, in hell, or on the deep,

' Quick appear, obey my eall!'

- "He won't appear, he fast asleep."
- Bononcini,
- Farinelli,
- · Iomelli,
- · And all de elli,
- And Nelli,
- And rini,
- · And cini,
- Great fiddling quire,
- Appear at found of David's lyre.
- Come, drive dis rogue from English land
- Fat, fhort, and tall a men,
- ' Come, follow, follow men,
- David and Soloman,
- 'One fing, and toder lead the band!'
- " Ah you may bawl,
- "You cini he vont come at all."
- 'I'll stop your mouth, you villain taef!'
- " All dis fine nize dome get roast beaf!"
- " Come dome be fool,
- " But let us join,
- " your force and mine,
- " And den dome fear
- " But the next year,
- " Wid your fine hell,
- " Your tund'ring swell,
- May he, and ha, Mister John Bull
- " Shall cry hoora!
- " Vive L'Opera!"

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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 maim'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 mafter Lobster did you lose your claw?
Was't that time in a drunken fray,
Or t'other when you ran away?

But hold you Dick, the poor foul has one foot in the gray; 'Fore slander's wind too fast you sly,
D'ye think it sun ?—you swab you sie;
Misfortune 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 wraugling, quickly took a fpell

If I'm a Lobster, master Crab,
By the information on your nab,

In fome foriumage, or other, why they've crack'd your shell;

And then why how you hobling go, On that jury mast, your timber toe,

A nice one to find fault, with one foot in the grave; But halt old Hanibal, halt! halt! Diftrefs was never yet a fault,

Misfortune 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, I ow'd my life to you, Spilt from my horfe, once when 'twas dark, And nearly swallowed by a shark,

You heldly punged in, faved me and pleased all the crew;
If that's the case then cease our jeers,
When boarded by the same Mounseers,

You, a true English Lion, snatch'd me from the grave, Cried cowards, do the man no harm, Dammee, don't you see he's lost his arm, Missortune ever claimed pity from the brave, Then broach a can before we part, A frieudly one, with all his heart,

And as we put the grog about, we'll 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 shall not want compassion's tear,
Missortune ever claimed the pity of the brave.

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#### BALLAD-IN GREAT NEWS.

HAVE you heard of the tax, that fuch strange consterna-

Has spread through old England, that poor helples nation, 'Tis hair powder, Oh! downfall of guinealess beaus, Who, unlicenced, will all look like so many crows: Hark the Frizeurs exclaim! as distracted they roam, 'Mought the knights of the curling irons, Chaos is come, Sing and cry, cry and sing, mingle misery and sun, England's never so happy as when 'tis undone. The Hunks, who can boast but a single colt's tooth, Who, weighed down with age, apes the sopperies of youth, Says, to some Dulcinea, 'my hairs are all grey, 'So I can't be taxed,' cries the Syren, "Nay, nay, "Not all grey—they're half black:'—'Ah! you dear coaxing ninny,

Well, I'll purchase a licence and pay half a guinea.' Sing and cry, &c.

Then the Knights of the Rainbow—I fay my lord Duke, On hair powder a tax—take the news there and look. I forgot, you can't read—the ridiculous fufs, Why what are fuch trifles as guineas to us? Nunky pays for we footmen—I'll fport a fpruce nah, And Old Quibus come down for't, or demme I'll blab, Sing and cry, &c.

But the drollest expedient was that of a fop,
A man milliner, where there were four in a shop;
I've hit upon't, demme: as lawyers coach call,
And drive four for a shilling to Westminster Hall,
Five and three pence a piece, lads advance, hand it out,
We'll purchase a licence and lend it about.
Sing and cry, &c.

Then the tea table fee, I declare then I'm vexed,
Cries out, Old Lady Pyeball, 'Our teeth they'll tax next,
'I should trick 'em at that tho' I have but one tooth:'
'Tis quite right, 'cried a beauty all sweetness and truth,
''Take the tax, take each feather, that plays on my head,
"I shall drefs the more plain—but the poor will get bred'
Sing and cry, &c.

Then, my countrymen, emulate this charming fair, Deck the heart nor regret how neglected the hair, While Frizeurs, and Footmen, and Fops, cry pecavi, We shall all dress more decent, and they'll man the navy; Let our rulers go on then of honour secure, Each tax upon luxury's bread for the poor, Then hold all this croaking, and grumbling as sin, By such nonsense Old England can ne'er be undone.



# BALLAD—IN POOR VULCAN. A Parody.

DEAR Maudlin come give me bright guineas,
For brighter none fure ever gave,
Nor think that I'm one of those sinnies,
That can tell you how many I'd have,
I'm not to be stinted in pleasure,
So to me if you mean to be kind,
You must ransack old Crump's rusty treasure,
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 duches e'er dreffed half fo fine: But our pocket at prefent but thin is, And foon what we have will be fpent, Then prithee give many more guineas, Or you'll find I shall ne'er be content.

Count the rouleaus at Almacks they're staking,
Count the bets laid in Newmarket fields,
Count the eash at the bank they are taking,
Count the gold that rich Lombard-street yields a
Give a peep at the India-house coffer,
Go number the treasury's store,
And when so many guineas you offer,
I still shall be asking for more.

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#### BALLAD-IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THOUGH pleasure's easily defin'd,
Droll mortals so employ it.

Scarce any two among mankind
Go the same way to enjoy it.

With some a dying parent's groan,
With others ill got treasure,
A friend betray'd, a widow's moan,
An orphan's tears are pleasure.

From no such source my pleasure's slow,
Unfashiousbly happy;
Reason supplies the joys I know,
Their zest a jug of Nappy.

Their country's downfall, Faction's elves,
For fun, would be purfuing,
Though, Samfon like, they were themfelves
Crushed in the mighty min.
Let them go on, they doubtless fee,
Congenial to their natures,
Some pleasure in that misery
They wish their fellow creatures.
For me, protected while I sing,
My wife and children happy,
My favorite toast, church, sizte, and king,
Shall sweeten my brown Nappy.

Love, as facetiously we're told,
Has blessings out of measure,
And hearts put up, and bought, and sold,
Confer a world of pleasure.
Then for the joys that wine promotes,
Who dares, a lie presuming,
Deny that brawls and cutting throats,
Are something more than human?
Why love and drink's the zest of life,
When Reason bids be happy;
With hallow'd lips when a lov'd wise
Blesses the smiling Nappy.

Yet every mortal to his tafte:
O'er others no dominion
Do I ufurp, I've only traced,
With deference, my opinion;
And, if mankind in folly funk,
Find glorious fun in treafon,
In vicious love, in getting drunk,
And taking leave of reafon;
E'en let them think fo, fince they will,
My own way I'll be happy;
Of Reafon's pleafures take my fill,
And drink my jug of Nappy.

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#### BALLAD-IN CASTLES IN THE AIR.

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!
Lash'd in the chaius, the line he coils,
Then round his head 'tis fwinging;
And thus to make the land he toils,
In numbers quaintly singing,
By the mark seven!
And now less we run bump assore,
He heaves the hal, and fing; once more
Quarter less four!

#### 312 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

About thip lads, tumble up there, can't you fee! Stand by, well hark, hark; helm's a lee, Here the comes, up tacks and theets, haul, mainfail haul, Haul off all:

And as the long lost shore they view, Exulting shout 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 scarce 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 jett, 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 shore, Quarter less four!

About thip lads, tumble, up there, can't you fee! Stand by, well hark, hark; the helm's a lee! Here the comes, up tacks and theets, haul, mainfail haul, Haul off all:

And as the long lost shore they view, Exulting shout the happy crew; Each singing as the fails he furls, Hey for the siddles and the girls.

Thus tars at fea, like fwahs at home, By tack and tack are bias'd, The furthest way about we roam,

To bring us home the nighest;

By the dip eleven!

For one tack more, and 'fore the wind, Shall we, in a few glasses,

Now make the land both true and kind, To find our friends and lasses;

By the mark feven!
Then heave the lead, my lad once more,
Soon shall we gaily tread the shore,
And a half four!

About ship, &c.

#### NEW [AMERICAN]

# PATRIOTIC SONGS.

#### SONG

ADAPTED TO THE

### PRESIDENT'S MARCH.

MAIL COLUMBIA! happy land,
Hail ye Heroes, heav'n born band,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the Storm of War was gone,
Enjoy'd the Peace your Valour won,
Let Independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies—
Firm—United let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty,
As a band of brothers join'd,

Peace and Safety we shall find.

Immortal Patriots! rife once more,
Defend your Rights—defend your shore;
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood the well-carn'd prize.
While offering Peace, sincere and just,
In Heav'n we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail—

Firm—United let us be, Ra'lying round our liberty, As a band of Brothers join'd, Peace and fafety we shall find. Sound, found, the trump of fame, Let Washington's great name,

Ring through the world with loud applause, Ring through the world with loud applause,

Let every clime to Freedom dear,

Listen with a joyful ear-

With equal skill with godlike pow'r,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with eafe,
The happier times of honest peace,
Firm—United let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty,
As a Band of Brothers join'd,

Peace and Safety we shall find.

Behold the Chief who now commands,
Once more, to ferve his country, stands

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 obfeur'd Columbia's day;
His fteady mind from changes free,
Refolv'd on Death or Liberty—

Firm—United let us be, Rallying round our Liberty, As a Band of Brothers join'd, Peace and Safety we shall find.

#### 

THE NEW-YORK PATRIOTIC SONG,

THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION BOYS AND LIBERTY FOR EVER.

POETS may fing of their Hellicon streams,
Their Gods and their Heroes are fabulous dreams,

I hey ne'er fang a line Half fo grand, so divine, As the glorious toast We Columbians boast,

The Federal Constitution boys, and Liberty forever.

Anams the man of our choice, guides the helm, No tempest can harm us, no storm overwhelm:

Our theet anchor's fure And our bark rides fecure, So here's to the toast We Columbians boast,

The Federal Constitution, and the President forever.

A free Navigation, Commerce and Trade; We'll feek for no foe, of no foe be afraid;
Our frigates shall ride
Our descene and our pride;
Our Tars guard our coast

And huzza to our toast 'The' Federal Conflitution, Trade and Commerce, forever.

Montgomery, Warren, still live in our fongs, Like them our young beroes shall spurn at our wrongs,

The world shall admire The zeal and the fire Which blaze in the toast We Columbians boast,

The Federal Constitution, and its advocates forever.

When an enemy threats all party shall cease, We bribs no intruders to buy a mean peace,

Columbians will feorn, Friends or foes to fuborn; We'll ne'er stain the toast Which as freemen we boast—

The Federal Constitution, and Integrity forever.

Fame's trumpet shall swell in Washington's praise, And Time grant a surlough to lengthen his days;

May health weave the thread Of delight round his head— No nation can boast Such a name—such a toast—

The Feleral Conflitution boys, and WASHINGTON forever.

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BOSTON PATRIOTIC SONG.

Tune, Anacreun in Heaven.

YE fons of Columbia who bravely have fought
For those rights, which unstain'd from your fires had
descended

May you long taste the blessings your valour has bought,
And your sons reap the soil which your fathers desende
Mid the reign of mild peace, may your nation increase,
With the glory of Rome, and the wisdom of Greece;
And ne'er may the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a flust or the sea rolls in waves.

In a clime whose rich vales feed the Marts of the world, Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's commotion, The trident of commerce should never be hurl'd

To incense the legitimate powers of the Ocean,

But should Pirates invade, Though in thunders array'd,

Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade-For ne'er stall the sons of Columbia be slaves, &c.

The fame of our arms, of our Laws the mild fway,
Had jully ennobled our Nation in itory,
Till the dark clouds of faction obscured our young day,
And enveloped the Sun of American glory.

But let traitors be told
Who their country have fold,
And barter'd the God, for his Image in Gold—

That ne'er will the fone of Columbia be flaves, &c.
While France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in blood,
And fociety's base, threats with wide dissolution,

May Peace, like the Dove, who return'd from the flood, Find an ark of abode in our mild Constitution,

But though Peace is our aim, Yet the Boon we disclaim,

If bought by our sov'reignty, justice or same : For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves, &c.

Tis the fire of the flint, each American warms; Let Rome's haughty victors beware of collision! Let them bring all the vasials of Europe in arms, We're a world by ourselves, and distain a division! While with Patriot pride,

To our Laws we're allied, No foe can subdue us—no faction divide.

For ne'er foult the fons of Columbia be flames, &c.

Our Mountains are crown'd with Imperial Oak,
Whose roots like our Liberties, ages have nourish'd,
But long e're our nation submits to the Yoke,

Not a tree shall be left on the field where it flourith'd,

Should Invafion impend, Every grove would descend,

From the Hill tops they shaded, our shores to defend.

For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves, &c.

Let our Patriots destroy Anarch's pestilent worm,

Lest our Liberty's growth shou'd be check'd by corroson; Then let clouds thicken round us, we heed not the storm; Our realms feel no shock, but the earth's own explosion.

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 shall the fons of Columbia be slaves, &c.

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend freedom's temple asunder,
For, unmov'd at its portal, would Washington stand,
And repulse, with his breast, the affaults of the thunder!
His sword from the sleep
Of its scabbard wou'd leap,

And conduct with its point, every flash to the deep.

For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves, &c.

Let Fame to the world found America's voice;

No intrigue can her fons from their government fever;
Her pride is her Adams—his Laws are her choice,
And fliall flourish till liberty flumber forever.

Then unite, heart and hand Like Leonidas' band,

And swear to the God of the Ocean and Land,
That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be sleves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls n reaves.

andhu melhu @@ @ andhu anelhu

#### S O N G.

OUR country is our ship, d'y'sce, A gallant vessel too;
And of his fortune proud is he,
Who's of Columbia's crew,
Each man whate'er his station be,
When duty stern commands,
Should take his stand,
And lend a hand,
As the common cause demands,

Among ourfelves in peace 'tis true,
We quarrel—make a route;
And having nothing elfe to do,
We fairly feold it out:—
But once the enemy in view,
Shake hands—we foon are friends;
On the deck,
'Till a wreck,
Each the common cause defends.

adyundyn. O Outhundhu

#### SONG.

COME 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 pastimes to yield, Ourselves by ourselves are call'd forth to the field, Then let us all range round Columbia's laws, Resolv'd to live free or die in her cause.

Then let us, &c.

Remember our fathers with Washington fought,
And for us Independence most cheerfully bought,
Let us to our children be equally good,
And transmit it, if needful, enrich'd with our blood.
That blessing by union for us was procur'd
And by union alone can by us be fecur'd.
Then let us all range, &c.

"Divide and exterminate" long will prevail,
As the maxim of tyrants where power may fail.
No force from their base can our liberties tear,
If united the banners of freedom we rear.
And though sentiments multiply under the sun,
Americans surely can now have but one.
With courage to range, &c.

Could Montgornery, Mercer, and Warren behold With what joy we the banners of freedom usfold, 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 our arms we'll entwine,
And courage and discipline cheerfully join;
Let our steadiness prove those opinions are just
Which place in our conduct unlimited trust:
Nor so hard is the task for mankind to be free—
Let's determine to be so, and pride bends the knee.
Then let us all range, &c.

#### سراب الراب ا

#### SONG.

#### TUNE-PRESIDENT'S MARCH.

"LO! I quit my native skies—
'To arms! my patriot sons arise.
Guard your freedow, rights and fame;
Guard your freedow, rights and fame;
Preserve the clime, your fathers gave;
Heaven's facred boon from villains save—
Lest such daring, impious socs,
Your grandeur in oblivion close—
Your virtue, wisdom, worth decline,
And gasp, convuls'd, at freedom's shrine,
Rife! my sons, to arms arise!
Guard your heaven descended prize;
Prove to France, the world, and me—
COLUMBIA'S SONS ARE BRAVE AND FREE,"

We hear, bleft flade, your warning voice;
Approve your call—purfue your choice—
With hearts united, firm and free.
With hearts united, firm and free.
With hearts united, firm and free.
The facred boon your valour won,
Shall wake to arms each patriot fon;
And glowing with the glorious caufe,
Of freedom, country, rights and lares—
The ftorm of worlds our arms will brave,
Or fink with freedom to the grave.
Peaceful, feek your native fkies—
Lo! to arms your fons arife;
Firm and fix'd our foes to brave,
Till heaven's trump fliall burft the grave.

"Worthy fons of glorious fires;
Behold, the warning shade retires;
Pleas'd your martial fame to spread—
Pleas'd your martial fame to spread—
Where immortal patriots stand,
Watching freedom's fav'rite land;
Charm'd to hear such deeds of same,
In holy choir they'll breathe your name,
Till ancient heroes catch the sound,
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."

Illustrious shade, to thee we swear,
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 soe convey—
O'er lawless tyrants bear the sway—
Till freedom's banner is unsur!'d
And waves around the darken'd world;
Till from the centre to each pole,
In rapt'rous sounds shall constant roll—
Hail! sweet freedom, gift divine—
Lo! we bend before thy shrine,
Firmly fix'd on this decree—
To follow death or liberty.

## s o n g.

Tune, Yankee Doodle.

COLUMBIANS all, the prefent hour,
As Brothers should Unite us—
Union at home's the only way,
To make each nation right us.
Yankee Doodle, guard your coast,
Yankee Doodle, Dandy—
Fear not then nor threat nor boast,
Yankee Doodle Dandy.

The only way to keep off war, And guard 'gainst persecution, Is always to be well prepar'd, With hearts of resolution.

> Yankee Doodle, let's Unite, Yankee Doodle Dandy, As patriots, still maintain our right, Yankee Doodle Dandy,

Great WASHINGTON, who led us on, And Liberty effected, Shall fee we'll die, or elfe be free—

We will not be fubjected.

Yankee Doodle, guard your coaft, Yankee Doodle Dandy— Fear not then nor threat nor boaft, Yankee Doodle Dandy.

A Band of Brothers let us be, While ADAMS guides the nation; And fill our dear bought Freedom guard, In every fituation.

> Yankee Doodle, guard your coast, Yankee Doodle Dandy— Fear not then nor threat nor boast, Yankee Doodle Dandy.

Hay foon the wish'd for hour arrive,
When PEACE shall rule the nations—
And Commerce, free from setters, prove
Mankind are all relations.

Then Yankee Doodle, be divine, Yankee Doodle Dandy— Beneath the Fig-tree and the Vine, Sing Yankee Doodle Dandy.

s o n g,

TUNE-HEARTS OF OAK.

WHILS'T Europe is wrapt in the horrors of war,
And our ocean is spread with their fleets near and far;
Shall we live undisturbed, or shall party from hell
Divide all the men who their country wish well?
No! we all shall be ready—steady, boys, steady;
We have fought—if we light, we shall conquer again.

Tho' attacaments to France hoafted legions of friends, She has bafely deceived them to gain her own ends; Let her threat, let her wheedle, cajole, we discain All her schemes and her power—we're united again.

Let our union be ready—steady, boys, steady, And our foldiers gay clad, shall pluck laurcle again.

No nation on earth must dispute our strong powers; Our resources, our calmness how dark e'er our hours; Nor despots in mass, nor e'er one on a throne, Shall tear from our bosoms one terrify'd groan.

For whoe'er dare invade us, our fons will not degrade us,... Nor their fathers' white tombs with black infamy flain.

Let hunger—let cold with his icy clad florm,
All their horrors with fury unitedly form;
For our country we rank, and our children thall know,
That the finakes 'midft ourfelves are our deadlieft foe.
In vain shall they hifs, they shall certainly kifs
The rod, that their en mies do not merit in vain,

To our Government just, Constitution and Laws, Let us pay the free tribute of virtuous applause: No tribute extorted by bribes from a soe, But such as to merit will cordiaily slow,

To the honest and just, to the men we can trust, . To the men we can drink without feeling disdain.

If our Country must bleed, let its purest of blood Tell the earth these thy sons, undivided have stood; And for every blest drop let a lamel arise, Whose gallant gay green shall posterity prize.

Secure in our aid, on our hill and our glade, And fight as we have fought, united again.

To the hand that shall bind us in freedom divine Let the tribute so chaste be libated of wine— Let that wine be as found as our hearts without sear, Are resolved from differtion and faction to steer.

For my toast then be ready—steady, boys, steady, Let us live, fight, or die all united again.

こくできまない (金の) こくびきょうり

S O N G.

COME genius of our happy, land, And blefs this festive day; Thy sons are we, a loyal band, Who love thee and obey: For should the blast of war he heard, To threat impending harms, Secure beneath thy vet'ran bird, We'll brave the world in arms.

Fold as our Sires, nor born to yield,
But foorn for foorn bestow;
The blossoms which adorn our fields,
Bloom not to deck a foe.

For should the blast of war, &c. From traitor friends, with serpent smile, We'll rend the thin disguise, Who speak of faith, and love the while They pillage and despise.

For should the biast of war, &c.

Here once, by folly's fons display'd,

The Gallic standard shone;

No ribband now our feasts invade,

There waves our flag alone.

And should the blast of war, &c.

With generous wine your bumpers fill,
Where purple joys refort;
Peace to the Sage of Vernon Hill,
To Adams here's support.
Then should the blast of war, &c.

#### 

#### O D E

FOR THE 4th OF JULY 1798.

THERE's Ichabod has come to tavon,
From Philadelphia city,
He's ftroll'd the freets all up and davon,
And brought nice tales to fit ye!
He's been among the peopli's folks,
And vavos they're rotten elever,
They talk fo cute, and crack fuch jokes,
Would make you flare for ever.

Yankee doodle doodle doo, Yankee doodle dandy. When times look blue, The heart that's true, Is fwect as Treacle Candy. Some fay, you lie—then Order cry; Some fpit, fome Notions eating; Some move, fome fit as mute and fly, As Chairman at Town-meeting. Some talk like yes, and come aut no: Some laugh at French invafion; But in a little while—or fo—We'll fee what's the occasion.

Yankee doudle, &c.

Yet we'll love Yankee land the best, Stand by her fout as singe,
Tho' ferely stump'd with such a pest,
As folks with foreign lingo.
These cry for peace, who once croak'd war!
And make tarnation wonder,
Because we can no longer bear
Our Friends to rob and plunder.
Yankee doodle, &c.

There's fome caunt cost with swamping rant,
These crawl, that they may clamber,
And ring the room with peoplifs cant,
Tho' big as our barn chamber.
To spare some cents, they twist and turn,
Tho' sleets and armies crave them;
And should our tavens be like to burn—
They can't afford to save them.
Yankee doodle, &c.

For time fome talk, and fome for fpite, 'They wince and growl, when ground hard, And hobble, when they muft go right, Like our old Bell that's founder'd. Tho' fome be weak yet more are strong As slip, with rum and cider, And if they all can get along Our ship—why let 'em guide her, Yankee doodle, &c.

If fomething's wrong, there's more that's right, The leaks will foon be fpy'd out,
And, with our veffel ftaunch and tight,
The gale we'll fend, or ride out.
Our YANKEE CHIEF shall con our course,
Though soes may gibe or rate him,
And, while he steady keeps, the worse
The Sarpents his, and hate him.
Yankee 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' affert our Right,
When hollow Friends would flake it,
And bring th' old Sarpents fehemes to Light,
Nor give a Bribe, nor take it.
Yankee doodle, &c.

He tells us of one Talleyrand
Who strove to hum and sob us;
And if we'd give our purse, and stand—
Mayhap—they would not rob us.
But let us now tackle to
And join all hands at muster;
We'll keep our cash to fight the crew;
Nor sear their threats or bluster.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Let's all with honest heart and soul
At soldier's trade be handy;
Curse Ga Iri and Garmagnole,
And march to Doodle Dandy:
Then let them come, with force or hum,
If they'll fight fair, we'll beat 'em:
And for their "skill" and tricks—but mum—
By Zeounds—we've Folks can cheat 'em.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Our tried old chief is coming forth, Again to 'ead and fave us; Again to shew his strength and worth, When foes infult and brave us: Our nation's boast—his name a host; Let foes and traitors fear him; Be Washington each patriot's toast: Then rise to hail and cheer him.

Yankee doodle, doodle do Yanky doodle dandy, When times run tough, the hearts that's true Is fweet as 'laffer-candy.

#### ···

#### OUR COUNTRY'S EFFICIENCY!

Tune-" To Anacreon in Heaven, &c."

YE fons of Columbia, determin'd to keep

Those choice Blessings and Rights, that for years have
descended,

From the battles and blood of your fires—who now fleep, And who gain'd by the fword, what with life they defended: Swear, and shout in the fong,

In a strain loud and long,

Until heaven like, earth, shall its echo prolong—
That ne er shall Columbia be rebi'd of a Right

While the fire relation of the control of the side of the state of the state

While the fun rules the day, or the moon rules the night! Since the period, past, when our fires won the Prize Which fair Freedom and Justice decreed as their portion;

Lo! their plant, grown a tree, tow'rs o'er earth to the skies!

And commands from the world, admiration, devotion;

Its once young tender rind,

Felt the blast of each wind;

Now its roots firm are fix'd—nor heeds torrents combined !

And ne'er, &c.

The mild fway of our laws, like the fame of our arms, Has arisen superior to hate and detraction:

Here, Virtue and Reason need feel no alarms,

From the threats of French gas, nor the pow'r of French faction:

We're a World separate, A kingdom each state—

And in numbers, and means, are invincibly great.

And ne'er, &c.

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 leads us its ray,

Light up Truth in her glory, and Vice strikes with terror;

She shall see, feel, and fear, That the moment is near,

When our country will live, herfelf fink, disappear ! That ne'er, &c.

The great chief of Columbia, JOHN ADAMS, shall be, Supported by All who detest broil and faction: And the world will admire, as our Union they fee—
Feeling all with one foul—and impelled by one action:
E'er determined to fight

To maintain ev'ry right,

And Columbia guard safe from all Europe's despite!

Shall the proud Cock of Gallia e'er crow among our hens?

Shall he tread on our foil, to impregnate pollution?

We will foon wring his neck if he's feen thro' the lens—

And thus rid all mankind of a baneful delusion;

Tho' extinction we hate, Yet to fosten his fate,

Shall his own guillouine his curs'd spirit translate!

And ne'er, &c.

And has not great WASHINGTON, offer'd again, To lead, and to march, in support of our nation! Then, Americans, rouse! to the field and the main,

And there crush ev'ry wretch that opposes your station:

Let your cannon and sword,

All protection assord—

Shew your firmness, your courage—so fam'd so ador'd.

Woods and rocks, round our shores, should occasion e'er be, Would by, instinct, at once form a navy and a barrier:

And the fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea, Would repel ev'ry Talleyrand, Marat, and Carrier:

Not a beast of the field, Nor an insect would yield,

'Till their life on the shrine of their country they seal'd!

Old Neptune, enrag'd, from the ocean would rife,
And o'erwhelm ev'ry foe that flould dare an invalion;
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!

Who Columbia's liberties died to defend!

No ne'er, &c.

Bellona o'er Europe may drive her fierce car,
And with anarch keep up a blood-thirfty commotion;
Tho' the horrors of carnage, and mis'ries of war,

May keep foreign elimes to the death-striking motion;

Our Columbia, in peace, Will be gath'ring the fleece:

And, in war, shall her wealth, strength and power increase !

And ne'er, &c.

Intrigue and Sedition shall ne'er cut the band
That encircles our Government, Laws, Faith and
Union!

We'll fupport ev'ry Claim on the ocean and land, And with Wifdom and Justice e'er be in commotion! Then let this be our cry— That "Divided we die:

4 And, United we fear not a foe 'neath the sky!'

And we'r shall Columbia be robb'd of a right,

While the fun rules the day, or the mean rules the night!

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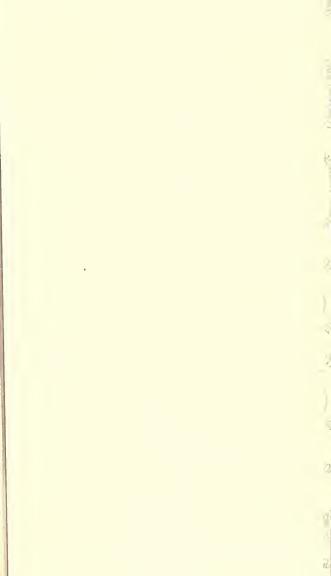
| There was a miller's daughter,                 |
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| Two youths for my lave are contending in vain, |
| Then farewell my trim built wherry,            |
| 'Twas in a village, near Castlebury, -         |
| The world's a strange world,                   |
| The little birds as well as you,               |
| That nature every where's the fame,            |
| The moment Aurora peep'd into my room,         |
| There was a joily shepherd lad,                |
| They tell me you liften to all that he fays,   |
| "Tis true that oft, in the fame mead,          |
| 'Twas not her eyes,                            |
| This life is like a troubled fea,              |
| The rifing fun Lyfander found,                 |
| The coy Peffora Damon woo'd,                   |
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| . That all the world is up in arms,       | 52  |
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| Than marriage and music,                  | 87  |
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