

THE
NEGRO BOY:

To which are added,

THE WISH,

Johnny Coup,

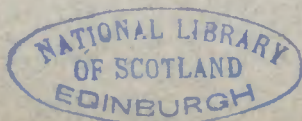
Vulcan's Cup,

To Signora Cuzzoni.



STIRLING:

Printed and Sold by C. Randall. 1806



THE NEGRO BOY.

WHEN avarices enslaves the mind,
And selfish views alone bear sway,
Man turns a savage to his kind.
And blood and rapine mark his way,
Alas! for this poor simple toy,
I sold a blooming Negro Boy!

His father's hope, his mother's pride,
Tho' black, yet comely to the view,
I tore him, helpless, from their side,
And gave him to a ruffian crew!—
To friends that Africa's coast annoy,
I sold the blooming Negro Boy!

From country, friends, and parents torn!
His tender limbs in chains confin'd!
I saw him o'er the billows borne,
And mark'd his agony of mind!
But still to gain this simple toy,
I gave away the Negro Boy!

In isles that deck the western wave,
I doom'd the hapless youth to dwell
A poor forlorn, insulted slave!
A beast that Christians buy and sell!
And in their cruel tasks employ
The much enduring Negro Boy!

His wretched parents long shall mourn,
 Shall long explore the distant main,
 In hopes to see the youth return,
 But all their hopes and sighs are vain!
 They never shall the sight enjoy
 Of their lamented Negro Boy!

Beneath a tyrant's harsh command
 He wears away his youthful prime!
 Far distant from his native land,
 A stranger in a foreign clime!
 No pleasing thoughts his mind employ,
 A poor dejected Negro Boy!

But He who walks upon the wind!
 Whose voice in thunder's heard on high!
 Who doth the raging tempest bind!
 Or wing the lightning thro' the sky!
 In his own time will sure destroy
 The oppressors of a Negro Boy!

THE WISH

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf
 to be seen,
 and the meadow their beauty have lost;
 When nature's disrob'd of her mantle of
 green
 and the streams are fast bound with the
 fro't:

While the peasant inactive stands shiv'ring
 with cold
 as bleak the winds northerly blow :
 When the innocent flocks run for ease to the
 fold :
 with their fleeces all covered with snow :

In the yard while the cattle are fodder'd with
 straw,
 and send forth their breath like a stream !
 And neat looking dairy-maid sees the
 ruff thaw
 fleaks of ice, which she finds in her cream :
 When the sweet country maiden, as fresh as
 the rose
 as she carelessly trips often slides,
 And the rustics loud laugh, if by falling she
 shews :
 all the charms that her modesty hides ;

When the birds to the barn-door hover for
 food,
 as with silence they rest on the spray :
 And the poor tired hare in vain seeks the
 wood,
 lest her footsteps her cause should betray,
 When the lads and the lasses, in company
 join'd,
 in a croud round the embers are met,

Talk of fairies and witches that ride in the
wind.

and of Ghosts, till their all in a sweat :

Heav'n grant in this season it may be my
lot,

with the nymph whom I love and admire,
Whilst the icicles hang from the eves of my
cot

I may thither in safety retire.

Where in neatness and quiet, and free from
surprise

we me live and no hardships endure,
Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
but such as each other may cure.



J O H N N Y C O U P .

C O U P sent a letter frae Dnnbar,
Charlie meet me an ye dare,
And I'll learn you the art of war,
If you'll meet wi' me in the morning.

Hey Johnny Coup are ye waking yet,
Or are your drums a-beating yet,
If ye were waking I wou'd wait,
To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
 He drew his sword the scabbard from.
 Come follow me my merry merry men,
 And we'll meet Johnny Coup i' the morning.
 Hey Johnny Coup are you waking yet, &c.

Now Johnny be as good as your word,
 Come let us try both fire and sword.
 And cinna rin awa' like a frightened bird,
 That's chac'd frae its nest i' the morning.
 Hey Johnny Coup, &c.

When Johnny Coup he heard of this,
 He thought it wadna be amiss
 To ha'e a horse in readiness,
 To flee awa' i' the morning.
 Hey Johnny Coup, &c.

By now Johnny get up and rin,
 The highland bag pipes makes a din,
 It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
 For 'twill be a bluddie morning.
 Hey Johnny Coup, &c.

When Johnny Coup to Dunbar came,
 They speer'd at him where's a' your men?
 The never a bit do I ken,
 For I left them a' i' the morning,
 Hey Johnny Coup, &c.

Now, Johnny, troth ye was nae blate,
 To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,

And leave your men in sic a strait,
 So early in the morning.
 Hey Johnny Coup, &c.

Alas! quoth Johnny, I got a fleg,
 Wi' their claymores and philabegs,
 If I face them again I'll break my legs;
 So I wish you a good morning.

Hey Johnny Coup are ye waking yet,
 Or are your drums a-beating yet,
 If ye were waking I wou'd wait,
 To gang to the coals i' the morning.



VULCAN'S CUP.

VULCAN, contrive me such a cup
 as Nestor us'd of old;
 Try all your art to trim it up,
 and Damask it round with gold.

Carve me thereon the mantling vine,
 and eke two lovely boys;
 Whose limbs in amorous folds intwine,
 the type of future joys.

Make it so large, when fill'd with sack,
 up to the swelling brim;

Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
like ships at sea may swim.

Cupid and Bacchus, my gods are ;
let love and wine still reign :
With wine I'll drive away dull care,
and then to my love again.

TO SIGNORA CUZZONI.

LITTLE Syren of the stage,
Charmer of an idle age,
Empty warbler breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond desire.

Bane of every manly art,
Sweet enfeebler of the heart ;
Oh, too pleasing is thy strains
Hence to southern strains again.

Tuneful mischief, vocal spell,
To this island bid farewell :
Leave us as we ought to be,
Leave the Britons rough and free.

F I N I S