

John of Badenyon;

O R, A

Man in search of a Friend.

To which is added,

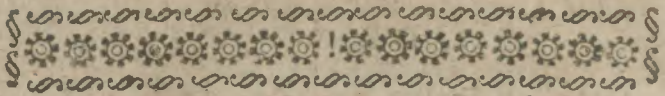
SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN,

The young MAID'S PRAISE
of her SOLDIER.

The HAPPY SHEPHERD.



Entered according to Order.



JOHN OF BADENYON.

When first I came to be a man,
 of twenty years or so,
 I thought myself a handsome youth,
 and fain the world would know.
 In best attire I stept abroad,
 with spirit brisk and gay,
 And here, and there, and every where,
 was like a morn in May.

I had no care nor fear of want,
 but rambled up and down;
 And for a beau I might have pass'd,
 in country or in town:
 I still was pleas'd where'er I went,
 and when I was alone,
 I tun'd my pipe, and pleas'd myself,
 with John of Badenyon.

2.

Now in the days of youthful prime,
 a mistress I must find,
 For love they say, gives one an air,
 and e'en improves the mind:
 On Phillis, fair above the rest,
 kind fortune fix'd my eyes,
 Her piercing beauty struck my heart,
 and I became her prize.

To Cupid now with hearty pray'r,
 I offer'd many a vow,
 And danc'd, & sung, & sigh'd, & swore,
 as other lovers do:
 But when I came to breath my flame,
 I found her cold as stone,
 I left the jilt, and tun'd my pipe,
 to John of Badenyon.

3

When love had thus my heart betray'd,
 with foolish hopes and vain,
 To friendship's port I steer'd my course,
 and laugh'd at lovers pain.
 A friend I got by lucky chance,
 'twas something like divine,
 An honest friend's a precious gift,
 and such a gift was mine.

And now whatever might betide,
 a happy man was I;
 In any strait I knew to whom
 I freely might apply:
 A strait soon came; I try'd my friend,
 he heard and spurn'd my moan,
 I turn'd away, and pleas'd myself,
 with John of Badenyon.

4

I thought I would be wiser next,
 and would a patriot turn;
 Began to doat on Johny Wilkes,
 and cry up Parson Horn.

Their manly courage I admir'd,
 approv'd their noble zeal,
 Who had with flaming tongue and pen,
 maintain'd the public weal.

But e'er a month or two was pass'd,
 I found myself betray'd,
 'Twas self and party after all,
 for all the stir they made.

For when I saw the factious knaves,
 insult the very throne,
 I curs'd them all, and tun'd my pipe,
 to John of Badenyon.

5

What to do next, I muz'd a while,
 still hoping to succeed,
 I pitch'd on books for company,
 and gravely try'd to read:
 I bought and borrow'd ev'ry where,
 and studied night and day;
 Ne'er mist what dean or doctor wrote,
 that happ'ned in my way.

Philosophy I now esteem'd,
 the ornament of youth,
 And carefully through many a page,
 I hunted after truth;
 A thousand various schemes I try'd,
 and yet was pleas'd with none,
 I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe,
 to John of Badenyon.

6. And now ye youngsters every where,
 who want to make a show,
 Take heed in time, nor vainly hope,
 for happiness below.
 What you may fancy pleasure here,
 is but an empty name,
 For girls, and friends, and books also,
 you'll find them all the same.
 Then be advis'd and warning take,
 from such a man as me:
 I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal,
 nor one of high degree:
 You'll find pleasure ev'ry where,
 then do as I have done:
 Even tune your pipe, and please yourself,
 with John of Badenyon.

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SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN.

THere was three knights came from
 and strove for Victory, (the North,
 And they did make a solemn vow,
 that Barleycorn should die.

They plow'd him down with plow-irons,
 put plow-clots on his head,
 And then they made a solemn vow,
 that Barleycorn was dead.

As he lay sleeping in the ground,
 'till rain from sky did fall,
 Then Sir John Barleycorn rose up,
 and fore amaz'd them all,

There he did ly till Mid-summer,
till he turn'd pale and wan ;
Then Sir John had gotten a beard,
and so became a man.

They hired men with scythes so sharp,
to cut him by the knee,
And thus they us'd Sir Barleycorn,
by treating him bitterly.

They hired men with pitchforks strong,
to prick him to the heart,
And like a thief for felony,
they bound him to a cart.

They hired men with crabsticks strong,
to thresh his skin and bones,
But the miller us'd him ten times worse,
he ground him 'tween two stones.

Put wine into a glafs, Sir,
put claret into a can, Sir,
Put Barleycorn in a nut brown bowl,
he becomes a noble man, Sir.

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The young Maid's praise of her Soldier.

Late on an evening as I was walking,
pleasant shady groves drew near,
There I heard a loving mother,
talking to her daughter dear:
Daughter, I would have you marry
if it be your true lover's will.
No mother dear, I'd rather tarry,
for my loving Soldier still.

Soldiers they're oblig'd to wander,
 unto foreign parts you know,
 Where they may get store of money,
 and, perhaps their fatal blow;
 Many a dismal story and letter,
 they will send you from abroad,
 O my dear daughter take my counsel,
 take to the flail, lay by the sword.

Mother dear, could you fancy a farmer,
 give to me my heart's delight,
 Yonder he stands with his glittering ar-
 shining like the gold so bright, (mour,
 They are the men sure of their money,
 let them travel where they will;
 Mother-dear it's folly to be talking,
 I will adore my soldier still.

Yonder he stands with his glittering ar-
 keeping his way whodare come on (mour
 Would you compare a gentleman soldier
 to your country ill-bred clown?
 Sown-cream, kail and butter milk,
 was never made for soldiers drink,
 With them I would freely wander,
 the world all round about.

Now she is marry'd to a soldier,
 and abroad with him did go,
 Travelling into foreign countries,
 drest in silk from top to toe,

Now she's return'd, lives at her pleasure,
 thousands of pounds to spend at will,
 My pretty girls take my counsel,
 resign your charms to a soldier still.



The HAPPY SHEPHERD.

AS Celia near a fountain lay,
 her eye-lids clos'd to sleep,
 The shepherd Damon chanc'd that way,
 to drive his flock of sheep.

With awful steps he 'pproacht the fair,
 to view her charming face,
 Where ev'ry feature wore an air,
 and every part a grace.

His heart inflam'd with am'rous pain,
 then wish't the nymph would wake,
 But ne'er before was any swain,
 so unprepar'd to speak.

As slumbering thus fair Celia lay,
 soft wishes fill'd her mind,
 She cry'd, Young Damon come away,
 for now I will be kind.

Damon embrac'd the lucky hit,
 he flew into her arms:
 He took her in the yielding fit,
 and rifled all her charms.

F I N I S.