THE

# VOCAL MAGAZINE

CONTAINING

# A SELECTION

 $\mathbf{O} \mathbf{F}$ 

THE MOST ESTEEMED ENGLISH, SCOTS, AND IRISH SONGS,

ANTIENT AND MODERN:

ADAPTED FOR THE HARPSICHORD OR VIOLIN.

VOL. III.

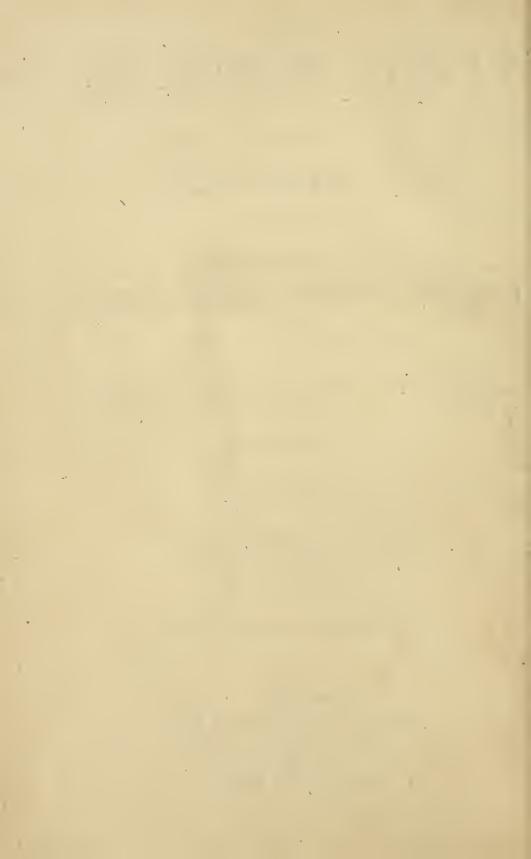
O decus Phæbi, et dapibus fupremi Grata testudo Jovis, o laborum Dulce lenimen! Hor.

Edinburgh:

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1799. (PRICE 105. 6d. bound.)

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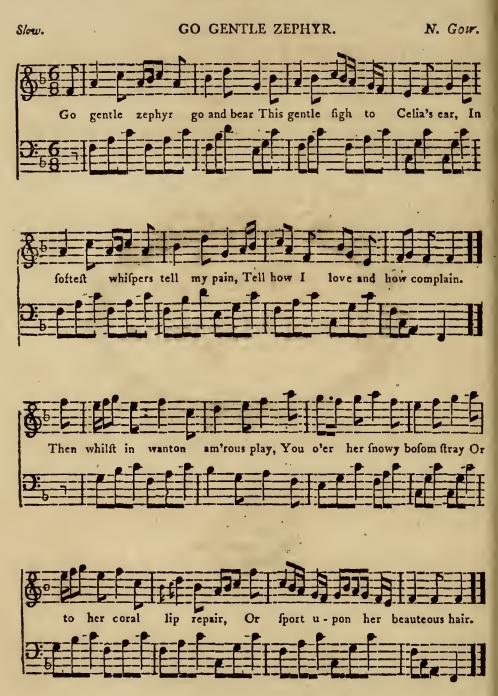
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# SONG I.



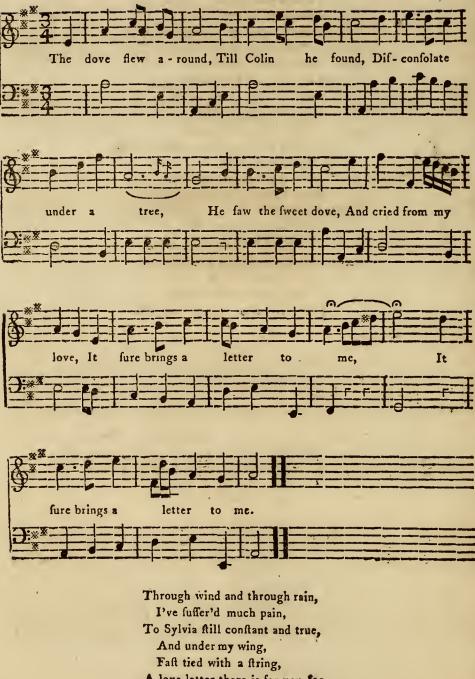
Then, gentle god ! my pain impart, Convey this figh into her heart; This figh will mourn my fate, and move, Her pity fore, if not her love. Hafte, zephyr hafte, and wing thy way, Thyfelf may'ft there thyfelf o'erpay, Thou from her balmy breath may'ft bring, Sweet odours to enrich the fpring.

Thou from the lovely white and red, Which my fair Celia's face o'erfpread, May'ft teach thy Flora to compofe, The beauteous lily with the rofe. Hafte, then; and fince thy breath abates, The heat in flame, or flame creates, Raife hers, kind god ! or mine deftroy, Let Celia burn, or Damon die.

A 2

#### SONGI

THE PIGEON'S RETURN.



A love letter there is for you &cc.

I faint and I die, Some cordial apply, I cannot return back again ; He kifs'd the fweet dove, Each ill to remove, And tendernefs banifh'd its pain.

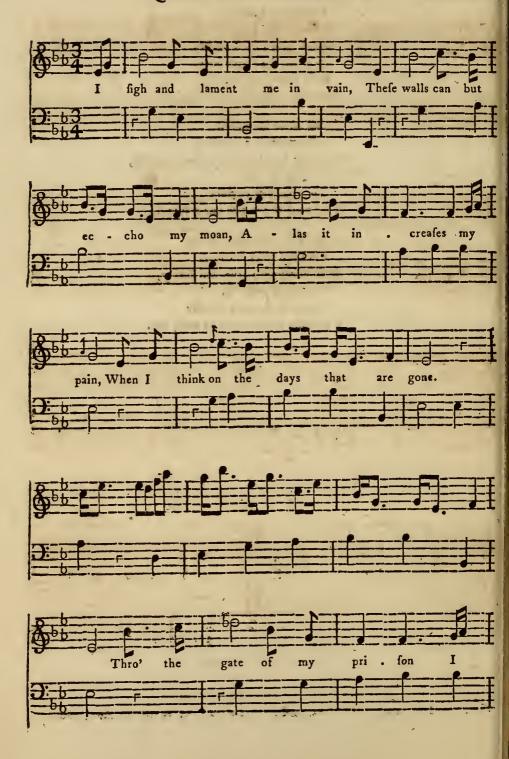
The letter he prefs'd, Quite clofe to his breaft, To think his dear Sylvia had mourn'd, Another he fent, To give her content The dove to the fair one return'd,

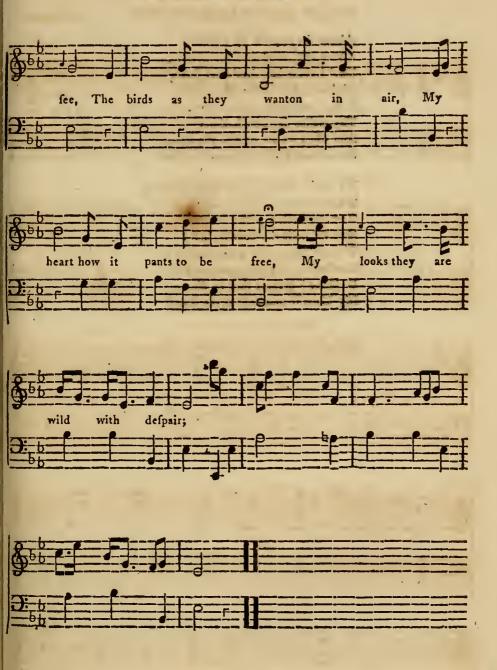
She kifs'd the fweet dove, Return'd from her love, Who always was true and fincere, My pigeon fhall fly, Now free through the fky For Colin he foon will be here, &ccx

#### SONG: III.

# QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.

GIORDANI.

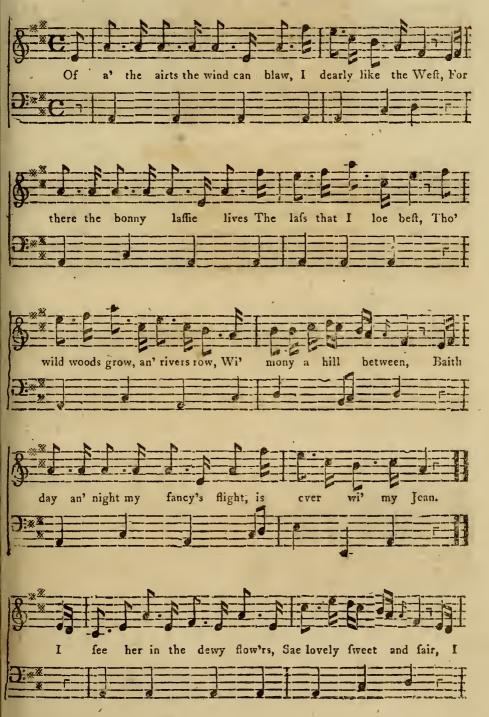




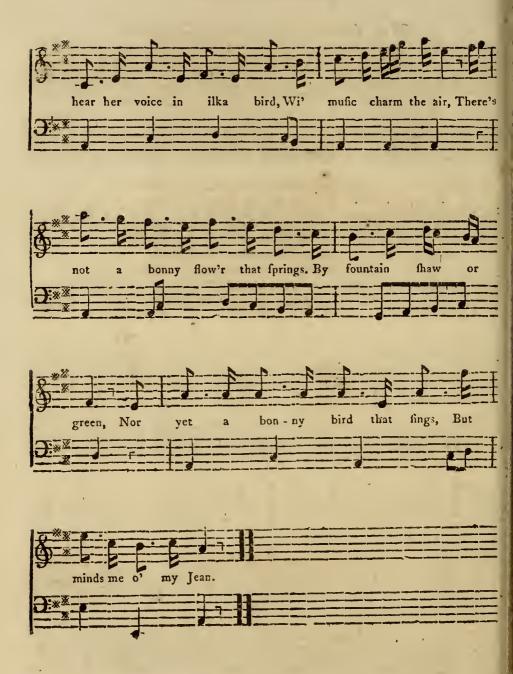
Above the oppreft by my fate, I burn with contempt for my foes, Tho' fortune has alter'd my flate, She ne'er can fubdue me to thofe, Falfe woman! in ages to come, Thy malice detefted fhall be, Ahd when we are cold in the tomb, Some heart kill will forrow for me.

Ye roofs where cold damps and difinay, With filence and folitude dwell, How comfortlefs paffes the day, How fad tolls the evening bell 1 The owls from the battlements cry, The hollow winds murmur around, O MARY ! prepare thee to die— My blood it runs cold at the found. SONG IV.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.



B



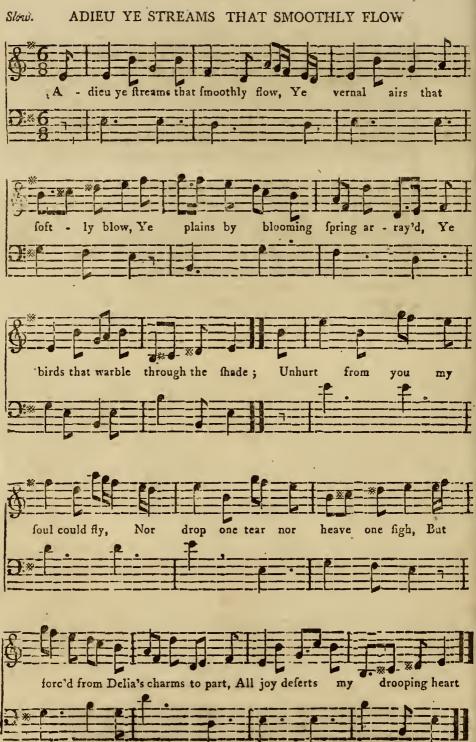
Upon the banks of flowing Clyde, the laffes bufk them braw, But when their beft they hae put on, my Jeanie dings them a', In hamely weeds the far exceeds, the faireft of the town, Baith fage and gay confess it fae, tho' dress't in ruftic gown : The gamefome lamb, that fucks the dam, mair harmless canna he, She has na fau't (if fic we ca't,) except her love for me; The fparkling dew, of cleareft hue, is like her thining een, In thape an' air wha can compare, wi' my fweet lovely Jean?

O blaw, ye weftlin' winds, blaw faft, amang the leafy trees, Wi' gentle breath frae muir an' dale bring hame the laden bees ; An' bring the laffie back to me that's ay fae neat an' clean, Ae blink o' her wad banish care, fae charming is my Jean : What fighs an' vows amang the knowes, hae past atween us twa, How fain to meet, how wae to part, that day the gade awa; The pow'rs aboon can only ken, to whom the heart is sen, That nane can be fae dear to me, as my fweet lovely Jean.

**B** 2

BURNS.

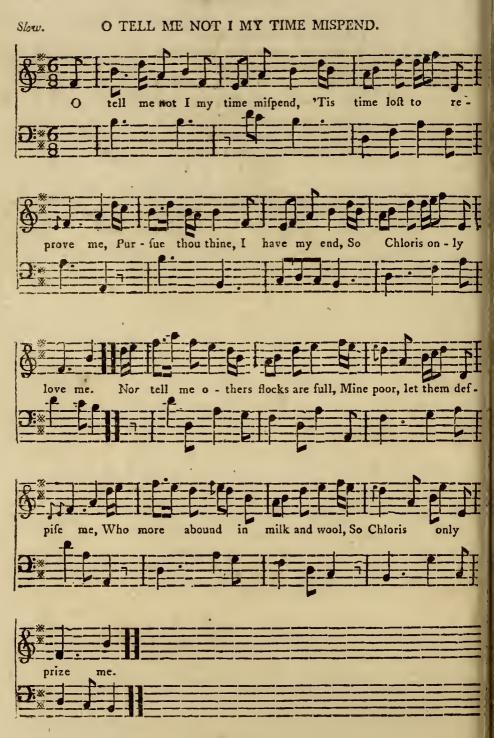
SONGV



O fairer than the dewy morn, When flow'rs the verdant fields adorn, Unfullied as the genial ray, That warms the balmy breeze of May! Thy charms divinely bright appear, And add new fplendor to the year, Improve the day with fresh delight, And gild with joy the dreary night.

SMOLLET.

#### SONG VI



Tire other eafier ears with these Unappertaining flories ; He never feels the world's disease, Who cares not for her glories. For pity, thou that wifer art, And nothing know of pleasure, Let me enjoy what's next my heart—

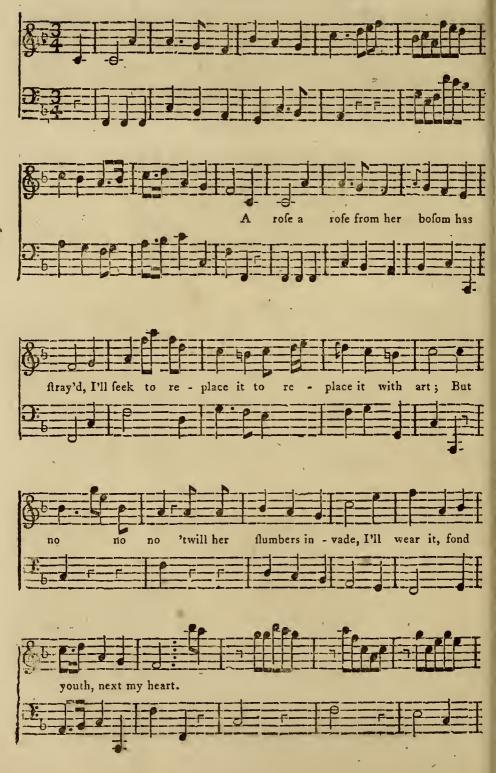
I envy not thy treasure.

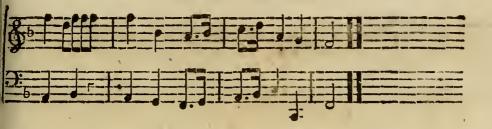
Nor blame, him (blame who may his wit) Who deems the higheft blifs is, In calm fequefter'd fhades to fit, And feaft on balmy kiffes. Ah! Chloris gives transcendant joys ! Then, Prudence, thou'rt intrufion ; Each warbler's note, a jarring noife, The nightingale's, confution.

SIR. J. EATON,

#### SONG VIL

A ROSE FROM HER BOSOM.





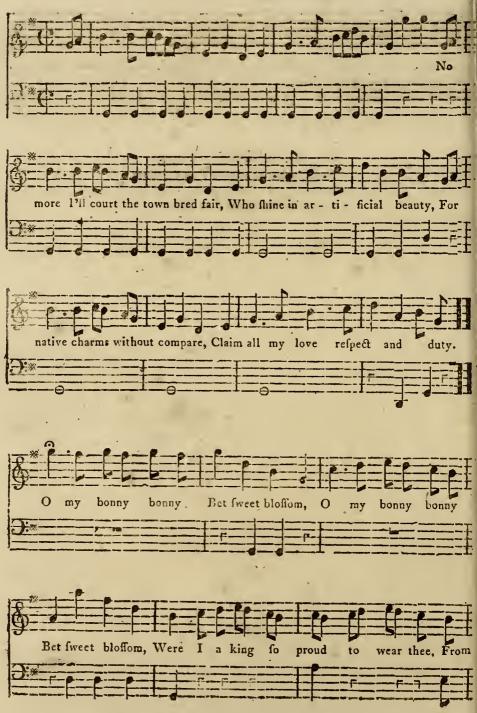
Alas, filly rofe, hadft thou known, 'Twas Daphne that gave thee thy place, Thou ne'er, no ne'er from thy flation had flown, Her bosom's the mansion of peace.

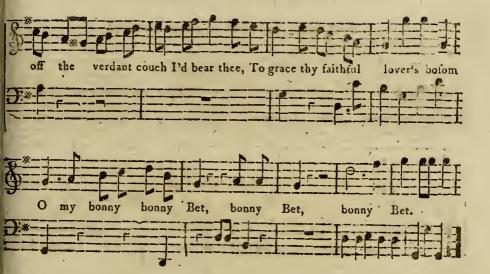
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#### SONG VIII!

NO MORE I'LL COURT THE TOWN BRED FAIR.





Yet afk me where those beauties lie, I cannot fay in fmile or dimple, In blooming cheek or radiant eye, 'Tis happy nature wild and fimple.

O'my bonny, &c.

Let dainty bezux for ladies pine, And figh in numbers trite and common, Ye gods! one darling with be mine, And all I ask is lovely woman.

O my bonny, &c.

Bring, deareff girl, the rofy bowl, Like thy bright eye with pleafure dancing, My heav'n art thou, fo take my foul, With rapture ev'ry fenfe entrancing.

O my bonny, &cc.

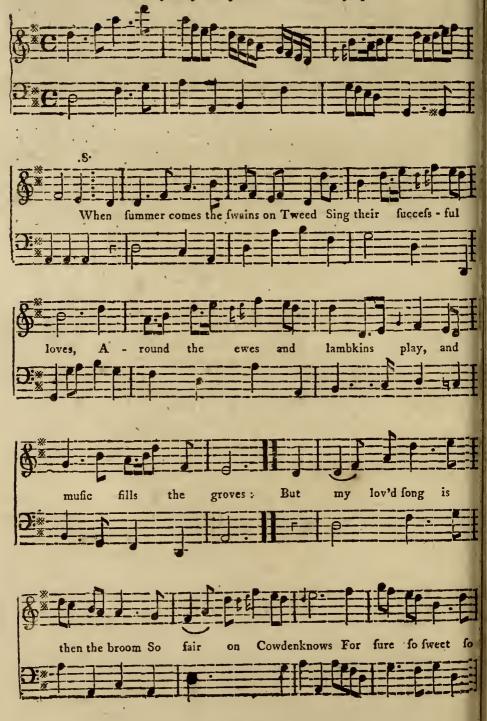
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# SONG 1X.

#### BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

With a fccond ftrain, from an antient manufcript ..





There Colin tun'd bis onten reed, And won my yielding heart, No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed, Cou'd play with half such art.

He fung of Tay. of Forth, and Clyde. . The hills and dales all round, Of Leaderhaughs and Leaderfide, . Oh how I blefs'd the found !

Yet more delightful is the broom So fair on Cowdenknows, For fure fo fair fo bright a bloom, Elfewhere there never grows.

Not Tiviot braes fo green and gay, May with this broom compare, Nor Yarrow banks in flow'ry May, Nor bufh aboon Traquair.

More pleafing far are Cowdenknows, My peaceful happy home, Where I was wont to milk my ewes, At ev'n among the broom.

Ye pow'rs that haunt the woods and plains, Where Tweed with Tiviot flows, Convey me to the best of fwains, And my lov'd Cowdenknows. SONG X.

ALCOCK.

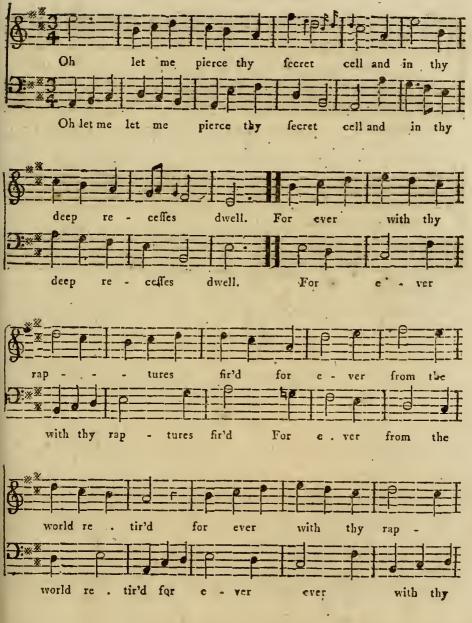
HAIL EVER PLEASING SOLITUDE.

pleafing fo - li - tude, Companion of the wife Hail and ever Companion of the wife Hail ever pleafing fo - li - tude, and from whole good but holy piercing cye, The herd of from whole holy piercing good but eye, The herd of villains Oh how I fly, love with thee fools and to fly, Oh villains fools and how I love with thee to to thy whilper'd talk which innocence walk and liften and truth im walk and liften thy whisper'd talk, Which innocence and truth im to Turn parts and melts the obdurate hearts. moft

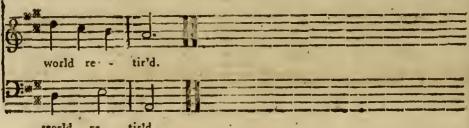
obdurate

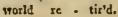
hearts.

parts and melts the most



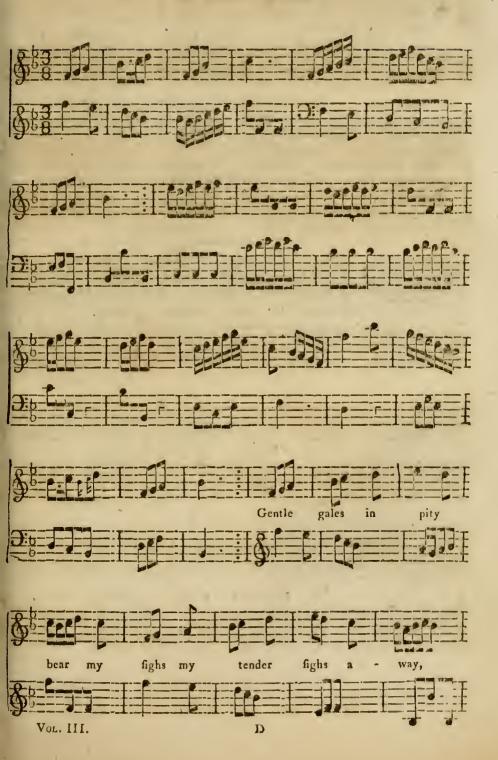






#### SONG XI.

The air of AILEEN AROON. with Giardini's Rondeau.







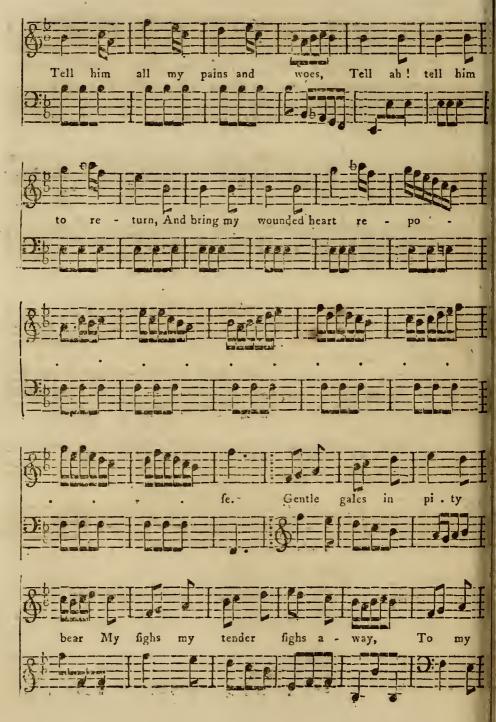








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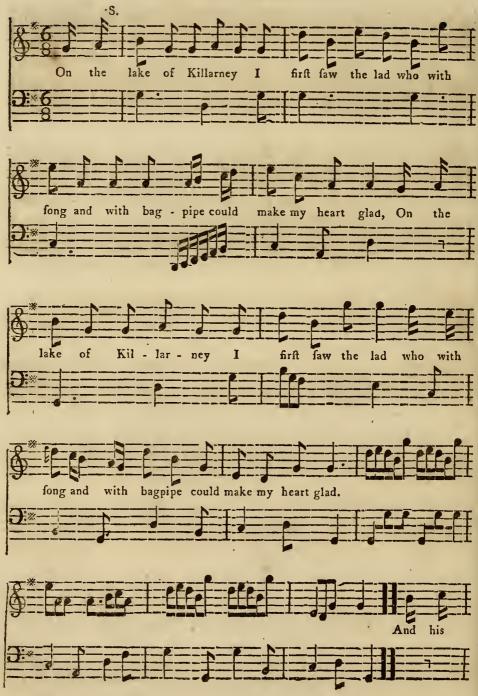


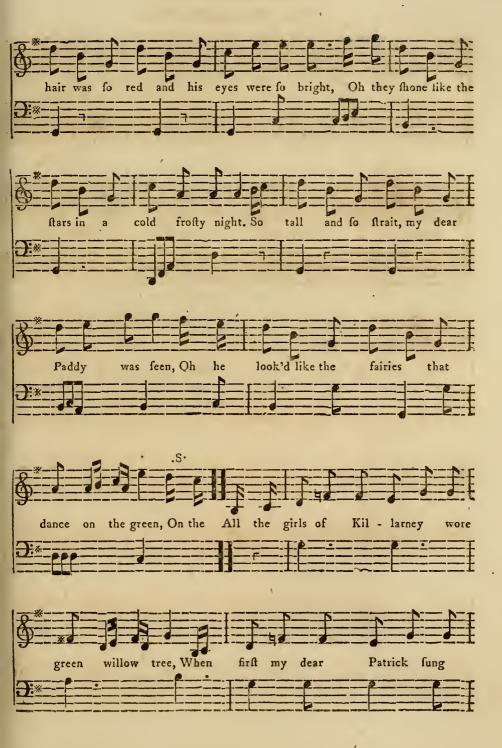


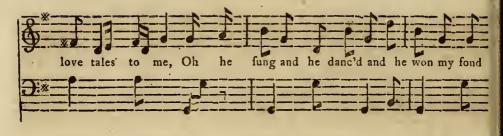
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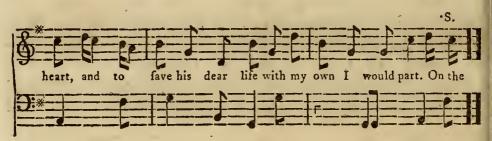
### SONG XII

ON THE LAKE OF KILLARNEY.









### SONG XIII.

### LOOK NEIGHBOURS LOOK.

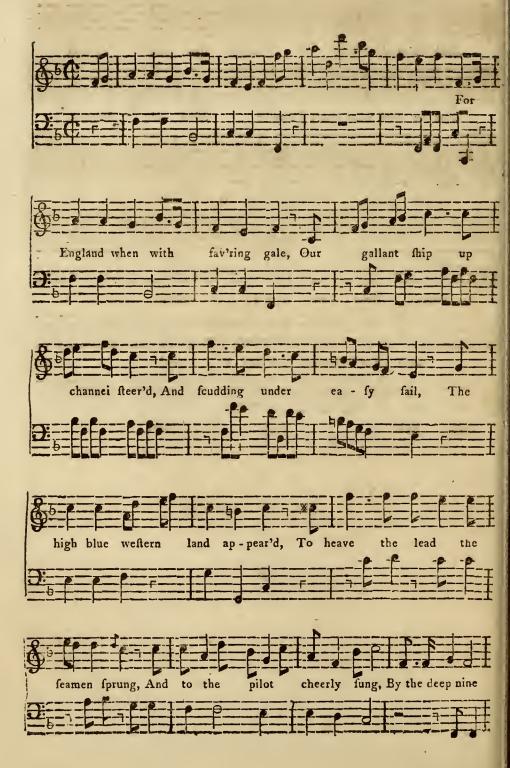
A CATCH.



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FOR ENGLAND WHEN WITH FAV'RING GALE





And bearing up to gain the port, Some well known object kept in view, An abbey-tow'r—an harbour fort, Or beacon to the veffel true : While oft the lead the feamen fprung, And to the pilot cheerly fung, "By the mark feven."

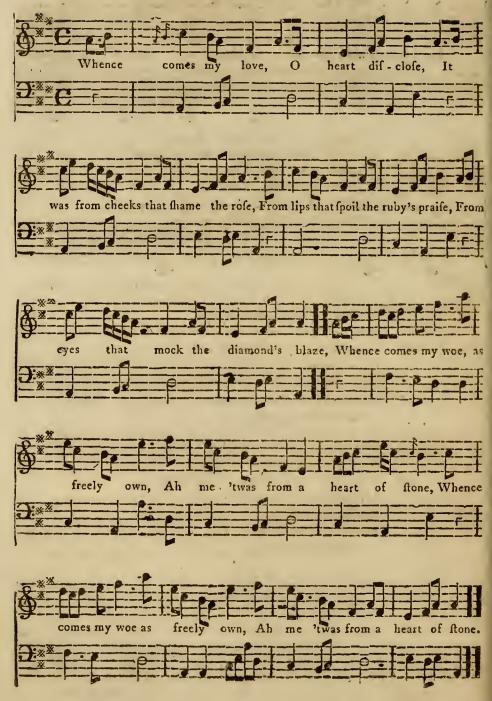
And as the much lov'd fhore was near, With transport we beheld the roof, Where dwelt a friend, or part'ner dear, Of faith and love a matchless proof! The lead once more the feamen flung, And to the watchful pilot fung,

" Quarter leis five,

E 2

### SONG XV.

WHENCE COMES MY LOVE.



The blufhing cheek fpeaks modeft mind, The lips befitting words moft kind, The eye doth tempt to love's defire, And feems to fay "'tis Cupid's fire" Yet all fo fair, but fpeak my moan, Syth nought doth fey the heart of ftone. Yet all fo fair, &cc.

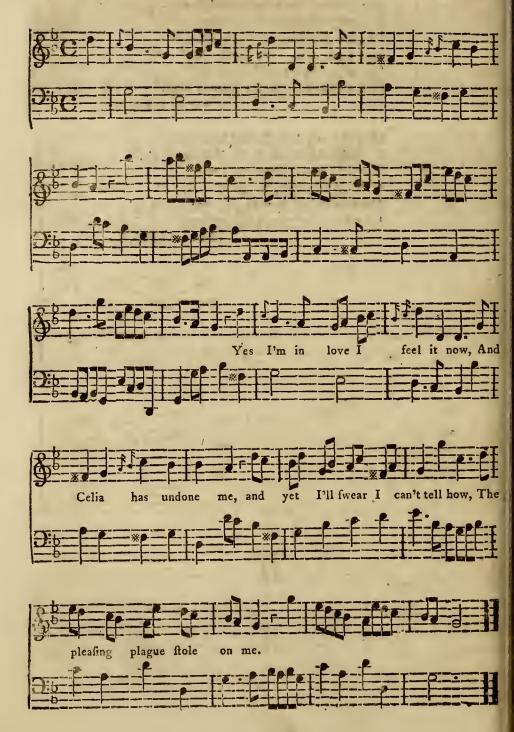
Why thus, my love, fo kind befpeak, Sweet lip, fweet eye, fweet blufhing cheek, Yet not a heart to fave my pain? O Venus take thy gifts again, Make not fo fair to caufe our moan Or make a heart that's like our own.

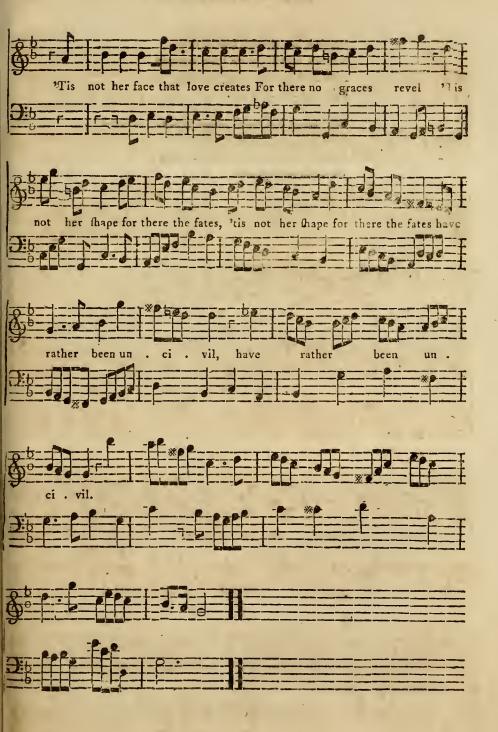
Make not fo fair, &cc.

## SONG XVI.

YES I'M IN LOVE.

#### HANDEL.



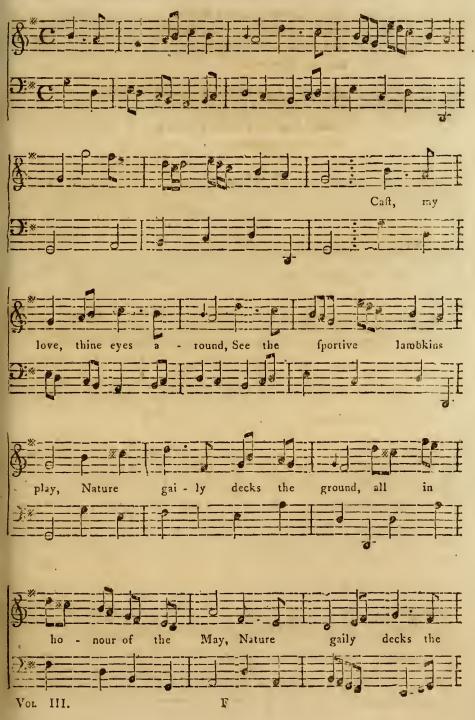


"Tis not her air, for fure in that, There's nothing more than common, And all her fenfe is only chat, Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch might give th' alarm-'Tis both perhaps or neither; In fhort 'tis that provoking charm, Of Celia all together.

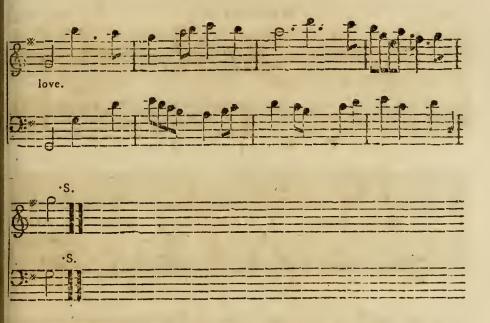
# SONG XVII.

CAST MY LOVE THINE EYES AROUND.





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Let us love and let us live Like the cheerful feafon gay; Banifh care, and let us give Tribute to the fragrant May; Like the fparrow and the dove Liften to the voice of love.

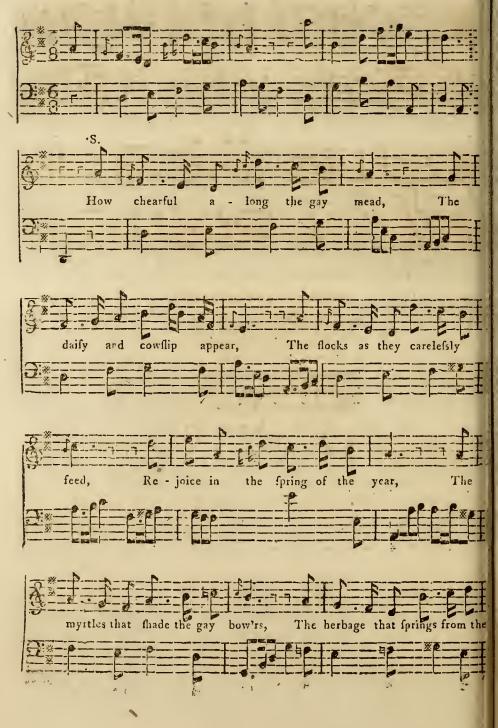
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## SONG XVIII.

Siciliano

HYMN OF EVE.

HANDEL.



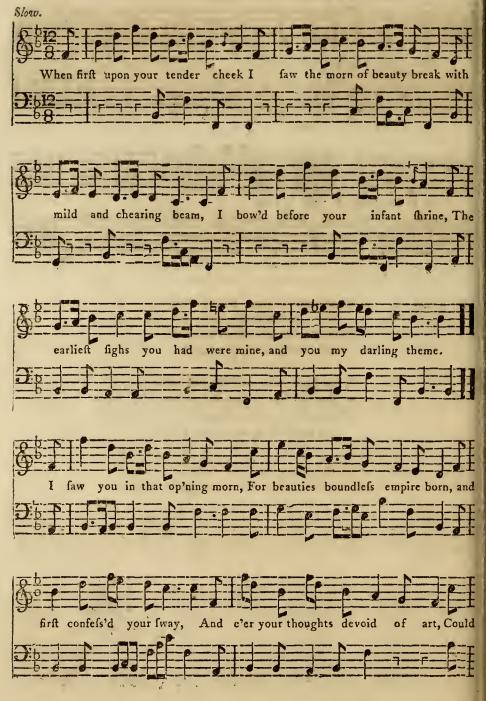


Shall man the great mafter of all, The only infenfible prove? Forbid it fair gratitude's call, Forbid it devotion and love !

Thee LORD, who fuch wonders could raife, And ftill can deftroy with a nod, My lips fhall inceffantly praife, My foul fhall be wrapt in my GOD.

#### SONG XIX.

WHEN FIRST UPON YOUR TENDER CHEEK.



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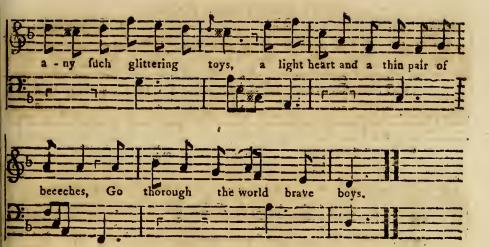
I watch'd the dawn of ev'ry grace, And gaz'd upon that angel face, While'yet 'twas fafe to gaze; And fondly blefs'd each rifing charm, Nor thought fuch innocence could harm, The peace of future days—

But now defpotic o'er the plains, The awful noon of beauty reigns, And kneeling crouds adore : Thefe charms atife too fiercely bright, Danger and death attend the fight, And I muft hope no more.

## SONG XX

YE FROLICKSOME SPARKS OF THE GAME





My father was cloathed in leather, My mother in fheep's rufset grey, They labour'd in all forts of weather, That I might go gallant and gay; My rapier, hat mounted with feather, A heart too as light as a cork, What my old dad had raked together, I fpread all abroad with my fork. Then why &c.

My fortune is pretty well fpent, My lands, my cattle and corn, Yet I am as full of content, As e'er I was fince I was born, I ne'er will be troubled with wealth, My pockets are drain'd very dry, I walk where I pleafe for my health, And never fear robbing, not I. Then why &cc.

Some fay that old care kill'd the cat, And flarv'd her for fear fhe fhould die; But I will be wifer than that, For the devil a care I'll come nigh. But to tofs off the jolly full bowl, To drive away forrow and ftrife, Here's a health to that honeft brave foul, Who never took care in his life. Then why &c,

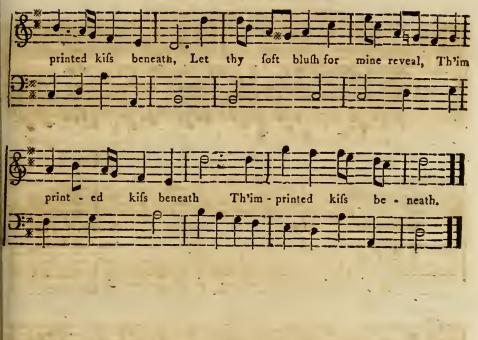
Vol. III

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# SONG XXI.

REST BEAUTEOUS FLOW'R,





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# SONG XXII.

NO FLOW'R THAT BLOWS,

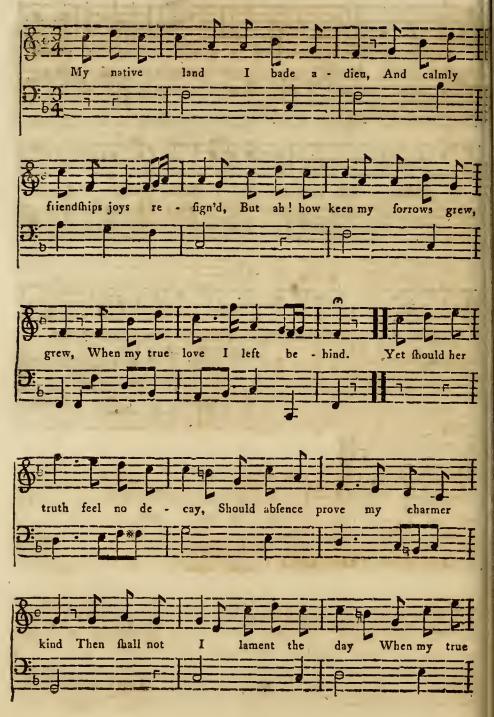




No flow'r &c.

# SONG XXHL

MY NATIVE LAND.





# SONG XXIV.

YE VERDANT WOODS.





Come gloomy eve, and veil the fky, With clouds of darkeft hue, Wither ye plants—ye flow'rets dic, Uncheer'd with balmy dew; Ye fweetly warbling birds, no more Your fongs can cheer my mind, My hours of joy, alas ! are o'er, Since Colin proves unkind.

I'll hie me to fome dreary grove, For fighing forrow made,
Where nought but plaintive firains of love, Refound through ev'ry fhade;
Where the fad turtle's melting grief, With Philomela's join'd,
Alone fhall yield my heart relief, Since Colin proves unkind.

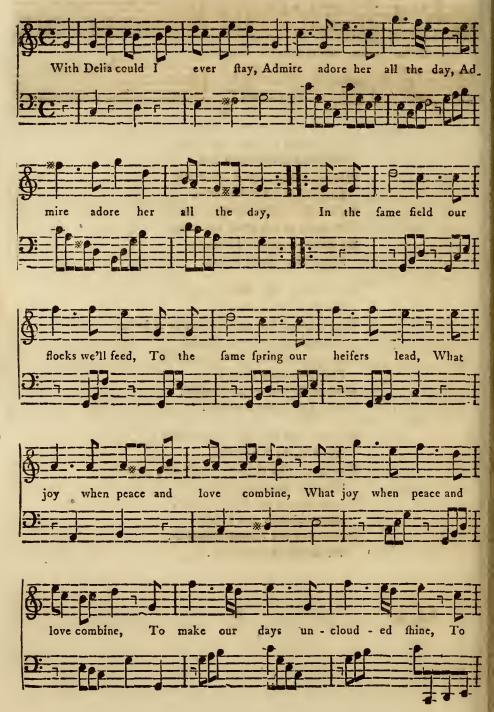
Be warn'd by Sylvia's fate, ye maids ? And fhun the foft deceit, Tho' love's own eloquence perfuades, 'Tis all a dangerous cheat. Fly, quickly fly the faithlefs fwain, His treach'rous arts defpife, So fhall you live exempt from pain, While haplefs Sylvia dies.

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# SONG XXV.

WITH DELIA COULD I EVER STAY.





Teach me ye Mufes ev'ry art, More deeply to engage her heart, I firive not to refift my flame, I glory in a captive's name, Nor would I, if I could, be free, But boaft my lofs of liberty.

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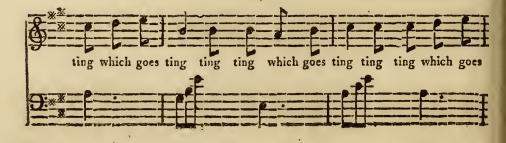
#### SONG XXVI.

I LEFT MY COUNTRY AND MY FRIENDS.











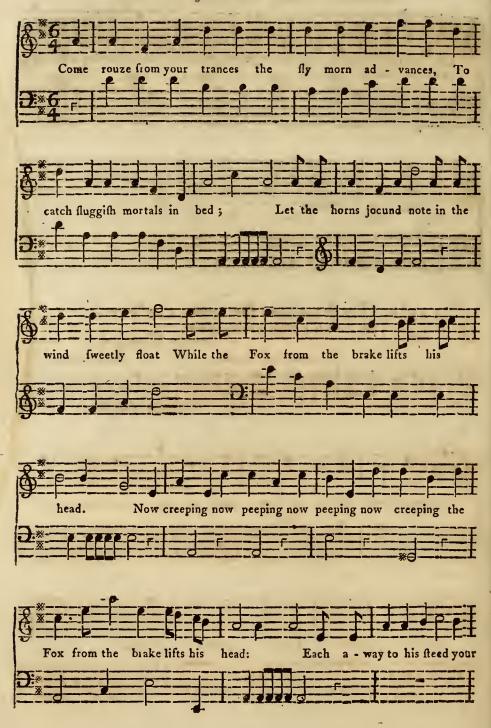
I here am known and call'd by all, By the name of my tinkling guitar, Which goes ting, &c.

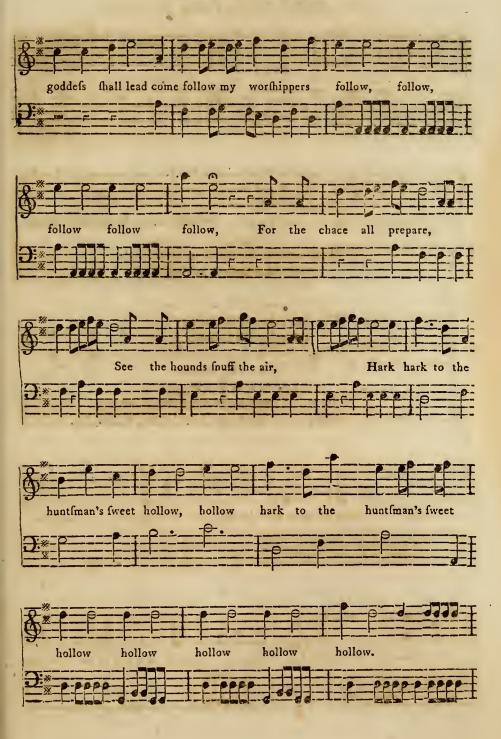
Little Nancy faid to me one day, Come and play on your guitar,

Which goes ting, &c.

# SONG XXVII.

COME ROUZE FROM YOUR TRANCES.





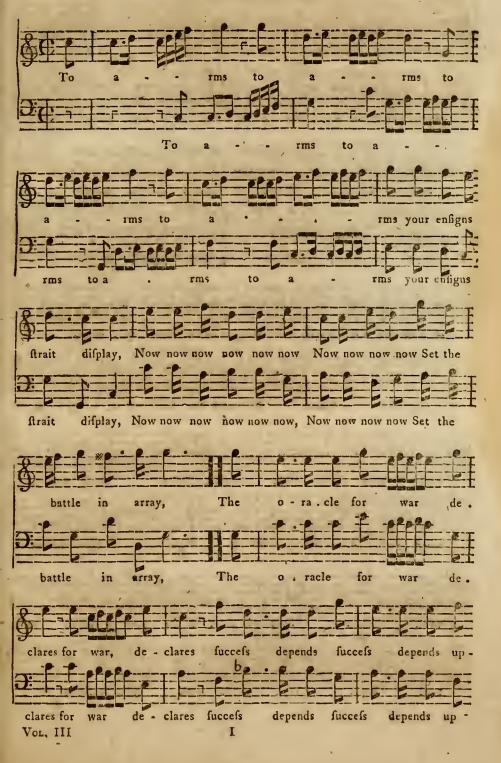


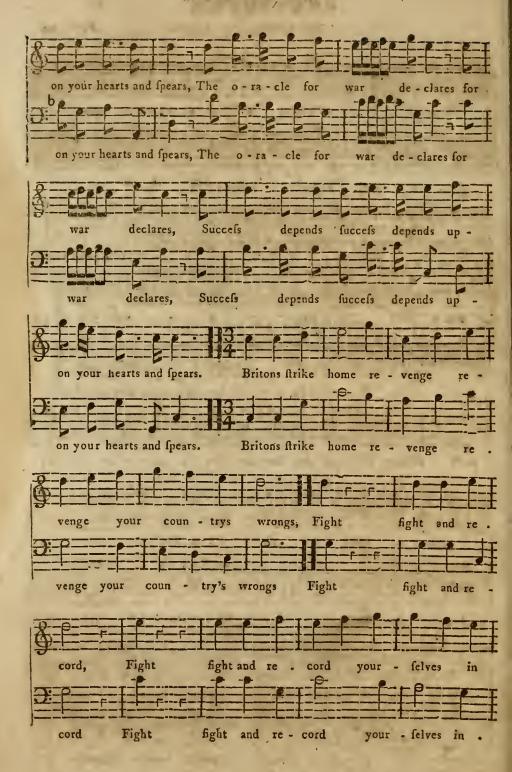
Hark Jowler, hark Rover, See Reynard breaks cover, The hunters fly over the ground : Now they fkim o'er the plain, Now they dart down the lane. And the hills, woods and vallies refound. With fplashing and dashing, With fplashing and dashing, The hills woods and vallies refound : Then away with full fpeed, Your Goddels shall lead, Come follow my worthippers, follow, follow, follow, For the chace all prepare, See the hounds fnuff the air. Hark to the huntiman's fweet hollow, hollow, Hark to the huntiman's fweet hollow, hollow, &c.

## SONG XXVIII.

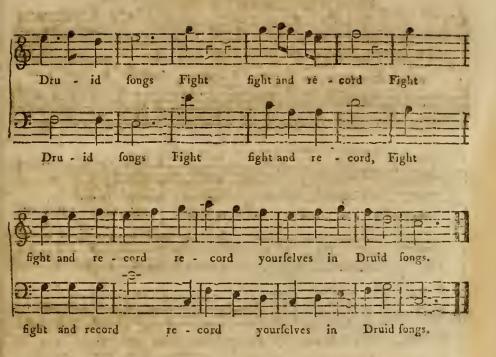
TO ARMS, TO ARMS.

PURCELL.





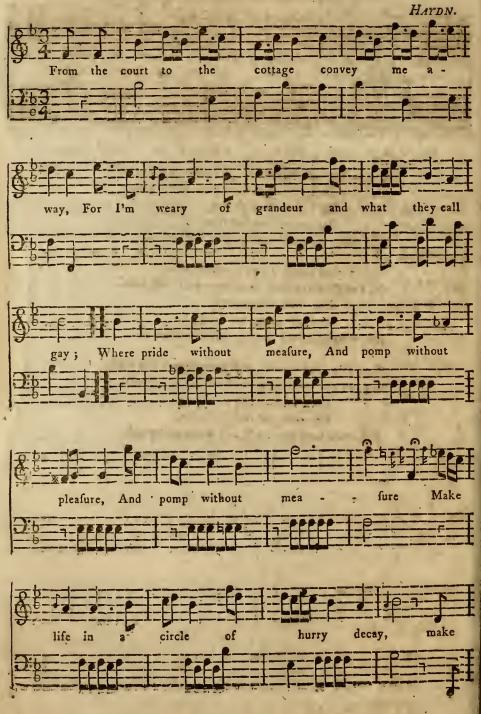
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# SONG XXIX.

FROM THE COURT TO THE COTTAGE.





Far remote and retir'd from the noife of the town I'll exchange my brocade for a plain ruffet gown; My friends thall be few, But well chofen and true, And fweet recreation our ev'ning thall crown.

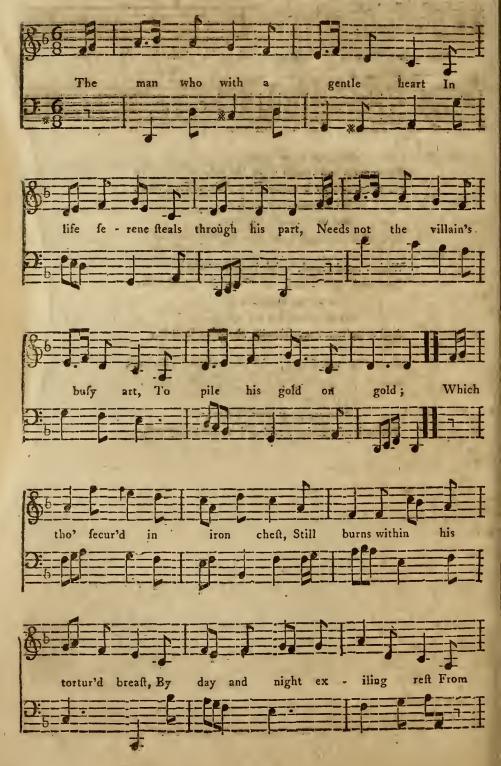
With a rural repait, a rich banquet to me, On a moffy green turf, near fome thady old tree, The rivers clear brink Shall afford me my drink, And temp'rance my friendly phyfician thall be-

Ever calm and ferene, with contentment fill bleft, Not too giddy with joy, nor with forrow depreft, I'll neither invoke Nor repine at death's ftroke,

But retire from the world as I would to my reft.

# SONG XXX.

THE MAN WHO WITH A GENTLE HEART.





If he can boaft a quiet mind, Domeftic bleffings he fhall find, Below the roof that keeps out wind, And all the weather's harm. The fpear that glows in bonours field, The fword that fkilful warriors wield, Nor yet Achilles high wrought fhield,

Need he with fuch to arm.

Place me far diftant from those plains,
Where stands no cot, where pipe no swains,
Where blow bleak winds, where fall the rains,
And breathes a dangerous air;
Place me, O Bacchus, ne'er some cask,
For ever forc'd to fill my flask,
With pleasure I'll renew my task,
And bles my daily care.

#### SONG XXXI.

WHILE FREQUENT ON TWEED.



Oh! nature's most beautiful bloom, May flourish unleen and unknown,
And the shadows of folitude gloom,
A form that might thine on a throne,
Through the wilderness bloss the rose,
In fweetness, retic'd from the sight,
And Philomel warbles her woes,
Alone to the ear of the night.

How often the beauty is hid, Amid fhades that her triumph deny, How often the hero forbid, From the path that conducts to the fky ! A Helen has pin'd in the grove, A Homer has wanted his name, Unfeen in the circle of love, Unknown to the temple of fame.

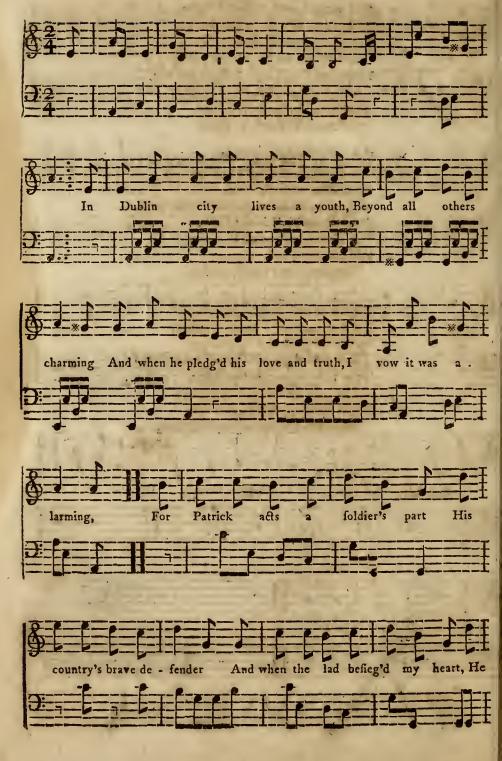
Yet let us walk forth to the fircam, Where poet ne'er wander'd before, Enamour'd of Mary's fweet name, How the echoes will fpread to the fhore ! If the voice of the mufe be divine, Thy beauties fhall live in my lay, While reflecting the foreft fo fine, Sweet Efk o'er the vallies fhall ftray. LOCAN,

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## SONG XXXII.

SMALLILIOU.





K 2

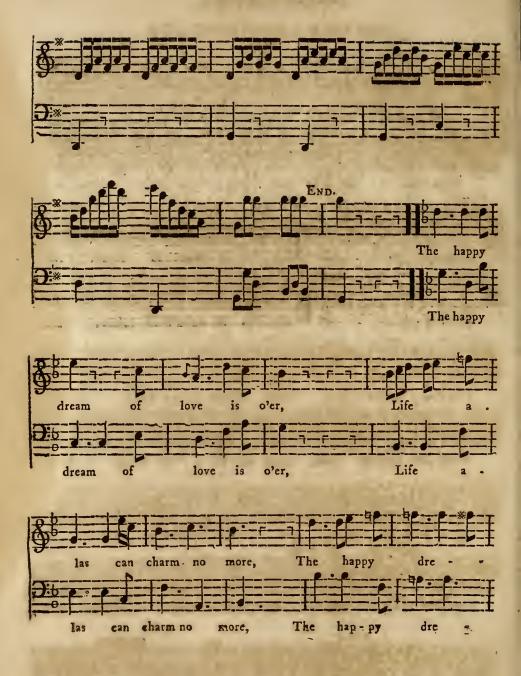
Ye Dublin laffes ceafe to mourn, Nor dim the eye of beauty, The gentle youth to me has fworn, Eternal love and duty; The manly graceful volunteer, Young Pat of Dublin city, Is always whifp'ring in my ear, His tender love-fick ditty. With his fmalliliou, &c.

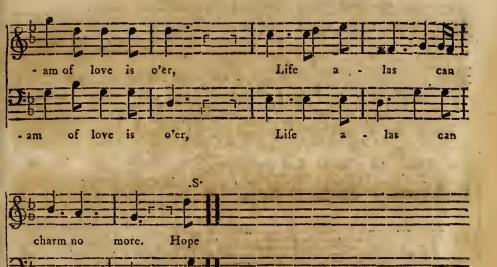
Saint Patrick blifs the Irifh boy, That bears his name in Dublin, And fill his breaft with ev'ry joy, Where grief fhould ne'er be troubling, And when the prieft fhall join our hands, And nought can e'er us fever, By Hymen dear and holy bands, He'll pleafe me then forever, With his fmaliliou, &c,

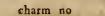
# SONG XXXIII

HOPE TOLD A FLATTERING TALE.





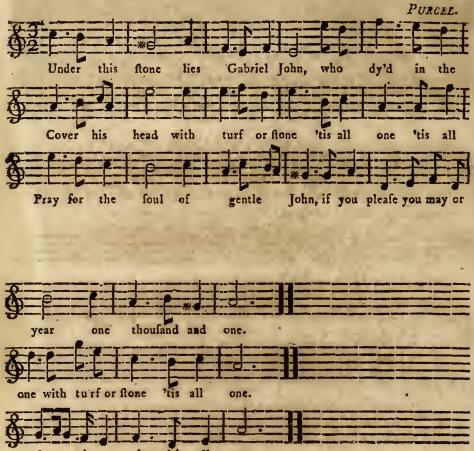


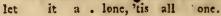


mere. Hope

# SONG XXXIV.

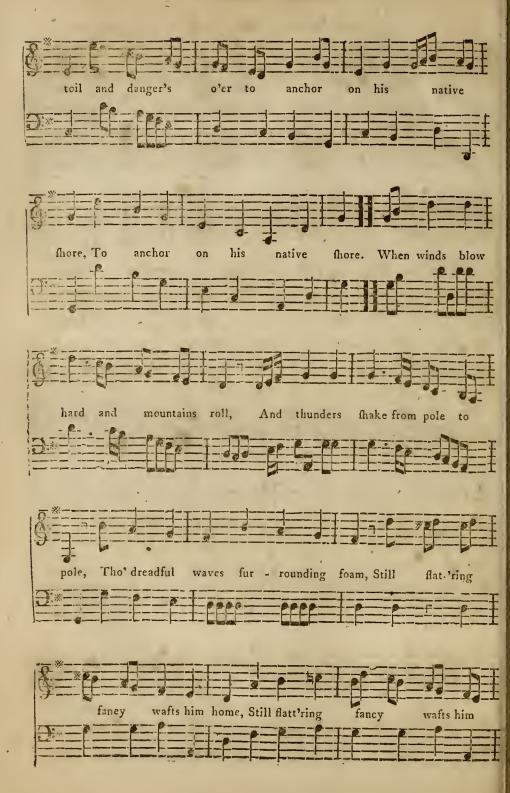
UNDER THIS STONE LIES GABRIEL JOHN.

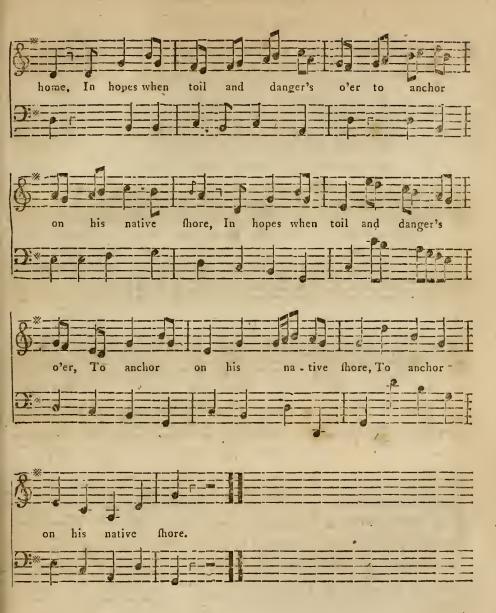




SONG XXXV.







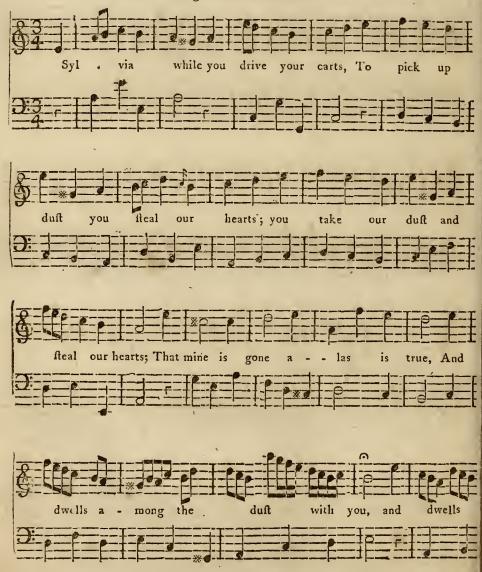
L 2

### SONG XXXVI.

#### THE DUST CART.

REGITATIVE.

As tink'ring Tom through fireets his trade did cry, He faw his lovely Sylvia paffing by, In duft cart high advanced the nymph was plac'd, With the rich cinders round her lovely waift; Tom with uplifted hands th' occafion bleft, And thus in foothing firains the maid addreft.

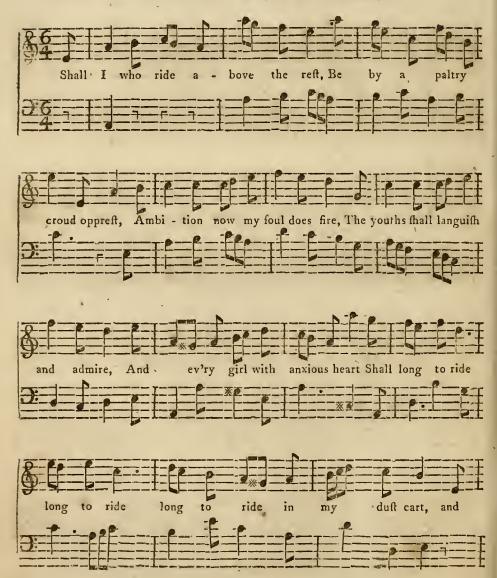


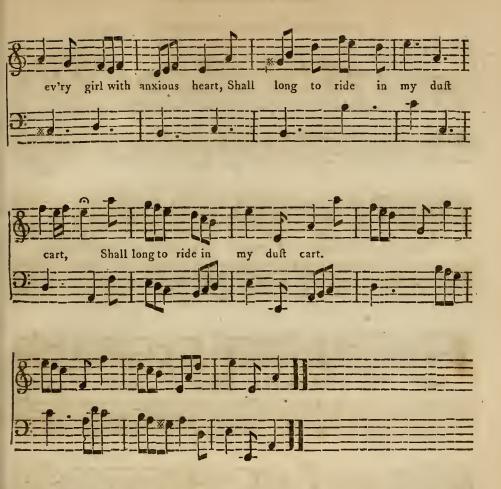
OSWALD.



#### RECITATIVE.

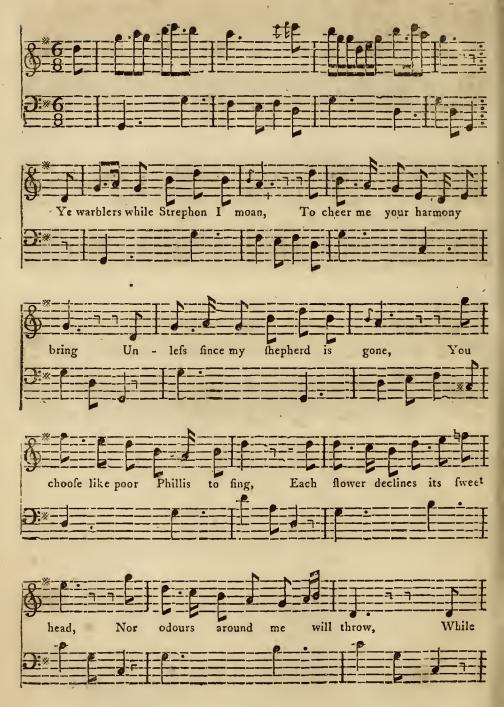
Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble rout, Exulting roll'd her fparkling eyes about, She heav'd her fwelling breaft as black as floe, And look'd difdain on little folks below, To Tom fhe nodded as her cart drove on, And then refolv'd to fpeak fhe cried, ftop John.



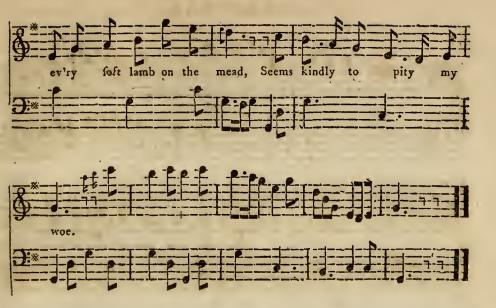


#### SONG XXXVIL

YE WARBLERS WHILE STREPHON I MOAN.



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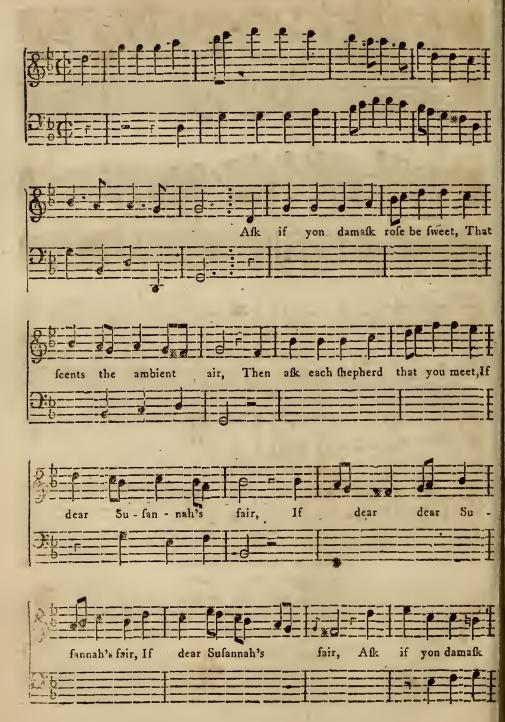
VOL. III.

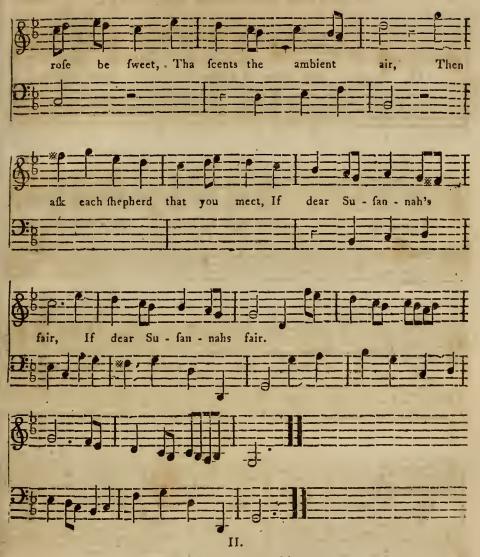
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#### SONG XXXVIII.

SUSANNAH.

HANDEZ:



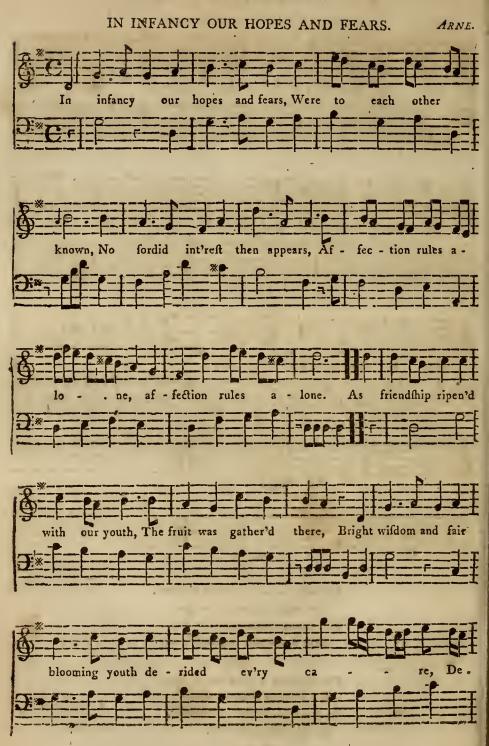


Say will the vulture leave his prey, And warble through the grove, Bid wanton linnets quit the fpray, Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

#### III.

The fpoils of war let heroes fhare, Let pride in fplendor fhine, Ye Bards unenvy'd laurels wear, Be fair Sufannah mine,

#### SONG XXXIX.



. .



Ah happy more than happy flate, Where hearts are twin'd in one, Yet few, fo rigid is our fate, May wear the tender crown.

By one rude touch the rofes fall, And all their beauties fade. In vain we figh, in vain we call, Too late is human aid. SONG XL

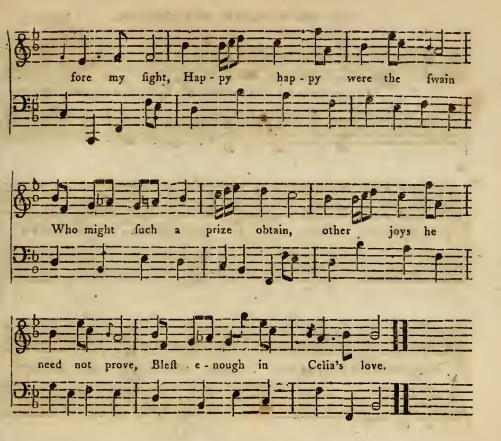
SOFT INVADER OF MY SOUL.

HOWARD.

Soft in - vader of my foul, Love ! who can thy chanting day, Celia fteals my heart away,







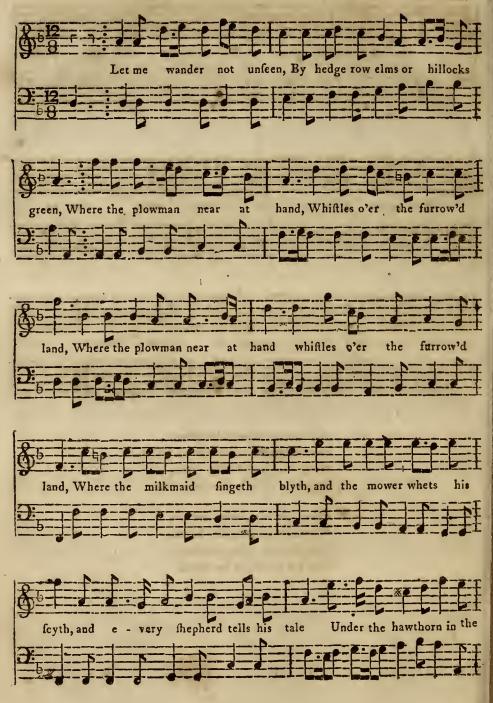
All that temptingly beguiles, Sparkling eyes and dimpling fmiles, Ev'ry charm and ev'ry grace, Dwell on Celia's beauteous face.

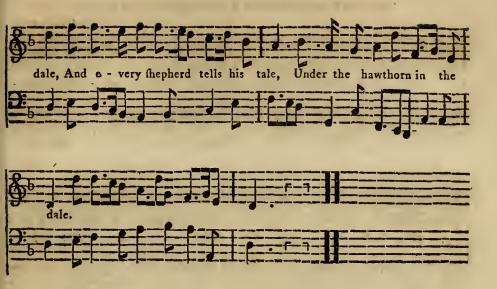
Open, gen'rous, free from art, Virtue lives within her heart, Modefty and truth combin'd, Suit her perfon to her mind.

# SONG XLI

LET ME WANDER NOT UNSEEN.







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# SONG XLII.

NOT ON BEAUTY'S TRANSIENT PLEASURE.







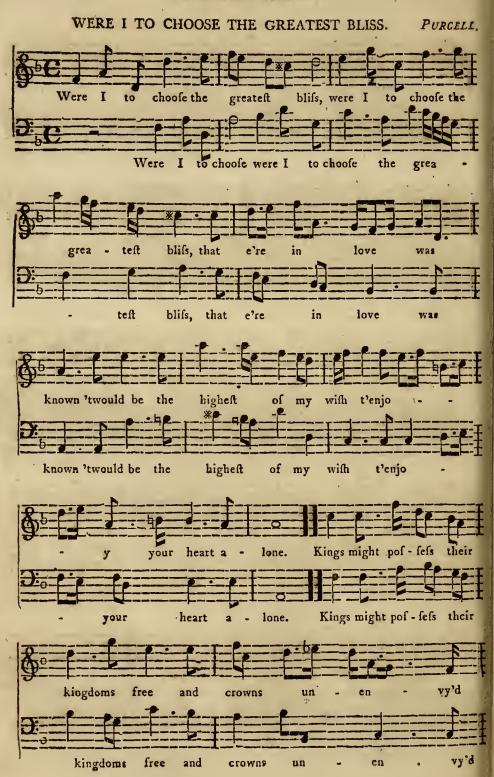


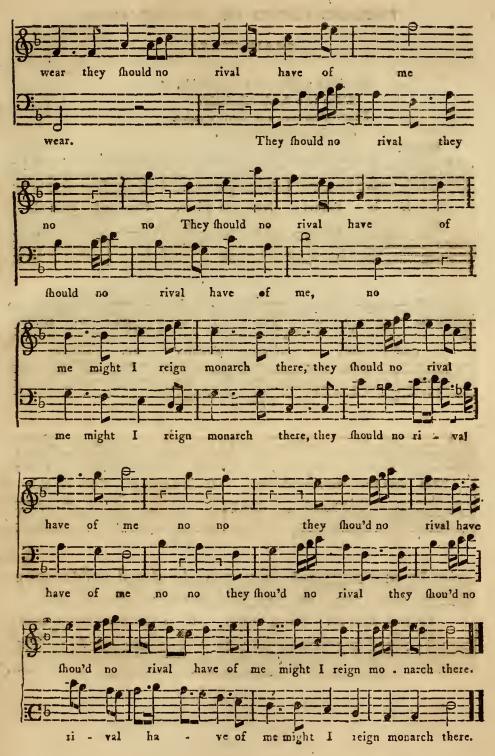






# SONG XLIII.





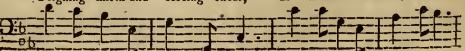
# SONG XLIV.

### SHEPHERD YOUTHS AND VILLAGE MAIDS

#### RECITATIVE.

Shepherd youths and village maids, Liften to a fhepherd's ftrain: Learn when love your heart invades, How its truth to afcertain.







When no more the fong invites, Pipe or dance upon the green, Dead to all the gay delights,

Wont to charm the mind ferene; If in those you take no part,

Clos'd the ear and fix'd the eye, If in crouds the vacant heart,

Heaves the involuntary figh ; Ceaselefs forrows fadly prove, Then and only then you love.

When the favour'd object's near If your joy, beyond controul, Bids the glad, the glift'ning tear,

More than speak the raptur'd foul, If the chance, tho' welcome touch,

Thrills through ev'ry panting vein, If you cannot gaze too much,

Wifh, yet dread to gaze again, Stolen glances fondly prove, Then and only then you love.

When again the village fports,

With redoubled fweetnefs charm, Brighter all the known reforts.

Dearer all the foft alarm; When the moments gliding by,

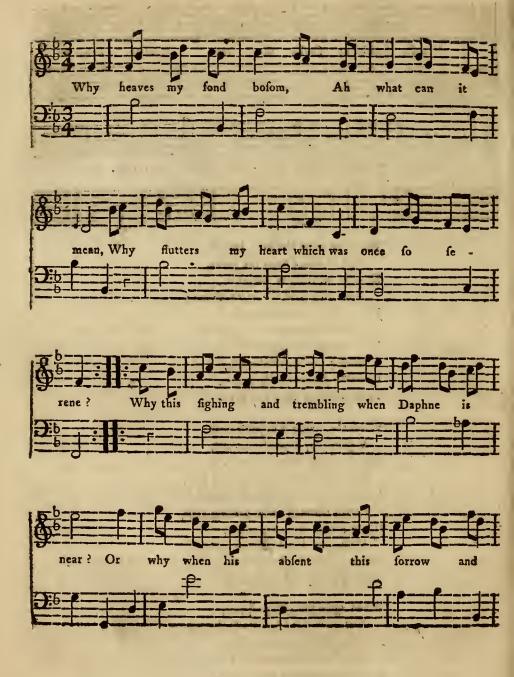
New enjoyments daily rife, When each joy is extafy,

Shar'd with those you fondly prize, Happy hours, tho' transient prove.

Then you live, for then you leve.

### SONG XLV.

WHY HEAVES MY FOND BOSOM.





II.

Forever methinks I with wonder can trace, The thousand fost charms that embellish thy face, Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find, With thy face I am charm'd but enflav'd by thy mind,

### III.

0

Untainted with folly, unfullied by pride, There native good humour and virtue refide, Pray heaven that virtue thy foul may fupply, With compafion for him who without thee must die.

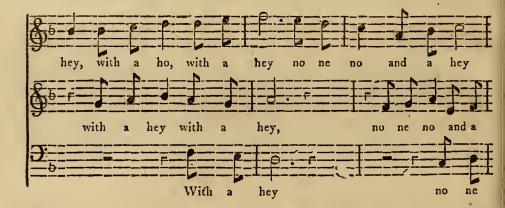
Vol. III.

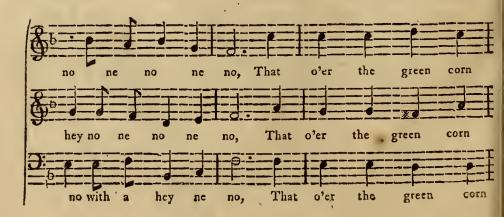
# SONG XLVI.

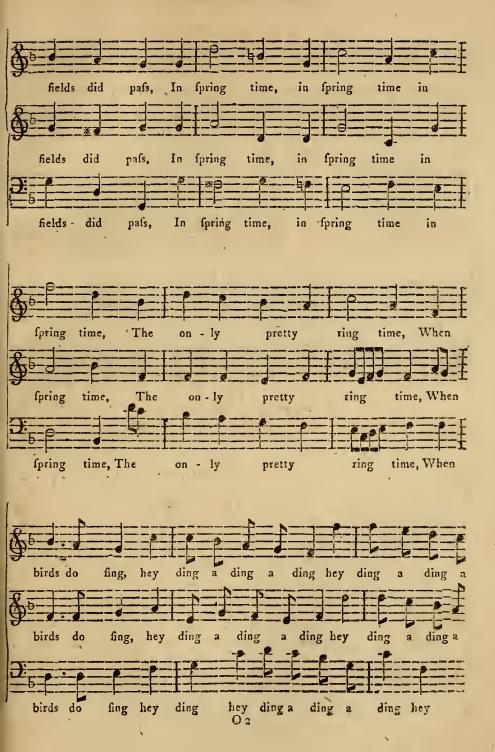
# IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS.

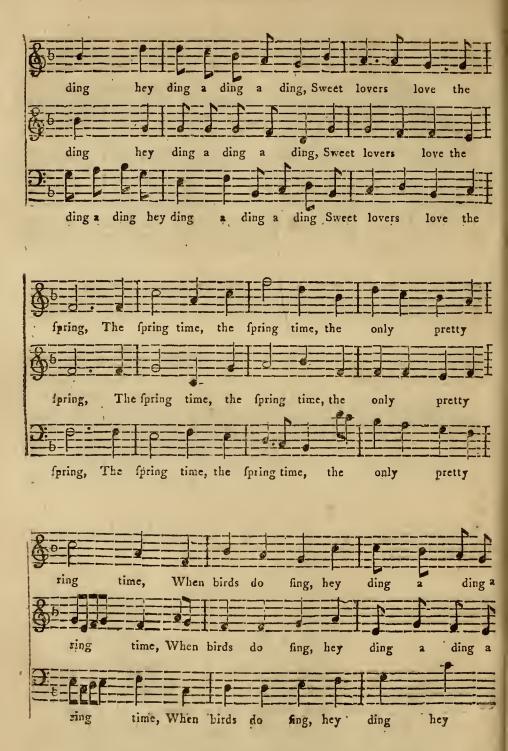
From an antient manufcript, about, or before, 1600.



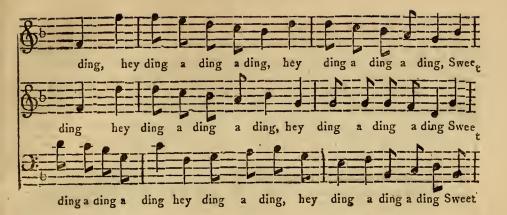








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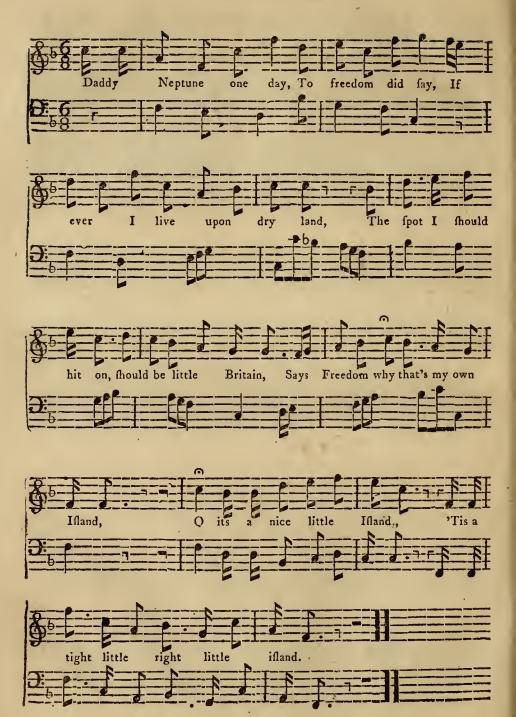
Between the aikers of the ry. With a hey &c. Thefe prettie country fools did ly, In fpring time &c.

This carol they began that hour, With a hey &c. That life, alas ! was but a flow'r, In fpring time &c.

Then prethee lovers take the time, With a hey &c. For love is crowned with the prime, In fpring time &c.

### SONG XLVII

### DADDY NEPTUNE.



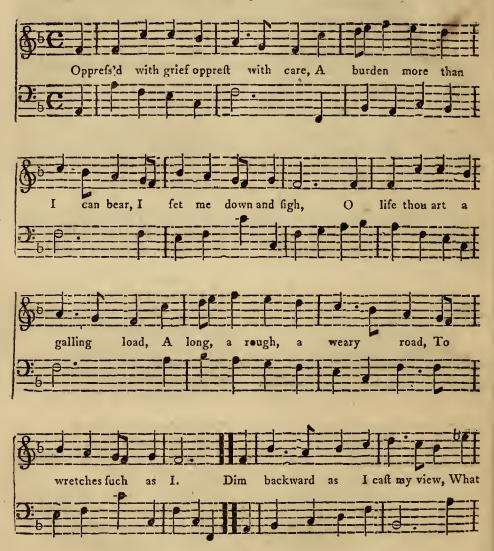
1500

Julius Cæfar, the Roman,	Those proud, puff'd up takes,
Who yielded to no man,	Thought to make ducks and drakes,
Came by water, he cou'd not come by land	, Of our wealth, but before they could fpy land
And Dane, Pict and Saxon,	Our Drake had the luck
Their homes turn'd their backs on,	To make their pride duck,
And all for the fake of the Island,	And stoop to the boys of the Island,
O ! its a nice little Island,	Huzza for the tars of the Island,
'Tis a right little, tight little Island.	Of the right little, tight little Island.
Then another great war-man,	Nuw I don't wonder much,
Call'd Billy the Norman,	. That the French and the Dutch,
Cried,"Hang it, I don't muchlike my land	Have oft fince been tempted to try land
It would fure be more handy,	And I wonder much lefs,
To leave this Normandy,	They have met no fuccefs,
And go to that beautiful Island,	For why fhou'd we give 'em the Ifland?
Shan't us go and vifit the Ifland ?	Pray an't it our own little Island ;
The right little, tight little Island,"	A nice little, tight little Island?
Then fays Harold the king,	Theo as Freedom and Neptune,
As histories fing,	Have hitherto kept tune,
"While I live, it shall never be thy land,"	
So he died I well wot,	Let the Army of England,
Because he was shot,	Or all they can bring land,
In bravely defending the Island,	We'll fhew 'em fome play for the Ifland,
Poor Harold the king of the Island,	O how we will fight for the Island,
Like a Briton he died for his Island.	The right little, tight little Island !
Yet 'twas partly deceit,	The monstrous Great Nation,
Help'd the Norman to beat.	With grand brotheration,
Of traitors they manag'd to buy land,	Wou'd vapour o'er lowland and highland,
By Dane, Saxon or Pict,	May our Nelson be bleft,
We had never been lick'd,	Who has lowered their creft,
Had we fluck to the king of the Island,	And taught them respect for the Island,
Then let us ftand firm to the Island,	O! its a nice little Island,
The right little, tight little Island.	A tight little, right little Island.
The fight fittle, tight fittle filand.	21 ught fitte, fight fitte mana.
The Spanish Armadas	Now they all have the hip,
Set out to invade us,	And at sea scarce a ship,
	, Let 'em go and build more upon dry land,
They could not do less	While our conquests increase,
Than hang poor Queen Bels,	Till the bleffings of peace
And kick up a dust in the Island	Shall glad ev'ry heart in the Island,
O! the poor Queen of the Island,	O ! its a nice little Island
TheDons would have plunder'd the Island.	A right little, tight little Island.

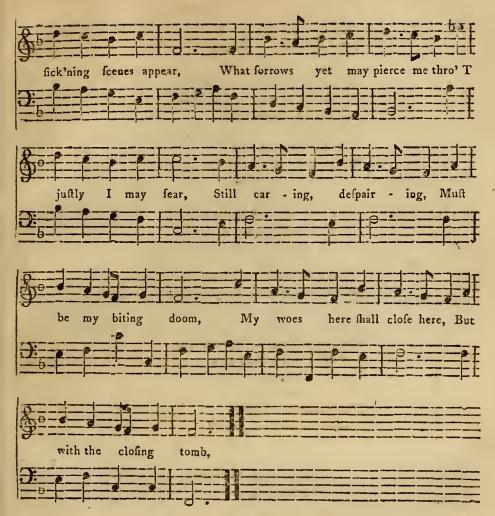
### SONG XLVIII.

OPPRESS'D WITH GRIEF.

Air, Banks of Helicon.\*



\* From a Manufcript book of mufic, bearing, on one part of it, the date of 1639, (but certainly much older) in the pofferfion of Mr Campbel, author of an Introduction to the Hiftory of Scottifh poetry and mufic. This has every appearance of being the genuine antient air. No. 10. of the 1ft Volume, is taken from Johnston's Collection and feems to be modern.



Happy ye fons of bufy life,
Who equal to the bluftering firife,
No other view regard;
Ev'n when the wifhed end's deny'd,
Yet while th: bufy means are ply'd,
They bring their own reward.
Whilft I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an aim,
Meet ev'ry fad returning night,
And joylefs morn the fame;
You buftling, and juftling,
Forget each grief and pain,
I liftlefs, yet reftlefs,
Find ev'ry profpect vain.

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P

How bleft the folitary's lot,
Who all forgetting, all forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangled roots,
Sits o'er his newly gather'd fruits,
Befide his chryftal well,
Or haply to his ev'ning thought,
By unfrequented ftream,
The ways of men are diftant brought,
A faint collected dream,
While praifing, and raifing,
His thoughts to heav'n on high,
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the folemn fky.

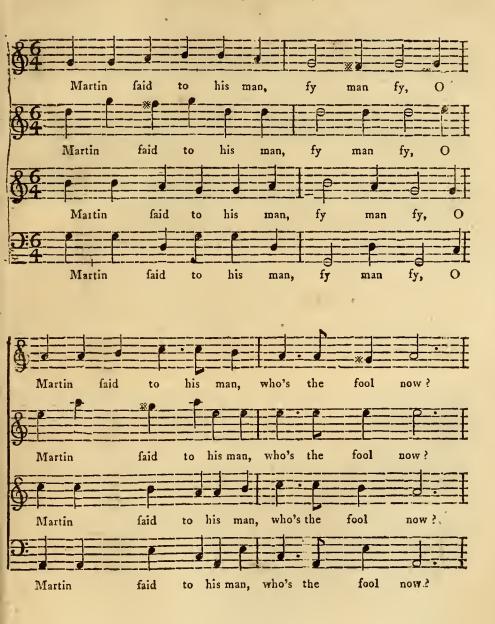
Than I no lonely hermit plac'd, Where never human footflep trac'd, Lefs fit to play the part; The lucky moment io improve, And jull to flep, and juft to move, With felf-refpecting art; But ah ! thofe pleafures, loves and joys, Which I too keenly tafte, The folitary can defpife, Can want and yet be bleft. He needs not, he heeds not, Or human love or hate, Whilf I here, muft cry here, For perfidy ingrate.

Oh! enviable early days,
Dancing in thoughtlefs pleafure's maze, To care, to guilt unknown !
How ill exchang'd for riper times, 'To feel the follies or the crimes, Of others or my own.
Ye tiny elves that guiltlefs fport, Like linnets in a bufh,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wifh !
The lofses, the croffes,
That active man engage,
The fears all, the tears all, Of dim declining age.

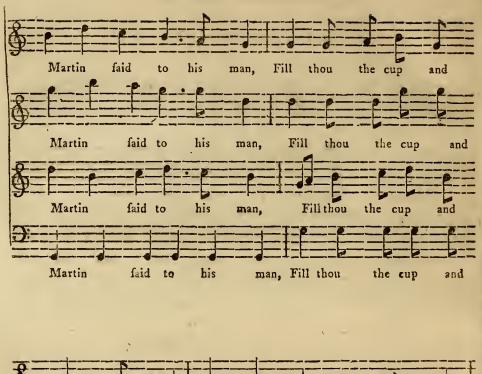
# SONG XLIX.

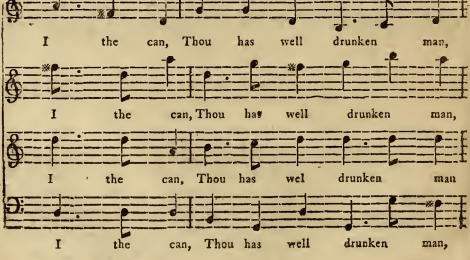
# MARTIN SAID TO HIS MAN.

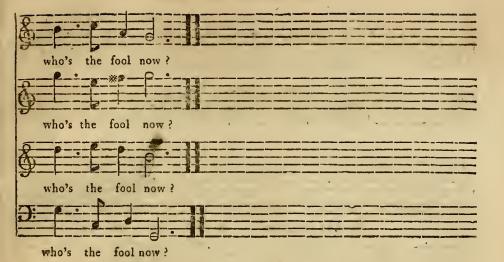
### From a Manufcript, dated 1685.



P 2







I fee a fheep fhearing corn, fy man fy, I fee a fheep fhearing corn, who's the fool now ? I fee a fheep fhearing corn,

And a cuckold blow his horn,

Thou has well drunken man, who's the fool now ?

I fee a man in the moon, fy man fy, I fee a man in the moon, who's the fool now?

I fee a man in the moon

Clouting Saint Peter's fhoone.

Thou haft well drunken man, who's the fool now ?

I see a hare chase a hound, fy man fy,

I fee a hare chafe a hound, who's the fool now ? I fee a hare chafe a hound,

Ten mile above the ground, -... Thou has well drunken man, who's the fool now ?

I fee a moufe catch the cat, fy man fy,

I fee a moufe catch the cat. who's the fool now ?

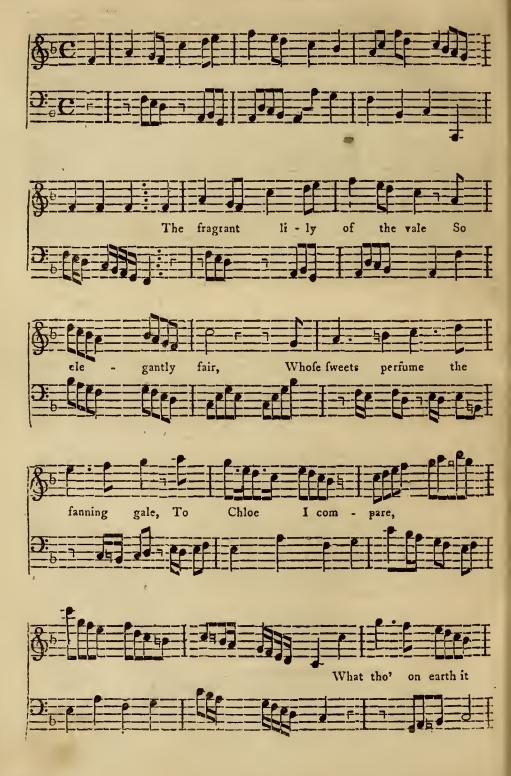
I fee a moule catch the cat,

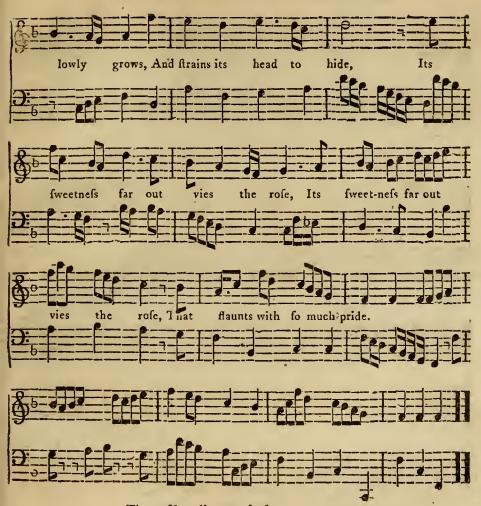
And the cheefe eat the rat.

Thou has well drunken man, and I am wood fou.

## SONG L,

THE LILY OF THE VALE.





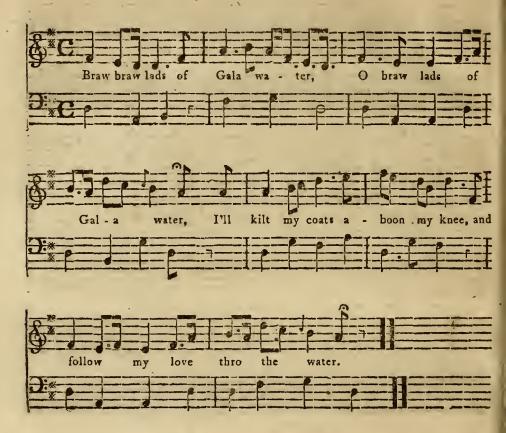
The coftly tulip owes its hue, To many a gaudy flain,
In this we view the virgin white, Of innocence remain :
See how the curious florift's hand, Uprears its humble head,
And to preferve the charming flow'r, Tranfplants it to his bed.
There while it fleds its fweets around, How fhines each modeft grace,
Enraptur'd how its owner flands, To view its lovely face:!
But pray my Chloe, now obferve

The inference of my tale, May I the Florift be, and thov,

The Lily of the valc.

### SONG LI.

BRAW BRAW LADS OF GALA WATER.



Sae fair her hair, fae brent her brow, Sae bonny blue her een my dearie, Sae white her teeth fae fweet her mou, The mair I kifs fhe's ay my dearie.

O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae, O'er yon mois among the heather, I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee, And follow my love thro' the water.

Down among the broom, the broom, Down among the broom my dearie, The laffie loft her filken fnood, That coft her many a blirt and bleary.

## SONG LII.

WIND GENTLE EVERGREEN.



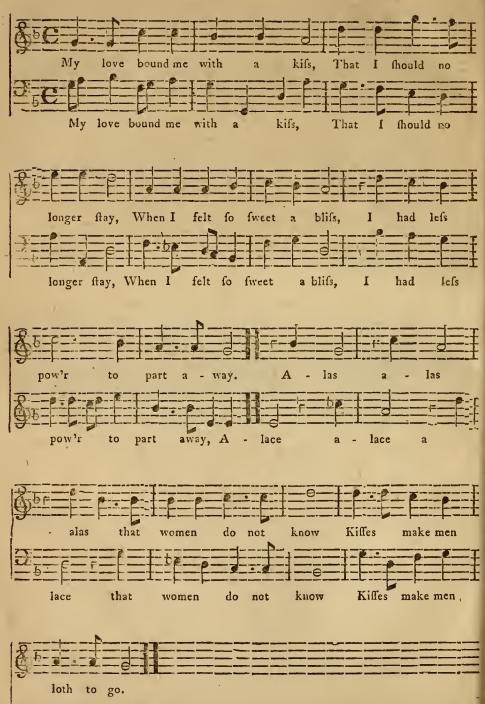
Q

Vot. III.

### SONG LIII.

MY LOVE BOUND ME WITH A KISS.

#### ANTIENT.





Yet feho knows it, wot I well; For I heard when Venns' dove In her ear did foftlie tell,

That kiffes were the feals of love, Q! mule not then tho' it be fo, That kiffes make men loth to goe.

Whairfor did fcho thus inflame My defires, and heat my blood, So fkantilie to quench the fame,

And starve whom the had given food? Alas! for common fence can showe Kiffes make men loth to go.

Had scho bid me go at first,

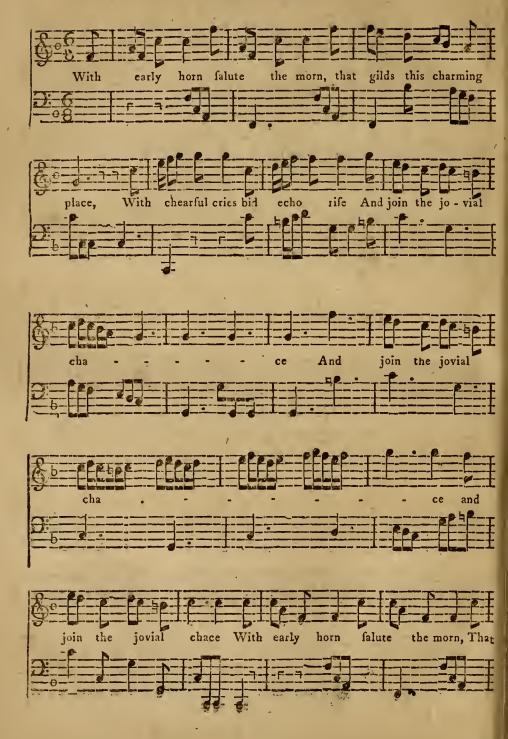
It wald not have griev't my heart, Hope delay'd had been the worft,

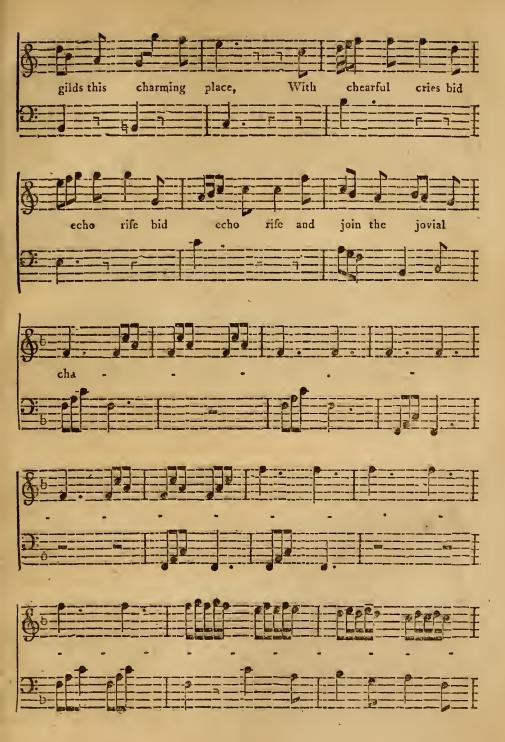
But ach ! to kifs and then to part ! How deep it ftrook, fpeak gods, you know Kiffes make men loth to go.

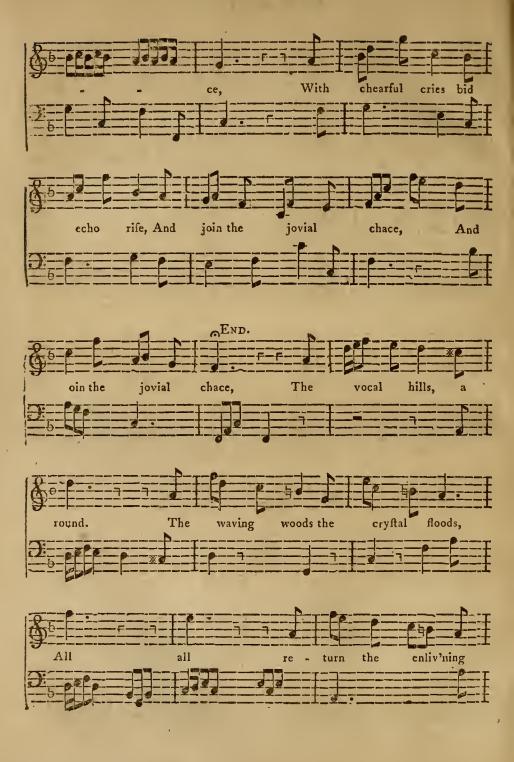
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### 3 O N G LIV.

### EARLY HORN.







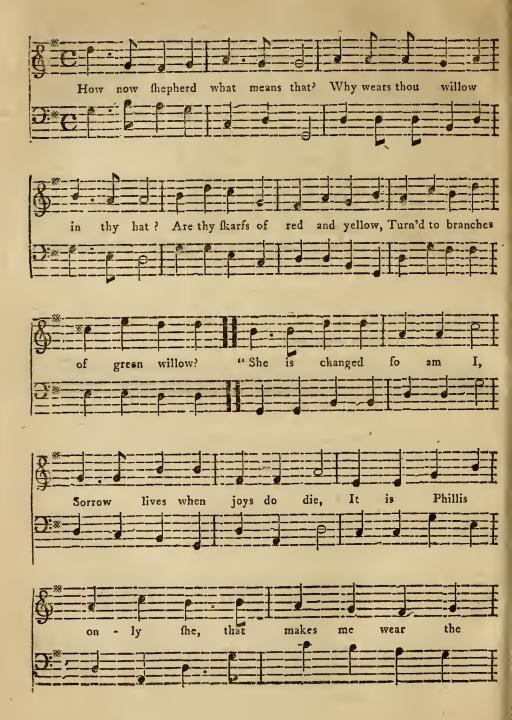
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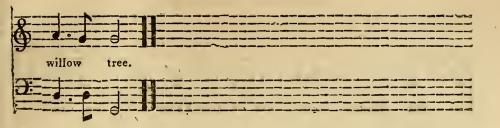


### SONG LV

### HOW NOW SHEPHERD.

#### ANTIENT





Come then, fhepherd, let us join, Since thy love is like to mine; For fhe I ever thought moft true, Has alfo chang'd me for a new. "Herdfman, if thy hap be fo, "Thou art partner of my wo; "Thine ill hap doth mine appeafe, "For companie doth forrow eafe.

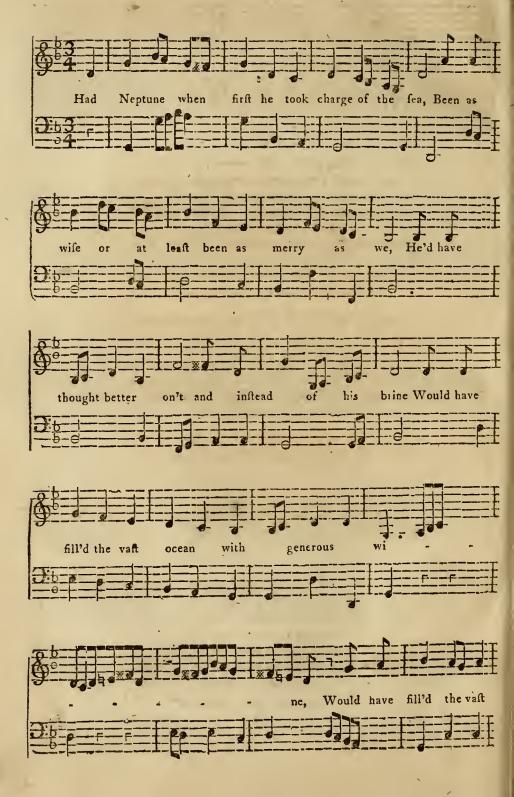
Courage, man, and do not mourn, For her who holds thy love in fcorn, Refpect not them who love not thee, But caft away thy willow tree. "For her fake I live in pyne, "Phillis once was true love mine, "Which forgotten ne'er fhall be, "Altho' I wear the willow tree."

Shepherd if thou'll be rul'd by me, Caft away the willow tree, For thy grief doth her content, She is pleafed if thou lament. "Herdfman I'll be rul'd by thee, "Here lies grief and willow tree, "Henceforth I will be as they "That love a new love ev'ry day."

VOL. III.

# SONG LVI.

HAD NEPTUNE WHEN FIRST.





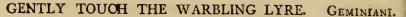
What trafficking then would have been on the main, For the fake of good liquor as well as for gain, No fear then of tempest, no danger of finking, The fishes ne'er drown that are always a drinking.

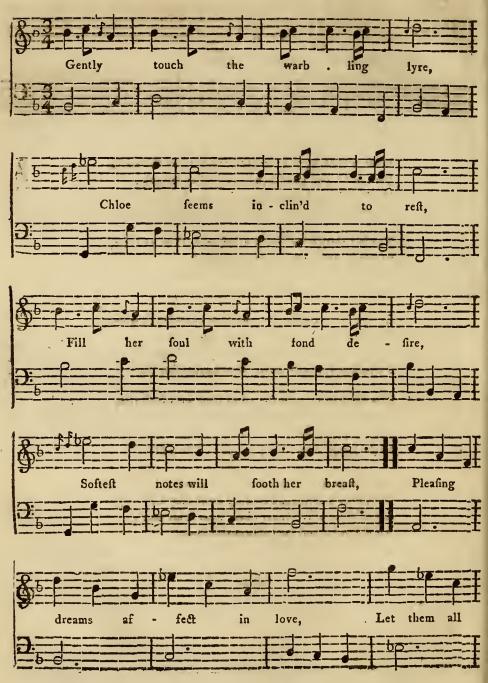
The hot thirsty fun would drive on with more hasse, Secure in the evining of such a repast, And when he got tipsey, would have taken his nap, With double the pleasure in Thesis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine, Confider how glorioufly Phebus would fhine, What vaft exhalations he'd draw up on high, To relieve the poor earth, as it wanted fupply.

How happy, we mortals, when bleft with fuch rain, To fill all our veffels again and again, The beggar himfelf that has never a difh, Might jump in the river, and drink like a fifh.

Had this been the cafe, what had we enjoy'd, Our fpirits fill rifing, our fancy ne'er cloy'd ! A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r, 'To flip like a fool fuch a fortunate hour.





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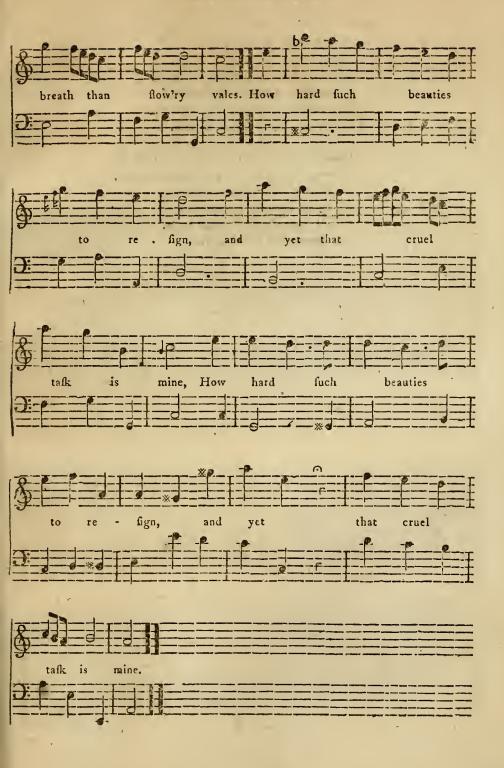
On the moffy bank the lyes, Nature's verdant velvet bed, Beauteous flowrets meet her eyes Forming pillows for her head, Zephyrs waft their odours round, And indulging whifpers found.

### SONG LVIII.

HOW GENTLE WAS MY DAMON'S AIR.

gentle was my Damon's air, Like fun - ny beams his golden hair, His voice was nigh . tin . gale's More 

ARNE

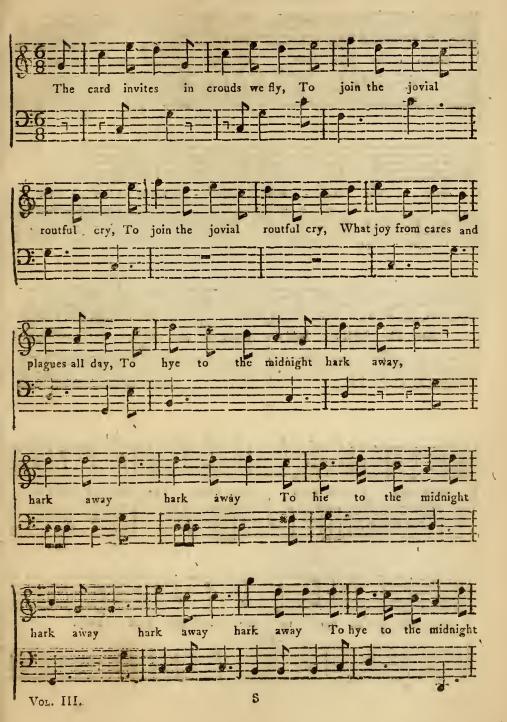


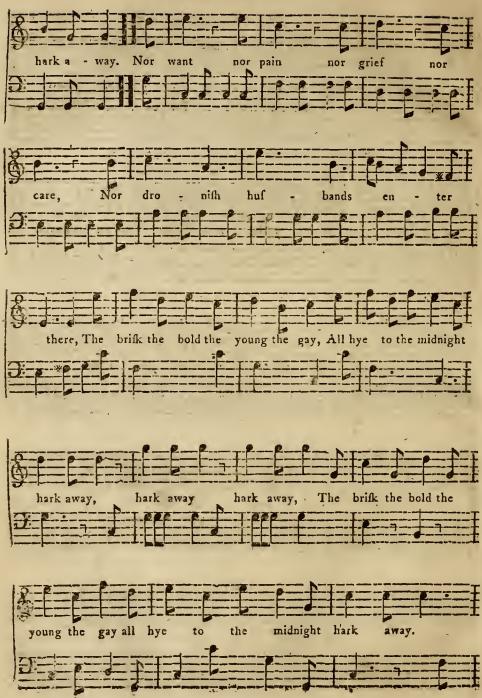
On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove, Along the margin of each fiream, Dear confcious fcenes of former love, I mourn and Damon is my theme, The hills, the groves, the fireams remain. But Damon there I feek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fied, Groves, flocks and fountains pleafe no more, Each flow'r in pity droops its head, All nature does my lofs deplore, All, all reproach the faithlefs fwain, Yet Damon fiill I feek in vain.

# SONG LIX,

# THE CARD INVITES.





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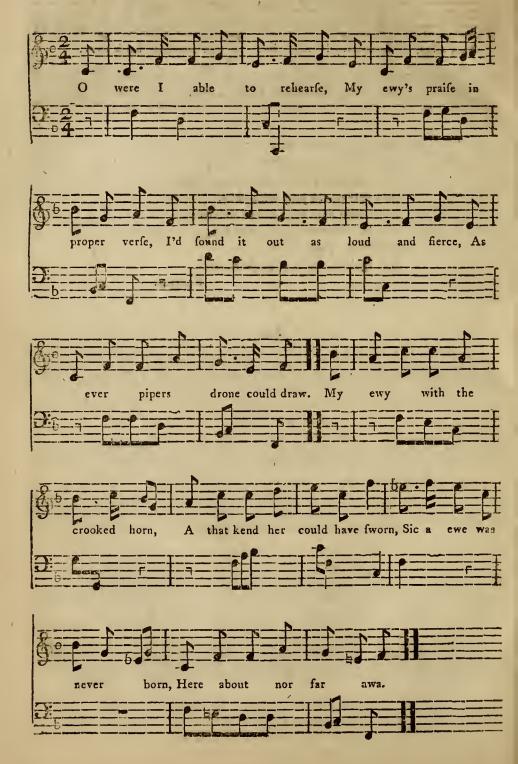
Uncounted firikes the morning clock, And drowfy watchmen idly knock; Till day light peeps we fport and play, And roar to the jolly hark away. When tir'd with fport to bed we creep; And kill the tedious day with fleep, To-morrow's welcome call obey, And again to the midnight hark away.

GARRICE;

52

# SONG LX.

THE EWY AND THE CROOKED HORN.



-

A better or a thriftier beaft, Na honeft man could e'er ha' wift, For filly thing fhe never mift,

To ha' ilk year a lamb or twa. , My ewy &c.

The first she had I ga' to Jock, To be to him a kind of stock, And now the laddie has a slock;

Of mair nor thirty head to ca'. My ewy &c.

The nieft I ga' to Jean; and now, The bairns fae braw, her fauld fae fu' The lads fae thick come her to woo,

They're fain to fleep on hay or flraw. My ewy &c.

When other ewies lap the dyke, And eat the kail, for a the tyke, My ewy never play'd the like,

But tees'd about the barn yard wa' My ewy &c.

Cauld or hunger never dang her, Wind or rain could never wrang her, Ance fhe lay a week and langer,

Out aneath a wreath o' fnaw. My ewy &c.

I looked ay at even for her, Left mifhanter fhould come o'er her, Or the fumart might devour her,

Gin the beaftie bade awa.

My ewy &c.

Yet Monday laft for a' my keeping,
I canna fpeak it without greeting,
A villain cam' when I, was fleeping,
And flaw, my ewy, horn and a'.

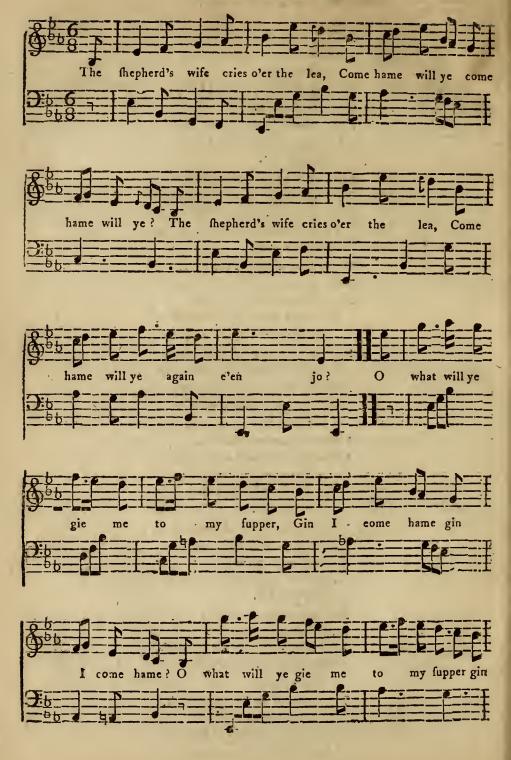
My ewy &c.

Dear filly thing to lofe her life, Aneath a greedy villain's knife ! I'm really fear'd that our goodwife, Will never get aboon't ava'. My ewy &c.

But gin I had the loon that did it, I hae fworn as well as faid it, Tho' a' the warld fhould forbid it, I shall gie his neck a thraw, My ewy &c.

### SONG LXI.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE.





Ye's get a panful of plumping parridge, And butter in them, and butter in them, Ye's get a panful of plumping parridge, Gin ye will come hame again e'en, Jo.

Na, na, na. that's naething I trow, I winna come hame, I canna come hame, Na, na, na, that's naething I trow, I canna come hame again e'en, jo.

Ye's get a fat hen weel fried i' the pan, Gin y'ell come hame, gin y'ell come hame, Ye's get a fat hen weel fried i' the pan, Gin ye will come hame again e'en, jo. Na, na, na, &c.

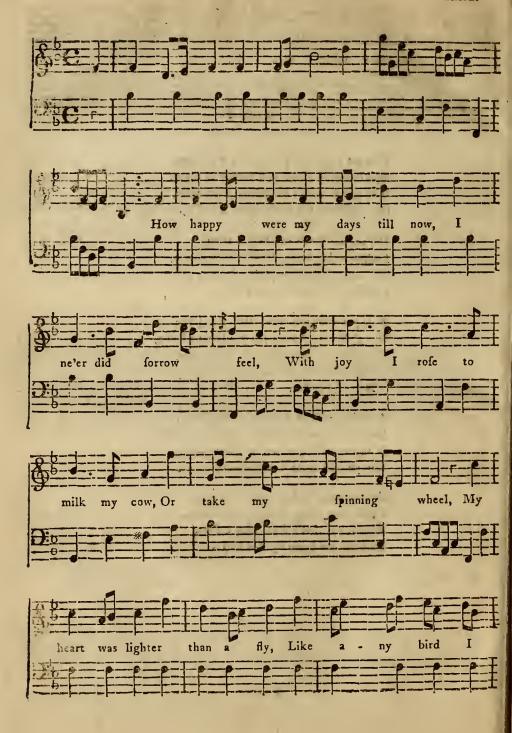
A luving wife in a pair o' clean fheets, Gin ye'll come hame, gin ye'll come hame, A luving wife in a pair o' clean fheets, Gin ye will come hame again e'en, jo.

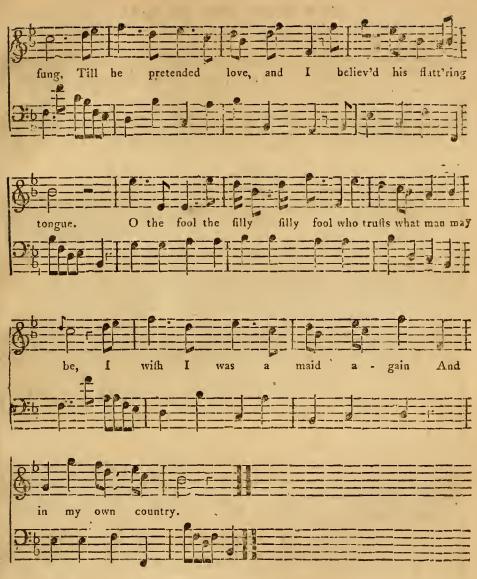
Ay, ay, ay; that's fomething a-dow, I will come hame, I'll hafte me hame, Ay, ay, ay, that's fomething a-dow, I'll hafte me hame again e'en jo,

# SONG LXH.

HOW HAPPY WERE MY DAYS.

ARNE.





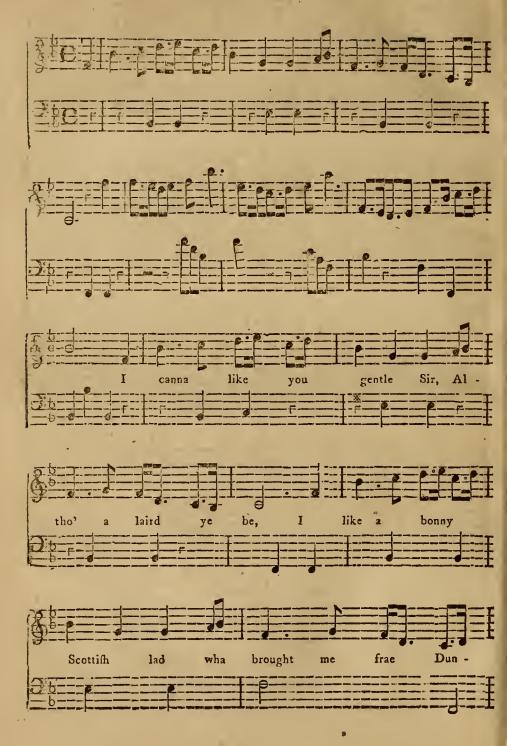
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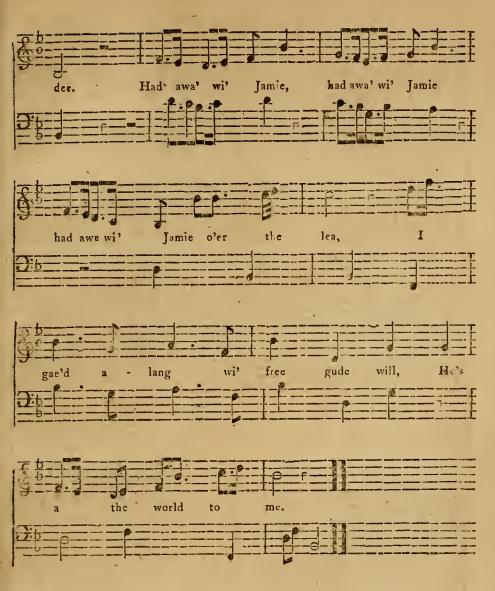
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### S O N G LXIII.

THE DUNDEE LASSIE.

SMIELD.





I'le gang wi? Jamie frae Dundee, To chear the lanefome way, His cheeks are ruddy o'er wi' health He's frolick as the May. Had awa &c.

The lav'rock mounts to hail the morn, The Jint-white fivells her throat, But neither are fae fiveet fae clear, As Jamie's tunefu', note. Had awa &cc.

Τ 2

#### SONG LXIV.

#### JOHN COME KISS ME NOW.

\*\* It is well known that in Scotland, foon after the Reformation, it became a practice to fing hymns and portions of feripture in verfe, (perhaps even in the churches) to common popular tunes. In a collection of thefe "Good and godlic ballats for avoiding fin and harlotrie" printed at Edinburgh, by Robert Smyth, about the year 1590, twelve of them begin with the first line, or the first stanza of as many common profine fongs; viz.

John come kifs me now-Mufic and part of the words follow thefe remarks.

Into a mirthful May morning-Song 66 of this number.

With huntis up with huntis up-Mufic and words not known.

The wind blaws cauld, furious and bald-Mufic probably "To drive the cold winter away" words not known.

Hay now the day dawis-Music, " Hey tutti tati," words not known.

All my leife leave me not-Mufic, if not an old fet of "I'll never leave thee," probably, "Remember O thou man" Vol. I. S. 8. Words not known.

Down by you liver I ran-Mufic and words not known.

Alace that fome fueit face-Mufic and words not known.

My luve that murns for me-Mufic and words not known.

Who's at my window, who, who-Mufic and words not known.

For love of one I make my moan-Mufic and words not known.

Hey trix, trim go trix—Mufic not known, probably thefe are the original words. Some of thefe ballats are fatyrical invectives against the Roman Catholic Clergy, a few feem to be ridiculous parodies on profane fongs; but the greater part are quite ferious, and fit for Church-fervice. The godlie words of thefe twelve fongs will appear in an improved edition of the Evergreen now in the prefs.

It would feem, however, that the mufic of thefe godlie ballats was fomething very different from the vulgar tunes. In fact it was a harmonic composition, of 4 or more parts, where the original fimple air is not to be difcovered, but with fome difficulty. The following choral fet of *john come kifs me now*, is faithfully copied from an antient manufcript collection,<sup>\*</sup> and certainly contains the well known original tune; but it can be found only by fearching through all the four parts, note by note, in progreffive order.

From the fame manufcript is copied the next fucceeding fong, in four parts, which must be of great antiquity, as the words appear in the Bannatyne manufcript, 1568, Advocates library of Edinburgh. Below the 4 parts we have ventured to put down, what we conceive to have been the ground work of this composition, every note of which is to be found immediately above, in one or other of the 4 parts. If this be a sight conjecture, it follows, that the air of *Gramachree*' vies in antiquity with *John come kifs me now*; and that altho' none of our fimple Scottish melodies occur in the antient printed or manufcript collections, yet feveral of them probably may be discovered in this manner, among the drawling 4 part fongs of the 16th century. They were the fongs of the vulgar. and neglected by the learned, until 1724, when Allan Ramfav published the music of his Tea table Miscellany. Tom Durfey a few years before had payed the way for him, with his *Pills to purge melancholy*, in 6 vols. 12°,

. Mr Campbell's before mentioned,

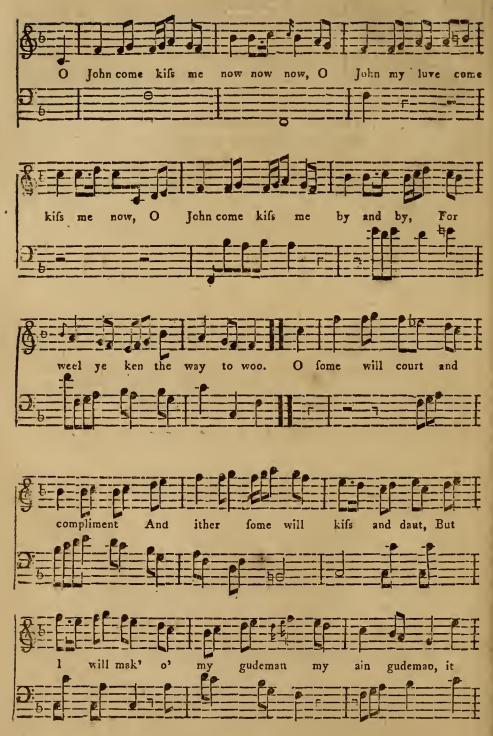
#### SONG LXV.

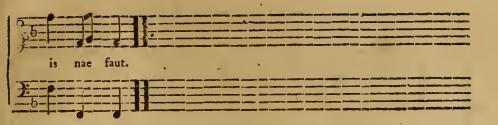
JOHN COME KISS ME NOW 1590 ..



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The Modern Set.

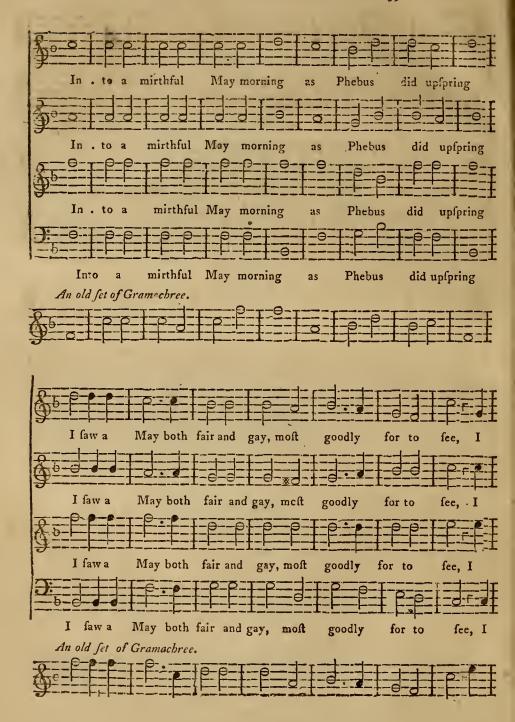




O fome will court and compliment, And ither fome will prie their mou, And fome will huss in ithers arms, And that's the way I like to woo.

#### SONG LXVI.

# INTO A MIRTHFUL MAY MORNING. 1599.





Wherefore I pray have mind on me, True love wherever you be, " Wherever I go both to and fro, You have my heart alright, O lady! fair of hue, I me commend to you, Both the day and night.

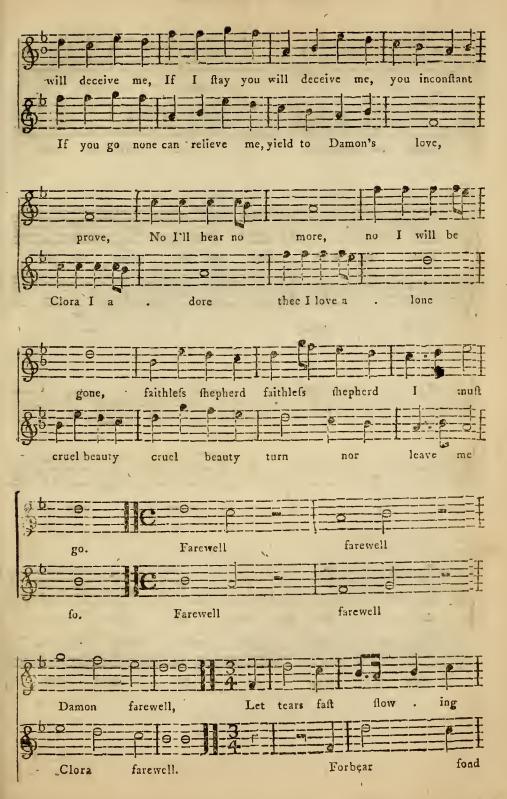
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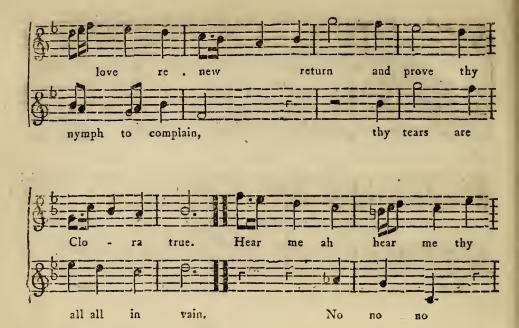
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# SONG LXVII.

DAMON AND CLORA.



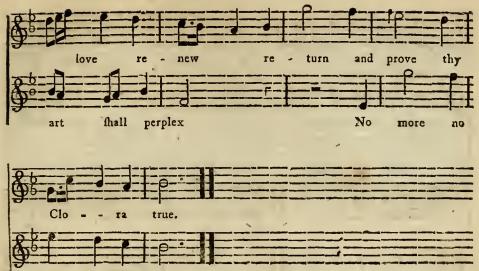








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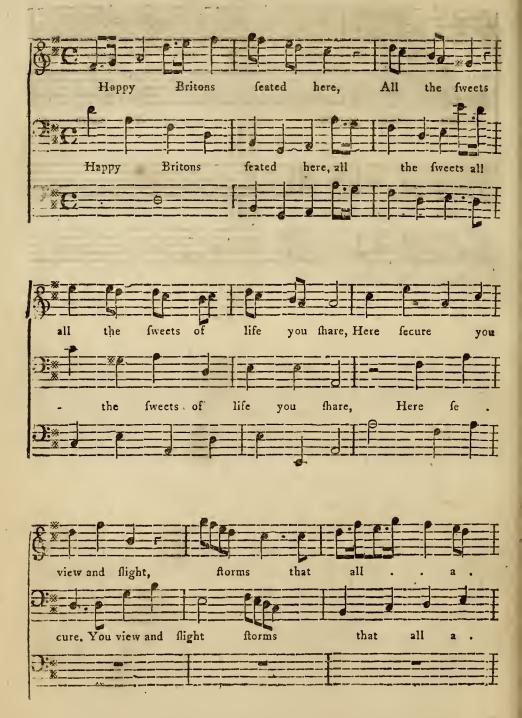


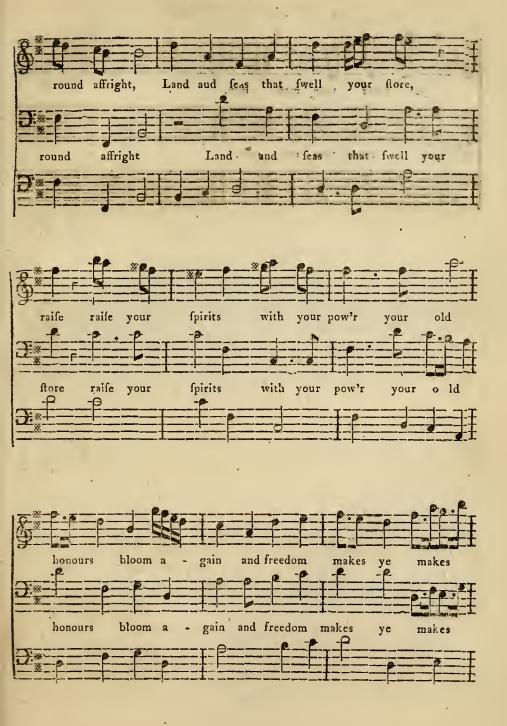


shall perplex.

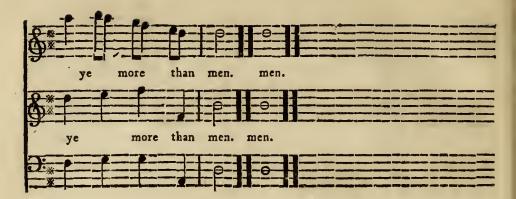
# SONG LXVIII

BRITAIN'S HAPPINESS.



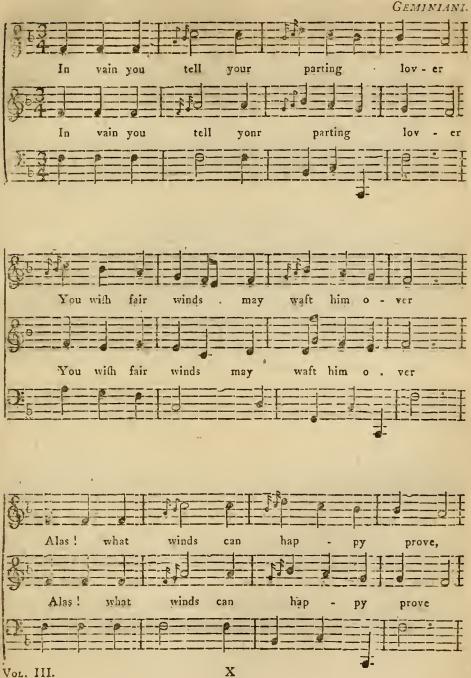


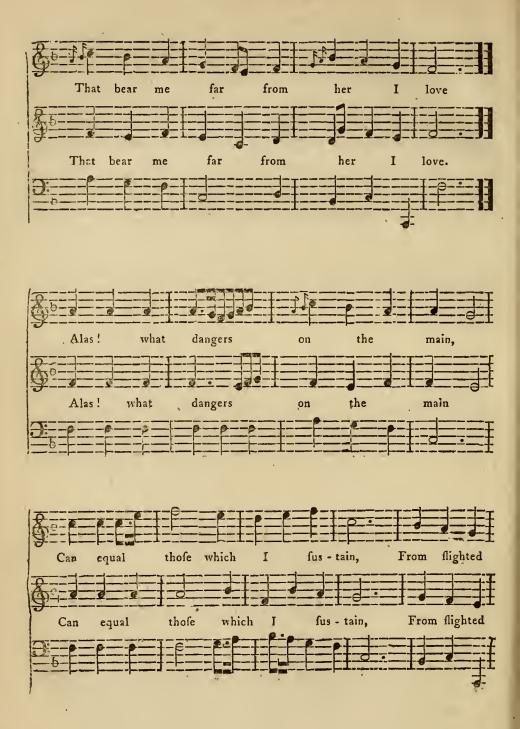
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## SONG LXIX.

IN VAIN YOU TELL YOUR PARTING LOVER.





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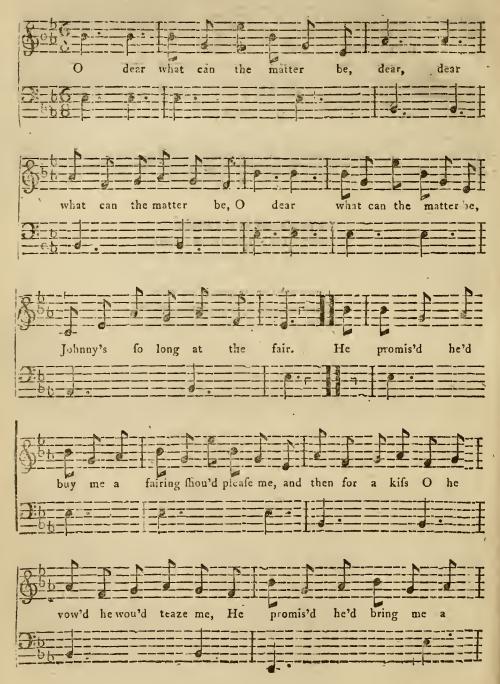


Be gentle, and in pity chufe, To with the wildeft tempeft loofe, That thrown at once upon the coaft, Where first my thipwreckt heart was loft, I may once more repeat my pain, Once more in dying notes complain, Of flighted vows, and cold difdain,

X 2

# SONG LXX.

O DEAR WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE.





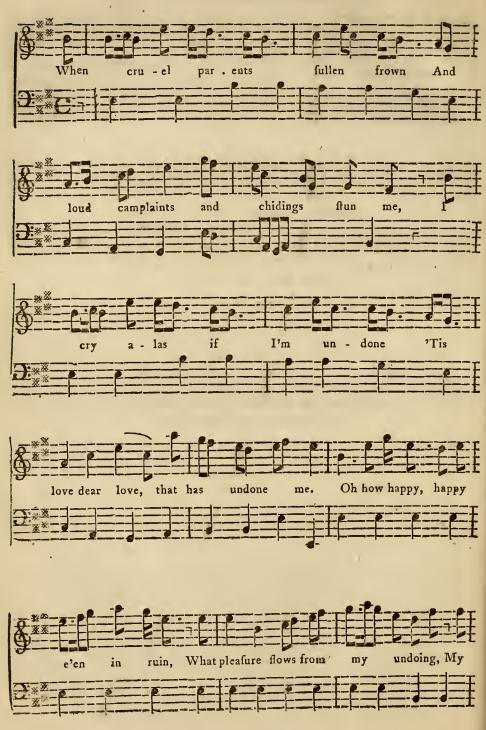
O dear what can the matter be Dear! dear! what can the matter be, O! dear what can the matter be, Johnny's fo long at the fair! He promis'd to buy me a pair of blue flockings, A pair of new garters that coft him but two-pence, He promis'd he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons,

To tie up my bonny brown hair.

O! dear what can the matter be, Dear ! dear ! what can the matter be, O ! dear what can the matter be, Johnny's fo long at the fair ! He promis'd he'd bring me a bafket of pofies, A garland of lilies, a garland of rofes, A little ftraw hat to fet off the blue ribbons, That tie up my bonny brown hair.

#### S O N G LXXI.

WHEN CRUEL PARENTS SULLEN FROWN.



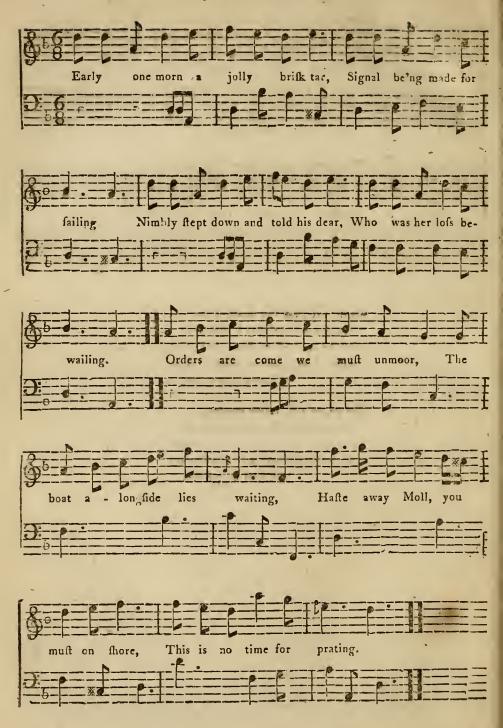


No terrors from the world I fee, No fear of babblers I difcover, Talk on, gay world, the world to me, Is my dear, conftant, conftant lover. Oh how happy &c.

Can ye, ye old, refufe confent, Oh let not rigid rules entrap ye, For what means prudence but content, Or what content, but to be happy? Oh how happy &c.

#### SONG LXXII

THE JOLLY BRISK TAR.



Molly with arms about his neck, Look'd as if life had left, her,

So fad a word from her dear Jack,

Of spirits quite bereft her; He, seeing her cheeks to look so wan,

Laugh'd at the filly creature, Till from her heart the blood began, To brighten ev'ry feature,

<sup>61</sup> Prithee, my dear, fince I must go, Why fuch concern at parting,

You may be happy you well know, Other mens wives concerting'

- "O no, my dear, fay no fuch thing-Should I e'er ceafe from crying ?
- I should perhaps rejoice and fing, If you by a shot lay dying !

Just as she spoke old Trinculo's call, All hands aloft did rattle,

Jack with a frown, cries zounds, come Moll, This is no time for prattle.

Into the boat—the fhip's on way. Molly climbs flowly over ;

At e'ery flep, fhe cries day, day, And fighs do her fears difcover.

Now afar off with watry cyes, She faw the fhip a failing,

Thither she looks and there she cries, Speech o'er her tears prevailing,

" Oh there he goes, my dear is gone, Gone is my heart's defire,

Oh! may the bullets mils my John, That is all I require."

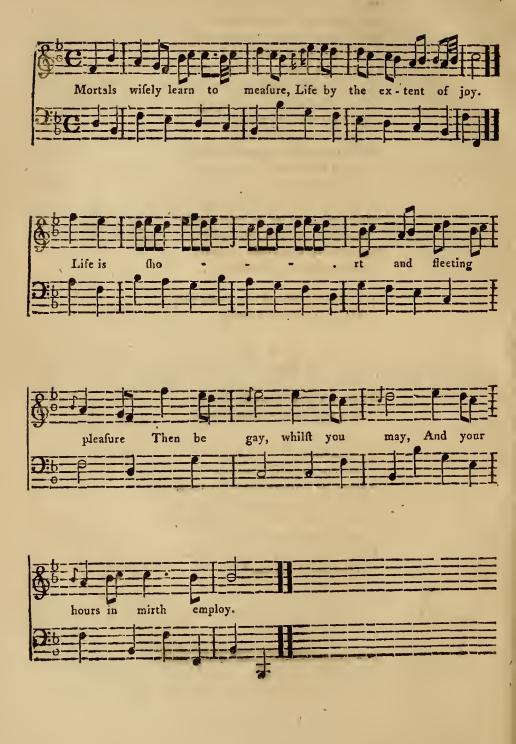
VOL. III.

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### SONG LXXIIL

MORTALS WISELY LEARN TO MEASURE

HANDEL.



Never let thy miftrefs pain you, Tho' fhe meet you with a frown, Fly to wine,'twill foon unchain you, Chear thy heart, Aud all fmart

In a fweet oblivion drown.

If love's fiercer flames (hould feize thee, 'To fome gentle maid repair, She'll with foft endearments eafe thee, On her breaft, Lull'd to reft. Eas'd of love and free from care.

Friendfhip, love and wine united, From all ills defend the mind, By them guarded and delighted, Happy flate ! Smile at fate, And leave forrow to the wind.

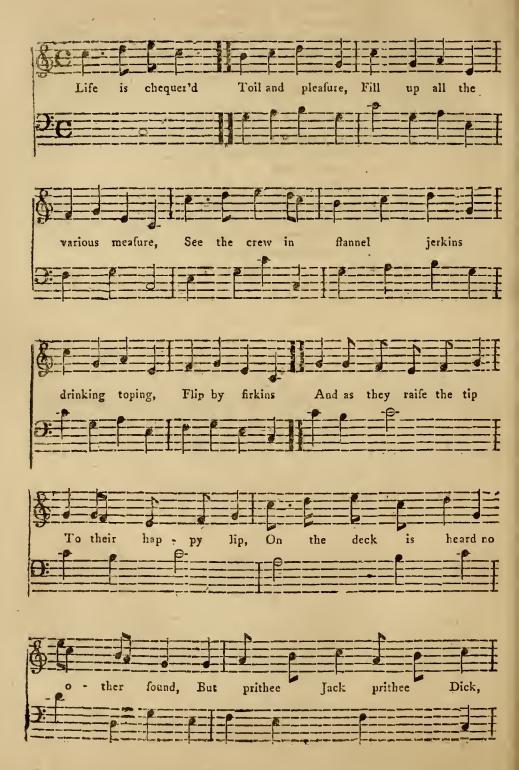
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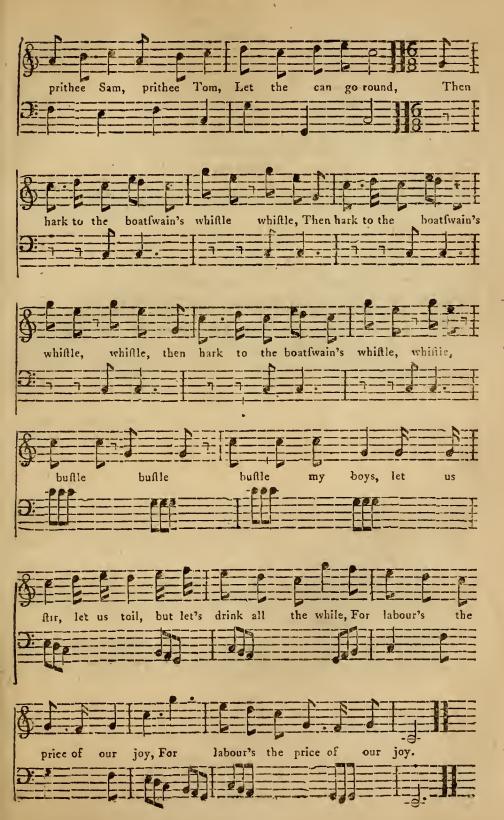
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### S O N G LXXIV.

### LIFE IS CHEQUER'D.

#### DR. GREEN.





Life is chequer'd-Toil and pleafure, Fill up all the various medfure, Hark the Crew in fun brunt faces, Chaunting black-ey'd Sufan's graces, And as they raife their notes, Thro' their rufty throats. On the deck is heard no other found, But prithee Jack, prithee Dick, Prithee Sam, prithee Tom, Let the can go round. Then hark to the boatfwain' whiftle, whiftle, &c. Life is chequer'd-Toil and pleafure, Fill up all the various measure; Hark the crew, their cares discarding, With huftle-cap, or with chuck farthing, Still in a merry pin, Let 'em lofe or win, On the deck is heard no other found, But prithee Jack, prithee Dick, &c.

# SONG LXXV.

FAIR AURORA.

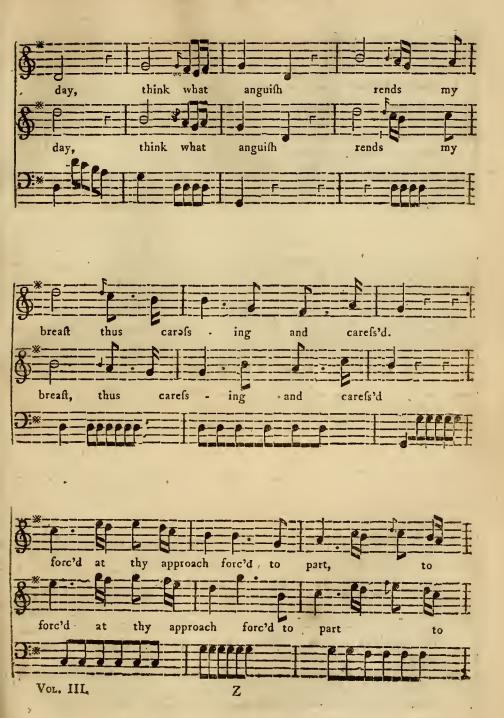
ARNE











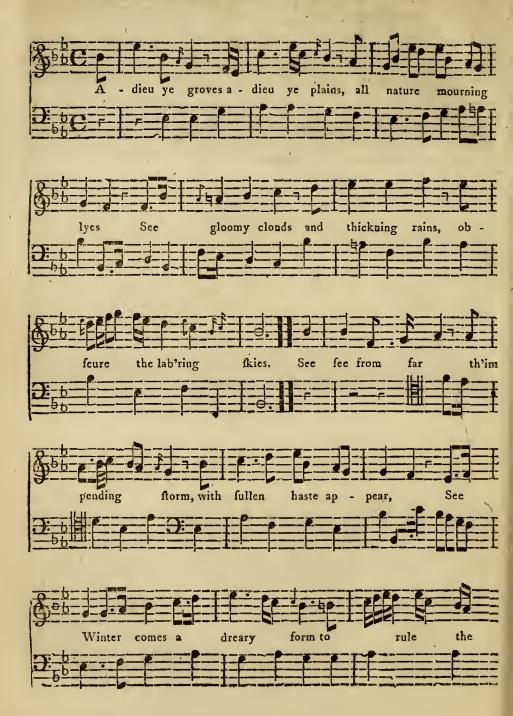




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# SONG LXXVI

#### WINTER.





No more the lambs with gamefome bound, Rejoice the gladden'd fight, No more the gay enamell'd ground, Or fylvan fcenes delight. Thus, lovely Nancy, much lov'd maid, Thy early charms muft fail, Thy rofe muft droop, the lily fade, And Winter foon prevail.

Again the lark, (fweet bird of day,) May rife on active wing, Again the fportive herds may play, And hail reviving fpring. But youth, my fair, fees no return, The pleafing bubble's o'er, In vain its fleeting joys you mourn, They fall to bloom no more.

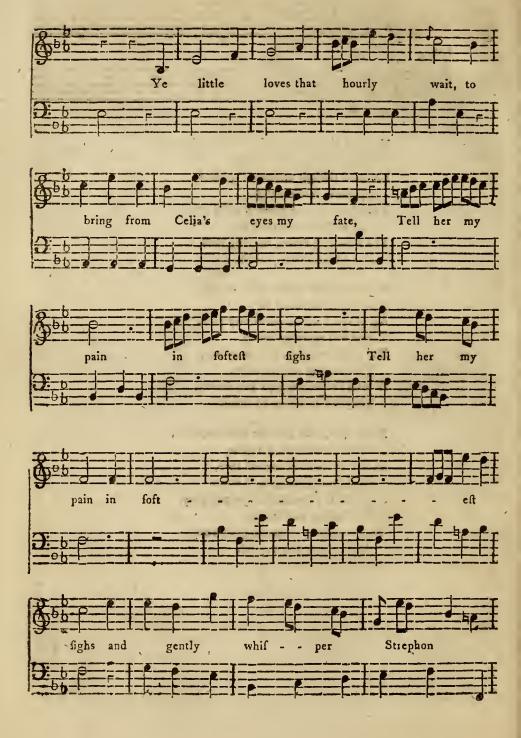
Hafte then, dear girl, the time improve, Which art can ne'er regain,
In blifsful fcenes of mutual love, With fome diftinguifh'd fwain.
So fhall life's fpring, like jocund May, Pafs fmiling and ferene,
Thus Summer, Autumn, glide away,
And Winter late gramit

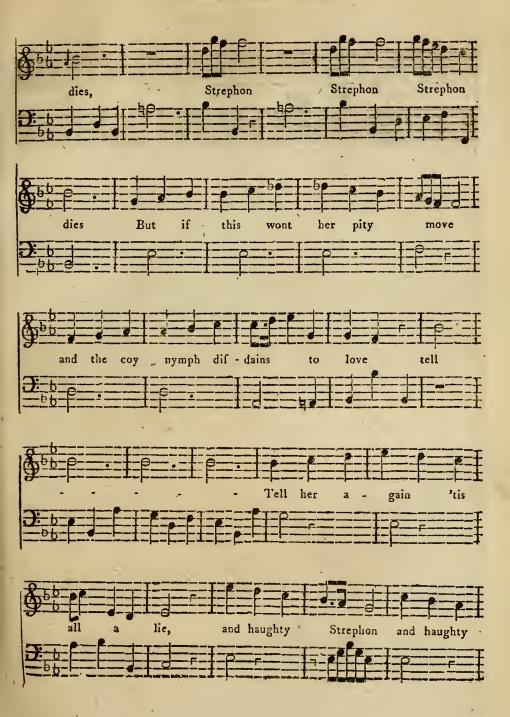
And Winter late prevail.

## SONG LXXVII.

#### YE LITTLE LOVES.

## LORD KELLY.

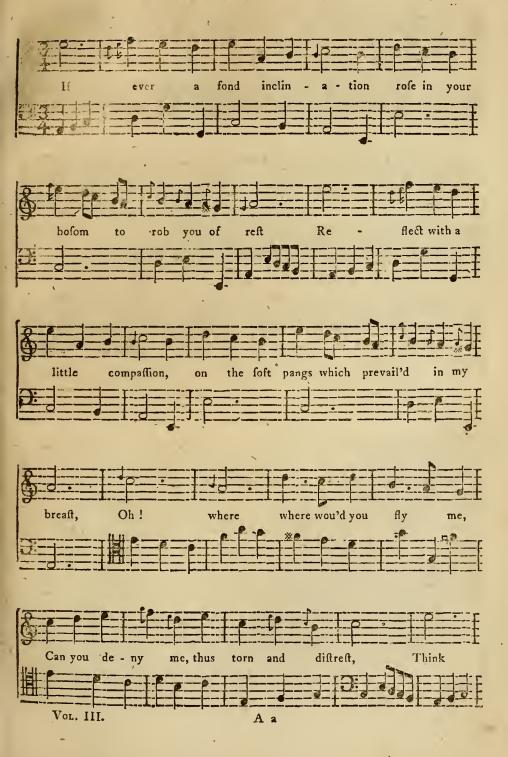


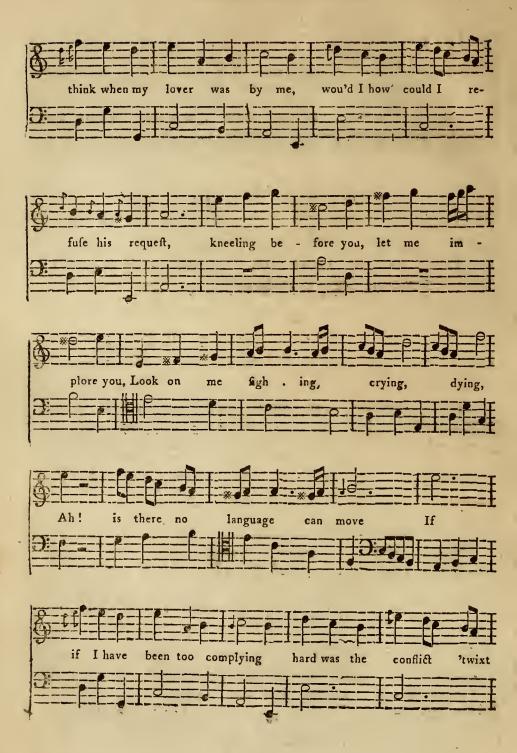




## SONG LXXVIII.

IF EVER A FOND INCLINATION. GEMINIANI.

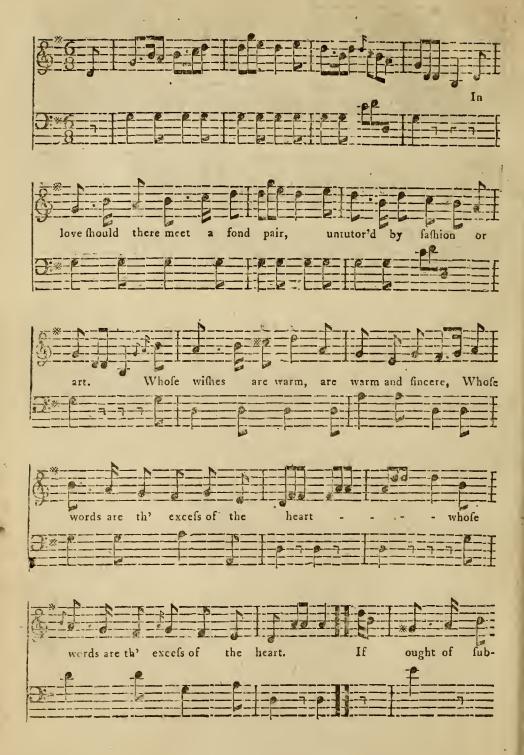


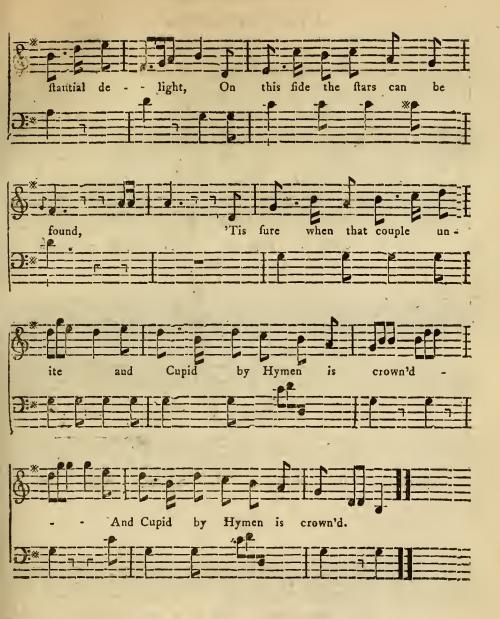




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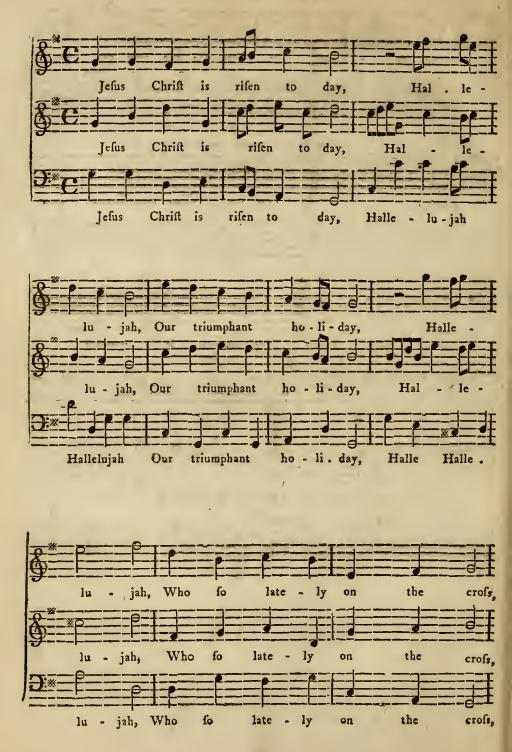
IN LOVE SHOULD THERE MEET A FOND PAIR.





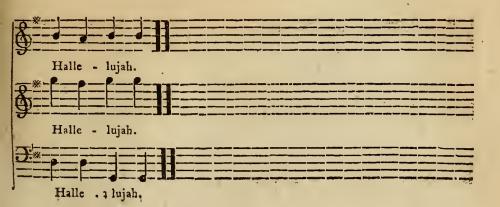
# SONG LXXX.

A FAVOURITE HYMN.









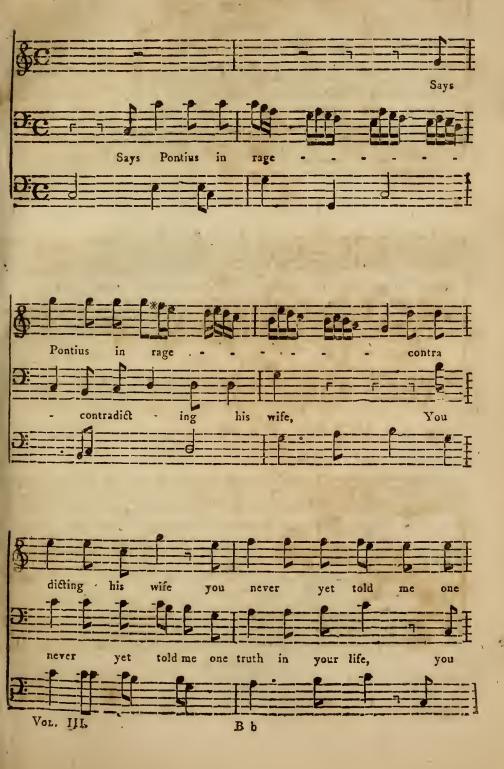
Hymns of praifes let us fing. hal. &c, Unto Chrift our heav'nly king, hal. &c. Who endur'd both crofs and grave, hal. &c. Sinners to redeem and fave, hal. &c.

But the pains which he endur'd, hal, &c. Our falvation has procur'd, hal. &c. Now he reigns above the fky, hal, &c. Where the angels ever cry, hal. &c.

# SONG LXXXI.

SAYS PONTIUS IN RAGE.

TRAVERS.

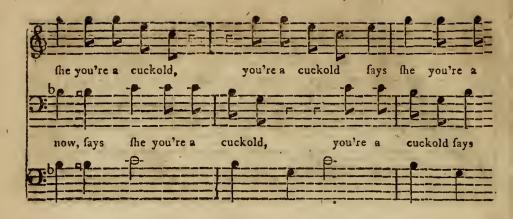






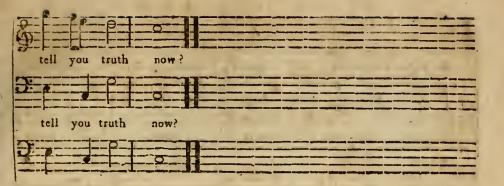






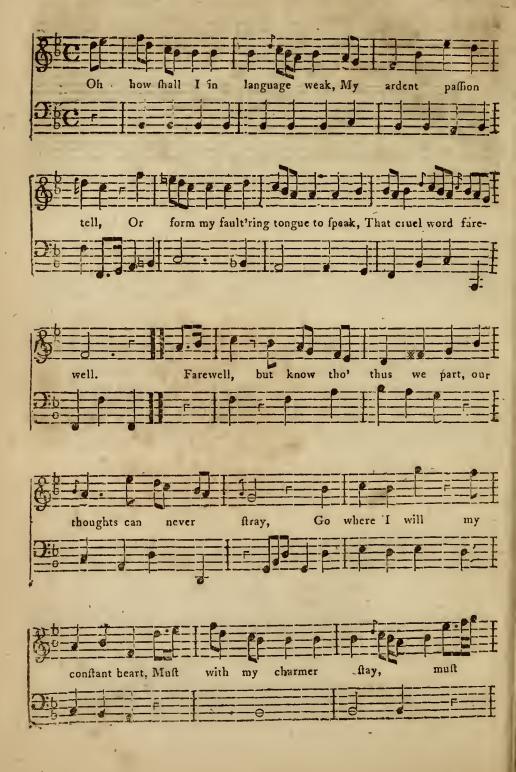






## SONG LXXXII.

OH! HOW SHALL I IN LANGUAGE WEAK. CARET.





# SONG LXXXIII.

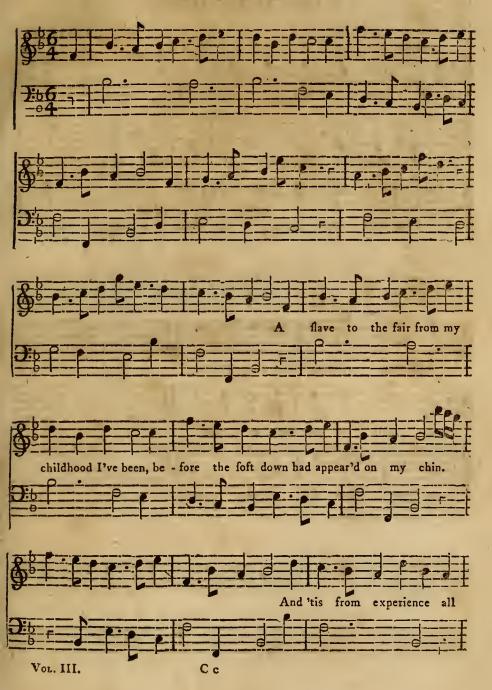
O DICK AND STREPHON.

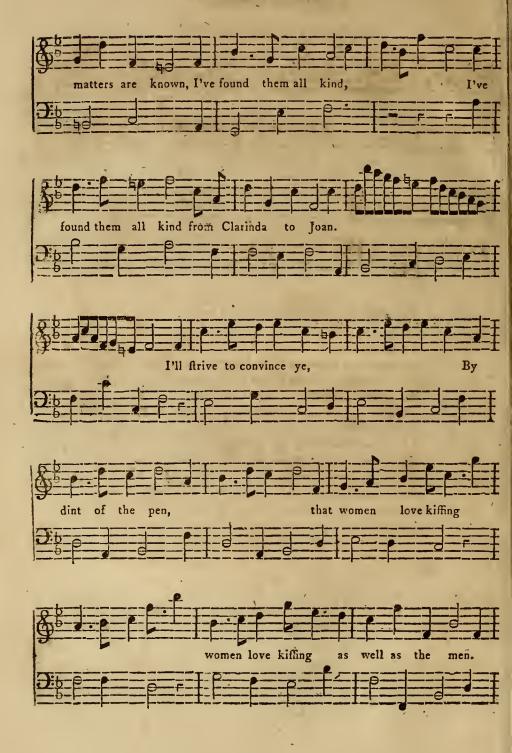


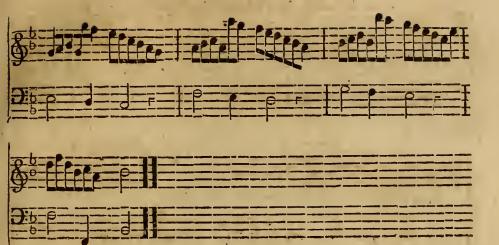


# S O N G LXXXIV.

A SLAVE TO THE FAIR.







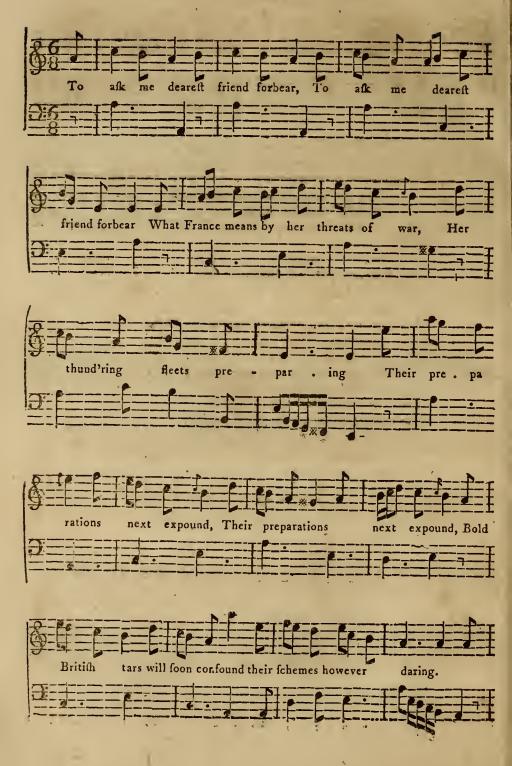
Fair Celia devoutly read lectures to me, She wonder'd what pleafure in kiffing might be, I prefs'd her to try it and then fpeak her mind, She made the fweet proof and foon became kind, Then anfwer'd me foftly "Don't try it again," But women love kiffing as well as the men.

That women are cruel, is all a miftake, For ev'ry fair female at heart is a rake, 'Tis conduct, ye lovers, the damfel fecures, Stick clofe to her lips she's infallibly yours. And fearch through the fex, I'li fay tweety to ten, All women love kiffing as well as the men.

C.c.2

#### SONG LXXXV.

TO ASK ME DEAREST FRIEND.





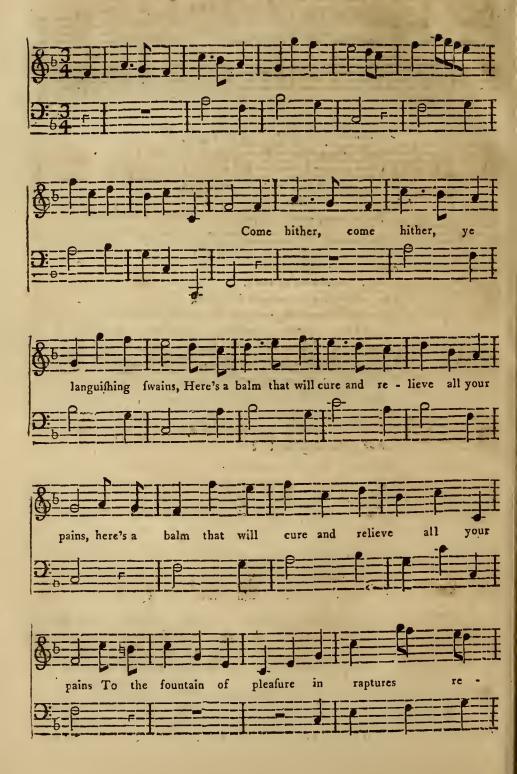
Our blooming youth, with all its flights, Its jovial days, and blifsful nights, What various joys attend, When time has powder'd o'er with fnow, Our locks, what have we more to do, With father, brother, friend ?

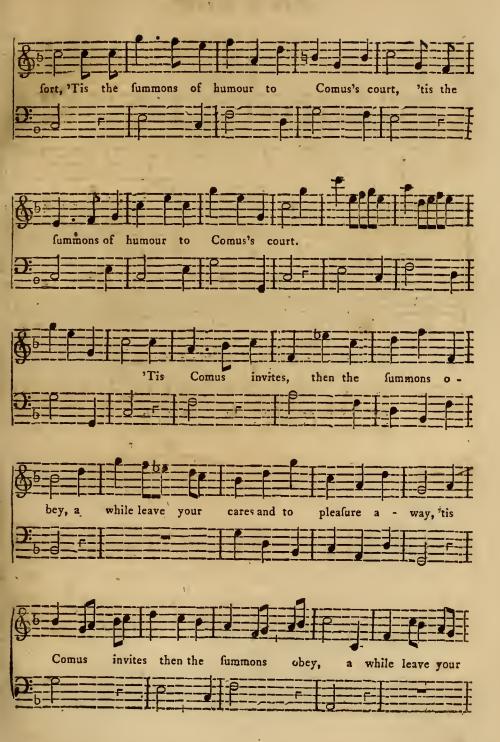
The flow'rs that yearly glad the fight, And Luna's variable light, Will fade and be no more, Then why this anxious care and ftrife, This trouble for fo fhort a life, That's dying ev'ry hour ?

Let us my friend in fome cool thade, For fecrecy and friendthip made, The fleeting hours improve, 'Tis wine alone difpels our care, The glafs will drown to morrow's care, Aud make us fit for laye

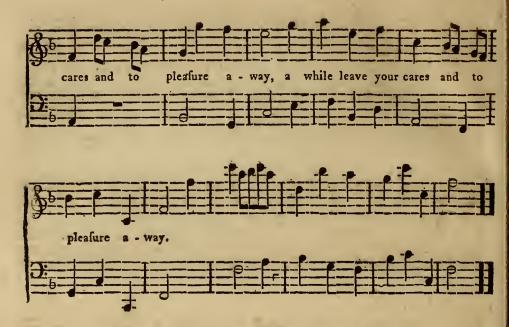
# SONG LXXXVI.

COMUS'S COURT.





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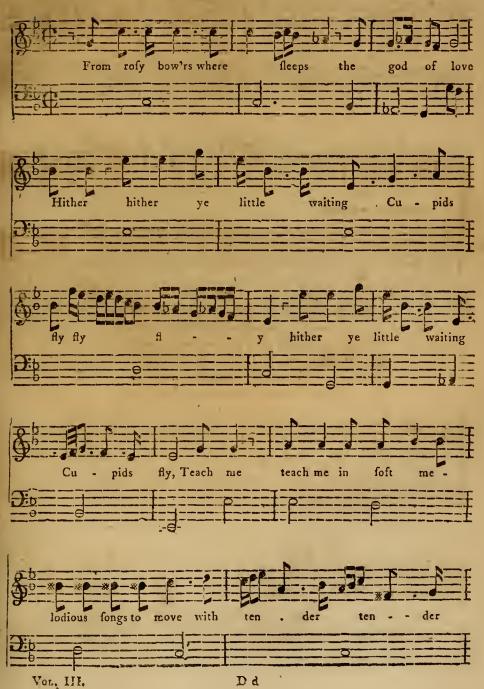


Here Phæbus shall sing, and old Momus shall laugh, And his bottle of nectar brave Bacchus shall quaff ; When Time, honess Time for a while shall be still, And sit down like a fool till he tipples his fill, Nor care nor mistrust shall intrude on our joys, For tis Comus invites—then away my brave boys.

### SONG LXXXVII.

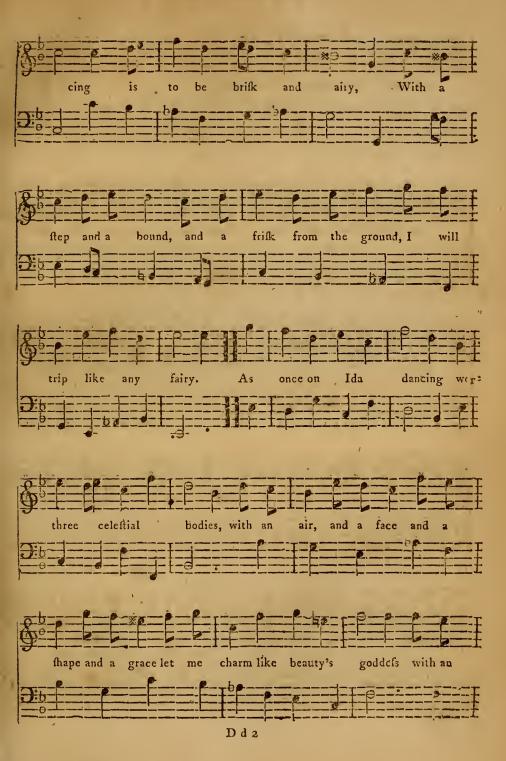
### ROSY BOWERS.

#### PURCEL.

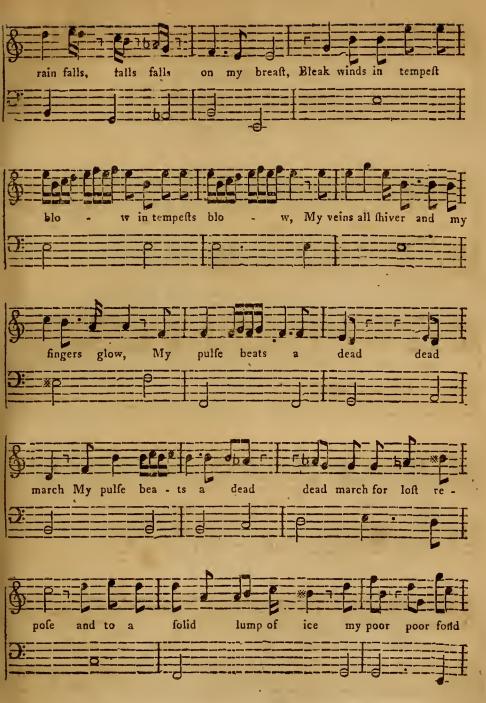


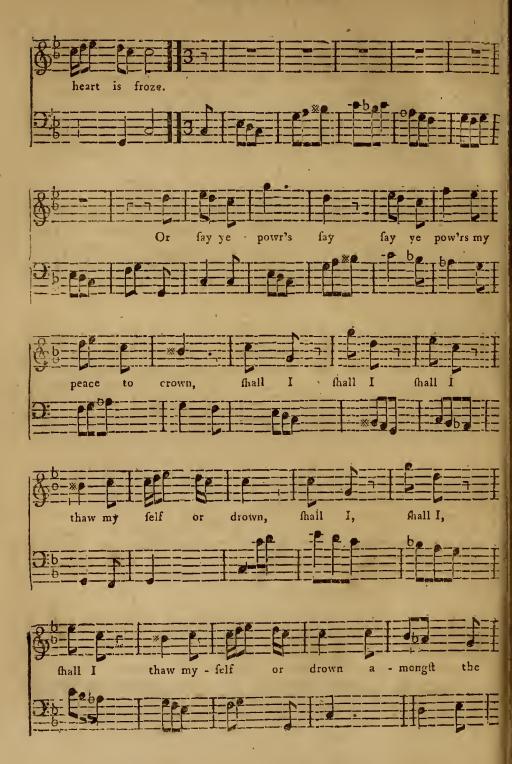


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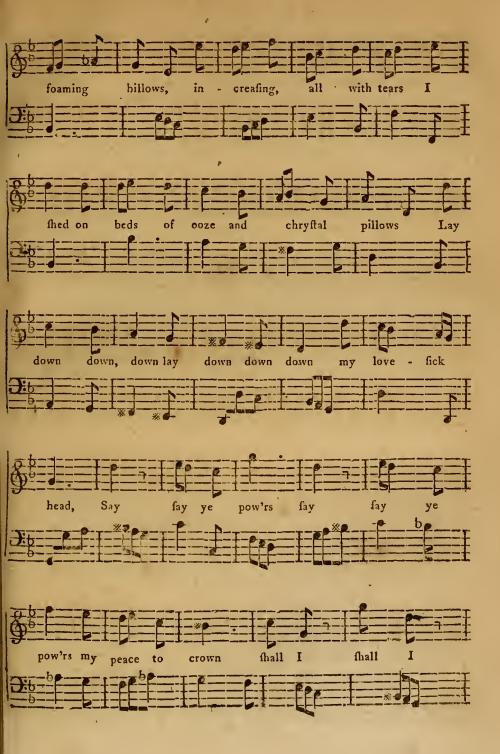


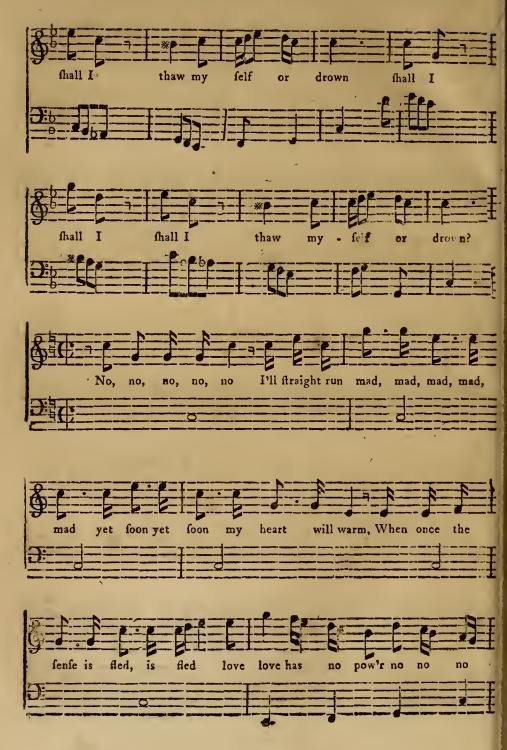






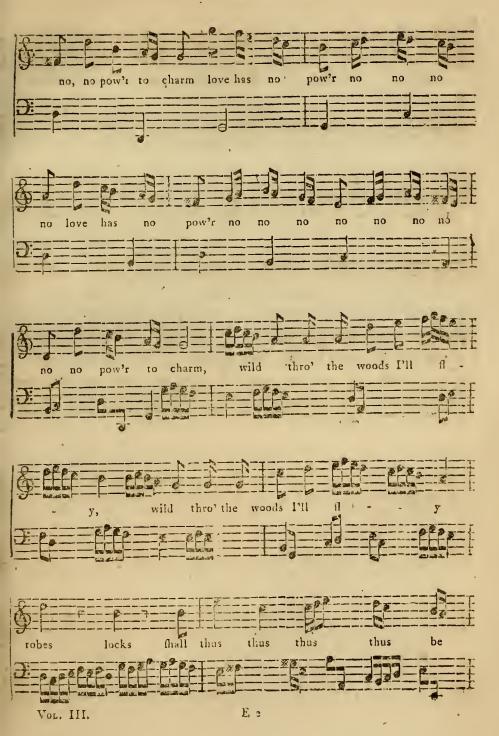
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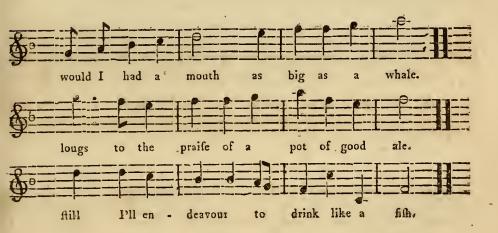






# SONG LXXXVIII. O ALE AB ALENDO.

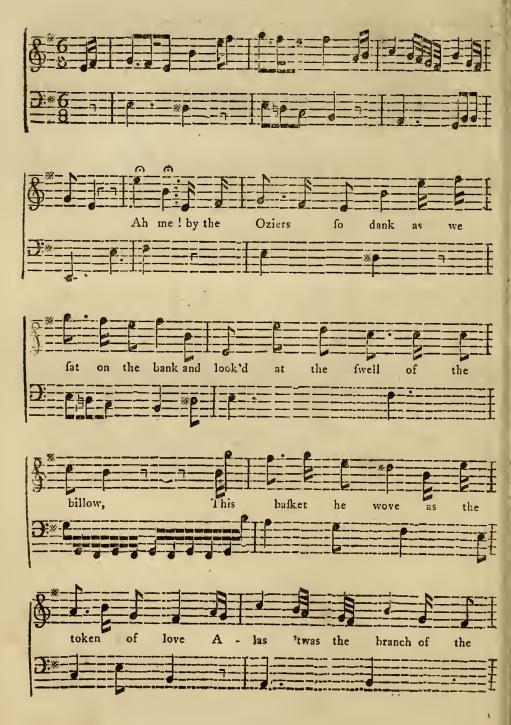




Eas

#### SONG LXXXIX.

THE BRANCH OF THE WILLOW. SHIELD.

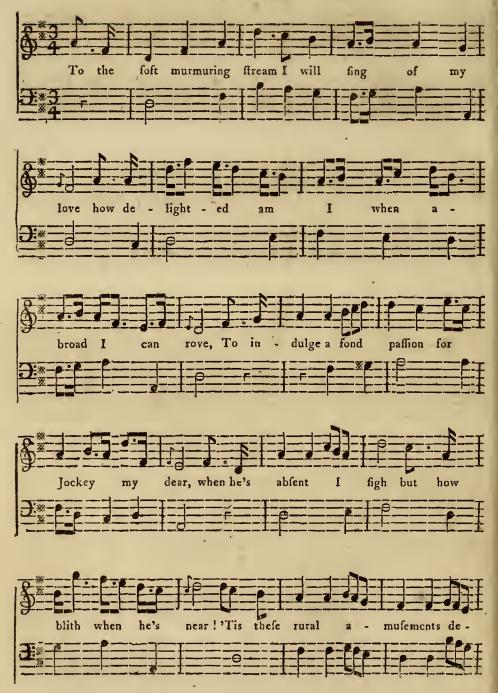


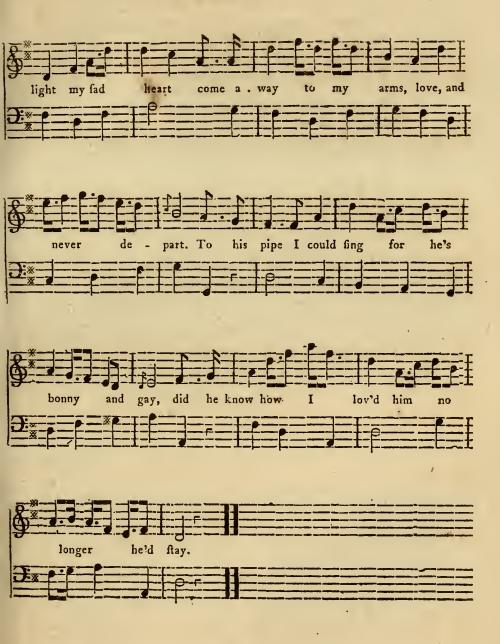


Now fad all the day, Through the meadows I ftray. And reft flies at night from my pillow, The garland I wore, From my ringlets I tore, Alas! muft I wear the green willow.

#### SONG XC.

THE BANKS OF THE TWEED.





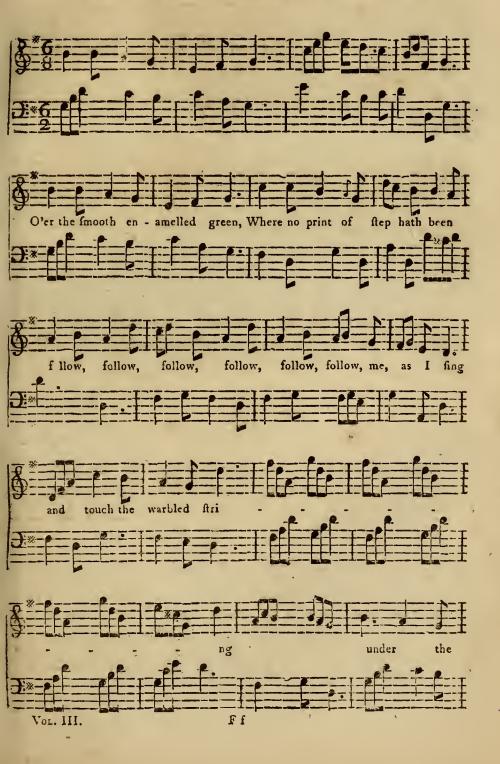
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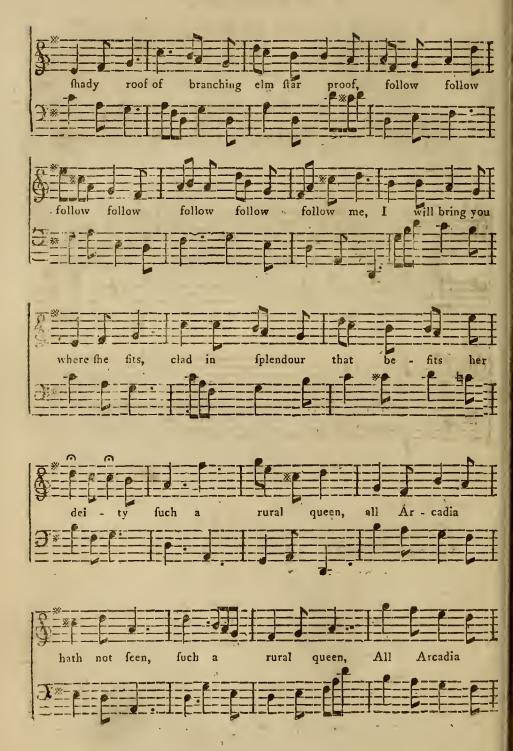
Neither linnet nor nightingale fing half fo fweet, And the foft melting firain did kind eccho repeat, It fo ravifh'd my heart and delighted my ear-Swift as light'ning I flew to the arms of my dear. She, furpriz'd and detected fome moments did fland, Like the rofe was her cheek and the lily her hand, Which fhe placed on her breaft, and faid Jockey I fear, I have been too imprudent, pray how came you here ?

For to vifit my ewes, and to fee my lambs play, By the banks of the Tweed and the groves I did ftray, But my Jenny, dear Jenny, how oft have I figh'd, And vow'd endlefs love if you would be my bride. To the altar of Hymen, my fair one, repair, Where knot of affection fhall tie the fond pair, To the pipe's fprightly notes the gay dance we will lead, And will blefs the dear grove by the banks of the Tweed.

### SONG XCI.

O'ER THE SMOOTH ENAMELL'D GREEN.





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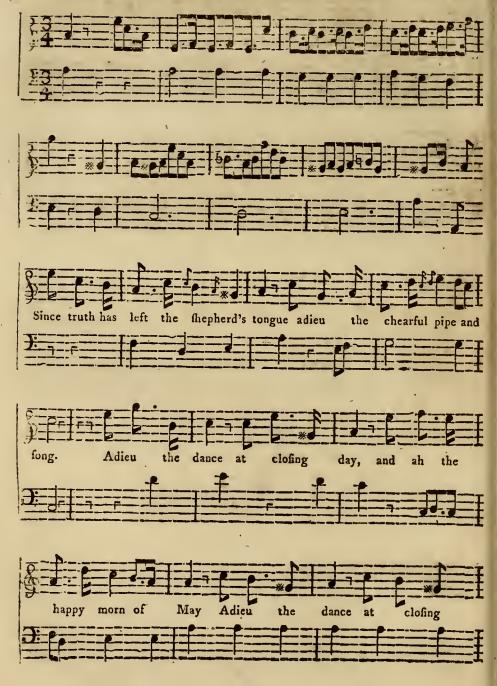




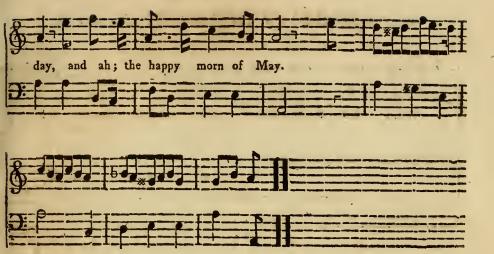
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## SONG XCII.

### MARIAN'S COMPLAINT.



Anos



How oft he told me I was fair. And wove the garland for my hair, How oft for Marian cull'd the bower, And fill'd my lap with every flow'r; No more his gifts of guile I'll wear, But from my head the chaplet tear;

The crook he gave in pieces break, And rend his ribbons from my neck. How oft he vow'd a conftant flame, And carv'd on ev'ry oak my name! Blufh Colin, that the wounded tree, Is all that will remember me.

### S O N G XCIII.

WHEN FIRST I SAW THEE GRACEFUL MOVE.





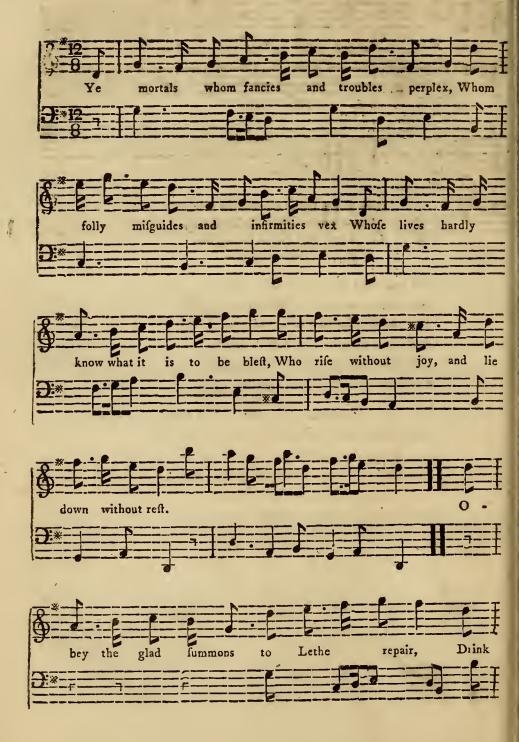


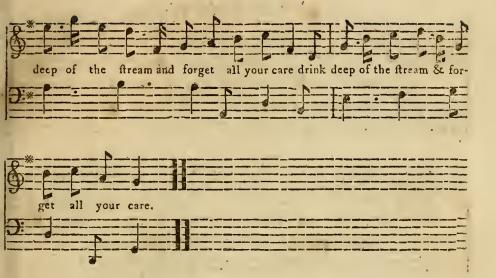


With gentle fmiles afswage the pain, Thofe gentle fmiles did first create, And though you cannot love again, In pity, ah! forbear to hate.

### SONG XCIV.

#### YE MORTALS WHOM FANCIES.





Old maids may forget what they with'd for in vain, And young ones the rover they cannot regain, The rake thall forget how laft night he was cloy'd And Chloe again be with paffion enjoy'd. Obey then the fummons, to Lethe repair, And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

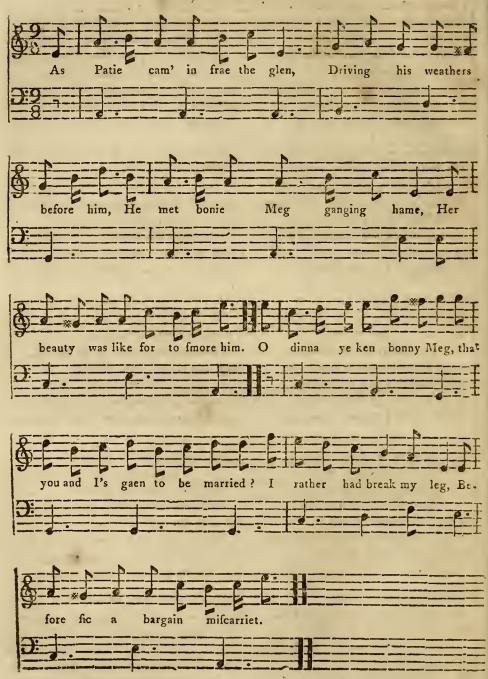
The wife at one draught may forget all her wants, Or drench her food fool to forget her gallants, The troubled in heart fhall go chearful away, And yefterday's wretch be quite happy to day. Obey the glad fummons to Lethe repair, And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

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### SONG XCV.

PATIE'S WEDDING.



Na Patie O wha's tell'd you that I think that of news they've been feanty,

That I should be married to foon, Or yet should have been fae flanty.

I winna be married the year,

Suppole I were courted by twenty, Sae Patie ye need na mair spear, For weel a wat I dinna want ye.

FOI weel a wat I diuna want ye.

Now Meggie, what maks ye fae fweer, Is't caufe that I henna a maillin ? The lad that has plenty o' gear,

Need ne'er want a half or a hail ane. My dad has a good grey mare,

And yours has twa cows and a filly; And that will be plenty o' gear, Sae Maggie be no fae ill-willy.

Indeed, Patie, I ainna ken, But firft ye maun fpeir at my daddy, You're as well born as ben, And I canna fay but I'm ready.

There's plenty o' yarn in clues,

To make me a coat and a jimpy, And plaiden enough to be trews, Gif ye get it I shanna forimp ye.

Now fair fa' ye, my bonny Meg, · I's let a wee fmaçky fa' on you, May my neck be as lang as my leg, If I be an ill hufband unto you.

Sae gang your hame e'now,

Make ready gin this day fifteen days, And tell your father the news, That I'll be his fon in great kindnefs.

It was nae lang after that,

Wha came to our bigging but Patie, Weel dreft in a braw new coat,

And wow but he thought himfelf pretty. His bonnet was little frae new,

In it was a loop and a flitty, To tie in a ribbon fae blue,

To bab at the neck o' his coaty.

Then Patie came in wi' a fland,

Said, peace be here to the bigging, You're welcome, quo' William come ben. Or I with it may rive frae the rigging. Now draw in your feat and fit down,

And tell's a' your news in a hurry, And hafte ye, Meg, and be done, And hing on the pan wi' the berry.

Quoth Patie, my news is nae thrang; Yeffreen I was wi' his honour, I've taen three rigs of bra' land, And hae bound myfel under a bonour.

And now my errand to you,

Is for Meggy to help me to labour, I think you maun gie's the beft cow,

Because that our haddin's but sober.

Well, now for to help you through, I'll be at the coft of the bridal, I'fe cut the craig of the ewe That had amaift deid of the fide-ill, And that 'ill be plenty of bree, Sae lang as our well is nae reifted! To all the good neighbours and we,

And I think well no be that ill feasted.

Quoth Patie, O that'il do well, And I'll gie you brofe in the morning, O' kail that was made vestreen,

For I like them best in the forenoon. Sae Tam the piper did play,

And ilka ane danc'd that was willin, And a' the lave they ranked through, And they held the floupy ay filling.

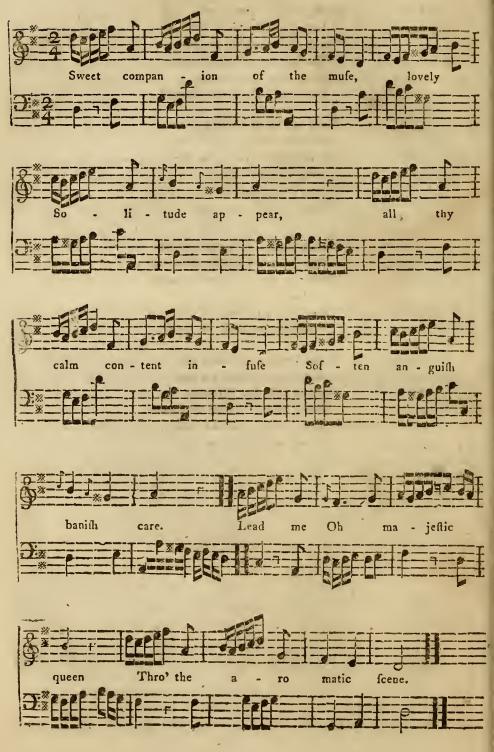
The auld wives they fat and they chew'd And when that the carles grew nappy, They danc'd as well as they dow'd,

• Wi' a crack o' their thumbs and a kappie The lad that wore the white band,

I think they cau'd him Jamie Mather, And he took the bride by the hand, And cry'd to play up Maggie Lauder-G g 2

#### SONG XCVI.

ODE TO SOLITUDE.



Nature copied here by art, Joyful we the fraud confels, Yet fo clofe performs her part, 'Tis but nature's better drefs, Solitude here fix thy feat, Here in Cowley's foft retreat.

Teach me all the healing power, Of each plant and ev'ry tree, Say how fhort liv'd is that flow'r, Bring the moral home to me. Bid me fleeting life defpife, Make me humble, make me wife.

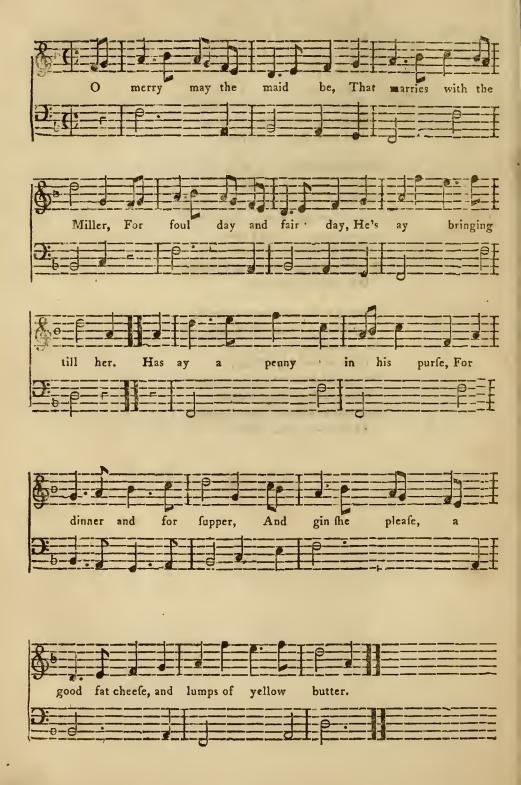
Stretch me on the verdant mead, Where the murm'ring river flows; Where the elm expands her fhade, And each rifing beauty glows; There I'll fay in peace of mind, "" Empty greatnefs—fall bebind.

Pride, within thy humble cell, Never yet uprear'd het head, Solitude with thee I'll dwell,

Pride with me is long fince dead ; Cold to pleafure, deaf to praife, Here I with to end my days."

### SONG XCVII.

#### THE MILLER.



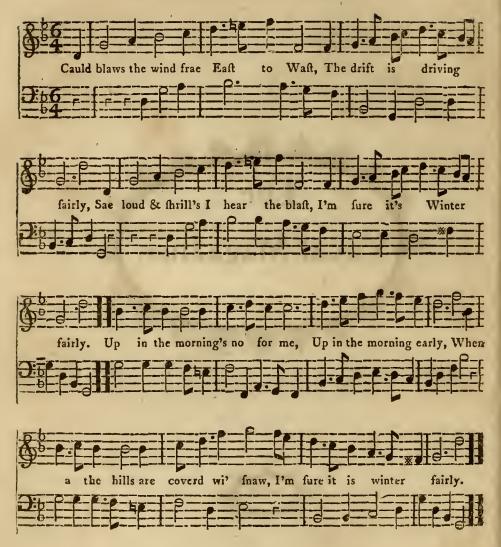
When Jamie first did woo me,
I speird what was his calling,
Fair maid, said he, O come and see,
Ye're welcome to my dwelling.
Though I was shy; yet I could spy
The truth of what he told me,
And that his house was warm and couth,
And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag of meal, And in the kift was plenty
Of good hard cakes his mither bakes, And bannocks were na fcanty.
A good fat fow. a fleeky cow, Was ftanding in the byre,
Whilft lazy pouls with mealy moule, Was playing at the fire.

Good figns are thefe my mother fays, And bids me tak' the Miller, For foul day and fair day, He's ay bringing till her, For meal and malt the does na want, Nor ony thing that's dainty; And now and then a keckling hen, To lay her eggs in plenty.

### SONG XCVIII.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.



The birds fit chittering in the thorn, A' day they fair but fparely, And lang's the night frace e'en to morn, I'm fure it's Winter fairly, Up in the morning, &c;