

25
THREE EXCELLENT

New Songs,

viz.

Love, Port, and Sherry.

Britons, are the Sons of Fame!


William & Mary.

ALSO,

A NEW DUET.



Printed in this present Year.



Love, Port, & Sherry.

THE Bards were told in antient Lore,
All sung of Love in days of Yore,
And touch'd the trembling string;
Shall we boast of brighter days,
To Love alone devote our lays,
Oh no, of Wine we'll sing:
For Love in a minute,
The Devil is in it,
Will often drive any man mad,
While Port and good Sherry,
Will make us all merry,
If ever so solid and sad.

Of thee, Oh Bacchus, God of Wine,
We'll sing, and o'er thy sacred Shrine
Strew never fading flow'rs;
Then wilt thou with thy rosy cheeks,
'Turn all our happy days to Weeks,
Our moments into hours.

For Love in a minute,
 The Devil is in it,
 Will often drive any man mad,
 But Port and good Sherry,
 Will make a man merry,
 If ever so solid and sad.

But e'er we from our Wine remove,
 In bumpers let us—drink to Love,
 Come put around the glass;
 And let us with it Friendship blend,
 So drink to ev'ry faithful Friend,
 And every pretty Lass.

Tho' Love in a minute,
 The Devil is in it,
 Will often drive any man mad;
 Yet Port and old Sherry,
 Will make us all merry,
 If ever so solid and sad.

BRITONS
 ARE THE SONS OF FAME.

RED rose the Sun, when gallant Nelson
 spied,
 The Gaul and Spaniard quit the hostile
 shore,

Joy seiz'd his Soul, triumphantly he cried,
 'They soon shall fall beneath our thunder's
 roar ;

Britons to Arms !
 To you the deed belongs,
 'T' avenge your Country's wrongs,
 Her honour to maintain,
 Upon the briny main,
 'To add new Laurels to your Name,
 For Britons, are the Sons of Fame.

France sees and trembles, trembles at the fight,
 For well she knows the feats that we have
 done ;

Not like ourselves she comes, she dreads the
 fight ;

And owns her Victors, ere the battle's won,

Rouse, Britons, Rouse !
 Like angry waves in storms,
 When winter's wind deforms,
 Old Ocean's ruffled face,
 All peaceful notions chace,
 In WAR exalt your glorious Name ;
 For Britons, are the Sons of Fame !

Spain's genius fears and half averts his Head.
 Dire omens slit across his troubled mind,
 He sees the fates have number'd with the dead,
 One half of those who leave their shores
 behind.

Then Britons, Rise!

By Liberty's fair Charms,
By all our Deeds in Arms,
By England's unstain'd Glory,
So bright in martial story,
Again add Laurels to your Name;
For Britons are the Sons of Fame;

The sons of Britain rend the lofty skies,
Conquest or Death from ev'ry Voice re-
sounds;

The foe appall'd shrinks at their echoing cries;
And feels pale Terror ev'ry Hope confounds

We will to ARMS!

The brave fear not to die,
Lead on to Victory,
Beneath our Force shall fall,
The flags of Spain and Gaul,
To add new Laurels to our Name,
For Britons are the sons of Fame?

Fierce was the fight but Crimson Conquest
soon,

The valiant race of Albions sea-girt isle;
Crown'd with her Wreaths, full oft their well
earn'd boon;

Entwin'd with warlike praise and Glory's
smile,

BUT NELSON DIED!
 The mighty work was done,
 His conquering arm begun,
 Mars saw, approv'd, and smild,
 And snatch'd his darling Child,
 Whilst green the Laurels round his
 Name,
 To gild them with immortal Fame!



William und Mary.

SWEET Mary the beauty near cow-
 slip-hill did dwell,
 Young William was a farmer in love
 with Mary fell,
 But fate was so cruel his fortune to
 decay,
 His barns fired, his cattle died which
 drove him far away.
 He parted with his Mary his heart
 was torn with grief,
 Don't weep my dearest Mary for there
 is no relief,
 If fortune should me favour to risle
 France or Spain,

Thy William blest with riches will
return to you again

Then William she set sail in search of
gold and store,

Leaving his dear behind him, his loss
for to deplore,

With sighs he hail'd, with tears she
closed each unhappy day,

She never ceas'd to weep for William
far away.

Then William plow'd the ocean and
roved on the main,

We saw two ships advancing belonging
to proud Spain,

Huzza you british heroes your thun-
der now let go,

Strike you spanish dogs you have met
a valient foe.

The spanish in great force having
guns nigh three to one,

Beside the british flag and the bloody
fight begun,

But our brave English tars a broad-
side they did pour,-

The spanish dogs they struck their
 flags and begg'd to fight no more,
 The spanish ships were freighted with
 treasure in great store,
 Young William blest with Riches to
 sea need go no more,
 He flew unto his Mary the sweetest
 flower in May,
 Dry up thy tears, no longer weep for
 William far away.

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D U E T.

**S**AYS Pontius in rage, contradicting his  
 wife,  
 You never yet told me one truth in your life;  
 Vex'd Porcia no way would this thesis allow,  
 You're a Cuckold, says she, do I tell you truth  
 now.

F I N I S.