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Three - Excellent

New Songs.


I. A New SONG in Praise of
ADMIRAL RODNEY!

II. Jack the brisk young Drummer.

III. CHARLEY he's my Darling.



Entered according to Order,



A New Song in Praise of Ad. Rodney.

Sound the trumpet of fame, see the nation attend,
 To Rodney each Briton must sure be a friend;
 He has sail'd, he has fought, he has conquer'd again,
 And the Flag of fair Britain o'er shadows the main.

CHORUS.

Push the bumper about, drink his health each brave tar,
 To Rodney the brave, and from bold working war;
 Long may George o'er the ocean, his power preserve,
 And the foes of fair Britain have what they deserve.

In hopes of success, see de Grasse advance,
 The bravest commander belonging to France;
 But Rodney sail'd forth for to check their design,
 And the laurel of victory fair Britain is thine.

Push the bumper about, drink, &c.

Her soldiers all seiz'd, to our vengeance a prey,
 And five men of war taken who did them convey,
 One sunk in the ocean, her hands did expire,
 Another blown aloft in explosion of fire.

Push the bumper about, drink, &c.

Their soldiers and sailors we've taken away
 Our guns ask'd the question, they'd nothing to say;
 Jamaica reliev'd by great Rodney's design,
 And fair Britain may boast that the Island is thine.

Push the bumper about, drink, &c.

Brave Admiral Hood was the first who gave chace,
 Courage glow'd in his heart, & shot forth in his face;
 Tho' before each brave Briton revered his name,
 Yet this days great success shall add to his fame.

Push the bumper about, drink, &c.

Come glory and crown him, our chief on the main,
The terror of all, who'd dare arm for proud Spain;
His conquest and honour, O may they encrease,
Till fair Britain compels all her foes into peace.

C H O R U S.

Push the bumper about, drink his health each brave tar,
To Rodney the brave, and from bold working war;
Long may George o'er the ocean his power preserve,
And the foes of fair Britain have what they deserve.



JACK the Brisk Young DRUMMER.

AS Jack the brisk young drummer
was going to his duty,
He espy'd a lovely creature,
none could excel her beauty.

As she drew nigh, he courteously,
stept forth and did address her,
For he was bent, without consent,
immediately to press her.

He said, my lovely creature,
I've orders for to tell you,
If you don't volunteerly come,
by force I must compel you.

To serve the King it is a thing,
you cannot well gain-say, love,
And you at once, may have advance,
and enter into pay, love.

I pray, kind fir, excuse me,
 for I am under age yet,
 My parents they'll abuse me,
 if thus I were persuaded :

A volunteer to be, my dear,
 I may repent, my folly ;
 Likewise, said she, I cannot bear,
 the noise of your travally.

My dearest dear, you need not fear,
 if once you were practised,
 In beating of a point of war,
 you will not be surprized :

Tap-too at night, is my delight,
 on your drum, to beat, love,
 For to be plain, I do disdain,
 and hate a dull retreat, love.

O my dear drum-major,
 I long to feel your rally,
 If you be the engager,
 pray give the other fally :

The gen'ral he may call you,
 O then my love is crost, fir,
 And when the drums alarm you,
 O then my love is lost, fir.

My dearest dear, you need not fear,
 I'll beat you a travally ;
 Before we part, I'll raise your heart,
 and drive off melancholy.

O you may brace my drum, fir,
 I love to hear your rally,
 I do prefer a point of war,
 before a dull travally.

O then my drum to beat at night,
 all others are but folly ;
 While you are the engager,
 come with the other volly :

If you'll be true, I'll follow you,
 I love a treble beating,
 For to be plain, I do disdain,
 and hate a dull retreating.

A foldier lad is my delight,
 a drummer for to follow,
 Likewise said she, I love to hear,
 the noise of your travollow :

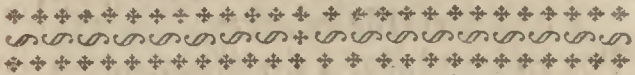
What if your drum, while I attack,
 I chance it for to break love,
 And that will be expensive,
 the same for to pay back, love.

My dearest dear, you need not fear,
 my drum it well can stand it,
 To beat a ruff, if you're in tuff,
 the leather is well tanned :

Then I'll do it straight, and come on
 it is all that I desire, (right,
 Ranty tanty, tanty ranty,
 present and then give fire.

He said my lovely creature,
 in heart I find you're loyal:
 'Tis a disdain, I'd be to blame,
 if I give thee denial:

Thro' camp and field I'll follow thee,
 where taps and flags are flying,
 When Drum & cannons loudly roar,
 where troops and ranks are dying.



CHARLY HE'S MY DARLING.

IT was on Monday morning,
 right early in the year,
 That Charly he came to this town,
 recruiting grenadiers:

And Charly he's my darling,
 my darling, my darling,
 And Charly he's my darling,
 the young Chevalier.

As he came walking up the street,
 the city for to view;
 He spy'd a maiden young and sweet,
 at a window looking throw. &c.

My father he has gone abroad,
 my mother's not at home;
 You are welcome here, dear Charly,
 'twas you I thought upon, &c.

O he has ta'en the bonny lass,
 and set her on his knee;
 I know by the smiling of your face,
 young man where you would be.

He took her into his arms,
 all in his highland dress;
 For he had it in his trousers,
 to please a bonny lass. And &c.

Then he pull'd up her petticoats,
 and he his philibeg;
 So merrily and so rarely,
 they danc'd a highland jig. &c.

Then he pull'd out a purse of gold,
 it was as long's his arm;
 Here take you that dear Jenny,
 it will do you no harm. And &c.

It's up the rosy mountains,
 and down the seraggy-glen;
 We dare not go a milking,
 for Charly and his men. And &c.

Yet we will go a milking,
 let them say what they will;
 And if we dare not milk the cow,
 we will be milking still. And &c.

Though I have lost my maiden-head,
 I think it well bestow'd,
 For he's a jewel in mine eye,
 my bonny highland lad. And &c.

All in her best herself she drest,
 most comely to be seen ;
 And for to meet her true-love,
 she's gone to Aberdeen. And &c.
 But when she came to Aberdeen,
 this bonny lowland lass ;
 There she found her true love,
 was gone to Inverness. And &c.
 But when she came to Inverness,
 she curs'd the day and hour :
 That her true love was forc'd to flee,
 and leave Culloden moor. And &c.
 Now he is gone and left me,
 I'm forc'd to ly alone ;
 I'll never have another mate,
 till my true love comes home. &c.
 If I were free at liberty,
 and all things at my will,
 Over the sea I soon would be,
 for I vow I love him still And &c.
 And now my song is ended,
 I hope I've said no harm ;
 For Charly he came to this town,
 to get a lass wi' bairn.
 And Charly he's my darling,
 my darling, my darling,
 And Charly he's my darling,
 the young Chevalier.