

X

FAVOURITE SONGS,

Written and composed by

MR. DIBDIN.

AS THEY ARE PERFORMED IN A

DIVERTISEMENT,

PREPARED PURPOSELY FOR THEIR INTRODUCTION,

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN.

LONDON,

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

AND SOLD BY HIM AT HIS WAREHOUSE, NO. 411, STRAND,

OPPOSITE THE ADELPHI.

748753.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Sir Fidgit Fearful,</i>		Mr. WILSON.
<i>Clueline,</i>	—	Mr. BANNISTER.
<i>Captain Frederick,</i>		Mr. JOHNSTONE.
<i>Squire Thicket,</i>		Mr. INCLEDON.
<i>Flambeau,</i>	—	Mr BERNARD.
<i>Gregory,</i>	— —	Mr. BLANCHARD.
<i>Whim,</i>	—	Mr. REES.
<i>Masks, Mr. EVATT, &c. &c.</i>		
<i>Sophia,</i>	—	Mrs. HARLOW.
<i>Peggy,</i>	— —	Mrs. MARTYR.
<i>Indian Female,</i>		Mrs. MOUNTAIN.

FROM the popularity of the following songs, was conceived that they might be brought on the stage with effect. Mr. HARRIS adopted the suggestion, and procured a vehicle to be prepared for their introduction:—not however before he had consulted their author and composer, who, sensible of the compliment paid him by that gentleman, and anxiously alive to whatever can in the smallest degree contribute to the gratification of the public, readily furnished the theatre with accompaniments for the orchestra; but has, in no other respect, any concern whatever with the piece.

The first thing I noticed when I stepped
 out of the train was the smell of
 fresh air. It was a relief after
 being stuck in the train for so long.
 I had heard that the train was
 slow, but I had not heard that
 it was so slow. I had heard that
 the train was crowded, but I had
 not heard that it was so crowded.
 I had heard that the train was
 noisy, but I had not heard that
 it was so noisy. I had heard that
 the train was hot, but I had not
 heard that it was so hot. I had
 heard that the train was dirty, but
 I had not heard that it was so
 dirty. I had heard that the train
 was slow, but I had not heard that
 it was so slow. I had heard that
 the train was crowded, but I had
 not heard that it was so crowded.
 I had heard that the train was
 noisy, but I had not heard that
 it was so noisy. I had heard that
 the train was hot, but I had not
 heard that it was so hot. I had
 heard that the train was dirty, but
 I had not heard that it was so
 dirty.

FAVOURITE SONGS,

Ec.

BALLAD—MR BERNARD.

I'M jolly Dick, the Lamplighter,
They says the sons my dad,
And truly I believe it, fir,
For I'm a pretty lad.

Father and I the world delight,
And make it look so gay,
The difference is I lights by night,
And father lights by day.

2,

But father's not the likes of I
For knowing life and fun,
For I queer tricks and fancies spy
Folks never shew the sun:

Rogues, owls, and bats can't bear the light,
I've heard your wife ones say,
And so d'ye mind I sees at night
Things never seen by day.

3.

At night men lay aside all art,
 As quite a uselefs task,
 And many a face and many a heart
 Will then pull off the mask :
 Each formal prude and holy wight
 Will throw disguise away,
 And sin it openly at night
 Who fainted it all day.

4.

His darling hoard the miser views,
 Misses from friends decamp,
 And many a statesman mischief brews
 To his country o'er his lamp :
 So father and I, d'ye take me right,
 Are just on the same lay,
 I bare-fac'd sinners light by night,
 And he false saints by day.

BALLAD—Mr. BLANCHARD.

LET bards elate
Of Sue and Kate
And Moggy take their fill O,
And pleas'd rehearse
In jingling verse
The las of Richmond hill O :
A las more bright
My amorous flight,
Impelled by love's fond workings,
Shall loudly sing,
Like any thing,
'Tis charming Peggy Perkins.

2

Some men compare
Their favourite fair
To every thing in nature,
Her eyes divine
Are suns that shine,
And so on with each feature.
Leave leave, ye fools,
These hackneyed rules,
And all such subtle smirking,

Sun, moon, and stars,
Are all a farce,
Compared to Peggy Perkins.

3.

Each twanging dart
That through my heart
From Cupid's bow has morric'd,
Were it a tree,
Lord I should be
For all the world a forest;
Five hundred fops,
With shrugs and hops,
And leers, and smiles, and smirkings,
Most willing she
Would leave for me,
Oh what a Peggy Perkins.

BALLAD—Mr. JOHNSTONE.

OF the ancients is't speaking my soul you'd be after,
That they never got how come you so?
Would you sarioufly make the good folks die with,
 laughter?
To be sure their dogs tricks we don't know.
Wid your smalliliow nonsense, and all your queer
 bodderns,
Since whisky's a liquor divine,
To be sure the old ancients, as well as the moderns
Did not love a fly sup of good wine.

2.

Apicius and Æsop, as authors assure us,
Would swig till as drunk as a beast,
Den what do you tink of that rogue Epicurus?
Was not he a tight hand at a feast?

Wid your smalliliow, &c.

3.

Alexander the Great, at his banquets who drank
 hard,
When he no more worlds could subdue,

Shed tears to be sure, but 'twas tears of the tankard,
To refresh him, and pray would not you ?

Wid your smalliliow, &c.

4.

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

Wid your smalliliow, &c.

5.

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

Wid your smalliliow, &c.

BALLAD—MR. BANNISTER.

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

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

2.

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

She lay, so did it shock her,
A log upon the main,
Till, sav'd from Davys locker,
We put to sea again.

3.

Next in a frigate failing,
Upon a squally night,

Thunder and lightening hailing
The horrors of the fight,

My precious limb was lopp'd off,
I, when they'd eas'd my pain,
Thanked God I was not popp'd off,
And went to sea again.

4

Yet still am I enabled
To bring up in life's rear,
Although I'm quite disabled,
And lie in Greenwich tier;

The king, God blefs his royalty,
Who saved me from the main,
I'll praise with love and loyalty,
But ne'er to sea again.

BALLAD—Mr. WILSON.

How much I love thee girl would'st know,
 Better than rosin loves the bow,
 Than treble shrill the growling bass,
 Or spruce guitars a tawdry case.

No more then let us solo play,
 To Hymen's temple jig away,
 There, when we get,
 In a duet,

Of pleasure will we take our swing,
 Joys fiddle shall play,

Love's bells shall ring :

And, while we celebrate the day,
 We'll frisk away,
 And laugh and play,
 And dance and sing,
 And frisk away like any thing.

2.

I love thee more, I really think,
 Than dancers jigs, or fiddlers drink;
 Than dancing-masters love a kit,
 Or jolly failors fal dral tit.

No more then, &c.

I love thee, Griddy, Oh much more,
Than fingers love a loud encore,
Than curates crowdies love to scratch,
Or roaring drunkards love a catch.

No more then, &c.

BALLAD—Mrs. MARTYR.

Abergavney is fine, Aberistwith also,
And the lasses it is fine when to market they go ;
The birds and the pritty finches sing fine in the grove
But the finest bird of all is that little rogue luff.

Luff me I pray you now, luff me as your life,
And Taffy and Griddy shall soon be man and wife.

2.

The mountains are high, and the fallies are low,
And from Radnor to Glamorgan's a long way to go,
But I'd go, and I'd run, and I'd fly, and I'd rove,
If when I came there I should meet with my luff.

Luff me, &c.

3.

Toil and labour is hard, and the time's very long
From the lark's pretty chant to the nightingale's song
But I'd toil and I'd labour throughout the whole
year,

And think it a day, were I blest with my dear,

Luff me, &c.

End of the First Act.

GENERAL PRINCIPLES

The first principle of the system is that the mind should be trained to think clearly and logically. This is achieved by the use of the syllogism, which is a form of reasoning that consists of two premises and a conclusion. The syllogism is a powerful tool for logical thinking and is the foundation of the system.

The second principle is that the mind should be trained to think in terms of cause and effect. This is achieved by the use of the method of analysis, which involves breaking down a complex problem into its constituent parts and examining each part in relation to the whole.

The third principle is that the mind should be trained to think in terms of the general and the particular. This is achieved by the use of the method of synthesis, which involves combining the constituent parts of a complex problem into a single, unified whole.

The fourth principle is that the mind should be trained to think in terms of the abstract and the concrete. This is achieved by the use of the method of abstraction, which involves removing the concrete details of a problem and focusing on its essential features.

FAVOURITE SONGS, &c.

ACT II.

BALLAD—Mr. INCLEDON.

To Bachelor's hall we good fellows invite,
To partake of the chase that makes up our delight ;
We have spirits like fire, and of health such a stock,
That our pulse strikes the seconds as true as a clock.

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

2.

Dick Thickset came mounted upon a fine black,
A better fleet gelding ne'er hunter did back ;
Tom Trig rode a bay, full of mettle and bone,
And gaily Bob Buxom rode proud on a roan ;

But the horse of all horses that rivall'd the day,
 Was the squire's Neck-or-Nothing, and that was a
 grey.

Hark away, &c.

3.

Then for hounds, there was Nimble, so well that
 climbs rocks,
 And Cocknose a good one at scenting a fox,
 Little Plunge, like a mole who will ferret and search,
 And beetle-brow'd Hawk's-eye, so dead at a lurch,
 Young Sly-looks who scents the strong breeze
 from the south,
 And musical Echowell, with his deep mouth.

Hark away, &c.

4.

Sly renard's brought home, while the horns sound
 a call,
 And now you're all welcome to Bachelor's-hall,
 The fav'ry firloin grateful smoaks on the board,
 And Bacchus pours wine from his favourite hoard.
 Come on then, do honour to this jovial place,
 And enjoy the sweet pleasures that spring from
 the chase;

Hark away, hark away, all nature looks gay,
Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

BALLAD—MR. INCLEDON.

Go patter to lubbers and swabs d'ye see
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like,
A tight water boat and good sea room give me,
And 'tent to a little I'll strike ;

Though the tempest top gallant masts smack smooth
should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouse every
thing tight,
And under reefed foresail we'll scud :

Avaft, nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft
To be taken for trifles aback,
For they says there's a providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

Why I heard the good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such,
And my timbers what lingo he'd coil and belay,
Why 'twas just all as one as high Dutch :

But he said how a sparrow can't founder d'ye see
Without orders that come down below,

And many fine things that proved clearly to me
That providence takes us in tow ;

For fays he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
Take the top-sails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that fits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

3.

I said to our Poll, for you see she would cry,
When last we weighed anchor for sea,
What argufies, snivling and piping your eye?
Why what a damned fool you must be!

Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room
for us all,

Both for seamen and lubbers ashore,
And if to old Davy I should go friend Poll,
Why you never will hear of me more :

What then, all's a hazard, come don't be so soft,
Perhaps I may laughing come back,
For d'ye see there's a cherub fits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

4.

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

And with her brave the world without offering to
flinch

From the moment the anchor's a-trip,

As for me, in all weathers, all times, fides, and ends,

Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,

For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my friend's,

And as for my life 'tis the king's;

Even when my time comes ne'er believe me so soft

As with grief to be taken aback,

That same little cherub that sits up aloft

Will look out a good birth for poor Jack.

BALLAD—Mr. INCLEDON.

Come painter, with thy happiest flight,
Portray me every grace
In that blest region of delight
My charming Sylvia's face :

And hear me painter, to enhance
The value of thine art,
Steal from her eyes that very glance
That stole away my heart.

2

Her forehead paint, in sway and rule,
Where fits with pleasure graced,
A form like Venus beautiful,
And like Diana chaste :

Then paint her cheek, come paint and gaze,
Guard well thy heart the while,
And then her mouth, where Cupid plays
In an eternal smile.

3

Next draw, presumptuous painter hold,
Ah think'st to thee 'twas given
To paint her bosom? would'it so bold
Presume to copy heaven !

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

BALLAD—Mrs. HARLOW.

A failor's life's a life of woe,

He works now late now early,

Now up and down, now to and fro,

What then he takes it cheerly :

Blest with a smiling can of grog,

If duty call,

Stand, rise, or fall,

To fate's last verge he'll jog :

The cadge to weigh,

The sheets belay,

He does it with a wiff ;

To heave the lead,

Or to cat head

The pond'rous anchor fiff :

For while the grog goes round,

All sense of danger drown'd,

We despise it to a man :

We sing a little, and laugh a little,

And work a little, and swear a little,

And fiddle a little, and foot it a little,

And swig the flowing can.

If howling winds and roaring seas
 Give proof of coming danger,
 We view the storm, our hearts at ease,
 For Jack's to fear a stranger,
 Blest with the smiling grog, we fly,
 Where now below
 We headlong go,
 Now rise on mountains high;
 Spight of the gale,
 We hand the sail,
 Or take the needful reef,
 Or man the deck,
 To clear some wreck,
 To give the ship relief:
 Though perils threat around,
 All sense of danger's drown'd,
 We despise it to a man,
 We sing a little, &c.
 But yet think not our fate is hard,
 Though storms at sea thus treat us,
 For coming home, a sweet reward,
 With smiles our sweethearts greet us!

Now too the friendly grog we quaff,

Our amorous toast,

Her we love most.

And gaily sing and laugh:

The sails we furl,

Then for each girl

The petticoat display;

The deck we clear,

Then three times cheer,

As we her charms survey;

And then the grog goes round,

All sense of danger drown'd,

We despise it to a man :

We sing a little, &c.

BALLAD—Mrs. MOUNTAIN

Dear Yanko say, and truc he say,
 All mankind, one and tother,
 Negro, mulatto, and malay,
 Through all the world be broder.
 In black, in yellow, what disgrace,
 That scandal so he use 'em?
 For dere no virtue in de face,
 De virtue in the bosom.
 Dear Yanko say, &c.

2

What harm dere in a shape or make?
 What harm in ugly feature?
 Whatever colour, form, he take,
 The heart make human creature.
 Then black and copper both be friend,
 No colour he bring beauty,
 For beauty Yanko say attend
 On him who do him duty.
 Dear Yanko say, &c.

BALLAD—Mr. JOHNSTONE.

For her husband see you widow cry

Sure 'ent the world a masquerade,

Wid thrugs and queer grimaces,

Where all mankind a roaring trade

Drive underneath bare faces?

Pray don't the lover, let me ask,

Hid by a fascine battery,

Steal hearts away? and what's his mask?

To be sure it is not flattery.

Then join the general masquerade,

That men and manners traces,

To be sure the best masks that are made,

For cheating, 'ent bare faces.

2

Weigh yonder lawyer, I'll be bail,

So able are his talents,

The devil himself in tother scale,

Would quickly kick the balance:

See that friar to a novice preach,

To holiness to win her;

Their masks dropt off, what are they each?

He a tae and she a sinner.

To be sure they 'ent, &c.

For her husband see yon widow cry,

She'll never have another,

By my soul she weeps but wid one eye,

For he's leering wid the tother.

Yon courtier see, who, in a crack

Will promise fifty places.

By my soul his friends scarce turn their back

But he laughs before their faces.

To be sure he don't, &c. T

FINIS.

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