

THE ARETHUSA,

Her Mouth, which a Smile,

How stands the Glass around,

Why dost thou shiver, &c.

Ere around the Huge Oak,

BY THE GAILY CIRCLING GLASS,

AND

LULLABY.



SOLD WHOLESALE BY J. FRASER & CO.

PRINTERS, STIRLING.

THE ARETHUSA.

COME, all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While English glory I unfold,
Huzza to the Arethusa!
She is a frigate tight and brave,
As ever stemm'd the dashing wave:
Her men are staunch
To their favourite launch,
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike, we'll all expire,
On board of the Arethusa.

'Twas with the spring-fleet she went out,
The English Channel to cruize about.
When four French sail, in show so stout,
Bore down on the Arethusa.
The fam'd Belle Poole straight a-head did lie.
The Arethusa seem'd to fly,
Not a sheet, or a tack,
Or a brace did she slack;
'Tho' the Frenchmen laugh'd, & thought it strange
But they know not the handful of men, how
tough,
On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France;

We with two hundred did advance,
 On board of the Arethusa.
 Our captain hail'd the Frenchman, ho!
 The Frenchmen they cried out, hallo!
 Bear down, d'ye see,
 To our Admiral's lee;
 No, no, says the Frenchman, that can't be.
 Then I must lug you along with me,
 Says the saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchmen's land,
 We forc'd them back upon their strand,
 For we fought till not a stick would stand
 Of the gallant Arethusa.
 And now we've driven the foe ashore,
 Never to fight with Britons more,
 Let each fill a glass
 To his fav'rite lass;
 A health to our captain and officers true,
 And all that belong to the jovial crew,
 On board of the Arethusa.

HER MOUTH, WHICH A SMILE.

HER mouth, which a smile,
 Devoid of all guile,
 Half open to view,
 Is the bud of the rose.
 In the morning that blows,
 Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath,
 Than the flower-scented heath,
 At the dawning of day;
 The hawthorn in bloom,
 The lily's perfume,
 Or the blossoms of May.

HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND

How stands the glass around?
 For shame, ye take no care, my boys;
 How stands the glass around?
 Let mirth and wine abound.
 The trumpets sound,
 The colours they are flying, boys,
 To fight, kill, or wound,
 May we still be found
 Content with our hard fate, my boys,
 On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why,
 Should we be melancholy, boys?
 Why soldiers, why,
 Whose business 'tis to die!
 What—sighing?—fie;
 Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys;
 'Tis he, you, or I—
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
 We're always bound to follow, boys,
 And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,
(I mean not to upbraid you, boys)

'Tis but in vain

For soldiers to complain:

Should next campaign

Send us to him who made us, boys,

We're free from pain;

But if we remain,

A bottle and kind lan'lady

Cure all again.

GAFFER GRAY.

Ho, why dost thou shiver and shake, Gaffer
Gray?

And why does thy nose look so blue?

'Tis the weather that's cold,

'Tis I'm grown very old,

'And my doublet is not very new—Well-a-
a-day!

'And my doublet,' &c.

Then line thy worn doublet with ale, Gaffer
Gray,

And warm thy old heart with a glass.

'Nay, but credit I've none,

'And my money's all gone,

'Then say, how may that come to pass?—

Well-a-day!

'Then say,' &c.

Hie away to the house on the brow, Gaffer
Gray,

And knock at the jolly priest's door,

‘ Oh! the priest often preaches

‘ Against worldly riches,

‘ But ne'er gives a mite to the poor—Well-a
day!

‘ But ne'er,’ &c.

The lawyer lives under the hill, Gaffer Gray,

Warmly fenc'd both in back and in front;

‘ He will fasten his locks,

‘ And will threaten the stocks,

‘ Should he ever more find me in want—
Well-a-day!

‘ Should he,” &c.

The squire has beeves and ale, Gaffer Gray,

And the season will welcome thee there,

‘ Oh! his beeves and brown beer,

‘ And his merry new year,

‘ Are all for the flush and the fair—Well-a-
day!

‘ Are all,’ &c.

My keg is but low, I confess, Gaffer Gray;

What then? while it lasts, man, we'll live.

The poor man alone,

When he hears the poor moan, [day,

Of his morsel, a morsel will give—Well-a-

Of his, &c.

ERE AROUND THE HUGE OAK.

ERE around the huge oak that o'ershadows yon
mill,

The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine;
Ere the church was a ruin that nods on the hill,
Ere a rook built his nest on the pine,

Could I trace back the time, a far distant date,
Since my forefathers toil'd in this field; [tate,
And the farm I now hold on your honour's es-
Is the same that my grandfather till'd.

He, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
Which unsullied descended to me;
For my child I've preserv'd it, unblemish'd with
shame,
And it still from a spot shall be free.

BY THE GAILY CIRCLING GLASS.

By the gaily circling glass,
We can see how minutes pass,
By the hollow flask we're told,
How the waning night grows old.
Soon, too soon, the busy day
Drives us from our sport away;
What have we with day to do?
Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

By the silence of the owl,
 By the chirping of the thorn,
 By the butts that empty roll,
 We foretell th' approach of morn.
 Fill, then fill the vacant glass,
 Let no precious moment slip;
 Flout the moralizing ass;
 Joys find entrance at the lip.

LULLABY.

PEACEFUL slumb'ring on the ocean,
 Seamen fear no danger nigh;
 The wind and waves in constant motion,
 Soothe them with a lullaby.

Is the wind tempestuous blowing?
 Still no danger they descry;
 The guiltless heart its boon bestowing,
 Soothes them with a lullaby.

FINIS.