

To the Battle march away.

To which are added,

Beautiful Nancy.

SWEET ALISON.

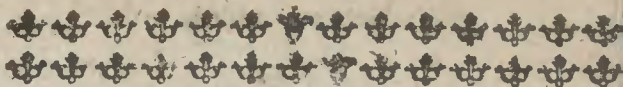
*My Poll and my
Partner Joe*

What a Beau my Granny was.

Vulcan's Cup.



Printed, and Sold by M. Randall.



To the Battle march away.

Can you to the battle march away,
and leave me here complaining;
I am sure 'twill break my heart to stay,
when you are gone campaigning.

CHORUS.

Ah! no, ah! no, poor Maudlin
will never quit her rover,
Ah! no ah! no, poor Maudlin
will go with you all the world over.

Cheer cheer my love, you shall not grieve,
a soldier true you'll find me,
I could not have the heart to leave
my little girl behind me. Ah! no, &c.

O can you to the battle go,
to woman's fear a stranger,
No fears my breast shall ever know,
but when my dear's in danger. Ah! no &c.

Then let the world jog as it will,
let all our friends forsake us,
We both shall be as happy still,
as love and war can make us. Ah! no, &c.

BEAUTIFUL ANCY.

'Twas down in a valley, by the side of a grove,
By a clear chrystal fountain I saw my true love,
The birds were singing, the lambs were at play,
On a bank of sweet violets she carelessly lay.

When first I beheld her my heart was surpriz'd
By the bloom of her cheeks, and her sparkling eyes;
Young Cupid was cruc', he directed his dart,
For the sake of my Nancy she wounded my heart.

Now here in this torment I still do remain,
Like a thief that's sentenc'd, I'm bound in love's chain,
No peace night or day can my heart ever find,
The thoughts of my Nancy so trouble my mind.

Bring me pen ink, and paper, all for to write,
To my beautiful Nancy, my joy and delight,
She's charming she's beautiful, she's pretty & fair,
There's none in the country can with her compare

Small birds on the branches are ble'd with a mate,
The dove is a mourning for my hapless fate;
The lark with her fine notes mourning the air,
Brings me no glad tidings from my dearest dear,

Sweet Alison.

Come all you honest lovers,
and listen to my thame,
For I love a pretty girl,
sweet Alison by name,

Who'er knows this lovely creature,
 surely they will be as t,
 They will love her, they will love her,
 else they deserve to die.

For she's such a loving creature,
 that my heart she's ta'en from me,
 Tho' I thought I'd been possess'd o't,
 as firm's most men could be.

She's not the first maid I have seen,
 altho' I love her best,
 But she's more blythness in her face,
 than any of the rest.

The first time that I near her was,
 she on me cast a smile;
 And whether it was my love or not,
 she did my heart beguile.

For her eyes they're so enflaming,
 that many they're like to burn,
 But if she'd grant her hand to me,
 we'd leave the rest to mourn

Her smiles new life gives to my heart,
 her frowns are like to kill |
 O if she may not be my love,
 from my heart keep her still.

For happy thrice that youth must be,
 who tolds her in his arms,

Who access has and freedom too,
to enjoy all her charms.

O had I her into my arms,
how happy would I be?
If this I get, I'll dance and sing,
and love my sweet Alie.

My Poll and my Partner Joe.

I was, d'ye see a waterman,
as tight and spruce as any:
From Richly town to Horsley Down,
I turn'd an honest penny.
None could of fortune's favour brag
more than could lucky I;
My cot was snug, well fill'd my cag,
my grunter in the stye,
With wherry tight,
and eosom light,
I cheerfully did row;
And to complete this princely life,
Sure never man had friend or wife—
Like my Poll and partner Joe.

I roll'd in joys like these a while;
folks far and near caress'd me;
Till, woe is me! so lubberly,
the press-gang came and press'd me,
How could I all these pleasures leave,
how with my wherry part,
I never so took on the grieve,
it rung my very heart.

And when on board,
 They gave the word,
 To foreign climes to go:
 I rued the moment I was born,
 That ever I should thus be torn—
 From my Poll and my Partner Joe,

I did my duty manfully,
 while o'er the billows rolling;
 And, night or day could find my way,
 Blindfold to the main top bowling
 Thus all the dangers of the main,
 quicksands, and gales of wind,
 I brav'd in hopes to taste again,
 Those joys I left behind:
 In climes afar,
 'Midst hottest war,
 Pour'd broadsides on the foe;
 In hopes those perils to relate,
 As by my side attentive sat,
 My Poll and my partner Joe,

at length it pleas'd his majesty,
 To give peace unto the nation,
 and honest hearts, from foreign parts,
 Came home for consolation.
 Like lightning—for I felt now life;
 Now free from war's alarms,
 I rush'd—and found my friend and wife—
 Lock'd in each other's arms;
 Yet fancy not
 bore my lot,
 Tame, like a lubber—No—

For finding I was nicely trick'd,
Plump to the d—l baldly kick'd—
My Poll and my Partner Joe.

What a Beau my Granny was.

The Ladies all can best approve,
the strict attention of my love,
Though I decry their frippery,
the ten the fashions oft did try,
In days of old my Granny told,
the dress of every lad and lass:
But you shall know before I go,
O what a beau my Granny was,

CHOR. With her hizzy, quizzly, hizzy, frizzly,
thunder, dunger, blunver O,
As I for fun, girls, hither run,
my Granny was a wonder O.

Mr Granny had but her own hair,
which she in comely mode did wear,
But now with wool they load each skull,
and frizzle it to make it stare;
With feathers high as if 'twould fly,
each girl for beauty aims to pass,
But 'twas not so long time ago,
when a great beau my Granny was
With her hizzy, &c;

My Granny was both fair and plump,
and like a squirrel she could jump,

With coral lips and natural hips,
 but now each girl has her cork rump;
 The platted ruff looks well enough,
 now pigeons craws they wear, alas!
 Stuck out before, like the breast of a boar,
 O what a beau my Granny was,
 With her hizzy, &c.]

VULCAN'S CUP.

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

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

Make it so large, when fill'd with sack.
 up to the swelling brim;
 Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
 like ships at sea may swim.

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

FINIS;