

T H E

Wat'ry God.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

HIGH JENNY HIGH,

THE COLD WINTER NIGHT,

THE YOUNG MAN'S PETITION,

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.



G. L A S G O W,
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THE WAT'RY GOD.

TUNE OF THE FAITHFUL TAR.

THE wat'ry God, Great Neptune lay,
 In dalliance soft and am'rous play,
 On Amphitrite's soft breast ;
 When uproar rear'd its horrid head,
 The Tritons shrunk, the Nereids fled,
 And all their fears confest.

Loud thunder shook the vast domain,
 The liquid world was wrapt in flame,
 The God amazed spoke !

Ye winds go forth and make it known,
 Who dares to shake my coral throne,
 And fill my realm with smoke ?

The winds obsequious at his word,
 Sprung strongly up to 'bey their Lord,
 And saw two fleets a-weigh ;
 One victorious Hawke, was thine,
 The other Conflan's wretched line,
 In terror and dismay.

Appall'd they view BRITANNIA'S SONS,
 Deal Death and Slaughter from their guns,
 And strike the fatal blow :
 Which caus'd ill-fated Gallic slaves,
 To find a tomb in briney waves,
 And sink to shades below ;

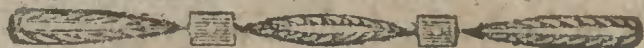
With speed they fly and tell their chief,
 That France was ruin'd, -past relief,
 And Hawke triumphant rode ;
 Hawke! cry'd the Fair, Pray what is he,
 Who dare usurp his power at sea,
 And thus insult a God ;

The Wind reply'd, in distant lands
 There reigns a King who Hawke commands,
 He scorns all foreign force ;
 And when their floating castles roll,
 From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
 Great Hawke directs their course.

Or when his winged bullets fly,
 To punish fraud and perfidy,
 Or scourge a guilty land ;
 The gallant HAWKE serenely great,
 Though death and horror round him wait,
 Performs his dread command

Neptune with wonder heard the story,
 Of GEORGE'S SWAY and BRITAIN'S GLORY,
 Which time shall ne'er subdue ;
 Boscawen's deeds, and Saunder's fame,
 Join'd with brave Wolfe's immortal name,
 Then cry'd, Can this be true ?

A KING! He sure must be a GOD!
 Who has such Heroes at his nod,
 To govern earth and sea ;
 I yield my Trident and my Crown,
 A tribute due to such renown,
 Great GEORGE shall rule for me.



H I G H J E N N Y H I G H .

MY Father he's a gentleman,
 a gentleman was he,
 He married me to an old man,
 that was threescore and three.

Chor. Sing high Jenny, high,
 and sing low Jenny low ;
 For I'll never wed an old man,
 for any thing I know.

As I am two and twenty,
 in my virginity,
 Which causes me to differ,
 and we can ne'er agree. Sing high, &c.

I'd rather have a young man,
 as much so like myself,
 Or I would have an old man,
 with all his mouldy pelf. Sing high, &c.

I'd rather have a young man,
 within a fuit of silk,
 Or I would have an old man,
 with forty cows to milk. Sing high, &c.

I'd rather have a young man,
 with a rose in his hand,
 Or I would have an old man
 with fifty ploughs of land. Sing high, &c.

The old man when he comes to bed,
 he can do nought at a' ;

He lies as cold down by my side,
and turns him to the wa'. Sing high, &c.

O some they do advise me,
to drown him in a well,
And others do advise me,
to grind him in a mill. Sing high, &c.

But I took my own advice,
I took him to a plain,
I ty'd him to a windlestraw,
and he ne'er return'd again. Sing, &c.

An old man comes groaning in,
just as he wanted life;
The young man comes smirking in,
come kiss me my sweet wife. Sing, &c.

And when that we go to our bed,
we ly both snug and warm,
He kisses me, and claps me,
and takes me in his arms. Sing high, &c.



THE COLD WINTER NIGHT.

O NOW the cold Winter comes on,
and fortune runs hard by my side,
For to work at my trade, I've got none,
and the best of my friends I have try'd.

But he that is a friend to himself,
will provide for a cold winter day,
It will help him in time of his need,
when his friends they will frown him away.

When work and money comes in,
 O then I'm as brisk as a bee.
 And while I've got sixpence to spend,
 O my friends they will all visit me.

But if I've not a sixpence to spend,
 and a sixpence I've got for to borrow,
 I'll be sure to come back as I went,
 'tis very well known to my sorrow.

And if I to the ale-house do go,
 and spend what I've toil'd for so long,
 If I ask them to trust but one pot,
 they straightway will bid me begone.

And if I run on with old scores,
 and get no more money to spend,
 They'll be sure to clap bums to my back,
 for man without money has no friend.

My breeches are ragged and torn,
 and my stockings hang over my shoes,
 My pockets no money will hold,
 for in truth I've got none for to lose.

My shirt is as black as a coal,
 for want of an industrious wife,
 And if you can help me good fellows,
 I'll mind you all the days of my life.

I love for to tumble and toss,
 in due time when I go to bed,
 Had I but an industrious wife,
 I surely would something provide.

And if she were as willing as I,
 to provide for a cold winter day,
 It would help us in time of our need,
 when friends would frown us away.

THE YOUNG MAN'S PETITION.

COME live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove,
 That hills and valleys, dale and field,
 And all the craggy mountains yield;
 There we will sit upon the rocks,
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
 By shallow rivers, to whose fall,
 Melodious birds sing Madrigal.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
 With a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle,
 A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our finest lambs we pull;
 Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
 With coral clasps, and amber studs;
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.
 The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
 For thy delight each May morning:
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then stay with me, and be my love.

 THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

IF that the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me move,
 To live with thee, and be thy love.
 But time drives flocks from field to fold,
 When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
 And Philomel becometh dumb,
 And all complain of cares to come.

The flow'rs do fade, and wanton fields,
 To wayward winter reck'ning yields ;
 A honey tongue and heart of gall,
 May pleasures turn to sorrows all :
 Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy beds of straw, and ivy buds,
 Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
 All these in me no means can move,
 To come to thee and be thy love.
 But could love last, and love still breed,
 Had joys no date, nor age no need ;
 Then these delights my mind might move,
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

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