

T H E

Drunkard's Consolation,

O N T H E

A L E B E I N G R A I S E D .

To which are added,

The ELECTION; or, the Description
of a Coalition WEATHER COCK.

The TWO LOYAL LOVERS.

OLD ENGLAND TURNED NEW.

B E A U T I F U L N A N C Y .



G L A S G O W ,

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THE
 DRUNKARD'S CONSOLATION,
 ON THE
 ALE BEING RAISED.

A T a house of great fame for a pipe and a pot,
 Where some are so foolish to spend all they've
 A meeting was held on a weighty affair, (got,
 And Timothy Smith was set in the chair.

C H O R U S.

Well done Timothy, drink away Timothy,
 Off with the liquor and call for more.

My friends I've a piece of bad news for to tell,
 Concerning malt liquor which you love so well,
 They've rais'd it to five pence a quart I declare,
 At a town call'd Louth in Lincolnshire.

Chorus. Well done Timothy, etc.

I've just now been thinking, since ale is so dear,
 We must leave it off, and drink only small beer,
 But I love to be merry, altho' I am poor,
 So gentlemen drink, for I must have some more.

Chorus. Well done Timothy, etc.

My bottle and friend I'll enjoy while I live,
 There's nothing on earth such pleasure doth give,
 For what you are thinking I care not a fly,
 So reach me the liquor—I grow very dry.

Chorus. Well done Timothy, etc.

In what you've said you may chance to be wrong,
 Supposing your cash will not hold out so long,
 Your friends I'm persuaded will quickly turn tail,
 And none of the landladies serve you with ale.

Chorus. Well done Timothy, etc.

Indeed brother drunkard, you say very right,
 You shall hear how the landlady serv'd me last night,
 I was boumy merry, she came in great haste,
 But reach me the liquor, I must have a taste.

Chorus. Well done Timothy, etc.

She came in great haste, brought me a long score,
 Which I could not pay, so was turu'd out of door,
 With ale an^d vexation my brain turned round,
 But I'll drink to forget the ill treatment I found.

Chorus. Well done Timothy, etc.

The landladies could not appear as they do,
 If it were not my friends for such drinkers as you,
 Their pride is upheld by such drunkard's pence,
 Here's wishing all drunkards a little more sence.

Chorus. Well done Timothy, etc.

Since ale is advanc'd, as I told you before,
 And times are so bad, we must all give it o'er,
 We must give o'erdrinking, pray mind what I've said,
 For we that have families scarce can get bread.

Chorus. Well done Timothy, etc.

But shall we give over for ever and aye,
 Or limit the time to a year and a day,
 Perhaps you would have it a still shorter space,
 So I'll drink your healths till you settle the case.

Chorus. Well done Timothy, etc.

That time is too long to be held, to small beer,
 I think you may venture to leave out one year,
 And then, brother drunkards, I'll strive to refrain,
 Not a year and a day, but till we meet again.

Chorus. Well done Timothy, etc.

But here comes my wife, her reproaches I dread,
 You see she's quite naked, her children want bread,
 So pay you my shot when the reck'ning you call,
 For I did get drunk for the good of you all. etc.

The ELECTION; or, the DESCRIPTION of a
COALITION WEATHER COCK.

Not far from St. James's there lives it is true,
A man whose transactions I mean to review,
He's a tumbelly'd sinner, he wears buff and blue.
With a down, down, down, up an' down,
Down derry, derry up and down, down derry down.

At the buffings this Orator set up his trade
There for liberty roam'd, & the converts he made,
Resembl'd the followers of Tyler and Cade.
With a down, down, down, up and down, etc.

To them he address'd most elaborate speeches,
They cling to the Man of the People like leeches,
One hand wav'd hats, t'other held up their breeches.
With a down, down, down, up and down, etc.

'Bout his honesty oft he harangu'd the throng,
But it ne'er stuck so close to's heart as his tongue,
And put up to auction had sold for a song.
With a down, down, down, up and down, etc.

About principles this great statesman would bawl,
By his principles stand, by his principles fall,
Int'rest kick'd down the principle, states man and all.
With a down, down, down, up and down, etc.

With his honour no mortal could ever keep pace,
'This hour 'twas at Brooks, the next at Duke's place,
Now 'tis mortgag'd for votes, then pledg'd for a place.
With a down, down, down, up and down, etc.

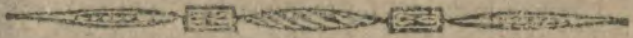
At last a deep project was hatch'd in his skull,
Nothing less than the rights of electors to gull,
But a Horn for a breakfast made Charley look dull.
With a down, down, down, up and down, etc.

For Horn Took to Westminster's firmly attach'd,
 Charles with disappointment his head did scratch,
 He must shuffle & cut, for he's met with his match.
 With a down, down, down, up and down, etc.

Now 'tis diamond cut diamond, 'till the hour of four,
 'Tis F-x & Lord Hood, & no F-x now they roar,
 Took lashes poor Charles, he was ne'er cut so before.
 With a down, down, down, up and down, etc.

For the right of election now let it be told,
 Hadn't Took stept forward the electors were sold,
 So electors arose, for Horn Took go and poll.
 With a down, down, down, up and down, etc.

He's true hearted and open, you see by his look,
 To arraign the deceivers he never will brook,
 So long life to the King, and success to Horn Took.
 With a down, down, down, up and down,
 Down derry, derry up and down, down derry down.



THE TWO LOYAL LOVERS.

YOU beautiful damfels that've felt Cupid's dart,
 Lill to me a young maid wounded to the heart,
 For the loss of my Henry a young sailor is he,
 It was my cruel father that forc'd him from me.

You sweet little warblers that inhabit the groves,
 Come listen a moment, while I sing of my love,
 How blest and how happy in your state you be,
 Whilst I am lamenting for my Henry.

In innocent love those couple did agree,
 And vow'd, as the turtle dove, constant to be,
 But when that her father he came for to know,
 He vow'd that to sea this young Henry should go.

Then by the press-masters had him prest away,
Which made this young damsel in tears for to say,
Dear honoured father, your pardon I crave,
No one on this earth but young Henry I'll have.

Then her cruel father unto her did say,
What mean you, base creature, come tell me I pray,
From my presence for ever you banish'd shall be,
If you marry with one of so mean a degree.

The ship had not sail'd more than 2 months to sea,
When a most dreadful storm there happ'ned to be,
Each man to's station, ship and lives for to save,
When Henry & six more were drown'd in the waves.

Soon as this young maiden this sad news did hear,
Her heart was o'erwhelm'd with sorrow and care,
In a few days after she took to her bed,
When the learned Doctors gave her over for dead.

And when that she found her death hour was nigh,
These words she did say to her friends that were by,
My heart it is broke for the youth I admire ---
Then she stretch'd out her hands, & instantly expir'd.

When unto the grave this fair maid was convey'd,
Numbers did attend to see'er in the ground laid,
Six maidens in white her pall they did bear,
And from many an eye there dropt a salt tear.

OLD ENGLAND TURNED NEW.

TUNE--THE ROAST' BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

NOW Britons attend, while I give you a song,
The words are all right, tho' the nation's wrong,
The heads you'll allow are grown very headstrong.

O the sorrowful case of Old England,
And 'tis poor England's sorrowful case.

Before this good nation was put up with pride,
The poor of Old England were well satisfy'd,
But the good of the nation is now thrown aside.

O the sorrowful case of Old England,
And 'tis poor England's sorrowful case.

In the days of mygrannum 'twas Gaffer & Dame,
Then echo resounded the trumpet of fame,
But Madam, and Sir, are become a new name.

O the sorrowful case of Old England, etc.

When gentlemen walk'd in a plain morning dress,
To relieve each their neighbours that were in distress,
Old England was fill'd then with much happiness,
But now 'tis not so with Old England, etc.

When Britons united, in plenty they roll'd,
They valu'd their produce much more than gold,
To our enemies now our provisions are sold.

O the sorrowful case of Old England, etc.

To Englishmen scarce it must be a sad grief,
For to be debarr'd from the taste of roast beef,
May Providence quickly send us some relief.

O the sorrowful case of Old England, etc.

The distress of the nation is shocking to hear,
Provision is got so remarkably dear,
O England, where now is thy boasted good cheer,

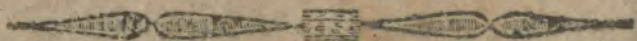
O the sorrowful case of Old England, etc.

While Englishmen cry for their liberty sweet,
In poverty now they walk thro' the street,
And by foreigners nearly are trod under feet.

O the sorrowful case of Old England, etc.

Our sheep and our oxen they send o'er to France,
Because they do teach our fair ladies to dance,
But Old Nick may take them & their fine complaint
O the sorrowful case, etc. (since.

When tired of war, then they patch up a peace,
 Provisions they've rose, and the taxes encrease,
 And no body knows when they shall be releas'd.
 O the sorrowful case of Old England, etc.



B E A U T I F U L N A N C Y.

T Was down in a valley, by the side of a grove,
 By a clear chrystal fountain I saw my true love,
 The birds were a singing, the lambs were at play,
 On a bank of sweet violets she carelessly lay.

When first I beheld her my heart was surpriz'd,
 By the bloom of her cheeks, and her sparkling eyes;
 Young Cupid was cruel, he directed his dart,
 For the sake of my Nancy she wounded my heart.

Now here in this torment I still do remain,
 Like a thief that's sentenc'd, I'm bound in love's chain,
 No peace night or day can my heart ever find,
 The thoughts of my Nancy so trouble my mind.

Bring me pen, ink, and paper, all for to write,
 To my beautiful Nancy, my joy and delight,
 She's charming, she's beautiful, she's pretty & fair,
 There's none in the country can with her compare.

Small birds on the branches are blest with a mate,
 The dove is a mourning for my hapless fate,
 The lark with her fine notes mounting the air,
 Brings me no glad tidings from my dearest dear.

Farewel dearest Nancy, since we must parted be,
 I'll away to the mountains where none shall me see,
 The rocks shall hide me, & bring me to my grave,
 So farewel Nancy, since I cannot you have.