

T H E

12.

Constant Lover's happy Meeting;

O R, T H E

Faithful Soldier's Return.

To which are added,

Princess ELIZABETH'S Lamentation.

A KING smitten by a Beggar Wench.

N Y M P H S O F B R I T A I N.



G L A S G O W,

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Saltmarket, 1799.

The FAITHFUL SOLDIER'S RETURN.

I Am a young foldier bold and brave,
lately come from Gibraltar,
In fighting for my country brave,
I ne'er was found to falter ;
With honour'd fears I have return'd,
kind Heav'n sure did guide me,
Safe back to my Sally dear,
the girl I left behind me.

When cannons round me they did roar,
like to loud claps of thunder,
And shell and shot pour'd in so hot,
each one was struck with wonder ;
And dismal nights, both wet and dark,
my vows they did remind me,
Which I did make to Sally dear,
the girl I left behind me.

When I in Gibraltar lay,
and thought upon her beauty,
Her lovely charms in wars alarms,
did cheer me, in my duty ;
With 'countiments and arms so bright,
no danger could affright me,
Where'er I thought on her I lov'd,
the girl I left behind me.

Her beauty is most excellent,
her eyes like stars doth twinkle,

With temper mild as new-born child,
 to every fault is simple;
 Her lovely hair in ringlets twine,
 her sweet features how they bind me,
 I never more then until death
 will leave my girl behind me.

Her voice no woodlark can exceed,
 no goldfinch nor yet linnet.
 So melodious found her tuneful note,
 as she plays on her spinnet;
 The little lambkins round her play,
 in the sweet shady valley,
 With her sweet charms in wars alarms,
 I'll live and die with Sally.

In sweet content to church they went,
 join'd hands and hearts together,
 As the turtle dove in mutual love,
 to be true to each other;
 Long life and health attend the pair,
 may their love never falter,
 Then blessed will the hour be
 that he sail'd from Gibraltar.

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PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S Lamentation, while
 a Prisoner at Woodstock, 1554

WILL you hear how once repining,
 Great ELIZA captive lay,
 Each ambitious thought resigning,
 foe to riches, pomp, and sway.

(4)
While the nymphs and swains delighted,
trip around all in their pride ;
Envyng joys by others slighted,
thus the royal Maiden cry'd.

Bred in plains, or born in vallies,
who would bid these scenes adieu ?
Stranger to the arts of malice,
who would ever courts pursue ?

Malice never taught to treasure,
censure never taught to bear,
Love is all the shepherd's pleasure,
love is all the damsel's care.

How can they of humble station,
vainly blame the Pow'rs above,
Or accuse the dispensation,
which allows them all to love.

Love like air is widely given,
pow'r or chance can these restrain ;
Truest, noblest gift of Heaven,
only purest on the plain ;

Peers can no such charms discover,
all in stars and garters drest ;
As on Sundays, does the lover,
with the nosegay on his breast.

Pinks and roses to profusion,
said to fade when Chloe's near ;
Kops may use the same allusion,
but the shepherd is sincere.

Hark to yonder milk-maid singing,
cheerly o'er the brimming pail;
Cowslips all around her springing,
sweetly paint the golden vale.

Never yet did courtly maiden,
move so sprightly, look so fair,
Never breast with jewels laden,
pour a song so void of care.

Would indulgent Heav'n have granted
me some rural damsel's part!

All the empire I had wanted,
then had been my shepherd's heart.

Then with him o'er hills and mountains,
free from fetters might I rove,
Fearless taste the crystal fountains,
peaceful sleep beneath the grove.

Rustics had been more forgiving,
partial to my virgin bloom,
None had envy'd me when living,
none had triumph'd o'er my tomb.

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A KING smitten by a BEGGAR WENCH.

A King once reign'd beyond the sea,
as we in ancient story find,
Whom no face could ever please,
he cared not for woman kind.
He despis'd the fairest beauties,
and the greatest fortunes too,
At length he married a beggar wench,
see what Cupid's dart can do.

The blind Boy that shoots so trim,
 did to his closet window flee,
 Then drew his dart, and shot at him,
 and made him soon his power see.
 He had ne'er car'd for woman kind,
 but did females ever hate ;
 At length was smitten and wounded,
 by a beggar at his gate.

But mark what happ'ned on a day,
 as he look'd from a window high,
 He spy'd a beggar all in grey,
 with two more in company.
 She his fancy soon enflamed,
 and his heart was grieved sore :
 Must I have her, court her, crave her !
 I, that never lov'd before.

This noble Prince of high renown,
 did to his chamber straight repair,
 And on his couch he laid him down,
 oppress'd with-love-sick grief and care.-
 Ne'er was a Monarch so surpriz'd,
 here I lie a captive slave,
 But I'll to her, court her, woo her,
 she must heal the wound she gave.

Then to his palace gate he goes,
 the beggars crav'd his charity,
 There a purse of gold he throws,
 with thankfulness away they fly.
 But the King her called to him,
 tho' she was both poor and mean :-

His hand did hold her, while he told her,
 she should be his stately Queen.

At this she blush'd like scarlet red,
 and on this mighty King did gaze,
 Then straight away as pale as lead;
 alas! she was in such amaze.

Hand in hand they walk'd together,
 and the King did comely say,
 He'd respect her: straight they deck'd her,
 in most sumptuous rich array.

He did appoint the wedding day,
 and likewise them commanded strait,
 That noble Lords and Ladies gay,
 upon his gracious Queen should wait.

Then she appear'd a splendid beauty,
 all the court did her adore

He in marriage shew'd a carriage,
 as if she'd been a Queen before.

Her fame thro' all the world did ring,
 altho' she was of parents poor;
 He by her Sov'reign Lord the King,
 did bear one son, and eke no more.

All the Nobles they were pleas'd,
 and the Ladies frank and free,
 For her behaviour always gave her,
 a title to her dignity.

At length the King and Queen were laid
 together in the silent tomb,
 Their royal Son the sceptre sway'd,
 who govern'd in his Father's room.

Long in joy did he flourish,
 wealth and honour to increase,
 Still possessing such a blessing,
 that he liv'd and reign'd in peace.

N Y M P H S O F B R I T A I N .

YE Nymphs of Britain, to whose eyes
 The world admits the glorious prize,
 Of beauty to be due ;
 Ah ! guard it with assiduous care,
 Let neither flattery insnare,
 Nor wealth your hearts subdue.
 Old Bromio's rank among the Beaus ;
 Young Cynthia solitary goes,
 Unheaded by the fair !
 Ask you then what this pref'rence gives ?
 Six Flander's mares the former drives,
 The latter but a pair .
 Let meaner things be bought and sold,
 But beauty never truck'd for gold ;
 Ye fair, your value prove !
 And since the world's a price too low,
 Like Heav'n, your ecstasies bestow,
 On constancy and love .
 But still, ye gen'rous maids, beware,
 Since hypocrites to Heav'n there are,
 And to the beauteous too :
 Do not too easily confide ;
 Let every lover well be try'd,
 And well reward the true .
