

THE

OLD MAN'S WISH.

A Song by Dr. POPE.

To which are added,

ROSLIN RUINS.

LOWLAND WILLIE.

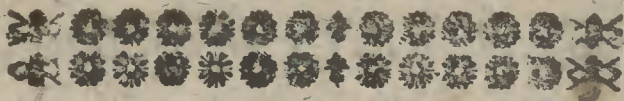
BUXOM JOAN.

TOM BOWLING.

The TOPER'S ADVICE.



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## THE OLD MAN'S WISH.

*A Song by Dr. POPE.*

Benjamin Franklin L L D speaking of the following song, in a letter to his friend George Whately Esq Treasurer of the Foundling Hospital, London; says, 'What signifies our wishing?' Things happen after all as they will happen.

I have sung that wishing Song a thousand times when I was young, and now find at fourscore that the three contraries have befallen me; being subject to the gout, and the stone, and not being yet master of all my passions Like the proud girl in my country, Who wished and resolved not to marry a Parson, nor a Presbyterian, nor an Irishman, and at length found herself married to an Irish Presbyterian Parson!

IF I live to grow old, for I find I go down,  
Let this be my fate:—in a neat country town,  
May I have a warm house, with a stone at the  
gate.

And a cleanly young girl, to rub my bald pate.

CHORUS.

May I govern my passion with an absolute  
empire.

And grow wiser and better as my strength  
wears away,  
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

Near a fine shady grove and a murmuring brook,  
With the ocean at a distance, whereon I may  
look; (stille,  
With a fair spacious plain, without hedge or a  
And an easy pad-nag when I ride out a mile,  
May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Petrarch, and two or three  
more,  
Of the best wits that reign'd in the ages before.  
With roast mutton, rather than ven'son or veal.  
And clean, though coarse, linen at every meal.  
May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sunday's, some stout hum-  
ming liquor,  
And remnants of latin to weic me the vicar;  
With Monte Fra cone, or Burgundy wine.  
To drink the king's health as oft as I dine  
May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last  
day.  
And when I am dezd may the better sort say,  
In the morning, when sober, in the evening when  
mellow. (low  
He is gone, and has not left behind him his fel-

## CHORUS.

For he govern'd his passion with an absolute  
 sway (wore away,  
 And grew wiser and better as his strength  
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

## ROSLIN RUINS.

At dead of night, the hour when courts,  
 thro' the wild maze of pleasures rove,  
 And Mira joins the insnaring sports  
 while art assumes the voice of love:  
 To Roslin's ruins I repair,  
 a solitary wretch forlorn,  
 Tomourn unseen, unpitied there,  
 my hapeless love her cruel scorn:

No sound of joy disturbs my strain;  
 no hind is whistling on the hill:  
 No herdsman winding o'er the plain;  
 no maiden singing by the rill.  
 Esk, murm'ring thro' the darksome pines,  
 reflects the moon's uncertain beams;  
 While thro' the clouds she faintly shines,  
 in fancy's eye the pale ghost gleams.

Not so the night that in thy halls,  
 once Roslin, danc'd in joy along;  
 The owl now screams within thy walls  
 that echo'd mirth's inspiring song:  
 Where bats now flit on dusky wings,  
 Th' empurpled feast was wont to flow;

And beauty danc'd in graceful rings,  
where now the dark weeks baleful grow.

What now avails how great, how gay,  
how fair, how fine their matchless dames,  
Here sleeps their undistinguish'd clay;  
the stone effac'd has lost their names  
And yon gay crowds must soon expire,  
unknown, unprais'd their fair or e's name;  
Not so the charms which verse inspire,  
increasing years increase their fame.

*Lowland Willie.*

When o'er the downs at early day,  
my lowland Willie hied him,  
With joy I drove my cows that way,  
In milking to abide him.

My bonny, benny lowland Will,  
My bonny lowland Willie,  
My bonny, bonny lowland Will,  
My bonny lowland Willie.

? Fwas o'er the downs he first began,  
to tell how well he lov'd me;  
Could I refuse the charming man?  
ah! no, his passion mov'd me.  
My bonny, bonny, &c,

My Willie's love to me is joy,  
I own it soon, believe me;  
To kirk t'll hie wi' my bonny boy.

for he will ne'er d-ceive me.  
My bonny, bonny, &c.

*BUXOM JOAN.*

A Soldier and a Sailor,  
A Tinker and a Taylor.  
Had once a doubtful strife, Sir,  
To make a maid a wife, Sir,  
Whose name was buxom Joan;

For now the time was ended,  
And she no more intended  
To lick her lips at men, Sir.  
And know the sheets in vain, Sir,  
Or ly one night alone.

The soldier swore like thunder,  
He lov'd her more than plunder,  
And shew'd her many a scar, Sir,  
Which he had brought from far, Sir,  
By fighting for her sake.

But whilst the three were prating,  
The sai'or slyly waiting,  
Thought if it came about,  
That they three should fall out, Sir,  
He then might play his part.

And just e'en as he meant, Sir,  
To loggerheads they went, Sir,  
And then he let fly at her,

A shot 'twixt wind and water.  
Which won this fair maid's heart;

TOM BOWLING.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,  
the darling of our crew.

No more he'll hear the tempest howling,  
for death has brought him to :

His form was of the manliest beauty,  
his heart was kind and soft

Faithful below he did his duty,  
but now he's gone aloft,

Tom never from his word departed,  
his virtues were so rare ;

His friends were many and true-hearted  
his Poll was kind and fair,

And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,  
ah! many's the time and oft!

But mirth is turned to melancholy,  
for Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,  
when HE who all commands

shall give to call life's crew together,  
the word to pipe all hands

Thus death, who kings and tars dispatches,  
in vain Tom's life had doff'd ;

For tho' his body's under hatches,  
his soul is gone aloft.

8  
THE TOPER'S ADVICE.

Banish sorrow, grief's a folly,  
care unbend thy wrinkled bow,  
Hence dull care and melancholy,  
wine and wit invites us now,  
Bacchus sends us all his treasure,  
Momus sends us jest and song,  
Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow pleasure,  
let us join the jocund throng.

Youth soon flies, 'tis but a season,  
time is ever on the wing;  
Then let's the present moment seize on,  
none knows what the next may bring:  
Thus let's be joyous while time we measure,  
other's wisdom we despise,  
Follow, follow follow, follow, follow pleasure,  
to be merry's to be wise.

Why should then vain care perplex us?  
why should we not merry be?  
While we're here, there's naught to vex us,  
drinking sets our cares all free.  
Then let's have drinking without measure,  
let's have drink while time we have,  
Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow pleasure,  
there's no drinking in the grave.

FINIS,