

T H E

# World's a Stage

ON WHICH

Each Man acts his Part.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A Sailor's Account of the Surrender of  
the FRENCH FLEET at CADIZ,

Celia's Complaint for the Loss of her Shepherd,

SWEET ROBIN'S ELOPEMENT.



G L A S G O W,

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 THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

**T**HIS world's a stage,  
 On which mankind engage,  
 And each acts his part in the throng;  
 But all is confusion,  
 Meer folly, delusion,  
 And, faith, nothing else but a song,  
 A song, a s——g,  
 And, faith, nothing else but a song.

The Parson so grave,  
 Says your soul he will save,  
 And points the right way from the wrong,  
 After piously teaching,  
 And long winded preaching,  
 He puts off his flock with a song, A, etc.

The Doctor he fills you  
 With bolus and pills,  
 With assurance to make you live long,  
 But believe me 'tis true,  
 The guinea's in view,  
 And the rest is all but a song, A song, etc.

The Surgeon so bold,  
 His lancets doth hold,  
 And flashes your body along:  
 Small wounds he enlarges,  
 To swell up your charges,  
 His art like the rest is a song, A song, etc.

The Soldier he rattles  
 Of sieges and battles,  
 And actions that he's been among;  
 His preferment and spirit,  
 Are both like his merit,  
 You see they are brought to a song. A song, etc.

The Master he cries,  
 See the clouds how they rise,  
 Up aloft my brisk lads, it blows strong,  
 Boys make us some slip,  
 And I'll warrant the ship,  
 Will soon reach her port in his song. etc.

Vers'd in quirks and in quibbles,  
 The Lawyer he scribbles,  
 And moves his mellifluous tongue,  
 'Twixt demur and vacation,  
 He'd raise his expectation,  
 Then sink your estate to a song. A song, etc.

The Merchant is bent,  
 On his twenty per cent,  
 To him Journal and Ledger belong,  
 Commission with charges,  
 His profit enlarges,  
 Till his balance may end in a song. etc.

With powder and lace,  
 And effeminate face,  
 The gay Pop behold strutting along,  
 Just arriv'd from his travels,  
 At nothing he levels,  
 But just at a dance and a song. A song, etc.

The gentle Coquet,  
 She's all in a fret,  
 In the morn if her toilet be wrong ;  
 The whole day she'll pass,  
 To consult her dear glafs,  
 And at night die away with a song. A song, etc.  
 The surly old Prude,  
 She will say you are rude,  
 For the blifs though she secretly long ;  
 But take her aside,  
 You may manage her pride,  
 And her virtue bring down to a song. etc.  
 The Courtier he smiles,  
 At the time he beguils,  
 And feeds you with promises long :  
 He squeezes your hand,  
 And calls you his friend,  
 Tho' he means nothing more than a song. etc.  
 Then let us be jolly,  
 Drive hence melancholy,  
 Since we are brave fellows among,  
 Taste life as it passes,  
 And fill up your glasses,  
 And each honest blade sing a song.

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SAILOR'S ACCOUNT of the SURRENDER of  
 the FRENCH FLEET at CADIZ.

AVE you heard of the comical story  
 just happened at Cadiz's Bay ?  
 here the Spanish Dons got all the glory,  
 and we but look'd on at the fray.



Don Moria, with leave from our fleet,  
has clapt the French crews under hatches,  
Ta'en their ships, and their Admiral beat,—  
and I am com'd home wi' the 'spatches.

Rum ti iddle, iddle, rum ti iddle, ida,  
Rum ti iddle, iddle, fal de ral, lal de ral, ida.

Ro-silly, the French Admiral,  
when he found himself out of his latitude,  
Sent a letter of French fal de ral,  
all about his imposing attitude ;  
But the Don call'd him silly indeed,  
if he thought he'd be gull'd by an elf,  
And as for his fine attitude,  
it imposed upon none but himself.

Rum ti iddle, &c.

Next the Don sent a hint by a gun,  
which he fired plump on Monlieur Ro-silly ;  
While we drew up to look at the fun,  
so myself, Tom and Jack, and Blind Billy,  
All aboard the mainyard of the Ocean  
got astride, just to vizzy the lubbers,—  
If of fighting they'd got any notion—  
& the Dons prov'd quite decentish drubbers.

Rum ti iddle, &c.

So you see, as the case was quite hard,  
we should only look on without fighting,  
Two boys, 'bast the mizzen spare yard,  
were giving each other a tighting :  
Cries the Boatswain, " Why, Damn your  
young eyes, (trounce, ye ;"  
" flack your breeze, or my rope's end shall

“ So we will,” the game young ‘un replies,  
 “ if you’ll haul your wind down on the Mon-  
 sieurs.”                      Rum ti iddle, &c.

Now, as far as my larning extends,  
 we ha’ lett’n the Dons keep the fleet;  
 But, if my simple mind none offends,  
 ’tis a favour we should’nt repeat;  
 However, I hope they’ll do well,  
 and remember our help as they may, Sir,  
 For how it might go none can tell,  
 if we had’nt been off the Bay, Sir.  
   Rum ti iddle, &c.

Celia’s Complaint for the Loss of her Shepherd.

**W**HAT sadness reigns over the plain,  
 how drops the sweet flowers around  
 How pensive each nymph and each swain,  
 how silent each musical sound?  
 No more the soft lute in the bow’rs;  
 beguiles the cool ev’nings away;  
 Sad sighs measure out the long hours,  
 since Damon has wander’d away.  
 Colin he was our village’s pride,  
 this change from his absence is seen,  
 It was he that our music supply’d,  
 when gayly he danc’d on the green.  
 At shearing, at wake, and at fair,  
 how jovial and frolick were we,  
 But now every feast in the year,  
 is joyless as joyless can be.

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But now to America's land,  
 he's fled from his innocent plain,  
 Where nothing but slaughter and blood,  
 can be the reward of his pain.  
 By those who betray'd him to go,  
 I wish they may fall for the same,  
 They've made him a soldier we know,  
 but us they have robb'd of a swain.

Oh! why did he venture from home,  
 to mix among hostile alarms!  
 No justice oblig'd him to roam,  
 or take up these terrible arms.  
 Let those who are cruel and rough,  
 regardless of life and of limb,  
 The country has soldiers enough,  
 nor need one gentle like him.

Where'er the adventurer goes,  
 on land, or the dangerous main,  
 Kind Heav'n protect him from woes,  
 and give him to Celia, again.  
 Oh! give him to Celia, again,  
 my true love in safety restore,  
 I'll cease on his breast to complain,  
 from my arms he shall wander no more.

Kind Heav'n bring wars to an end,  
 and peace to Great Britain restore,  
 With America join heart and hand,  
 and then I will languish no more.  
 Then husbands will come to their wives,  
 and children their fathers will gain,

'Twill save many thousands of lives,  
and I'll enjoy my dearest swain.

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### SWEET ROBIN'S ELOPEMENT.

**O** Where are you going sweet Robin,  
what mak's you sae proud an' sae snay  
I ance saw the day little Robin,  
my friendship ye did not deny :  
But Winter again is returning,  
an' weather baith stormy an' snell ;  
Gin ye will come back again Robin,  
I'll feed you wi' moolins mysel'.

When Summer comes in, little Robin  
forgets a' his frien's, an' his care,  
Awa' to the fields gaes sweet Robin,  
to wander the fields here an' there :  
Though ye be my debtor fause Robin,  
on you I will never lay blame,  
For I've had as dear frien's as Robin,  
wha aften has done me the same.

I ance had a lover like Robin,  
wha lang for my love did implore,  
At length he took flight just like Robin,  
an' him I ne'er saw any more :  
But shou'd the stern blast of misfortune,  
return him, as Winter does thee,  
Though slighted by baith, little Robin,  
yet I baith your fau'ts can forgi'e.