

T H E

Snug Little Island.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

Britain's Glory; or, Johny & Molly's parting.

SEE YOUR COUNTRY RIGHTED.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.



G L A S G O

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THE SUNG LITTLE ISLAND.

DADDY NEPTUNE one day,
 To FREEDOM did say,
 If ever I live upon dry land,
 The spot I should hit on,
 Would be LITTLE BRITAIN;
 Says FREEDOM, why that's my own Island;
 Oh! what a snug little Island,
 A right little tight little Island,
 All the Globe round, none can be found,
 So happy as this LITTLE ISLAND.

JULIAN CÆSAR the Roman,
 Who yielded to no man,
 Came by water, he could not come by land,
 And DANE, PICK, and SAXON;
 Their homes turn'd their backs on,
 And all for the sake of our Island;
 Oh! what a snug little Island,
 They'd all have a touch at the Island,
 Some were shot dead,—some of them fled,
 And some staid to live on the Island.

Then a very great War-Man,
 Call'd BILLY the NORMAN,
 Cry'd, damn it I ne'er liked my land;
 It would be more handy,
 To leave this Normandy,
 And live on yon BEAUTIFUL ISLAND;

Says he, 'tis a snug little Island,
Shan't us go visit this Island?

Hop, skip, and jump—There he was plump,
And he kick'd up a dust in the Island.

Yet party deceit,
Helped the Normans to beat,
Of traitors they manag'd to buy land,
By DANE, SAX, or PICT,
We ne'er had been kick'd,
Had they stuck to the King of the Island;
POOR HAROLD the King of the Island,
He lost both his life and his Island,
That's very true—What could he do;
Like a Briton he dy'd for his Island.

Then the Spanish Armada,
Set out to invade-a',
Quite sure, if they ever came nigh land,
They cou'd do no less,
Than tuck up QUEEN BESS,
And take their full swing in the Island;
Oh! the poor Queen of the Island,
The Dons came to plunder the Island;
But snug in her hive,—The Queen was alive,
And buz was the word at the Island.

These proud puff'd up Cakes,
Thought to make Ducks and Drakes
Of our wealth; but they hardly could spy land,
E'er our DRAKE had the luck,
To make their pride duck,
And stoop to the lads of the Island;

Huzza! for the Lads of the Island,
 The good wooden walls of the Island,
 Devil or Don,—Let 'em come on,
 But, how would they come off at the Island?

I don't wonder much,
 That the French and the Dutch,
 Have since been often tempted to try land,
 And I wonder much less,
 They have met no success,
 For why should we give up our Island!
 Oh! 'tis a wonderful Island,
 All of them long for the Island.
 Hold a bit there, (let 'em)—Take fire and air,
 But we'll have the Sea and the Island.

Then, since FREEDOM and NEPTUNE,
 Hitherto kept tune.
 In each saying, This shall be my land,
 Should the Army of England,
 Or all they could bring, land,
 We'd show them some play for the Island;
 We'd fight for our right to the Island,
 We'd give them enough of the Island,
 Frenchmen should just,—Bite at our dust,
 But not a bit more of the Island.

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

YE fair, who shine thro' Britain's Isle,
 And triumph o'er the heart,
 For once attentive be a while
 to what I shall impart.

Would you obtain the youth you love,
 The precept of a friend approve,
 And learn the way to keep him.

As soon as Nature has decreed
 The bloom of eighteen years,
 And Isabel from school is freed,
 Then beauty's force appears ;
 The youthful blood begins to flow,
 She hopes for man, and longs to know
 The surest way to gain him,

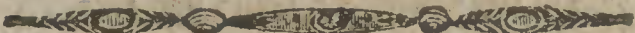
When first the pleasant pain is felt
 Within the lover's breast,
 And you, by strange persuasion melt,
 Each wishing to be blest.

Be not too bold, nor yet too coy,
 With prudence lure the happy boy,
 And that's the way to keep him.

At court, at ball, at park, or play,
 Assume a modest pride ;
 And lest your tongue your mind betray,
 In fewer words confide ;

The maid who thinks to gain a mate
 By giddy chat, will find too late,
 That's not the way to keep him.

In dressing never the hours kill,
 That bane to all the sex ;
 Nor let the art of dear spadille
 Your innocence perplex,
 Be always decent as a bride,
 By virtuous rules your reason guide,
 For that's the way to keep him.


 BRITAIN'S GLORY.

AS Johnny and Molly lay reposing,
 On a bed of sweet primroses,
 Then the drums began a rowling,
 Up brave boys there's no controuling.

C H O R U S.

Love farewell, darling farewell,
 We are all for parting, love farewell.

I think I hear the Colonel crying,
 March brave boys, see colours flying;
 The colours flying, the drums a beating,
 March on brave boys, there's no retreating.

Then said the Major, Boys are you ready?
 We're at your call, both firm and steady,
 Every man his flask of powder,
 Ev'ry man's firelock on his shoulder, &c.

Molly dear, do not grieve for me,
 I'm going to fight for Britain's glory,
 If we live, we live victorious,
 If we die, our death is glorious. Love, &c.

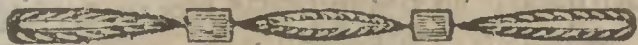
The mother says, Boys, do not wrong me,
 No, nor take my Daughter from me,
 Or if you do, I'll so torment you,
 And after death my ghost will haunt you. &c.

Come brave boys, we are all for travel,
 First to France, and then to Holland,
 Drums are beating, fifes are playing,
 Cannons rearing, bullets flying. Love, &c.

Molly dear, I'll always mind you,
 The more I leave you here behind me,
 But if I live, at my returning,
 In raptures I will ease your mourning.

C H O R U S.

Love farewell, darling farewell,
 We are all for parting, love farewell.



SEE YOUR COUNTRY RIGHTED.

COME ye lads who wish to shine,
 bright in future story,
 Hasten to arms, and form the line,
 that leads to martial glory.

C H O R U S.

Charge the musquet, point the lance,
 brave the worst of dangers,
 Tell the blust'ring sons of France,
 that we to fear are strangers.

Britain when the Lion's rous'd,
 and her flag is rearing,
 Always find her sons dispos'd
 to drub the foe that's daring.

Charge the musquet, &c.

Hearts of Oak with speed advance,
 pour your naval thunder,
 On the trembling shores of France,
 and strike the world with wonder.

Charge the musquet, &c.

Honour for the brave to share,
is the noblest booty,

Guard your coasts, protect the fair,
for that's a Briton's duty.

Charge the musquet, &c.

What if Spain to take their parts,
form a base alliance,

All unite, and British hearts
may bid the world defiance.

Charge the musquet, &c.

Beat the drum, the trumpet sound,
manly and united

Danger face, maintain your ground,
and see your country righted.

C H O R U S.

Charge the musquet, point the lance,
brave the worst of dangers,

Tell the blust'ring sons of France,
that we to fear are strangers.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

YOUR charms to ruin led the way;
My sense deprav'd,

My strength enslav'd;

As I did love, you did betray:

How great the curse, how hard my fate,
To pass life's sea with such a mate.

G L A S G O W,

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