

Three Excellent

SONGS,

CONTAINING,

A Song, to a Robin Red-breast

By Paul Positive,

A New Song, on the Dutch,

A N D

The Ploughman's Love to the
Farmers Daughter.



Printed this present Year.

A New Song, to a Robin Red Breast.

By Paul Pevitive

WELCOME pretty little stranger,
 welcome to my lone retreat,
 Here secure from every danger,
 hop about and chirp and eat,
 Robin how I envy thee,
 Happy child of liberty.

Now though tyfant winter howling,
 shakes the worl'd with tempest rour
 Heaven above with vapours scowling,
 frost imprisons all the ground,
 Robin what are these to thee,
 Thou art blift with liberty.

Though yon fair majestic river, †
 mourns in solid icy chains,
 Though yon flocks and cattle shiver,
 on the desolate plains,
 Robin thou art gay and free.
 Happy in thy liberty.

Hunger never shall distress thee,
 whilst my cares one crumb afford,

Cold's or cramps shall ne'er oppress thee
come and share my humble board,
Robin come and live with me,
Live---yet still at Liberty.

Soon shall spring in smiles and blushes,
steal upon the blooming year,
Then amid' st the enamour'd bushes,
thy sweet song shall warble clear,
Then shall I too join'd with thee,
Swell the hymn of Liberty.

Should some rough unfeeling Dobbin,
in this iron hearted age,
Seize thee on thy nest my Robin,
and confine thee in a cage,
Then poor Robin think of me,
Think---and sigh for liberty.

Liberty the brightest jewel,
In the crown of earthly joys,
All sensations else are cruel,
all delights besides are toys.
None but captives such as me,
Know the worth of Liberty.

† The Ouse.

York Castle, Feb. 2.

A New Song, on the Dutch.

The villains the dutch they are three
 times damn'd,
 and with french dogs they'r doubly
 cram'd,
 They'v let the french dogs come in,
 but well make them smart for all
 there arts,
 With our rattling roaring guns,
 Rattling roaring rattling roaring,
 Rattling roaring guns.

The perfiduous dutch we should not
 trust,
 for they never kept faith with none,
 The American war, which they did
 before,
 did set out their fleets and did come
 To settle our roaring guns, &c.

On the Dogar Bank, brave Parker did
 come,
 and met this perfidious fleet,
 He mauld them he thral'd them,
 and made dutch villains to squeek,
 With his rattling roaring guns

Let the diel and the dutch,
with france take a pitch,
And plan against Britain to come,
we'll make the dogs run as we've done
With our rattling roaring guns,

Our gallant Howe will take them in tow
as he did the last summer in June,
And make them to sleep secure in the
deep,
with his rattling roaring guns.

Our brave british tars is trusty & true,
and never will flinch from their guns,
With courage so bold they always will
hold,
with honour to country and king,
With there rattling, &c.

We'll make french know & dutch also,
they think to shew briton a dance,
But soon they shall know to their over-
throw,
that we shall make our vengeance there
chance,
With our rattling, &c.

Great britons by name shall still retain,
 with courage rule over the main,
 Our nation so bold shall ever hold,
 a defiance to french dutch and spain,
 With our rattling, &c.

And now to conclude a peace that is
 good,
 is certainly near at hand,
 Let us with courage go on till it is done,
 and manage our roaring guns,
 Rattling roaring guns, &c.

*The Ploughmans love to the Farmers
 Daughter.*

WHEN first a courting I did go,
 I lov'd a fair maid as my life,
 I often told her I did her love,
 but ne'er could gain her as my wife.

I serv'd her father winters seven,
 from rising sun till nine at night,
 Duly and truly as my life, (light.
 but I ne'er could gain my hearts de-

I told her father secretly,
his daughter I did daily prize,
He lock'd her up in a room so high,
then first began my miseries.

I went to my loves chamber door,
where oft times I had been before,
For to let her know and understand,
I was going to some foreign there.

On shipboard I then went straight away,
and sail'd for fair flander's shore,
I little thought what should befall me,
that ne'er should see my love more,

When to fair flanders I did come,
no rest no comfort could I find,
Tho' I did stand with glass in hand,
still my true love ran in my mind,

I took a pistol in my hand,
and charged it couragiously,
I shot a ball into fair England, (be.
where I thought my true love might

When to fair England I return'd,
I met her father in the street,

My daughter dear is dead said he,
all for the sake of loving thee.

I went to my love's chamber door,
where oft-times I had been before,
There sprung a light from my love's
clothes,
just like the morning sun when rose.

All young men who a courting go,
who never made the bells to ring,
Go no more into shady groves,
or to hear the sweet nightingale sing.

F I N I S.

