



Adam Bald

Glasgow

1793





THE
Entertaining Songster;

CONSISTING OF A SELECTION OF THE BEST

MASONIC SONGS

New in Use among the Very Worthy Brethren of Free Masons

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A very considerable Collection of the best

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS,

SERIOUS AND COMIC.

AMONG WHICH ARE

All those New and much-admired Songs

OF THE CELEBRATED

DIBDIN, EDWIN, AND OTHERS;

WITH

Many Admired Comic and other Songs,

That never appeared in ANY OTHER Collection.

TOGETHER WITH

A very great VARIETY of the most approved

MASONIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

A B E R D E E N,

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CHAPEL, GALLOWGATE.

M DCC XCI.

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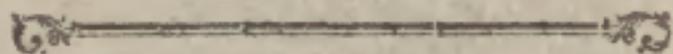
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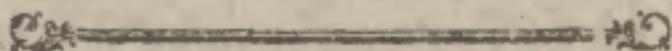
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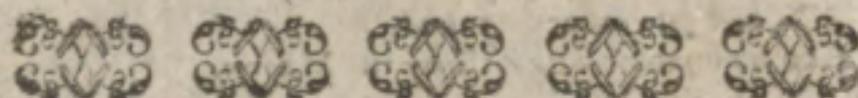
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MASONIC SONGS.



MASONIC SONGS



MASONIC SONGS.

NEW SONG

FOR SAINT JOHN'S DAY, 1790.

Composed by a BROTHER of the Lodge of Old
 ABERDEEN, and Honorary Member of the ROYAL
 ARCH, and DEFENSIVE BAND, Lodges, Edinburgh.

(Tune—Come let us prepare, &c.)

I.

LET each Brother sincere,
 Th' occasion severe,
 Which *to-day* bids us greet one another.
 May the Holy SAINT JOHN,
 Tho' long dead and gone,
 Still live in the heart of each Brother.

II.

He show'd us the Light
 That shines ever bright,
 O 'twas a divine Revelation,
 That light of Mankind,
 Which gave sight to the Blind,
 The Lamp of each People and Nation.

III.

Let the love he inspir'd,
 By our Craft still admir'd,

Our Actions for ay put a grace on :
 While *His Mem'ry* goes round,
 Let due order be found,
 And no honours with-held by the MASON.

To the Memory of the Holy Saint John, &c.

IV.

No action obscene
 Shall our tites ever stain,
 No vice to the FREE is in season,
 Our badge here so white,
 Bids our deeds be upright,
 And confia'd by the compass of reason.

V.

No cause we espouse
 Which may virtue abuse,
 But, like pillars, support one another ;
 Any soul in distress
 May its sorrows express,
 Unreveal'd, yet reliev'd, by a Brother.

VI.

Our secrets we hold
 Of more value than gold,
 No Cowans shall ever abuse them,
 Tho', like asses, so wise,
 They have mouths, ears, and eyes,
 Yet they never shall know how to use them.

VII.

No rancour occult
 Dares our peace e'er insult,
 Or create in our councils division ;
 Like a well-polish'd joint,
 We unite in each point,
 And, *unanimous*, give our decision.

VIII.

Let the Tyrant ||, who dares

|| Alluding to the Emperor of Germany's intention of suppressing MASONRY in his dominions, from a belief that it has

Break amity's bars,
 Beware of his vain opposition;
 His edicts and laws
 Will but strengthen our cause,
 And cement more our grand coalition;

IX.

No Tyrant we own,
 King GEORGE fills our throne,
 Who values our ancient profession.
 In Britain's fair isle,
 Freedom ever shall smile.
 Inspir'd and maintain'd by each Mason,

X.

Then let each FREE soul,
 From pole for as pole,
 Despise the rude hand of oppression,
 And with us cheerful sing,
 Long life to the King,
 Who supports Freedom's cause and the Nation.

The King and the Craft, &c.

S O N G.

By a BROTHER of the Lodge of St. LUKE, Edin-
 burgh.

Tune—In the garb of old Gaul.

IN the dress of Free Masons, fit garments for Jove,
 With the strongest attachment true brotherly
 love,
 We now are assembl'd, all jovial and free,
 For who are so wise, and so happy as we!
 And since we're bound by secrecy, to amity and
 love,

been the noble cause of inspiring and spreading, the present
 flame of LIBERTY throughout Europe.

Let us, like Brethren, faithful to ev'ry Brother
prove :

Thus, hand in hand, let's firmly stand,

All Masons in a ring,

Protectors of our native land,

The Craft, and the King.

Tho' some with ambition for glory contend,

And, when they've attain'd it, despise each poor
friend

Yet a Mason, tho' noble, his fame to ensure,

Counts each Mason his Brother, tho' ever so poor.

And since we're bound &c.

But not to our Brethren alone we confine

That Brotherly love, that affection divine ;

For our kind-hearted Sisters in that bear a share,

And, as we admire, we're belov'd by the Fair.

And since we're bound, by secrecy, to unity and
love,

Let us, like Brethren, faithful still to every sister
prove, &c.

With justice, with candour, our bosoms are warm'd,

Our tongues are with truth and sincerity arm'd ;

We're loyal, we're trusty, we're faithful to those,

Who treat us as friends, and we smile at our foes.

And since we're bound, &c.

We bend to the King, to our Master we bend ;

For these are the rulers we're bound to defend :

And when such a King, and such Master arise,

As Britons, as Masons, we've cause to rejoice.

And since we're bound, &c.

S O N G.

LET Masonry from pole to pole
Her secret laws expand ;
Far as the mighty waters roll,
To wash remotest land !

That virtue has not left mankind,
 Her social maxims prove;
 For stamp'd upon the Mason's mind
 Are unity and love.

Ascending to her native sky,
 Let masonry increase;
 A glorious pillar rais'd on high,
 Integrity its base.

Peace adds to olive-boughs entwin'd,
 An emblematic dove;
 As stamp'd upon each mason's mind
 Are unity and love.

The Master's Song.

THUS mighty eastern kings, and some
 Of Abraham's race, and monarchs good,
 Of Egypt, Syria, Greece, and Rome,
 True ARCHITECTURE understood:
 No wonder then if Masons join,
 To celebrate those Mason kings,
 With solemn note and flowing wine,
 Whilst ev'ry Brother jointly sings.

CHORUS.

Who can unfold the royal art,
 Or shew its secrets in a song?
 They're safely kept in Mason's heart,
 And to the ancient Lodge belong.

To the King and the Craft, as Master Masons.

The Warden's Song.

FROM henceforth ever sing
 The craftsman and the king;
 With poetry and music sweet,
 Resound their harmony complete;
 And with geometry in skilful hand,

Due homage pay,
 Without delay,
 To the King and to our Master grand ;
 He rules the free-born sons of art,
 By love and friendship, hand and heart.

CHORUS.

Who can rehearse the praise,
 In soft poetic lays,
 Or solid prose, of Masons true,
 Whose art transcends the common view ?
 Their secrets ne'er to strangers yet expos'd,
 Reserv'd shall be,
 By Masons free,
 And only to the ancient Lodge disclos'd ;
 Because they're kept in Mason's heart,
 By Brethren of the royal art.

*To all the Kings, Princes, and Potentats, that ever pre-
 pagated the royal excellent art.*

The Fellow Craft's Song:

HAIL, Masonry ! thou craft divine !
 Glory of earth ! from Heav'n reveal'd ;
 Which doth with jewels precious shine,
 From all but Masons' eyes conceal'd.
 Thy praises due who can rehearse,
 In nervous prose, or flowing verse ?
 As men from brutes distinguish'd are,
 A Mason other men excels ;
 For what's in knowledge choice and rare,
 Within his breast securely dwells.
 His silent breast and faithful heart,
 Preserves the secrets of the art.
 From scorching heat and piercing cold,
 From beasts whose roar the forest rends :

From the assaults of warriors bold,
 The mason's art mankind defends,
 Be to this art due honour paid,
 From which mankind receives such aid,

Ensigns of state that feed our pride,
 Distinctions troublesome and vain;
 By Masons true are laid aside,
 Art's free born sons such toys disdain.
 Ennobled by the name they bear,
 Distinguish'd by the badge they wear.

Sweet fellowship, from envy free,
 Friendly converse of brotherhood;
 The Lodges lasting cement be,
 Which has for ages firmly stood.
 A Lodge thus built for ages past
 Has lasted, and shall ever last.

Then in our songs be justice done,
 To those who have enrich'd the art;
 From Adam down until this time,
 And let each Brother bear a part.
 Let noble Masons healths go round,
 Their praise in lofty lodge resound.

The Enter'd 'Prentice's Song.

COME let us prepare,
 We Brothers that are
 Assembled on merry occasion;
 Let's drink, laugh, and sing,
 Our wine has a spring,
 Here's a health to an accepted Mason.

The world is in pain,
 Our secrets to gain,
 And still let them wonder and gaze on;
 Till they're brought to the light,
 They'll ne'er know the right

Word or sign of an accepted Mason.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,

They cannot tell what,

Why so many great men in the nation

Should aprons put on,

To make themselves one,

With a free and an accepted Mason.

Great Kings, Dukes, and Lords,

Have laid by their swords,

Our myst'ry to put a good grace on;

And thought themselves fam'd,

To hear themselves nam'd,

With a free and an accepted Mason.

Antiquity's pride

We have on our side,

Which maketh men just in their station;

There's nought but what's good,

To be understood;

By a free and an accepted Mason.

We're true and sincere,

And just to the Fair,

They'll trust us on any occasion:

No mortal can more

The ladies adore,

Than a free and an accepted Mason.

Then join hand in hand,

By each Brother firm stand,

Let's be merry and put a bright face on;

What mortal can boast

So noble a toast,

As a free and an accepted Mason.

[Chrice repeated in due form]

To all the Fraternity round the Globe.

The Deputy Grand Master's Song.

N. B. The two last lines of each verse are the Chorus

ON, on my dear Brethren, pursue your great
 lecture,
 And refine on the rules of old architecture,
 High honour to Masons the Craft daily brings,
 To those Brothers of Princes, and Fellows of Kings.
 We've drove the rude Vandals and Goths off the stage,
 Reviving the arts of Augustus' fam'd age ;
 Vespasian destroy'd the vast temple in vain,
 Since so many now rise in GEORGE's mild reign.
 Of WARREN and ANGELO mark the great names,
 Immortal they live as the Tiber and Phames ;
 To Heav'n and themselves they've such monuments
 rais'd,
 Recorded like saints, and like saints they are prais'd.
 The FIVE noble Orders compos'd with such art,
 Will amaze the fix'd eye, and engage the whole heart
 Proportion's dumb harmony gracing the whole,
 Gives our work, like the glorious Creation, a soul.
 Then Master and Brethren preserve your great name,
 This Lodge so majestic, will purchase your fame ;
 Rever'd it shall stand till all Nature expire,
 And its glories ne'er fade till the world is on fire.
 See, see behold here what rewards all our toil,
 Enlivens our genius, and bids labour smile ;
 To our noble Grand Master let a bumper be crown'd
 To all Masons a bumper, so let it go round,
 Again, my lov'd Brethren, again let it pass,
 Our ancient firm union cement with a glass ;
 And all the contentions 'mongst Masons shall be,
 Who better can work, or who best can agree.

The Grand Warden's Song.

L E T Masonry be now my theme,
 Throughout the globe to spread its fame,
 And exult each worthy Brother's name;
 Your praise shall to the skies resound,
 In lasting happiness abound,
 And with sweet union all your noble deeds be
 crown'd.

[Repeat this last line.]

CHORUS.

Sing then, my Muse, to Masons' glory,
 Your names are to rever'd in story,
 That all th' admiring world do now adore ye.

Let harmony divine inspire
 Your souls with love and gen'rous fire,

To copy well wise SOLOMON your fire.

Know let a sublime shall fill each heart,

The rules of geometry t' impart,

While wisdom, strength, and beauty crown the royal
 art.

Sing then, my Muse, &c.

Let ancient Masons' healths go round,

In swelling cups all care be drown'd,

And hearts united 'mongst the Craft be found;

May everlasting scenes of joy,

Our peaceful hours of bliss employ,

Which Time's all conqu'ring hand shall ne'er destroy.

Sing then, my Muse, &c.

My Brethren thus all cares resign,

Your hearts let glow with thoughts divine,

And veneration shew to Solomon's shrine;

Our annual tribute thus we'll pay,

That late posterity shall say,

We've crown'd with joy this happy day, happy day.
Sing then, my muse, &c.

The Treasurer's Song.

Tune—Near some cool shade.

GRANT me, kind Heav'n, what I request,
In Matronry let me be blest ;
Direct me to that happy place,
Where Friendship smiles in ev'ry face,
Where freedom and sweet innocence
Enlarge the mind, and cheer the sense.
Where scepter'd Reason from her throne,
Surveys the Lodge that makes us one ;
And harmony's delightful sway
For ever sheds ambrosial day ;
Where we blest Eden's pleasures taste,
While balmy joys are our repast.
Our Lodge the social virtues grace,
And Wisdom's rules we fondly trace ;
Whole nature open to our view,
Points out the paths we should pursue ;
Let us subsist in lasting peace,
And may our happiness increase.
No prying eye can view us here,
No fool nor knave disturb our cheer ;
Our well-form'd laws let mankind free,
And give relief to misery ;
The poor, oppress'd with wo and grief,
Gain, from our bounteous hands, relief,

The Secretary's Song.

YE Brethren of the ancient Craft,
Ye fav'rite sons of fame :

Let bumpers cheerfully be quaff'd
To each good Mason's name ;

Happy, long happy may he be,

Who loves and honours Masonry ;

With a fa, la, la, &c.

In vain would D'ANVERS §, with his wit,

Our slow resentment raise ;

What he and all mankind have writ,

But celebrat'd our praise ;

His wit this only truth imparts,

'That Masons have firm, faithful hearts ;

With a fa, la, la, &c.

Ye British Fair, for beauty fam'd,

Your slaves we wish to be ;

Let none for charms like yours be nam'd,

That loves not Masonry ;

This maxim D'Anvers proves full well,

That Masons never kiss and tell ;

With a fa, la, la, &c.

Free Masons no offences give,

Let fame your worth declare ;

Within your Compass wisely live,

And act upon the Square ;

May peace and friendship e'er abound,

And ev'ry Mason's health go round ;

With a fa, la, la, &c.

§ Those who hanged Captain Porteus at Edinburgh, were all Free-Masons, because they kept their own secrets. See the CRAFTSMAN, No. 653.

S O N G.

BY Masons' art th' aspiring domes
 In stately columns shall arise;
 And climates are their native homes,
 Their well-judg'd actions reach the skies;
 Heroes and kings revere their names,
 While poets sing their lasting fame.

Great, noble, gen'rous, good and brave,
 Are titles they most justly claim;
 Their deeds shall live beyond the grave,
 Which thro' unborn shall loud proclaim;
 Time shall their glorious acts enrol,
 While love and friendship charm the soul.

Royal Arch Song.

GOD caus'd great lights to shine,
 Moving in orbs divine,
 Which ever shall
 Banish all darkness quite,
 With such refulgent light,
 And from eternal night,
 Save ROYALS all.

SANCTUM SANCTORUM,
 Triangles——no more of 'em,
 Wisdom's reveal'd;
 Sublimest arts refin'd,
 Excellent arches hind!
 No flaw in heart or mind
 Shall be conceal'd.

Few in our numbers are,
 Therefore in royal chair
 Honours abound;
 We will join hearts and hand,
 Whilst truths in Gospel stand,

None but the Royal Band
Shall circle round.

We will, &c.

S O N G.

Tune—Rule Britannia.

WHEN Earth's foundation first was laid,
By the Almighty Artift's hand,
'Twas then our perfect, our perfect laws were made,
Establish'd by his strict command.

Hail, mysterious, hail, glorious Masonry ;
Which makes us ever great and free.

As man throughout for shelter fought,
In vain from place to place did roam,
Until from Heav'n, from Heav'n he was taught
To plan, to build, to fix his home.
Hail, mysterious, &c.

Hence illustrious rose our art,
And now the beauteous piles appear,
Which shall to endless, to endless time impart
How worthy and how great we are.
Hail, mysterious, &c.

Nor are we less fam'd for ev'ry tie
By which the human thought is bound,
Love, truth, and friendship, and friendship socially,
Join all our hearts and hands around.
Hail, mysterious, &c.

Our actions still by virtue blest,
And to our precepts ever true,
The world admiring, admiring shall request,
To learn, and our bright paths pursue.
Hail, mysterious, &c.

S O N G.

Tune—God save the King.

LET Masons' fame resound,
 Throughout all the nations round,
 From pole to pole.
 See what felicity,
 Harmless simplicity,
 Like electricity,
 Runs through the whole.
 Such sweet variety
 Never had society
 Ever before;
 Faith, hope, and charity,
 Love and sincerity,
 Without guerdity,
 Charm more and more.
 When in the Lodge we're met,
 And in due order set,
 Happy are we;
 Our works are glorious,
 Deeds meritorious,
 Never censorious,
 But great and free.
 When folly's sons arise,
 Masonry to despise,
 Scorn at their spite,
 Laugh at their ignorance,
 Pity their want of sense,
 Ne'er let them give offence,
 Firmer unite.
 Masons have long been free,
 And may they ever be
 Great as of yore;
 For many ages past,

Masonry has flood f. ft,
 And ma- its glories but
 Till time & no more.

S O N G.

LET Masons be merry each night when they meet,
 And always each other most lovingly greet,
 Let envy and discord be sunk in the deep,
 By such as are able great secrets to keep,
 Let all the world gaze on our art with surprise,
 They're all in the dark till we open their eyes.

Whoever is known to act on the square,
 And likewise well skill'd in our secrets rare,
 Are always respected whether wealthy or poor,
 And ne'er yet were careiefs, of things that are pure ;
 Their actions are bright, and their lives spent in love,
 At length will be happy in the Grand Lodge above.

We are Brothers to Princes, and Fellows to Kings,
 Our fame through the world continually rings ;
 As we lovingly meet, so we lovingly part ;
 No Mason did ever bear malice in heart :
 The fool that's conceited, we'll never despise,

Let him come to the Lodge, and we'll make him
 more wise.

The SANCTUM SANCTORUM by Masons was fram'd ;
 And all the fine works which the Temple contain'd,
 By Hiram's contrivance, the pride of my song ;
 The noise of a tool was not heard all along ;
 And the number of Masons that round it did move,
 By him were directed inspir'd from above.

S O N G.

HAIL ! sacred art, by Heav'n design'd,
 Thy gracious blessing for mankind ;
 Peace, joy, and love thou dost bestow,

On us thy votaries below,
 Bright Wisdom's footsteps here we trace,
 From Solomon, the prince of peace ;
 Whose righteous maxims still we hold,
 More precious than rich Ophir's gold.

His heavenly proverbs to us tell,
 How we on earth should ever dwell,
 In harmony and social love,
 To emulate the blest above.

Now having wisdom for our guide,
 By its sweet precepts we'll abide ;
 Envy and hatred we'll dispel,
 No wrathful fool with us shall dwell.

Vain, empty, grandeur shall not find
 Its dwelling in a Mason's mind ;
 A Mason who is true and wise,
 Its glittering pomp will still despise.

Humility, love, joy, and peace,
 Within his mind shall have a place ;
 Virtue and wisdom thus combin'd,
 Shall decorate the Mason's mind.

Knights Templars.

*Tune—*GOD save Great GEORGE.

GOD bless the Royal Band,
 Who grace this happy land,
 With valiant Knights :
 May the united Three,
 Of the blest Trinity,
 Cement the Unity
 Of all great lights.

Twelve once were highly lov'd,
 But one a Judas prov'd,
 Put out his fire :

May Simon haunt all fools
 Who vary from our rules;
 May the heads of such tools
 Rest high on spires.

'Gainst Turk and Jew we fight,
 And in Religion's right
 We'll breathe our last;

Poor pilgrims begging we
 Will our Jerusalem see,
 All steps, Sir Knights, have ye
 Gloriously pass'd.

Enter'd, pass, rais'd, and arch'd,
 And then like princes, march'd
 Through rugged ways;
 At length great lights we saw,
 And poor old Simon too,
 Also the word and law,
 Glory and praise.

God in his rainbow gave
 Colours which now we have,
 Black, red, and blue;
 These colours emblems are
 Of royal love most rare,
 We are in souls sincere.
 Just, good, and true.

Sir Knights clasp hand in hand,
 None but Knight Templars stand
 In circle round;
 May we all live in love,
 And ev'ry comfort prove,
 May manna from above
 Fall on this ground.

S O N G.

ONCE I was blind, and could not see,
 For all was dark around.

But Providence did pity me,
 And soon a friend I found;
 Through hidden paths my friend me led,
 Such paths as babblers ne'er shall tread,
 With a fa, la, la, &c.

All stumbling blocks he took away,
 That I might walk secure;
 And brought me ere the break of day,
 To Sol's great temple door;
 Where we both admittance found,
 By help of magic spell and sound,
 With a fa, la, la, &c.

But the curber of my bold attempt
 Did soon my breast alarm,
 By hinting I was not exempt,
 (If rash) from future harm;
 Which put a stop to rising pride,
 And made me trust more to my guide.
 With a fa, la, la, &c.

Round and round I then was brought
 To mighty Sol's great throne,
 Where I was oblig'd to stop,
 Till I myself made known:
 Then with great noise I round was brought
 For to obtain—that which I sought.
 With a fa, la, la, &c.

In humble posture and due form,
 I listen'd with good-will;
 Instead of mighty noise and storm,
 All now was hush'd and still:
 Such charming sounds I then did hear,
 As quite dispell'd all doubt and fear.
 With a fa, la, la, &c.

The mighty monarch from his throne,
 Bid darkness then withdraw;
 No sooner said than it was done,
 And I great things then saw:

But what they were, I will not tell,
 Yet such they are as here shall dwell
 With a fa, la, la, &c.

Then round and round me he did tie
 A noble ancient charm;
 All future darkness to defy;
 And guard from Cowan's harm;
 Then sent me back from whence I came,
 Not what I was, but what I am.
 With a fa, la, la, &c.

And now I'm made an upright man,
 And level'd with the best:
 I'll square my acts the best I can,
 Within an honest breast:
 I'll toast my friend both day and night,
 And those blest hands brought me to light.
 With a fa, la, la, &c.

S O N G.

Tune—The Miller of Mansfield.

HOW happy a Mason whose bosom still glows
 With friendship, and ever most cheerfully goes,
 The effects of the mystic ties lodg'd in his breast,
 Mylteries sever'd, and by Princes posses'd:
 Our friends and our bottle we best can enjoy,
 No rancour nor envy our quiet annoy,
 Our plumb, line, and compass, our square and our
 tools,
 Direct all our actions in Virtue's fair rules.
 To Mars and to Venus we're equally true,
 Our hearts can eclipse, our arms can subdue;
 Let the enemy tell, and the Ladies declare:
 No class nor profession with Masons compare;
 To give a fond lustre we ne'er need a cress,
 Since honour and virtue remain in our breast.

We'll charm the rude world, when we clap, laugh and
sing,
If so happy a Mason—say, Who'd be a King?

S O N G.

Tune—Attic Fire.

ARise and sound thy trumpet, fame,
Free Masonry aloud proclaim
To realms and worlds unknown,
To realms, &c.

Tell them 'twas this great David's son,
The wife, the matchless Solomon,
Priz'd far above his throne,
Priz'd, &c.

The solemn temple's cloud capt towers,
And stately domes are works of ours,
By us those piles were rais'd ;
Then bid mankind with songs advance.
And through the ethereal vast expanse,
Let Masonry be prais'd.

We help the poor in time of need,
The naked clothe, the hungry feed,
'Tis our foundation-stone ;
We build upon the noblest plan,
While friendship rivets man to man,
And makes us all as one.

} Chorus
three
Times.

Thy trumpet, fame, yet louder blow,
And let the distant regions know,
Free Masonry is this ;
Almighty Wisdom gave it birth,
While Heav'n fix'd it here on earth,
A type of future bliss.

S O N G : *The Hod Carriers.**Tune—Balance a Straw.*

WHEN the sun from the east first salutes mortal
eyes,

And the sky-lark melodiously bids us arise ;
With our hearts full of joy we the summons obey,
Straight repair to our work, and to moisten our clay.

On the Tiaffel our Master draws Angles and Lines,
There with freedom and fervency forms his designs ;
Not a picture on earth is so lovely to view,
All his Lines are so perfect, his Angles so true.

In the West see the Wardens submissively stand,
The Master to aid, and obey his command ;
The intent of his signals we perfectly know,
And we ne'er take offence when he gives us a blow.

In the Lodge sloth and dulness we always avoid,
Fellow crafts and apprentices all are employ'd ;
Perfect ashlers some finish, some make the rough plain,
All are pleas'd with their work, and are pleas'd with
their gain.

When my Master I've serv'd seven years, perhaps
more,

Some secrets he'll tell me I ne'er knew before ;
In my bosom I'll keep them so long as I live,
And pursue the directions his wisdom shall give.

I'll attend to his call by night and by day,
It is his to command and it's mine to obey ;

Whensoever we are met, I'll attend to his nod,
And I'll work till High Twelve, then I'll lay down
my Hod.

S O N G.

WHEN a Lodge of Free Masons are cloath'd in
their aprons,

In order to make a new Brother ;
 With firm hearts and clean hands, they repair to their
 flanes,
 And justly support one another.

Truety Brother take care, of Eve-droppers beware,
 'Tis a just and a solemn occasion ;
 Give the word and the blow, that the workmen may
 know,
 One asks to be made a Free-Mason.

The Master stands due, and his officers too,
 While the craftsmen are plying their station ;
 The apprentices stand, right for the command
 Of a Free and an Accepted Mason.

Now traverse your ground, as in duty you're bound,
 and revere the authentic oration,
 That leads to the way, and proves the first ray
 Of the light of an Accepted Mason.

Here's words, and here's signs, here's problems and
 lines,
 And here's room too for deep speculation ;
 Here virtue and truth are taught to the youth,
 When first he's call'd up as a Mason.

Hieroglyphicks shine bright, and here light reverts
 light,
 On the rules and the tools of vocation ;
 We work, and we sing, the Craft and the King ;
 'Tis both duty and choice, in a Mason.

What is said or is done, is here truly laid down,
 In this form of our high installation ;
 Yet I challenge all men to know what I mean,
 Unless he's an Accepted Mason.

The Ladies claim right to come to our light,
 Since the apron, they say is their bearing,
 Can they subject their will, can they keep their
 tongue still,
 And let their talking be chang'd into bearing !

This difficult task is the least we can ask,
 To secure us on sundry occasions;
 When with this they comply, our utmost we'll try
 To raise Lodges for Lady Free-Masons.

Till this can be done, must each brother be mum,
 Tho' the fair ones should wheedle or tease on;
 Be just, true, and kind, but still bear in mind,
 At all times you are a Free-Mason.

S O N G.

BY A MEMBER OF THE LODGE OF OLD ABERDEEN,

At the Dedication of the Hall to MASONRY.

Tune—Vicar of Brae.

IT is my duty to obey
 The Master's ordination.
 At his desire I sing a lay
 At our Hall's Dedication.
 The Brethren of Free-masonry
 Place mirth on Friendship's border:
 No mortal can more jovial be
 With decency and order.
 Join hand in hand a jovial band
 Each Brother fill his station,
 In Chorus sing, all in a ring,
 At our Hall's Dedication.

The Miser's heart is bent on wealth,
 He can't enjoy his treasure.
 He's fare to ironband his pelt,
 And with it locks his pleasure.
 Masonic treasures nobler are
 They're mirth with friendship blended,
 A flowing bowl, a secret rate,
 To social souls extended.
 Join, &c.

We ne'er envy the man that's great,
 Who noble titles beareth,
 Or him who carried is in state,
 And marks of honour weareth :
 For in the mind true greatness lyes,
 Our title's past contending,
 We all a badge of honour prize,
 That is of Heaven's sending.
 Join, &c.

We'll banish sullen discontent,
 We have in our possession
 An art divine by Heaven sent,
 And sacred information ;
 While we within the compass are,
 No evil can perplex us,
 While by the plumb-line, rule, and square,
 Kind Providence protects us.
 Join, &c.

May secrecy and unity
 Still influence our actions,
 And honesty and probity
 Still govern our transactions ;
 Bless Masonry in countries all,
 And all Masonic Sages,
 May our Lodge flourish in this Hall
 Unto remotest ages.
 Join, &c.

S O N G.

YE thrice happy few, whose hearts have been true,
 In concord and unity found ;
 Let us sing and rejoice, and unite every voice,
 To send the gay chorus around.

CHORUS.

Like pillars we stand, an immoveable band,
 Cemented by power from above ;

Then freely let pass the generous glass
To Masonry, Friendship, and Love.

The GRAND ARCHITECT, whose word did erect
Eternity, measure, and space,
First laid the fair plan whereon he began
The cement of friendship and peace.

Whose firmness of hearts, fair treasure of arts,
To the eye of the vulgar unknown ;
Whose lustre can beam new splendour and fame,
To the pulpit, the bar, and the throne.

The great David's son, unmatched Solomon,
As written in Scripture's bright page,
A Mason became, the fav'rite of Fame,
The wonder and pride of his age.

Indissoluble bands our hearts and our hands
In social benevolence bind ;
For true to his cause, by immutable laws,
A Mason's a friend to mankind.

Let joy flow around, and Peace, olive-bound,
Preside at our mystical rites ;
Whose conduct maintains our auspicious domains
And Freedom with Order unites.

Nor let the dear maid our mysteries dread,
Or think them repugnant to love ;
To Beauty we bend, her empire defend,
An empire deriv'd from above.

Then let us unite, sincere and upright,
On the level of virtue to stand :
No mortal can be so happy as we
With a Brother and Friend in each hand.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS,

FOR THE SOCIETY OF

FREE MASONS.

- T**O the King and the Craft
To all the Kings, Princes, and Potentates that
ever propagated the Royal Art
To all the Fraternity round the globe
To all the noble Lords, and Right Worshipful Bro-
thers that have been Grand Masters
The Grand Lodge of Scotland
The Grand Lodge of England
The Grand Lodge of Ireland
The present Grand Master
To all well-disposed Masons
To the perpetual honour of Free Masons
To the Masters and Wardens of all regular Lodges
To all true and faithful Brothers
To free-born sons of the ancient and honourable
Craft
To the Memory of him who first planted the Vine
To Masons, and to Masons' bairns,
And women with both wit and charms,
That love to ly in Masons' arms.
To all the female friends of Free-masons
To him that first the work began
To the memory of the Tyman Artist
To the ancient sons of Peace
To all upright and pure Masons
Prosperity to the ancient and honourable Craft
To the secret and silent
To all Masons who walk-by-the-line
To him that dyl the Temple rear
To each true and faithful heart,

MASONIC TOASTS,

- That still preserves the secret art,
 To all that live within compass and square
 To all social Free-masons
 To all true Masons and upright,
 Who saw the East where rose the light.
 To the increase of perpetual friendship and peace a-
 mongst the ancient Craft
 To each charming Fair and faithful She
 Who loves the Craft of Masonry
 To all ancient Free-masons, wherever oppress'd or
 dispers'd
 To each faithful Brother both ancient and young,
 Who governs his passions, and bridlest his tongue.
 To all those who steer their course by the three great
 L—— of Masonry
 May every Mason be so enabled to act, as to have an
 approving monitor.
 May the Lodges in this place be distinguished for
 love, peace, and harmony
 May all Free-masons be enabled to act in a strict con-
 formity to the rules of their order
 May our actions as Masons, be properly squared
 A proper application of the 24 inch gauge, so as
 that we may measure out, and husband our time
 to the best of purposes
 To him who uses the mallet in knocking off those su-
 persitious passions that in any manner degrade the
 man or the Mason
 May Free-masons ever be the patterns of virtue
 May the lives of all Free-masons be spent in acts of
 piety, highly seasoned with tranquility
 The ablest Brethren of this Lodge
 Every Brother who stands plumb to his principles, yet
 level to his Brethren
 Every worthy Brother who maintains a constancy in
 love, and sincerity in friendship
 May the Brethren of our glorious Craft be ever dis-
 tinguished in the world by their regular lives,
 more than by their gloves and aprons

AND SENTIMENTS.

May the square, plumb-line, and level, regulate the
conduct of every Brother

May virtue ever direct our actions with respect to our-
selves, justice to those with whom we deal, mer-
cy, love and charity to all mankind

May Masonry flourish until Nature expire,
And its glories ne'er fade till the world's on fire

May every society instituted for the promotion of vir-
tue flourish

Prosperity to Masons and Masonry

May our conversation be such as that youth may there-
in find instruction, women modestly, the aged re-
spect, and all men civility

The Mason that knows the true value and use of his
tools

May Masonry prove as universal as it is honourable
and useful

The memory of the distinguish'd Three

All regular Lodges

To the Nation's wealth and glory

To a happy meeting

May the gentle spirit of love animate the heart of every
Mason

May hypocrisy, faction, and strife be for ever rooted
from every Lodge

May sincerity, charity, and peace be established in this
Lodge

May every Free-mason be distinguished by the internal
ornament of a meek heart

May Free-masons ever taste and relish the sweets of
domestic contentment

May every Free mason have health, peace, and plenty

May the Free-mason's conscience be sound, tho' his
fortune be rotten

May temptation never conquer a Free-mason's virtue

Honour and influence to every public-spirited Brother

May the Mason's reward be equal to his merit

May every Brother that has merit never want encour-
agement

MASONIC TOASTS, ETC.

May we never condemn that in a Brother, which we
would pardon in ourselves

May no Free-mason desire plenty, but with the bene-
volent view to relieve the indigent

May the deformity of vice in other men, teach a Ma-
son to abhor his own

May we be more ready to correct our own faults, than
to publish the errors of the Brethren

May every Free-mason participate in the happiness of a
Brother

May honour and honesty distinguish the Brethren
The humble Beggar

May all Free masons live in love, and die in peace
To Masonry, Friendship and Love

The heart which conceals,
And the tongue that never reveals.

May every Brother have life, love and liberty

May every Brother have patience in adversity

To the memory of the widow's son

May Free-masons, as Christians, be zealous without
uncharitableness

May the Free mason be a slave to nothing but his
duty

May Free-masons be as virtuous as the institution is
ancient

May all the contention amongst Masons still be,
Who better can work, and who better agree

May brotherly love continue

May justice and morality ever be the distinguishing
characteristic of a Free-mason

Happy to meet, happy to part, and happy to meet
again

When this our temporary Lodge shall be finally shut,
may it prove to us all a transmutation from tran-
sient happiness to permanent enjoyment.



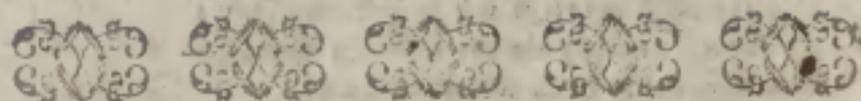
MISCELLANEOUS SONGS



—————

MICHAEL ANTONIUS

—————



MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

Plato's Advice.

SAYS Plato, why should man be vain?
 Since bounteous heav'n has made him great,
 Why looketh he with insolent disdain
 On those undeck'd with wealth or state?
 Can splendid robes, or beds of down,
 Or costly gems that deck the fair,
 Can all the glories of a crown,
 Give health, or ease the brow of care?
 The scepter'd king, the burthen'd slave,
 The humble, and the haughty, die;
 The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
 In dust, without distinction, lie?
 Go, search the tombs where monarchs rest,
 Who once the greatest titles bore;
 The wealth and glory they possess'd,
 And all their honours are no more.
 So glides the meteor through the sky,
 And spreads along a gilded train;
 But, when it's short-liv'd beauties die,
 Dissolves to common air again.

So 'tis with us, my jovial souls!—

Let friendship reign while here we stay;
Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls,—
Which Jove us cars we malt away.

S O N G.

A Rose-tree full in bearing,
Had sweet flowers fair to see;
One rose beyond comparing,
For beauty attracted me.

Tho' eager then to win it,
Lovely, blooming, fresh and gay,
I find a canker in it,
And now throw it far away.

How fine this morning early,
All sun-shiny, clear, and bright;
So late I lov'd you dearly,
Tho' lost now each for joy delight.

The clouds seem big with showers,
Sunny beams no more are seen;
Farewel, ye fleeting hours,
Your falshood has chang'd the scene.

How fine &c.

S O N G :—FROM THE POOR SOLDIER.

HOW happy the soldier who lives on his pay,
And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a
day;

Yet fears neither justices, warrants, nor bums,
But pays all his debts with the roll of his drums.
With a row-de-dow, &c.

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes,
His King finds him quarters, money and clothes.
He laughs at all sorrow whenever it comes,
And rattles away with the roll of the drums.

With a row-de-dow. &c.

The drum is his glory, his joy, and delight,
 It leads him to pleasure, as well as to fight :
 No girl when she bears it, though ever so glum,
 But packs up her tatters, and foal wa the drum.
 With a row-de-dow, &c.

S O N G :—FROM THE SAME.

TH O' Leixlip is proud of its close shady bowers,
 Its clear falling waters and murmuring cas-
 cades,
 Its groves of fine myrtles, its beds of sweet flowers,
 Its lads so well dress'd, and its neat pretty maids ;
 As each his own village must still make the most of,
 In praise of dear Carton, I hope I'm not wrong ;
 Dear Carton ! containing what kingdoms may boast
 of ;
 'Tis Norah, dear Norah ! the theme of my song.
 Be gentlemen fine, with their spurs and nice boots on,
 Their horses to start on the Curragh of Kildare ;
 Or dance at a ball with their Sunday new suits on,
 Lac'd waistcoat, white gloves, and their nice pow-
 der'd hair :
 Poor P., while so blest in his mean humble station,
 For gold or for acres he never shall long ;
 One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a nation,
 From Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song.

Good Morrow to your Night-Cap.

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR Kathleen, you, no doubt,
 Find sleep how very sweet 'tis :
 Dogs bark, and cocks have crowed out,
 You never dream how late 'tis.
 This morning gay,
 I post away,
 To have with you a bit of play ;

On two legs ride
Along, to bid

Good morrow to your night-cap.

Last night a little bowfy,
With whisky, ale, and cyder,

I ask'd young Betty Blowzy
To let me sit beside her.

Her anger rose,
And furr as floes,

The little gypsy cock'd her nose ;
Yet here I've rid

Along, to bid

Good morrow to your night-cap.

S O N G :—FROM THE SAME.

THE meadow looks chearful, the birds sweetly
sing,

So gavly they carol the praises of Spring ;
Tho' Nature rejoices ; poor Norah shall moura
Untill her dear Patrick again shall returna.

Ye lasses of Dublin, O hide your gay charms !
Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms.
Tho' fasons, and ribbands, and laces are fine,
They hide not a heart with satch feeling as mine.

S O N G :—FROM THE SAME.

DEAR Sir, this brown Jug that now foams with
mild ale,

Out of which I now drink to sweet Kate of the vale ;
Was once Toby Filpot, a thirsty old soul,
As e'er crack'd a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl ;
In boozing about, 'twas his praise to excel,
And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.
His body, when long in the ground it had lain
And time into clay had dissolv'd it again,
A potter found out in its cover so snug,

And with part of old Toby, he form'd this brown jug,
Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale,
So here's to my lovely sweet Kate of the vale.

There was a jolly Miller.

THERE was a jolly miller once liv'd on the river
Doe.

He danc'd and sang from morn till night ; no lark so
blithe as he.

And this the burden of his song for ever us'd to be :
I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.

I live by my mill, God bless her ! she's kindred, child
and wife ;

I would not change my station for any other in life.

No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor, e'er had a groat from me,
I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.

When spring begins it's merry career, oh ! how his
heart grows gay !

No summer's drouth alarms his fears, nor winter's sad
decay,

No foresight mars the miller's joy, who's wont to sing
and say,

Let others toil from year to year, I live from day to
day.

Thus, like the miller bold and free, let us rejoice and
sing :

The days of youth are made for glee, and time is on
the wing.

This song shall pass from me to thee, along this jovial
ring :

Let heart and voice, and all agree to say Long live the
king.

Bow Wow Wow.

I'LL sing you a song, faith I'm singing it now
here,

I don't mean t' affront either small or big how wow here :

The subject I've chosen it is the canine race, (race.
To prove, like us, two legg'd dogs they are a very fine
Bow, wow, wow, Fw; lal, lal, addi, addi,
Bow, wow, wow.

Like you and I other dogs may be counted sad dogs ;
And as we won't drink water, some may think us mad
dogs :

A courtier is a spaniel, a citizen's a dull dog,
A foldier is a mastiff, a sailor's a bull dog.
Bow, wow, &c.

An old maid comes from church, to poor no lady
kinder ;

A lally dog her footman, with prayer-book behind
her :

A poor boy asks a farthing, gets plenty of good kick-
ing ;

But little Shock, her lap-dog, must have a roasted
chicken.

Bow, wow, &c.

When sily dogs, for property, uncle, son, and bro-
ther,

Grim and snarl mighty gruff, and worry one another ;
Shou'd they a bit of equity from justice beg the loan
of,

That cunning dog the lawyer, Snap, carries quick the
bone off.

Bow, wow, &c.

A poet's a lank greyhound, for the public he runs
game down ;

A critic is a cur that thrives to run his fame down ;
And though he cannot follow where the noble sport
invites him,

“ He slyly steals behind, and by the heel he bites
him.”

Bow, wow, &c.

You've a choice pack of friends white to feed 'em
 " you are able ;

" Your dog, for his morsel, crouches under your
 " table ;

" Your friends turn tail in misfortune or disaster ;

" But your poor faithful dog will ne'er forsake his
 " master."

Bow, wow, &c.

New Bow Wow.

Sung by Mr. JOHANNOT, at the Royal Grove.

NOW listen, my friends, to an old dog's new story,
 Which contains of his race the pretensions to
 glory ;

For we dogs may be found in e'ry rank and station,
 Since popes are care'd as the first of the nation.

Bow, wow, wow, fal la de iddy oddy, bow,
 wow, wow.

The flatterer's a canting dog, he's always a-fawning.

An alderman's a sleepy dog, that's always a yawning,

A lawyer is a greedy dog, he lives upon mischief,

A physician is a terrible dog, of killing he's the chief.

Bow, wow wow.

A taylor's a setting dog, whose game is a goose, sir,

A husband's a simple dog that's hanged in a noose, sir ;

A cuckold is a common dog, which many wives will
 tell ye,

A glutton is a cramming dog, he loves you for his
 belly. Bow, wow, wow.

A swindler is a sorry dog, he lives by always cheating,

A Frenchman is a nimble dog, that runs from every
 beating ;

A soldier is a noble dog, in e'ry rank and station,

A sailor is a hearty dog, as any in the nation.

Bow, wow, wow.

A lover is a wretched dog, without his pretty dear, fir,
A bully is a swaggering dog, I neither love nor fear,
fir;

A miser is a saving dog, that keeps an inch of candle,
And a foxcomb is a lap-dog for pretty maids to dan-
dle. Bow, wow, wow.

A cook is a charming dog, when he gives us good
cheer, fir,

A sot is a soaking dog at wine, punch, or beer, fir;
A landlord's a cheating dog, he chalks two for one, fir,
And a rogue is a sad dog, that thousands has undone,
fir. Bow, wow, wow.

A gambler is a shuffling dog, he tricks by the cards, fir,
A bailiff is a fly dog, that bites very hard, fir;
A rake is a jolly dog, whom all women fancy,
And I am your faithful dog, as any here you can see.
Bow, wow, wow.

Four and Twenty Fiddlers all in a Row.

FOUR and twenty fiddlers all on a row, four and
twenty fiddlers all on a row, there was fiddle
fiddle fiddle, and my double damme semi quibble,
down below. It is my lady's holiday, therefore let
us be merry.

2 Four and twenty drummers all on a row, there was
hey rub a dub, ho rub a dub, fiddle, fiddle &c.

3 Four and twenty trumpeters all on a row, there
was tantara rara, tantara, rara, hey rub a dub, &c.

4 Four and twenty coblers all on a row, there was
stab awl and cobbler, and cobbler stab awl, antara
rara, &c.

5 Four and twenty fencing masters all on a row, there
was push carte and tierce, down at heel; cut him
across, stab awl and cobbler, &c.

6 Four and twenty captains all on a row, there was
was. Oh! down me, kick him down stairs, push
carte, and tierce, &c.

- 7 Four and twenty parsons all on a row, there was
 Lord have mercy upon us! O! d—n me, kick
 him down stairs, &c.
- 8 Four and twenty tailors all on a row, one caught
 a louse, another let it loose, and another cried knock
 him down with the goose, Lord have mercy upon
 us, &c.
- 9 Four and twenty barbers all on a row, there was
 bag wigs, short bobs, toupees, long queus, shave for
 a penny, Oh d—n'd hard times, two ruffles and
 ne'er a shirt, one caught a louse, &c.
- 10 Four and twenty quakers all on a row, there was
 Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob, and
 Jacob peopled the twelve tribes of Israel, with bag
 wigs, short bobs, toupees, long ques, shave for a
 penny, Oh d—nd hard times, two ruffles and ne'er
 a shirt, one caught a louse, another le it loose,
 another cried knock him down with the goose, Lord
 have mercy upon us, Oh d—n me kick him down
 stairs, push carte and tierce, down at heel, cut him
 across, stab awl and cobler, and cobler stab awl,
 tantara rara, tantara rera, hey rub a dub, ho rub a
 dub, fiddle fiddle fiddle and my double damme semi
 quibble down below, It is my lady's holiday there-
 fore let us be merry.

Edwin's New Four and Twenty Fiddlers.

FOUR and twenty fiddlers all on a row,
 Four and twenty fiddlers all on a row;
 There was fiddle fiddle, and ummi dimme double
 dammie demi semi quibble down below;—
 'Tis my lady's holiday therefore we'll be merry.

Four and twenty harpsichords all on a row;
 There was slow time, quick time, common and triple
 time, in concord, unison and discord, with fiddle
 fiddle, &c.

Four and twenty ladies all on a row;

There was tittle tattle, prittle prattle, do you take
in the world; no, I take in the public, with slow
time, &c.

Four and twenty washerwomen all on a row;
Up to their elbows in suds, with prittle prattle,
tittle tattle, taking in the world and the public,
with slow time, &c.

Four and twenty parliament men all on a row;
There was majority and minority, in argument and
reason, without any treason, up to their elbows
in suds, with tittle tattle, &c.

Four and twenty lawyers all on a row
There was deed of conveyance with a settlement in
tail, majority and minority, up to their elbows
in suds, with tittle tattle, &c.

Four and twenty old maids all on a row;
There was Oh! I hate all male creatures, with
their deeds of conveyance and settlements in tail,
&c.

Four and twenty box-lobby loungers all on a row;
There was in at half price in whole boots, a dis-
grace to all male creatures, with their deeds of
conveyance, &c.

Four and twenty auctioneers all on a row;
There was who bids more, a very pretty lot, just a
going in at half price in whole boots, a disgrace,
&c.

Four and twenty-committee men all on a row;
There was impeachment of India governors, char-
ges of high crimes and misdemeanors, a pretty
lot, who bids more, just a-going, in at half price
with whole boots, a disgrace, &c.

Four and twenty lingos all on a row;
There was Moses, Homer, Judas and Wat Tyler,
with charges of high treason and misdemeanors,
a pretty lot, who bids more, just a-going, in at

half price with whole boots, a disgrace to all male creatures, with their deeds of conveyance, and settlements in tail, majority and minority, arguments, and reason without any treason, tittle, tattle, prittle prattle, up to their elbows in fuds, taking in the world and the public by slow time, quick time, in concord, unison, and discord, with fiddle faddle, &c.

Tullochgorum.

Written by a Clergyman at Linfbart.

Fiddlers, your pins in temper fix,
 And roset well your fiddle sticks,
 But lanish wile Italian tricks
 Frae out your quorum,
 Nor fortes zw' pianos mix,
 Gie's Tullochgorum.

R. FERGUSON.

COME, gie's a sang, the lady cry'd,
 And lay your disputes all aside,
 What signifies't for folks to chide
 For what's been done before them?
 Let Whig and Tory all agree,
 Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
 Let Whig and Tory all agree,
 To drop their whignegorum.
 Let Whig and Tory all agree,
 To spend this night with mirth and glee,
 And chearfu' sing along wi' me,
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite,
 And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
 In conscience I abhor him,
 Blithe and merry we's be a',
 Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
 Blithe and merry we's be a',
 To mak' a chearfu' quorum.

Blithe and merry we's be a',
 As lang as we hae breath to draw,
 And dance, till we be like to fa'

The reel of 'Tullochgorum,

There needna be fae great a' phrase
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
 I wadna' gi'e our ain Strathspeys

For half a hundred score o'em,

'They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
 'They're douff and dowie at the best,

Wi' a' their variorum,

'They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Their allegros, and a' the rest,
 They canna please a Highland taste,
 Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warily minds themselves oppress

Wi' fear of want and double cefs,

And silly fauls themselves distress

Wi' keeping up decorum.

Shall we fae four and fulky fit,

Sour and fulky, four and fulky,

Shall we fae four and fulky fit,

Like auld Philosopher?

Shall we fae four and fulky fit,

Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,

And canna' rise to shake a fit

At the reel of Tullochgorum.

My choicest blessings still attend

Each honest-hearted open friend,

And calm and quiet be his end,

Be a' that's good before him!

May peace and plenty be his lot,

Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,

May peace and plenty be his lot,

And dainties a great store o' em!

May peace and plenty be his lot,

Unstain'd by any vicious blot !
 And may he never want a groat
 That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
 Who wants to be oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And blackest fiends devour him !
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,
 Dole and sorrow, dole and sorrow,
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,
 And honest squibs abhor him !
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,
 And a' the ills that come frae France,
 Wha'er he be that winna' dance
 The reel of Tullochgorum !

All in the Wrong:—BY THE SAME.

IT has long been my fate to be thought in the
 wrong,

And my fate it continues to be ;
 The wise and the wealthy still make it their song,
 And the clerk and the cottar agree.
 There is nothing I do, and there's nothing I say
 But some one or other thinks wrong ;
 And to please them I find there is no other way,
 But do nothing and still hold my tongue.
 Says the free-thinking sophist, ' The times are re-
 fin'd,
 ' In sense to a wond'rous degree ;
 ' Your old-fashion'd Creeds do but fetter the mind,
 ' And it's wrong not to seek to be free.'
 Says the sage Politician, ' Your natural share,
 ' Of talents would raise you much higher ;
 ' Than thus to crawl on in your present low sphere,
 ' And it's wrong in you not to aspire.'
 Says the man of the world ' Your dull staid life

‘ Is surely deserving of blame ;
 You have children to care for as well as a wife,
 ‘ And it’s wrong not to lay up for them.’
 Says the fat-goriondizer, ‘ To eat and to drink
 ‘ Is the true *summum bonum* of man ;
 ‘ Life is nothing without it whate’er you may think,
 ‘ And it’s wrong not to live while you can.’

Says the new made Divine, ‘ Your old modes we
 ‘ reject,
 ‘ Nor give ourselves trouble about them ;
 It is manners and dress that procure us respect,
 ‘ And it’s wrong to look for it without them.’

Says the old peevish sot, in a fit of the spleen,
 ‘ Ah me ! but your manners are vile :
 ‘ A parson that’s biyth is a shame to be seen,
 ‘ And it’s wrong in you even to smile.’

Says the clown, when I tell him to do what he ought,
 ‘ Sir, what ever your character be ;
 ‘ To obey you in this I will never be brought,
 ‘ And it’s wrong to be meddling with me.’

Says my wife, when she wants so and so for the house,
 ‘ Our matters to ruin must go,
 ‘ Your reading and writing’s for no kind of use,
 ‘ And it’s wrong to neglect the house so.’

Thus all judge of me by their taste or their wit,
 And I’m censur’d by old and by young ;
 Who in one point agree tho’ in others they split,
 That in something I’m still in the wrong.
 But let them say on to the end of the song,
 It shall make no impression on me,
 If to differ from such be to be in the wrong,
 In the wrong I hope always to be.

Tune your Fiddles, &c.—BY THE SAME

Tune — *Marquis of Huntly’s Reel.*

TUNE your fiddles, tune them sweetly,
 Play the Marquis’ Reel discreetly,

Here we are a band completely
Fitted to be jolly.

Come my boys, glad and gaucie,
Every youngster abuse his lassie,
Dance wi' life and be not faucy
Shy nor melancholy.
Come my boys &c.

Lay aside your sour grimaces,
Clouded brows and drum'ly faces,
Look about and see their Graces,
How they smile delighted!
Now's the season to be merry,
Hang the thoughts of Charon's ferry,
'Time enough to turn camstary
When we're old and doited.
Now's the season &c.

Butler put about the claret
Thro' us all divide and share it,
Gordon-Castle well can spare it,
It has claret plenty.
Wine's the true inspiring liquor
Drassy drink may please the Vicar,
When he grasps the foaming bicker
Vicars are not dainty.
Wine's the true &c.

We'll extoll our noble master
Sprung from many a brave ancestor,
Lord preserve him from disaster,
So we pray in duty.
Prosper too our pretty Dutchess
Safe from all distressful touchies,
Keep her out of Pluto's clutches,
Long in health and beauty.
Prosper too our &c.

Angels guard their gallant boy,
Make him long his father's joy,

Sturdy like the Heir of Troy,
 Stout and brist and healthy.
 Pallas grant him every blessing,
 Wit and size and strength increasing,
 Plutus what's in thy possessing,
 Make him rich and wealthy.
 Pallas grant &c.

Youth solace him with thy pleasure
 In refin'd and worthy measure,
 Merit gain him choicest treasure
 From the Royal Donor.
 Famous may he be in story,
 Full of days and full of glory,
 To the grave when old and hoary
 May he go with honour.
 Famous may &c'

Gordons join your hearty praises
 Honest tho' in homely phrases,
 Love our chearful spirits raises
 Lofty as the lark is;
 Echoes waft our wishes daily
 Thro' the grove and thro' the alley,
 Sound o'er every hill and valley
 Blessings on our Marquis.
 Echoes waft &c.

The Bagrie O't:—BY THE SAME.

WHEN I think on this world's pelf,
 And how little I hae o't to myself;
 I sigh when I look on my thread-bare coat,
 And shame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.
 Johnny was the lad that held the plough,
 But now h'as got goud and gear enough;
 I weel mind the day when he was nae worth a groat,
 And shame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.
 Jenny was the lass that mucked the byre,

But now she goes in her silken attire ;
 And she was a lass who wore a plaiding coat
 And shame sa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

Yet a' this shall never danton me,
 Sac lang's I keep my fancy free :
 While I've but a penny to pay t'other pot,
 May shame sa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

John o' Badenyon :—BY THE SAME.

WHEN first I came to be a man,
 Of twenty years or so,

I thought myself a handsome youth,
 And fain the world wou'd know,

In best attire I stept abroad,
 With spirits brisk and gay,

And here and there, and every where,
 Was like a morn in May.

No care I had, nor fear of want,
 But rambled up and down

And for a beau I might have pass'd,
 In country or in town ;

I still was pleas'd where'er I went,
 And when I was alone,

I tun'd my pipe, and pleas'd mysell,
 Wi' John o' Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime,
 A mistress I must find ;

For love they say, gives one an air,
 And ev'n improves the mind :

On Phillis fair, above the rest,
 Kind for, une fix'd my eyes,

Her piercing beauty struck my heart,
 And she became my choice :

To Cupid then, with hearty pray'r
 I offer'd many a vow,

And danc'd and sung, and sigh'd and swore,

As other lovers do :

But when at last I breath'd my flame,
I found her cold as stone ;
I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe
To John o' Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd,
With foolish hopes and vain,
To friendship's port I steer'd my course,
And laugh'd at lovers' pain ;
A friend I got by lucky chance,
'Twas something like divine ;
An honest friend's a precious gift,
And such a gift was mine :
And now, whatever might betide,
A happy man was I,
In any strait I knew to whom
I freely might apply :
A strait soon came, my friend I try'd,
He laugh'd and spurn'd my moan :
I hy'd me home and pleas'd myself
Wi' John o' Badenyon.

I thought I should be wiser next,
And would a patriot turn ;
Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes,
And cry up Parson Horne :
Their noble spirit I admir'd,
And prais'd their manly zeal,
Who had, with flaming tongue and pen,
Maintain'd the public weal ;
But ere a month or two was past,
I found myself betray'd ;
'Twas self and party after all,
For all the stir they made.
At last I saw these factious knaves
Insult the very throne ;
I curs'd them all, and tun'd my pipe
To John o' Badenyon.

What next to do I mus'd a while,
 Still hoping to succeed,
 I pitched on books for company,
 And gravely try'd to read ;
 I bought and borrow'd ev'ry where,
 And study'd night and day ;
 Nor mist what dean or doctor-wrote,
 That happen'd in my way :
 Philosophy I now esteem'd
 The ornament of youth,
 And carefully, thro' many a page,
 I hunted after truth :
 A thousand various schemes I try'd,
 And yet was pleas'd with none ;
 I threw them by and tun'd my pipe
 To John o' Badenyon.

And now, ye youngsters, ev'ry where ;
 Who want to make a show,
 Take heed in time, nor vainly hope
 For happiness below ;
 What you may fancy pleasure here,
 Is but an empty name ;
 For girls, and friends, and books, and so,
 You'll find them all the same.
 Then be advis'd, and warning take,
 From such a man as me,
 I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal,
 Nor one of low degree,
 You'll find displeasure every where :
 Then do as I have done,
 E'en tune your pipe and please yourself
 Wi' John o' Badenyon.

The Ewie wi' the Crooked Horn :— BY THE SAME.

O WERE I able to rehearse,
 My ewie's praise in proper verse,
 I'd sing it out as loud and fierce,

As ever piper's drone could blaw.

The ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Well deserv'd baith gifte and corn;
Sic a ewie ne'er was born,
Here about nor far awa'.

I neither needed tar nor keel,
To mark her upo' hip or heel,
Her crooked horn did as weel,
To ken her by amo' them a'
The ewie &c.

She never threatn'd scab nor rot,
But keep'd ay her ain jog trot,
Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
Was nevey sweer to lead nor ca.
The ewie &c.

Cauld nor hunger never dang her,
Wind nor rain could never wrang her,
Ance she lay an ouk an' langer
Out aneath a wreath o' snaw.
The ewie &c.

When other ewies lap the dyke,
And ate the kail for a' the tyke,
My ewie never play'd the like,
But tees'd about the barn wa'.
The ewie &c.

*Early on ae sun-lay morn
The dog her lawmies wad ha'e torn
She bang'd him wi' her crooked horn,
And gar'd him yowl and rin awa'.
The ewie &c.*

A better nor a thriftier beast,
Nae honest man cou'd well hae wist,
For silly thing she never mist,
To hae ilk year a lamb or twa.
The ewie &c.

The first she had I gae to Jack,

To be to him a kind of flock,
 And now the laddie has a flock,
 O' mair nor thirty head ava'
 The ewie &c.

The nest I gae to Jean; and now,
 The bairn's sae bra', her fauld sae fu',
 That lads sae thick come her to woo,
 They're fain to sleep on hay or straw.
 The ewie &c.

I looked ay at even for her,
 For fear the fumait might devour her,
 Or some mishanter had come o'er her,
 If the beastie bade awa'.
 The ewie &c.

Yet monday last for a' my keeping,
 I canna speak it without greeting.
 A villain came when I was sleeping,
 And staw my ewie, horn and a'.
 The ewie &c.

I sought her fair upo' the morn
 And down beneath a bus of thorn
 I got my ewie's crooked horn,
 But ah! my ewie was awa'.
 The ewie &c.

O gin I had the lown that did it,
 I ha'e sworn as well as said it,
 Tho' a' the world should forbid it,
 I shou'd gi'e his neck a thrav.
 The ewie &c.

I never met wi' sick a turn
 As this, since ever I was born,
 My ewie wi' the crooked horn,
 Peer silly ewie stow'n awa.
 The ewie &c.

O had she died of crook or cauld,

As ewies die when they are auld,
 It wad nae been by mony fauld,
 Sae fair a heart to nane o's a'
 The ewie &c.

For a' the claith that we hae worn,
 Frae her and hers sae aften shorn,
 The loss of her we cou'd ha'e born,
 Had fair strae death tane her awa'.
 The ewie &c.

But silly thing to lose her life,
 Aneath a greedy villain's knife,
 I'm really fear'd that our goodwife
 Sall never win aboon't ava.
 The ewie &c.

O a' ye bards beneath Kinghorn,
 Call up your muses, let them mourn,
 Our ewie wi' the crooked horn,
 Is stow'n frae's and fell'd and a'.
 The ewie &c.

Poor Jack.

A FAVOURITE SONG :—BY MR. DIBDIN.

GO patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see,
 'Bout danger, and fear and the like ;
 A tight water-boat, and good sea room give me,
 And it e'n't to a little I'll strike ;
 Tho' the tempest top gallant-mast smack-smooth
 should smite,
 And shiver each splinter of wood,
 Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bowse every
 thing tight,
 And under reef'd fore-sail we'll scud.—
 Avast ! nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft,
 To be taken for trifles a back ;
 For they say, there's a PROVIDENCE sits up aloft—
 To keep watch for the life of POOR JACK.

Why, I heard our good Chaplain pal'ver one day,
 About souls—heaven—mercy—and such ;
 And, my timbers ! what lingo he'd coil and belay !—
 Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch.
 But, he said, how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
 Without orders that come down below ;
 And many fine things that prov'd clearly to me
 That PROVIDENCE takes us in tow.
 For, says he, do ye mind me, let storms e'er so oft
 Take the top-lifts of sailors a-back,
 There's a sweet little cherub sits perch'd up aloft,
 To keep watch for—the life of POOR JACK.
 I said to our Poll (for you see she would cry)
 When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
 " What argues fiv'ling and piping your eye,
 Why, what a big fool you must be !
 Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for
 us all,
 Both for seamen and lubbers ashore ;
 And if to old Davy I go, my dear Poll,
 Why, you never will hear of me more !
 What then !—all's a hazard—come, don't be so soft—
 Perhaps I may laughing come back,
 For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling a-ft,
 To keep watch for—the life of POOR JACK.
 D'ye mind me, a sailor should be ev'ry inch,
 All one as a piece of the ship,
 And with her brave the world, without off'ring to
 flinch,
 From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
 As to me, in all weathers, all times, sides and ends,
 Nough't's a trouble from duty that springs :—
 My heart is my Poll's—and my rhino my friend's ;
 And as for my life,—'tis my King's !
 E'en when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
 As with grief to be taken a-back :—
 That same little cherub, that sits up aloft,
 Will look out a good birth for—POOR JACK !

Irish Dear Shoy.

DEAR catholic sisters, ye sons of great Mars,
I've been at sea fighting where there was no
wars,

No swords, nor no guns, but abundance of arms,
To kill all our friends who did us no harm.

Sing smel de del de deldo trinkum tyrum dum du,
Sing haber lue haber lue haber lue ue,
Sing smieela lellela lallala lue,
Lough lough honey trinkum tyrum dum du did
did au.

I rode safe on foot, and walk'd post by the mail;
(Dear sisters, pray mind my glad sorrowful tale)
My horse floundering still threw me down in the dirt,
Which dubb'd all my skin, and sore brused my shirt.
Sing &c.

But having lost courage I mounted again,
And on my ten toes I tript over the plain,
And taking a nap for six days on the ground,
In three I arriv'd in fair London town,
Sing &c.

But when I came there ne'er a soul I could see,
The streets were so throng, they stood gazing at me,
They spoke ne'er a word, but made d——ble games,
'Cause my feet were wore out, and my shoes grown
quite lame. Sing &c.

To find out my way I was at a great loss,
But, shutting my eyes, I beheld Charing-cross,
With a man set on horseback upon a cold stone,
With ten thousand around him, himself all alone.
Sing &c.

I took off my head to his Majesty's grace,
And ask'd him the way to I don't know what place,
But he was so fancy he would not come down,

To shew me the way for an Irish half-crown.

Sing &c.

Foot soldiers on horseback stood here, and lay there,
With their right in the front, and their left in the rear.
By my shoul I commended their wisdom and pride,
'T' have swords on their shoulders, and guns by their
side.

Sing &c.

My pockets being run o' put me into great fear;
I went to a bakehouse to buy me some beer,
But when I came there I heard a great noise,
With nothing at all but Halloo, my brave boys!

Sing &c.

Being choked with dust, tho' it rain'd all the day,
I call'd for a pint to drink gladness away;
But having no money, play'd cheat for the shalk,
For a hackney coach call'd, and away I did walk.

Sing &c.

Then down to the Thames I took my reproach
And took up my place in a flying stage coach;
Then in a short time I tripp'd over the plain,
And at length I arrived at Salisbury's plain.

Sing &c.

And now, my dear sisters, my joys are all past,
In health, wealth, and plenty I live in Belfast,
No more to old England do I mean to retreat,
But to live in great plenty, with nothing to eat.

Sing &c.

For lake of Gold.

FOR lake of gold she's left me, Oh!
And of all that's dear bereft me, Oh!
She me forlook for a great duke,
And to endless care has left me, Oh!
A star and garter has more art,
Than youth, a true and faithful heart.

For empty titles we must part,
 And for glittering show she left me, Oh!
 No cruel fair shall ever move
 My injur'd heart again to love,
 Thro' distant climates I must rove,
 Since Jeanie she has left me, Oh!
 Ye Pow'rs above, I to your care
 Commit my lovely, charming Fair,
 Your choicest blessings on her share,
 Tho' she's for ever left me, Oh!

My Poll and my Partner Joe.

A Favourite New SONG, as sung at the THEATRES,
 ROYAL by Messrs. DIBDIN, EDWIN, and others.

I WAS, do ye see, a Waterman,
 As tight and spruce as any;
 From Richly town to Horsly Down,
 I turn'd an honest penny.
 None could of Fortune's favours brag
 More than could lucky I;
 My cot was saug, well-fill'd my cag,
 My grunter in the sty.
 With wherry tight, and bosom light,
 I cheerfully did tow;
 And, to complete this princely life,
 Sure never man had friend or wife—
 Like my Poll and my Partner Joe.
 I roll'd in joys, like these, a while;
 Folks far and near carest'd me;
 'Till, wo is me! so lubberly,
 The Vermin came and prest'd me.
 How could I all those pleasures leave?
 How with my Wherry part!
 I never so took on to grieve,
 It wrang my very heart.

And, when on board, they gave the word,
 To foreign climes to go ;
 I rued the moment I was born,
 That ever I should thus be torn—
 From my Poll and my Partner Joe.

I did my duty manfully,
 While o'er the billows rolling ;
 And, night or day, could find my way,
 Blindfold to the main-top bowling :
 Thus all the dangers of the main,
 Quickfands, and gales of wind,
 I brav'd, in hopes to taste again,
 Those joys I'd left behind :
 In climes afar, 'mid hottest war,
 Pour'd broadsides on the foe ;
 In hopes these perils to relate,
 As by my side attentive sat—
 My Poll and my Partner Joe.

At length it pleas'd his Majesty
 To give peace to the nation,
 And honest hearts, from foreign parts,
 Came home for consolation :
 Like lightning—for I felt new-life,
 Now free from war's alarms,
 I rush'd—and found my friend and wife—
 Lock'd in each other's arms ! —
 Yet, fancy not I bore my lot,
 Tame, like a lubber—No—
 For finding I was thus nicely trick'd,
 Plump to the d—I boldly kick'd—
 My Poll and my Partner Joe.

When I was a Young Man.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

WHEN I was a young man
 O then—O then !

When I was a young man,

O then—

I sat at my ease, and did what I pleas'd,

And the world went well with me,

Then—O then!

And the world went well with me,

Then, &c.

I went to the tavern,

O then—O then!

I went to the tavern,

O then—

I sat till 'twas late, and tarried all night,

And the world went well with me, &c.

But when I was married—

O then—O then!

But when I was married,

O then—

I could go no where, but my wife she was there,

And the world went ill with me, &c.

And when I came home—

O then—O then!

And when I came home—

O then—

She threw at me the pan, and call'd me false man,

And the world went worse with me, &c.

My wife she fell sick—

O then—O then!

My wife she fell sick—

O then—

She fell in a fit, and a fever with it,

And the world began now to mend, &c.

My wife she did die—

O then—O then!

My wife she did die—

O then—

It was a fine day, and the pipes they did play,
 And I never shall marry again, &c.

The High Mettled Racer.

SEE the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are
 begun;
 The confusion, but hear, I bet you, sir! done! done!
 Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and near,
 Lords, Hawkers, and Jockies assail the tir'd ear,
 Lords, Hawkers, and Jockies assail the tir'd ear,
 While, with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,
 Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching his
 breast,
 Scarcely fanning the air, he's so proud and elate,
 The high mettled racer first starts for the plate,
 The high mettled racer, the high mettled racer first
 starts for the plate.

Now Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch
 rush
 Dogs, horses, and huntsmen all hard at his brush,
 Thro' marsh, fen, and brier led by their sly prey,
 They by scent, and by view, cheat a long tedious way;
 While alike born for the sports of the field and the
 course,
 Always sure to come through a staunch and fleet horse
 When fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath;
 The high mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud,
 Lame, spavin'd, and wind gall'd, but yet with some
 blood,
 While knowing positions his pedigree trace, (race,
 Tell his Dam won this sweepstakes, his sire won that
 And what matches he won to the hostlers count o'er,
 As they loiter their time at some hedge ale-house door;
 While the harness fore galls, and the spurs his sides
 goad,

The high mettled racer's a hack on the road,
 Till at last having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,
 Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate;
 Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
 Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour-glass stands
 Still;
 And now cold and lifeless expos'd to the view,
 In the very same cart which he yesterday drew,
 While a pitying crowd his sad relicks surrounds
 The high mettled racer is sold for the hounds.

Through the Wood, Laddie.

O Sandy! why fear'st thou thy Nelly to mourn?
 Thy presence could ease me,
 When naething can please me
 Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the burn,
 Or thro' the wood, laddie untill, thou return.
 Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
 While lav'rocks are singing,
 And primroses springing,
 Yet none of them pleases mine eye nor mine ear,
 When thro' the wood, laddie, ye duns appear.
 That I am forsaken some spare not to tell,
 I'm fash'd with their scorning
 Baith ev'ning and morning,
 Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander myfself,
 Then stay, my dear Sandy, no longer away,
 But quick as an arrow,
 Haste here to thy marrow,
 Wha's living in languor till that happy day,
 When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing, and
 play.

Through the Wood Lassic.

O Nelly! no longer thy Sandy pow mourns,
 Let music and pleasure
 Abound without measure,
 Let music and pleasure, &c.
 O'er hillocks, or mountains, or low in the burn,
 Or thro' the wood, lassie, until thou return,
 Thro' the wood lassie, thro' the wood lassie,
 Thro' the wood, thro the wood,
 Thro' the wood lassie,
 O'er hillocks, or mountains, &c.
 Since I have been absent from thee, my dear Nell,
 No content, no delight,
 Have I known day or night,
 The murmuring stream, and the hill's echo, tell,
 How thro' the wood, lassie, I breath'd my sad knell,
 Thro' the wood, &c.
 And now to all sorrow I'll bid full adieu,
 And with joy like a dove,
 I'll return to my love
 The maxim of loving in truth let us know,
 Then thro' the wood, lassie, we'll bonnily go.
 Thro' the wood, &c.
 Come lads and come lasses, be blithesome and gay,
 Let your hearts merry be,
 And both full of glee;
 The Highlands shall ring with the joy of the day,
 When thro' the wood, happy we'll dance, sing, and
 play.
 Thro' the wood, &c.

The Vicar and Moses.

AT the sign of the horse, old Spintext of course
 Each night took his pipe and his pot,

O'er a jorum of nappy, quite pleasant and happy,
Was plac'd this canonical sot,

To! de rol de rol ti-dol di dol.

The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,
With reverence due, and submission;
First strok't his cravat, then twir'd round his hat,
And bowing, prefer'd his petition.

I'm come, sir, said he, to beg, look d'ye see,
Of your reverend worship and glory,
To inter a poor baby, with as much speed as may be,
And I'll walk with the lanthorn before you.

The body we'll bury, but pray where's the hurry?
Why I.—I, sir, the corpse it does lay:
You fool hold your peace, since miracles cease,
A corpse, Moses, can't run away.

Then he took up the child, saying, sir, a small child,
Cannot long delay your intentions;
Why that's true, by St Paul, a child that is small
Can never enlarge its dimensions.

Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some, d'ye hear,
I have to be call'd from my liquor:
Come, Moses, the King, 'tis a scandalous thing,
Such a subject should be but a Vicar.

Then Moses he spoke, sir, 'tis past twelve o'clock,
Besides there's a terrible shower;
Why Moses, you elf, if the clock has struck twelve,
I'm sure it can never strike more.

Besides, my dear friend, this lesson attend,
Which to say or to swear I'll be bold,
That the corpse snow or rain, can't endanger, that's
plain;
But perhaps you or I may take cold.

Then Moses went on, sir, the clock has struck one,
Play Muller, look up at the hand;
Why it ne'er can strike less, 'tis a folly to press
A man thus to go who can't stand.

At length, hat and cloak old Orthodox took,
 But crammed his jaw with a quæ ;
 Each tipt off a gill, for fear they should chill,
 And then stagger'd away side by side.

When come to the grave, the clerk humm'd a slave,
 While the surplice was wrapt round the Priest ;
 Where so droll was the figure of Moses and Vicar,
 I hav the parish still talk of the jest.

Good people, let's pray, put the corpse t'other way,
 Or perchance I shall over it stumble ;
 'Tis best to take care, tho' the sages declare
 A *mortuum caput* can't tremble.

Woman that is born of a man, that's wrong, the leaf's
 torn ;
 A man, that is born of a woman,
 Can't continue an hour, but is cut down like a flow'r ;
 You see, Moses, death spareth no man.

Hete, Moses, do look, what a confounded book,
 Sure the letters are turn'd upside down,
 Such a scandalous print, sure the devil is in't,
 That this Basket should print for the Crown.

Frithee, Moses, do read, for I cannot proceed,
 And bury the corpse in my stead.

(*Amen—A. en*)

Why, Moses, you're wrong, pray hold still your tongue,
 You've taken the tail for the head.

O where's thy sling, Death ! put the corpse in the
 earth,

For, believe me, 'tis terrible weather :
 So the corpse was interr'd, without praying a word,
 And away they both stagger'd together,
 Singing *Tol de rol de rol tol de dol.*

With an Honest Old Friend.

WITH an honest old friend and a merry old
 song,

And a flask of old port let me sit the night long ;
 And laugh at the malice of those who repine
 That they must swig porter, while I can drink wine :

I envy no mortal, though ever so great,
 Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate ;
 But what I abhor and esteem as a curse,
 Is poorness of spirit, not poorness of purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay ;
 Let's merrily pass life's remainder away :
 Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise ;
 For the more we are envied the higher we rise.

Hooly and Fairly.

OH, what had I ado ever to marry ?
 My wife she drinks naething but sack and
 canary ;

I to her friends complain'd right airly,
 O gin my wife would drink hooly and fairly !
 Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly ;
 O gin my wife would drink hooly and fairly !

First she drank Crummie, and syne she drank Gaie,
 Now she has drunken my bonny gray marie
 That carried me thro' the dub and the larie.

O gin my wife, &c.

If she'd drink but her ain things I wadna much care ;
 But she drinks e'en my claife that I canna well spare ;
 To the kirk and the market I gang su' barely,

O gin my wife, &c.

If there's ony siller she maun keep the purse,
 If I seek but a bawbee, she'll scald and she'll curse ;
 She gangs like a queen, I scrimpit and sparely.

O gin my wife, &c.

I never was given to wrangling nor strife,
 Nor e'er did refuse her the comforts of life ;

Ere it come to a war, I'm ay for a parley,

O gin my wife, &c.

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow ;

But when she sits down she fills herself fu',

And when she is fu' she's unco canisteric,

O gin my wife, &c.

She rins out to the cawsey, she roars and she rants ;

Has nae dread o' her neighbours, nor minds the house'
wants ;

But sings some foul sang, Cock up your heart, Charlie,

O gin my wife, &c.

And when she comes hame, she lays on the lads,

She ca's the lasses with linnets and jades,

And me my ainself an auld cuckold carle,

O gin my wife, &c.

Contented I am.

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be ;

Resolv'd, in this life, to live happy and free :

With the cares of this world I'm seldom perplex'd,

I'm sometimes uneasy, but never am vex'd ;

Some higher, some lower, I own there may be,

But there's more who live worse, than live better than
me.

My life is a compound of freedom and ease,

I go where I will, and return when I please ;

I live above envy, also above strife,

And with I had judgment to chuse a good wife :

I'm neither so high, nor so low in degree,

But ambition and want are both strangers to me.

Did you know how delightful my gay hours do pass,

With my bottle before me, embrac'd by my lass ;

I'm happy while with her, contented alone ;

My wine is my kingdom ; my cask is my throne ;

My glass is the sceptre by which I shall reign ;

And my whole privy council's a flask of Champaign.
 When money comes in, I live well till it's gone ;
 While I have it quite happy, contented with none :
 If I lose it at gaming, I think it but lent ;
 If I spend it genteelly, I'm always content :
 Thus in mirth and good humour my gay hours do
 pass,
 And on Saturday night I'm just where I was.

Contented I am.

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be,
 For what can this world more afford,
 Than a lass who will sociably sit on my knee,
 And a cellar with liquor well stor'd ?
 My brave boys,
 And a cellar with liquor well stor'd.
 My vault door is open, descend and improve ;
 That cask, sir, ay, that we will try ;
 'Tis is as rich to the taste, as the lips of your love,
 And as bright as her cheeks to the eye.
 In a piece of slit hoop see my candle is stuck,
 'T will light us the bottles to hand,
 The foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,
 For I hate that a bumper should stand.
 Sound these pipes, they're in tune ; search the bins,
 they're well fill'd ;
 View that heap of old hock in the rear :
 Your bottles are Burgundy ; mark how they're pil'd,
 Like artillery, tier over tier.
 My cellar's my camp, my soldiers my flasks,
 All gloriously rang'd in review ;
 When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks
 As kingdoms I've yet to subdue.
 Like Macedon's madman, my glass I'll enjoy,
 Defying hyp, gravel, or gout ;

He cry'd when he had no more worlds to destroy ;
I'll weep when my liquor is out.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear shall be shed,
No HIC JACET be cut on my stone ;
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
And say that my drinking is done.

Moderation and Alteration.

HERE is an old song, made by an old ancient
patr,
Of an old worshipful gentleman who had a great estate,
Who kept an old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate :
Moderation, moderation, O 'twas a wonderful
moderation.

With an old lady whose anger good words assuages,
Who every quarter pays her old servants their wages,
Who never knew what belongs to coachmen, footmen,
or pages ;
But kept twenty or thirty old fellows, with blue
clothes and ladses :

Moderation, &c.

With a study fill'd full of learn'd books ;
With an old rev'rend parson—you may judge him by
his looks ;
With an old buttery-hatch, worn quite off the old
hooks ;
And an old kitchen, which maintains half a dozen
old cooks :

Moderation, &c.

With an old hall hung round about with guns, pikes,
and bows ;
With old swords and bucklers, which have borne
many shrewd blows ;

With an old homespun coat, and good warm
Aberdeen hose,
And a cup of old sherry to comfort his copper nose ;
Moderation, &c.

With an old fashion, when Christmas is come,
To call in his neighbours with bagpipe and drum ;
And good cheer enough to furnish every old room, }
And old-liquor able to make a cat speak, and a wise
man dumb :
Moderation, &c.

With an old huntsman, a falconer, and a kennel of
hounds,
Which never hunted nor hawk'd, but in his own
grounds ;
Who, like an old wife man, kept himself within his
own bounds ;
And, when he died, gave ev'ry child a thousand old
pounds :
Moderation, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,
Charging him in his will to keep the same bountiful
mind ;
To be good to his servants, and to his neighbours
kind ;
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was
inclin'd :
Alteration, alteration, 'tis a wonderful alteration.

Like a young gallant newly come to his land,
That keeps a brace of creatures at's own command,
And takes up a thousand pounds upon his own band,
And lyeth drunk in a new tavern till he can neither
go nor stand :
Alteration, &c.

With a Lady that is painted and powder'd fresh and
fair,
Who never knew what belonged to good house-keep-
ing or care,

But buys several fans to play with a wanton air,
 And seventeen or eighteen dressings of other women's
 hair :

Alteration, &c.

With a new hall built where the old one stood,
 Wherein is burned neither coal nor wood ;
 And a new shuffle-board-table where never meat stood,
 Hung round with pictures which do the poor little
 good !

Alteration, &c.

With a study stuff'd full of pamphlets and plays ;
 With a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays ;
 With a new buttery-hatch that opens once in four or
 five days ;
 With a French cook, French footman, and other new
 frenchified ways :

Alteration, &c.

With a new fashion when Christmas is come ;
 With a journey up to London—we must be gone,
 And leave nobody at home but our new-porter John,
 Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back
 with a stone :

Alteration, &c.

With a gentleman-usher, whose carriage is complete ;
 With a footman, a coachman, and a page to carry
 meat ;
 With a waiting gentlewoman, whose dressing is very
 neat,
 Who, when the master has din'd, gives the servants
 little meat :

Alteration, &c.

With a new honour bought with his father's old gold,
 That many of his father's old manors hath sold ;
 And this is the reason that most men do hold,
 That good house-keeping is now-a-days grown so cold,
 Alteration, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS

New Group of Lovers.

Tune—Moderation and Alteration,

I'LL sing you a song about a young lady who liv'd
in Aberdeen,

Whom, in my younger days, I remember to have very
often seen ;

She had a vast number of suitors, lovers I mean,
Who ador'd her like a Venus or Indian Queen,
Adoration !

She was neither tall nor slender, plump, jolly, nor
round,

But a good-looking damsel as possibly could be found,
Heiress of a good many houses, and a bit of very
pleasant ground,

Which would have amounted, as was supposed, to
very near five thousand pound.

Temptation !

First accosted her *Mr Starch* the grocer, equipt in a
new tye-wig,

With a large flashy curl at each ear, nicely powder'd
and very trig ;

He had great hopes one day of being Lord
Mayor, so he look'd mighty big,

And came in cutting as many capers as if he had
been dancing a jig.

Ostentation !

He told her very politely, he had come her affections
to engage,

But he had scarcely got the words well spoke, till the
lady call'd on her page,

And desir'd he might show the gentleman to his shop,
to sell his Congou and Sage ;

So *Mr Starch* was very much affronted, and left the
house in a terrible rage.

Indignation !

Next came a *Lawyer*, as big as my Lord Chancellor,
 and, with majestic bow,
 Presented his *petition* in due form—for who had a
 better title to *sue*?
 He *swore* he would *plead* her *cause* for *nothing*, which
 they very *seldom* do,
 And that he would bring an *action of forthcoming*
 against the whole crew—

Litigation!

But proceeding against the right *forms* of Love, she
 treated him with scorn,
Protesting she never saw such impudence since ever she
 was born,
 So she rung the bell instantly on her servants to *put*
him to the horn;
 And he was toils'd in a blanket, thrown down stairs,
 and had his face sadly torn.

Condemnation!

Next appear'd a *Physician*, a character equally great,
 With all the consequential airs of a Minister of State;
 And tho' during this bloody scene, he was obliged to
 wait,

On his appearance he expected a much better fate—

Expectation!

On his entrance, with some ceremony he made bold
 to sit down,
 And informed her he was a person of great fame and
 renown,
 Well known to all the young bloods of fortune, and
 rakes in the town,
 And that he was even sometimes employ'd by gentry
 of the gown.

Occupation!

During this speech, in ev'ry feature importance you
 might trace;
 But, stretching out his fine white hand to feel her
 pulse with a grace,

The lady return'd his politeness with a smack on the
face,
And bid him begone, for he never should examine her
case.

Examination!

Next came *Jack Flip*, a good honest open-hearted tar,
Whose face look'd nothing better of many a noble
fear

He swore by his jacket, blood and buttons that he
had travell'd—Lord knows how far!
And was all politeness, having studied twenty years on
board a Man of War.

Education!

So coming briskly up, he lay close too under her lee-
boom,

But finding his tackling not clear, and the weather
like to gloom,

And fearing some damages, should the vessel chance
to loom,

He about ship, the very first broadside, and left her
sea room.

Resignation!

Then came a Right Worshipful Brother Mason,
accepted and free,

None could claim a better title to a lady's favour than
he;

But tho' to be sure, he told her as much as he could
to any She,

She conjur'd him to be gone, for his secret she car'd
not a T.

Conjuration!

Being at length deserted by Lawyers, Physicians, and
Beaux,

And arriv'd at the grand climacteric of all female woes,
When the pale parchment check takes the place of
the rose,

And the chin, like a nut-cracker, kisses the nose ;
Alteration !

To complete all her folly, which she now view'd with
sorrow and regret,

And to avoid leading apes, which, to be sure, is a very
hard fate,

She determin'd to embrace the first offer of a mate ;
So consign'd all her charms to an old fool, quite wort
out of date.

Consignation !

Now it must strike every one with astonishment and
surprise,

What, in the name of wonder, could have blinded this
lady's bright eyes,

The comforts of youth and of life thus foolishly to
despise,

And then, in the end, be contented with a blank for
a prize !

Infatuation !

I hope then every pretty young lady, now listening to
me,

In this plain obvious moral will most readily agree,
*That the fruit should always be pull'd ere it rot on the
tree,*

When they know what the dismal termination must
be.

Termination !

A Disc of All Sorts.

T'OTHER day as I walk'd in the Park,
The Gentry they were dress'd very fine,
They all went away, at the noon-tide of day,
To their different taverns to dine.

The Nobles to the King's head did go,
The Gentry to the sign of the Crown,

The Merchant, you know, to the Golden Fleece
will go,

And away to the Plough stalks the Clown.

The Clergyman will dine at the Mitre,

The Soldier at the sign of the Gun,

The Huntsman, you know, to his Hounds he will go,

And the Friar to the sign of the Nunn.

The Player at the Shakespeare will dine,

The Sailor at the Anchor and Cann,

And the Lawyer, you know, to the D — he will go,

And the Maid to the sign of the Man.

The Drover at the Savage will be found,

Where humanity is oft mark'd with scorn,

And the Butcher, you know, to the Black Bull he
will go,

And the Cuckold to the sign of the Horn.

The Physician at Galen's head will dine,

The Philosopher at Socrates the sage,

The Astronomer, you know, to Sir Isaac's head will
go,

And the thief to the sign of the Cage.

The Cobler will dine at the Awl,

The Glutton at the sign of the Goose,

The Weaver, you know, to the Shuttle he will go,

And the Tailor to the sign of the Louse.

The Fop at the Butterfly will dine,

The Blacksmith at the sing'd Sheep's head,

The Shaver, you know, to the Blockhead he will go,

And the Beggar to the sign of the Bread.

The Irishman will dine on Potatoes,

The Welshman on roasted Cheese,

The Scotchman, you know, to his Crowdie he will go,

And the Englishman to Bacon and Pease,

So 'tis with every man in his humour,

Go East, go West, go North, or South,

And he that has got no money in his purse,
Must go dine at the sign of the mouth.

Obadiab's Courtship.

A FAVOURITE NEW TRIO.

SLOW.

OBADIAH. **O** ALAS! I've lost my lover,
Hem—hem—hem—
How shall I the loss recover?
Hem—hem—hem—hem—

QUICK.

SIMON. Walk up to her and salute her,
Farle arle arle a!
Praise the charms that are about her,
Farle arle arle a!

SLOW.

OBADIAH. O young maid but you are pretty!
Hem—hem—hem—
Handsome, charming, wise, and witty!
Hem—hem—hem—hem—

QUICK.

REBECCA. O young man, you do but flatter,
Farle arle &c.
The very heart of you does patter,
Farle arle &c.

SLOW.

OBADIAH } See, ah! see, how she disdains me,
to SIMON. } Hem—hem—hem—
O could you but recommend me,
Hem—hem—hem—hem—

QUICK.

SIMON. To recommend the Fair to love thee,
Farle arle &c.
Court her when the Spirit moves thee,
Farle arle &c.

SLOW.

OBADIAH. O pow'ful Spirit! oft I try thee,

Hem—hem—hem—
 All I can do, she still denies me,
 Hem—hem—hem—hem—

QUICK.

SIMON. Court her in the way of sinners,
 Farle arle &c.
 I'll lay my life that ye shall win her;
 Farle arle &c.

S O N G.

Tune—*My Fond Shepherds, &c.*

FAREWELL to each rural delight,
 Adieu to each Nymph and each Swain,
 No longer the pleasures invite,
 Which lately I found on the plain.

My flocks, if neglected they go,
 Whilst I can do nothing but moan,
 Know, Shepherds, the cause of my wo,
 The lovely *Florella* is gone!

What joy did her presence bestow,
 Her kindness, it soothed each care,
 My moments how sweetly they'd flow
 Could I still have the smiles of my Fair!

Alas! hapless Youth, 'tis in vain,
 To expect thy *Florella's* return,
 If ought can diminish thy pain,
 'Tis to weep o'er the dust in her urn.

S O N G.

Tune—*Ev' Bughts, Marlon.*

SHALL my theme be the praises of *Myra*,
 Shall I say, that she's comely and fair?

In this I but say of my *Myra*,
 What all who have seen her declare.

But I prize not the charms, which, together
 With youth's blooming years, fly away?
 The roses of beauty soon wither,
 The finest of features decay.

No Fair shall engage my affection,
 But she who has beauties of heart;
 These charm, and remain in perfection,
 When beauties of person depart.

'Tis *Myra* alone who possesses
 The treasure most valu'd by me.
 Whose merit will draw my caresses,
 Till Death interpose his decree,

You know I'm your Priest.

YOU know I'm your priest, and your conscience is
 mine;

But if you grow wicked, 'tis not a good sign:
 So leave off your raking, and marry a wife,
 And then, my dear Darby, you're settled for life.

Sing Ballinamono, oro, Ballinamona, oro, Ballina-
 mona, oro,

A good merry wedding for me.

The banns being publish'd, to chapel we go,
 The bride and bridegroom in coats white as snow,
 So modest her air, so sheepish your look,
 You out with your ring, and I pull out my book.
 Sing, &c.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away,
 She blushes at love, and she whispers obey,
 You take her dear hand to have and to hold,
 I shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.

Sing Ballinamona oro,
 That snug little guinea for me.

E

The neighbours wish joy to the bridegroom and bride,
 The pipers before us—you march side by side,
 A plentiful dinner gives mirth to each face,
 The piper plays up, myself I say grace,
 Sing, &c.

A good wedding dinner for me.

The joke now goes round, and the stocking is thrown,
 The curtains are drawn, and you're both left alone,
 'Tis then, my good boy, I believe you're at home,
 And hey for a christening at nine months to come.
 Sing Ballinamona, oro,
 A good merry christening for me.

Ballinamona.

TO THE FOREGOING TUNE.

WHEREVER I'm going, and all the day long,
 At home and abroad, or alone in a throng,
 I find that my passion's so lively and strong,
 That your name, when I'm silent, still runs in my song.
 Sing Ballinamona, oro, &c.
 A kiss of your sweet lips for me.

Since the first time I saw you, I take no repose,
 I sleep all the day to forget all my woes ;
 So hot is the flame in my stomach that glows,
 By St. Patrick I fear it will burn through my clothes.
 Sing Ballinamona, oro, &c.
 Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conscience, I fear I shall die in my grave,
 Unless you comply, and poor Phelim will save,
 And grant the petition your lover does crave,
 Who never was free till you made him your slave.
 Sing Ballinamona, oro,
 Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day when I make you my bride,
 With a swinging long sword how I'll strut and I'll
 stride,

With coach and six horses with honey I'll ride,
 As before you I walk to the church by your side,
 Sing Ballinamona, or
 Your lily white fit for me,

Take your Auld Cloak about Ye.

IN winter, when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas with his blasts fae bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill.
 Then Bell my wife, who lo'es na thrife,
 She said to me right hastily,
 Get up gudeman, save Crummy's life,
 And tak your auld cloak about you.

My crummy is an useful cow,
 And she is come of a good kyne,
 Aft has she wat the bairns' mou',
 And I am laith that she sud tyne;
 Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
 The sun shines i' the list fae hie;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a good grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear;
 But now it's scarcely worth a goat,
 For I hae worn't this thirty year:
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,
 We little ken the day we'll die;
 Then I'll be proud since I hae sworn
 To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
 His trows they cost him half a crown,
 He said they were a goat o'er dear,
 And ca'd the tailor thief and lown:
 He was the king that wore a crown,
 And thou a man of laigh degree,

'Tis pride puts a' the countra down,
Sae tak your auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind of corn it has its hool.

I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule ;

Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly ;

While I sit hurklin in the ase,
I'll have a new cloak about me.

Gudeman, I wat it's thirty years
Since we did ane anither ken ;

And we have had, between us twa,
Of lads and bonny lassies ten.

Now they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray, well may they be ;

And if you prove a good husband,
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Now Bell my wife, she lo'es nae aife ;
But she would guide me, if she can,

And, to maintain an easy life,
I ast maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman ;

Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea ;

Then I'll leave aff whare I began,
And tak my auld cloak about me.

O Tibbie, I hae seen the Day.

O TIBBIE, I hae seen the day,
Ye wadna been see thy ;

For lake o' gear ye lightly me,
Bat troth I carena by.

Yestreen I met you on the meor,
Ye spakena, bat gade by like flour,

Ye geck at me because I'm poer,
But hieut a hair care I.

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,
Ye wadna been sae shy,
For lake o' gear ye lightly me,
Bat troth I carena by.

I doubt na, las, bat ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whenc'er ye like to try,
O Tibbie, &c.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean,
That looks sae proud and high.
O Tibbie, &c.

Although a lad were e'er so smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.
O Tibbie, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Though hardly he for sense or lear,
Be better than the ky.
O Tibbie, &c.

But, Tibbie, las, tak my advice,
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice;
The d—l & ane wad spier your price,
Were ye as poor as k.
O Tibbie, &c.

The Plough Boy:

SUNG BY MR. BLANCHARD, IN THE FARMER'S

A FLAXEN-headed cow-boy, as simple as may be,
And next a merry plough-boy, I whistled o'er
the lea; E 3

But now a fancy footman, I strut in worsted lace.
 And soon I'll be a butler, and wag my jolly face.
 When steward I'm promoted, I'll snip a tradesman's
 bill;
 My master's coffers empty, my pockets I will fill:
 When lolling in my chariot, so great a man I'll be,
 You'll forget the little plough-boy, that whistled p'er
 the lea;

I'll buy votes at elections, but when I've made the
 self,
 I'll stand poll for the Parliament, and then vote in
 myself;
 Whatever's good for me, sir, I never will oppose;
 When all my eyes are sold off, why then I'll sell my
 noes.

I'll bawl, harangue, and paragraph, with speeches
 charm the ear,
 And when I'm tired on my legs, then I'll sit down a
 peer.
 For court or city honour so great a man I'll be,
 You'll forget the little plough-boy, that whistled o'er
 the lea.

A Favourite Comic Song.

SUNG BY MR. EDWIN, IN THE BATTLE OF HEXHAM.

Tunc—Moderation and Alteration.

IN an old quiet parish, on a brown, healthy, old moor,
 Stands my master's old gate, whose old threshold
 is wore,
 With many an old friend, who for liquor would roar;
 And I uncork'd the old sheiry—that I had tasted
 before;
 But it was in moderation, &c.
 There I had an old quiet pantry, of the servants was
 the head,

And kept the key of the old cellar, and old plate, and
chipp'd the brown bread.

If an odd old barrel was missing, it was easily said,
That the very old beer was one morning found dead,
But this was in moderation, &c.

But we had a good old custom when the week did
begin,

To shew by my account I had not wasted a pin,
For my Lord, though he was beautiful, thought waste
was a sin,

And never would lay out much but when my Lady
lay in,

But still it was in moderation, &c.

Good lack! good lack! how once Dame Fortune did
frown!

I left my old quiet pantry, to trudge from town to
town;

Worn quite off my legs in search of bobs, thumps, and
cracks on the crown;

I was fairly knock'd up, and very near foully knock'd
down,

Alteration! Oh! it was a wonderful alteration,

The Disconsolate Sailor.

A FAVOURITE SEA SONG.

WHEN my money was spent that I gain'd in the
wars,

And the world 'gan to frown on my fate,

What matter'd my zeal, or my honoured scars,

When indifference stood at each gate.

The face that would smile when my purse was well-

kn'd,

Shew'd a different aspect to me;

And when, I could nought but ingratitude find,

I hied once again to the sea.

I thought it unwise to repine at my lot,
 Or to bear with cold looks on the shore ;
 So I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got ;
 And a trifle, alas, was my store !

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
 Which over my shoulder I threw ;
 Away then I rush'd with a heart rather sad,
 To join with some jolly ship's crew.

The sea was less troubl'd by far than my mind,
 And when the wide main I survey'd,
 I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
 And Fortune a slippery jade.

And I vow'd if once more I could take her in tow,
 I would let the ungrateful ones see,
 That the turbulent wind, and the billows could show
 More kindness than they did to me.

Agnes and Toby &c. or a Sequel to the Brown Jug.

WRITTEN BY T. B. ESQ.

MY true hearty fellows, who smoke with such
 glee,
 To beg your attention for once I'll make free ;
 And sing of our pipes while thus merry and snug,
 We lighten our care as we lighten our jug :
 This jug which from Toby its origin boasts,
 Old Toby, whose mem'ry enlivens our toasts.

Toby's fame, like his size, spread so great by his ale,
 That for Agnes no room could be found in the tale ;
 Honest Agnes, the social support of his life,
 Both for quaffing and size was well pair'd as his wife,
 Therefore singing her praise we with joy will regale,
 Whilst our pipes and our jug give a zest to our ale.

The potter who shrewdly found Toby's remains,
 Thought again there to visit might answer his pains,

Where, in brief, he found Agnes, whose death, as her
life,

Made her qualified duly to ly as his wife ;
Her fair fame all the village incessantly quote,
Whose Vicar the following epitaph wrote ;

*Agnes Filpot, the wife of old Toby renown'd,
Who liv'd whilst on earth, now lys dead in this ground ;
Old Care of her grieving for Toby—to witk
She soft'n'd her sorrows with brandy and milk ;
Swoln quite silky she thro' d. till her skin gave a crack,
When Death popping in — laid her here on her back.*

At these lines our shrewd potter a happy thought
started,
That Agnes and Toby should never be parted ;
So he took of her clay, which was—white as her
milk,
And temper'd with brandy till softer than silk ;
And forming these pipes, he advis'd, fly and saug,
That we kiss HER fair clay, and shake hands with HER
jug.

Nothing like Grog.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY MR. DIBDIN.

A PLAGUE of those musty old lubbers,
Who tell us to fast and to think,
And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
With nothing but water to drink,
A can of good stuff, had they twigg'd it,
Would have set them for pleasure agog,
And, spite of the rules
Of the schools, the old fools
Would have all of 'em swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.
My father, when last I from Guinea
Return'd with abundance of wealth,

Cried, Jack, never be such a ninny
 To drink—says I, father, your health :
 So I pass'd the stuff round, soon he twigg'd it,
 And it set the old codger agog ;
 And he swigg'd, and mother,
 And sister, and brother,
 And I swigg'd, and-all of us swigg'd it,
 And swore there was nothing like grog.
 One day, when the chaplain was preaching,
 Behind him I curiously slunk,
 And while he our duty was teaching,
 As how we should never get drunk.
 I tipt him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,
 Which soon set his reverence agog,
 And he swigg'd, and Nick swigg'd,
 And Ben swigg'd, and Dick swigg'd,
 And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
 And swore there was nothing like grog.
 Then trust me there's nothing as drinking
 So pleasant on this side the grave ;
 It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
 And makes ev'n the valiant more brave.
 For me, from the moment I twigg'd it,
 The good stuff has set me agog ;
 Sick or well, late or early,
 Wind foully or fairly,
 I've constantly swigg'd it,
 And d—me, there's nothing like grog.

Tullio the Hounds—Sir.

DOCTOR HOGG no more employs
 The burthen of my song—sir,
 A tingle life the priest enjoys,
 A constitution strong—sir.
 He'll tip and chink, he'll kiss and wink,
 I'll lay you fifty pounds—sir,

He'll take his glass, and kiss his lass,
 And Tallio the Hounds—fir,
 And Tallio, and tallio, and tallio the hounds—fir.
 He'll take, &c.

Every day he can afford
 To dine on boil'd and roast—fir,
 And then as grand as any lord,
 He'll drink his fav'rite toast—fir,
 His whole delight, both day and night,
 Is t're in punch to drown—fir,
 And, in the morn, to join the horn,
 And Tallio the Hounds—fir,
 And Tallio, &c.

And in, &c.

Every morn he goes to mass,
 The priest pulls on his boots—fir,
 And if the beagles chance to pass,
 He'll join in the pursuit—fir,
 He'll risk a fall o'er ditch or wall,
 To him there are no bounds—fir,
 And, if he can, he'll lead the van,
 And Tallio the hounds—fir.
 And Tallio, &c.

And if, &c.

Saint Stephen's day, that holy morn,
 The priest was going to mass—fir,
 He heard the music of the horn,
 And saw the beagies pass—fir,
 He shut his book, his flock forsook,
 And threw aside his gown—fir,
 Then mounts his mare, to hunt the hare,
 And Tallio the hounds—fir.
 And tallio, &c.

Then mounts, &c.

One time he had a pair to wed,
 When puss pass'd by in view—fir,
 He threw the surplice o'er his head,

And bade the pair adieu—fir,
 They both did pray that he would stay,
 For they were no self bound—fir,
 He swore that night to bed they might,
 And Tallio the hounds—fir.

And Tallio, &c,
 He swore, &c.

I cannot think this priest was wrong,
 He'd neither fraud nor art—fir,
 He's worth the burthen of my song,
 He has an honest heart—fir,
 He ne'er distrest, nor poor oppress,
 And to his praise resound—fir,
 He thought no crime at any time
 To Tallio the hounds—fir.

Tallio, and Tallio, and Tallio the hounds—fir,
 He thought na crime at any time,
 To Tallio the hounds—fir.

The Dandy O.

TH O' late as a waiter I ran up and down,
 With bottles, glasses, claret, rum and brandy O,
 Now an Officer I'm grown, I'll have servants of my
 own,

And be among the Ladies quite the dandy O.

My cravat sticks out like a pidgeon's breast,
 My hat so smart, my sword so long, so handy O,
 Like a sheep's tail at each ear, my hair's completely
 drest,

And my military queue, you see's the dandy O.

My patent blue ribb'd stockings I wear with a grace,
 My watch-chains on each side hang down so grandy O,
 With my spy-glass in my haad—patch and paint upon
 my face,

From my feather to my buckle I'm the Dandy O.

At concerts and dances the Ladies I will court,
 With words and looks as sweet as sugar-candy O,
 And then for fighting duels—O I shall have rare sport,
 Then come who but I shall be the dandy O?

And when a great warrior I come home, I design,
 With Jacob here to have a nip of Brandy O,
 Then who knows but in time he'll hang me up for a
 sign,
 Then Caleb boy, I think you'll be the Dandy O.

My Trim-built Wherry.

THEN farewel, my trim-built wherry,
 Oars, and coat, and badge, farewel;
 Never more at Chelsea ferry
 Shall your Thomas take a spell.

Then farewel my trim-built wherry,
 Oars, and coat, and badge, farewel;
 Never more at Chelsea ferry
 Shall your Thomas take a spell;
 Shall your, &c.

But, to hope and peace a stranger,
 In the battle's heat I go;
 Where, expos'd to ev'ry danger,
 Some friendly ball shall lay me low.

Then, mayhap, when homeward steering,
 With the news my messmates come;
 Even you my story hearing,
 With a sigh may cry—poor Tom!

The Bonny Sailor.

MY bonny sailor won my mind,
 My heart is now with him at sea;
 I hope the summer's western wind
 Will bring him safely back to me;
 I long to hear what glorious toils,

What dangers he has undergone ;
 What forts he's storm'd ! How great the spoils
 From France or Spain my sailor's won !

My sailor's won, my sailor's won ;
 From France or Spain my sailor's won !

A thousand terrois chill'd my breast,
 When fancy brought the foe in view ;

And day and night I've had no rest,
 Lest ev'ry gale a tempest blew.

Bring, gentle gales, my sailor home ;
 His ship at anchor may I see ;

Three years are sure enough to roam,
 Too long for one who loves like me.

His face, by sultry climes, is wan ;

His eyes, by watching, shine less bright ;

But still I'll own my charming man,
 And run to meet him when in sight.

His honest heart is what I prize ;

No weather can make that look old ;

Tho' alter'd were his face and eyes,
 I'll love my bonny sailor bold.

Bright Phœbus.

BRIGHT Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day,
 And the horns and the hounds call each sports-
 man away,

And the horns and the hounds call each sportsman
 away,

Thro' woods and thro' meadows, with speed now
 they bound,

While health, rosy health, is in exercise found ;

Thro' woods and thro' meadows, with speed now
 they bound,

While health, rosy health, is in exercise found.

Hark away ! hark away ! hark away is the
 word to the sound of the horn,

And echo, and echo, and echo, blithe echo,
makes jovial the morn.

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
While pufs flies the covert, and dogs quick pursue,
Behold where she flies o'er the wide-spreading plain !
While the loud op'ning pack pursue her again.
Hark away, &c.

At length pufs is caught, and lys panting for breath,
And the shout of the huntsman's the signal of death,
No joys can delight like the sports of the field ;
To hunting all pastimes and pleasures must yield.
Hark away, &c.

Come come, my Jolly Lads.

COME, come, my jolly lads,
The wind's abaft,
Bark gales our sails shall crowd,
Come, bustle, bustle, bustle, boys,
Haul the boat,

The boatswain pipes aloud ;
The ship's unmoor'd,
All hands on board,

The rising gale
Fills every sail,

The ship's well-mann'd and stor'd.

Then sing the flowing bowl,
Fond hopes arise,
The girls we prize

Shall bless each jovial soul ;
The can, boys, bring,
We'll drink and sing,
While foaming billows roll.

Tho' to the Spanish coast
We're bound to steer,
We'll still our rights maintain,
Then bear a hand, be steady, boys,

Soon we'll see
 Old England once again :
 From shore to shore,
 While cannons roar,
 Our tars shall show
 The haughty foe,
 Britannia rules the main.

Then sling the flowing bowl,
 Fond hopes arise,
 The girls we prize
 Shall bless each jovial soul ;
 The cann, boys, bring,
 We'll drink and sing,
 While foaming billows roll.
 Then sing, &c.

The Wandering Sailor.

THE wand'ring sailor plows the main,
 A competence in life to gain ;
 Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
 To find at last content and ease,
 To find at last content and ease ;
 In hopes when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore,
 In hopes when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
 And thunders shake from pole to pole,
 Tho' dreadful waves surround'ing foam,
 Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home ;
 In hopes when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore,
 In hopes when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl the jovial crew
 'The early scenes of youth renew,
 'Tho' each his fav'rite fair will boast,
 'This is the universal toast,
 'This is the universal toast :

May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
 Cast anchor on our native shore !
 May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
 Cast anchor on our native shore !
 Cast anchor on our native shore !

The Topsails shiver in the Wind.

THE topsails shiver in the wind,
 The ship she casts to sea ;
 But yet my soul, my heart, my mind
 Are, Mary, moor'd with thee.
 Far tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
 Still love shall be his leading star,
 For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
 Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landmen flatter when we're sail'd,
 O doubt their artful tales ;
 No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
 If love breath'd constant gales ;
 Thou art the compass of my soul
 Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we meet,
 More fell than rocks or waves ;
 But such as grace the British fleet,
 Are lovers and not slaves :
 No foes our courage shall invade,
 Although we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares, but if you're kind,
 We'll scorn the dashing main,
 The rock, the billows, and the wind,
 The pow'r of France and Spain ;

Now England's glory rests with you ;
Our sails are full, sweet girls, Adieu !

One Bottle more.

A Sister me, ye lads, who have hearts void of
guile,

To sing in the praise of old Ireland's isle,
Where true hospitality opens the door,
And friendship detains us for one bottle more :
One bottle more, arrah, one bottle more,
And friendship detains us for one bottle more.

Old England, your taunts on our country forbear,
With our bulls and our Brogues we are true and
sincere,

For if but one bottle remain'd in our store,
We have generous hearts to give that bottle more.

In Candy's, in Church-street, I'll sing of a set
Of six Irish blades, who together had met ;
Four bottles a piece made us call for our score,
And nothing remain'd but one bottle more.

Our bill being paid, we were loath to depart,
For friendship had grappled each man by the heart,
Where the least touch, you know, makes an Irishman
roar,

And the whack from sailella brought six bottles more,
Slow Phœbus had shone thro' our window so bright,
Quite happy to view his blest children of light ;
So we parted with hearts neither fery nor sore,
Resolving next night to drink twelve bottles more.

How sweet's thy love that meets return !

WHEN first I ken'd young Smily's face,
He sung and look'd wi' sic a grace !
He sung and look'd wi' sic a grace :
He stole my heart, but didna care ;

The lad he lo'ed a lass more fair ;
 And oft I sung o'er brae and burn,
 How sweet's the love that meets return !

He lo'ed a lass wi' fickle mind,
 Was sometimes cauld and sometimes kind ;
 Which made the love-sick laddie rue ;
 For she was cauld when he was true ;
 He mourn'd and sung, o'er brae and burn,
 How sweet's the love that meets return !

One day a pretty wreath he twin'd,
 Where lilacks with sweet cowslips join'd,
 To make a garland for her hair,
 But she refus'd a gift so fair :
 This scorn, he cry'd, can ne'er be borne ;
 How sweet's the love that meets return !

Just then he met my tell-tale een,
 And love so true is soonest seen ;
 Dear lass, said he, my heart is thine ;
 For thy lost wishes are like mine :
 Now Jeany, in her turn, may mourn,
 How sweet's the love that meets return !

My answer was both frank and kind,
 I lo'ed the lad, and tel'd my mind ;
 To kirk we went with hearty glee,
 And wha fæ blest as he and me ;
 Now blithe we sing o'er brae and burn,
 How sweet's the love that meets return !

Bide Ye yet.

G IN I had a wee house, and a canty wee fire,
 A bonny wee wife to praise and admire,
 A bonny wee yardie, aside a wee burn,
 Farewel to the bodies who yammer and mourn,
 And bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
 Ye little ken what may betide me yet ;
 Some bonny wee body may be my lot.

And I'll ay be canty wi' thinking o't.

When I gang afield, and come hame at e'en,
I'll get my wifie fu' neat, and fu' clean,
And a bonny wee bairnie upon her kneec.
That will cry pappa or daddy to me.

And bide ye yet, &c.

And if there should happen ever to be
A difference atween my wifie and me,
In hearty good humour altho' she be teas'd,
I'll kiss her, and clap her, until she be pleas'd.

And bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what will betide me yet,
Some little wee body may be my lot,
And I'll ay be canty wi' thinking o't.

The Maid that tends the Goats.

UP amang yon cliffy rocks,
Sweetly rings the rising echo,
To the maid that tends the goats,
Liltin' o'er her native notes.

Hark, she sings,—Young Sandy's kind,
And he's promis'd ay to love me;
Here's a brooch t'ne'er shall tync,
Till he's fairly marry'd to me;

Drive away, ye drone time,
And bring about our bridal day.

Sandy herds a flock of sheep,
Aften does he blaw the whistle,
In a strain sae softly sweet,
Lammies list'nin' darena bleat,

He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
Hardy as the Highland heather,
Wading through the winter snow,
Keeping ay his flock together;
But a plaid, wi' bare houghs
He braves the bleakest norlin blast,

Brawly he can dance and sing,
 Canty glee, or Highland cronach :
 Nane can ever match his sing
 At a reel or round a ring.
 Wightly can he wield a rung,
 In a brawl he's ay the bangster ;
 A' his praise can ne'er be sung
 By the langest winded sangster.
 Sangs that sing of Sandy
 Come short though they were ne'er sae lang.

Green grow the Rashies.

BY MR R BURNS.

THERE'S naught but care on ev'ry han',
 In ev'ry hour that passes, O ;

What signifies the life of man,
 An' 'twere na for the lasses, O ?

Green grow the rashies, O ;

Green grow the rashies, O ;

The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
 Are spent among the lasses, O.

The wardly race may riches chace,
 and riches still may fly them, O ;

And tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

Green grow, &c.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,

My arms about my Dearie, O,

And wardly cares, and wardly men,

May a' gae tapscotterie, O !

Green grow, &c.

For you sae douce ye sneer at this,

Ye're naught but senseless asses, O ;

The wisest man the world saw,

Ha' dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears the lovely Dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O ;
 Her 'prentice hand she try'd on man,
 And then she made the lasses, O.
 Green grow, &c.

S O N G.

Tune—My Nanie, O.

BY THE SAME.

BEHIND yon hill where Stinchar flows,
 'Mong moors and mosses many, O,
 The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
 And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

The westling wind blaws loud and shrill,
 The night's baith mirk and rainy, O ;
 I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
 And o'er the hill to Nanie, O.

My Nanie's charming, sweet, and young,
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O ;
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue
 That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonie, O ;
 The op'ning yowan, wat wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
 And few there be that ken me, O.
 But what care I how few they be,
 I'm welcome to my Nanie, O.

My riches a's my penny fee,
 And I maun guide it canie, O,
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a' my Nanie, O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view
 His sheep and ky thrive bonie, O ;
 But I'm as blyth that hads his plough,
 And has nae care but Nanie, O.

Come weal, come woe, carena by,
 I'll tak what Heav'n will send me, O ;
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live, and love my Nanie, O.

Friend and Pitcher.

THE wealthy fool with gold in store,
 May still desire to grow richer,
 Give me but these, I ask no more,
 My charming girl, my friend, and pitcher.
 My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
 With such what mortal can be richer,
 Give me but these, a fig for care,
 With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher,

From morning sun I'd never grieve
 To toil a hedger, or a ditcher,
 If that when I come hame at eve,
 I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
 My friend so rare, &c.

Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,
 I know not what can thus bewitch her ;
 With all my heart can I be poor,
 With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.
 My friend so rare, &c.

S O N G.

TO THE FOREGOING TUNE.

THE silver moon that shines so bright,
 I swear with reason is my teacher ;
 And if my minute-glass runs right,

We've time to drink another pitcher.

'Tis not yet day, 'tis not yet day,

Then why should we forsake good liquor?

Until the sun-beams round us play,

Let's jocund push about the pitcher.

Tho' one may boast a handsome wife,

Yet strange vagaries may bewitch her,

Unwix'd I live a cheerful life,

And boldly call for t'other pitcher.

'Tis not yet day, &c.

They say that I must work all day,

And sleep at night to grow much richer,

But what is all the world can say,

Compar'd with mirth, my friend, and pitcher?

'Tis not yet day, &c.

I dearly love a hearty man,

(No fneakin, mil'-sop Jemmy Twitcher)

Who loves a lass, and loves a glass,

And boldly calls for t'other pitcher.

'Tis not yet day, &c.

S O N G.

Tune—Fy stick the Minister.

WHEN I get a drapie in my head,
My wife's ay a-tauntin' me.

But force the body's gay an' guid,

Her fly'ing ne'er fall daunt on me.

The tither night I met a friend,

He bade me come and wet my mou',

I cudna well refuse, I ween,

The case I now refer to you.

Sae in we gaed, and down we sat,

The body he was ay true blue;

The mair we diaut', the mair we gat,

— He keepit ay the bicker fu'.

Says he, ye'll sit a decent time,
 Anither browll I've yet to brew,
 Till it be drauk, twa'd be a crime,
 D—l hough ye, gin I part wi' you.

What cud I do? I boot comply,
 I loot the earlie get his due,
 Syn when at hame, says wi' fi', fy!
 Troth, Johnny, ye are reeling fu'.

I durstna doubt the word she said
 Says I, goodwife, I b'lieve it's true;
 I kits'd, and flagger'd to my bed,
 And ca'd her ay my bonny Dow.

Sae lat the wife shak' her crap,
 Since dawtin cures her o' the gee
 And I'll be takin' at my drap,
 As lang's it hurtsna her nor me.

Bannocks of Barley-meal.

MY name is Argyll; you may think it strange
 To live at the court, and never to change,
 All falsehood and flatt'ry I do disdain,
 In my secret thoughts no deceit shall remain;
 In sieg or in battle I ne'er was disgrac'd;
 I always my king and my country have fac'd;
 I'll do any thing for my country's weal,
 I'd live upon bannocks of barley-meal.

Adieu to the courtiers of London town,
 For to my ain country I will gang down;
 At the sight of Kirkealdy ance again,
 I'll cock up my bonnet, and march amain;
 O the muckle de'il take a' your noise and strife,
 I'm fully resolv'd for a country life,
 Where a' the braw lasses, wha ken me well,
 Will feed me wi' bannocks of barley-meal.

I'll quickly lay down my sword and my gun,
 And I'll put my plaid and my bonnet on,
 Wi' my plaiding stockings, and leather-heel'd shoon;

They'll make me appear a fine sprightly loon ;
 And when I am dress'd thus frae tap to toe,
 Hame to my Maggy I think then to gae,
 Wi' my claymore hanging down to my heel,
 To whang at the bannocks of barley-meal.

I'll buy a fine present to bring to my dear,
 A pair of fine garters for Maggy to wear,
 And some pretty things else I do declare,
 When she gangs wi' me to Paisley fair.
 And when we are married, we'll keep a cow,
 My Maggy sail milk her, and I will plow ;
 We'll live a' the winter on beef and lang kail,
 And whang at the bannocks of barley-meal.

If my Maggy should chance to bring me a son,
 He's fight for his king, as his daddy has done ;
 I'll send him to Flanders some breething to learn,
 Syne hame into Scotland, to keep a farm :
 And thus we'll live and industrious be,
 And wha'll be sae great as my Maggy and me ?
 We'll soon grow as fat as a Norway seal,
 Wi' feeding on bannocks of barley-meal.

Adieu to you citizens every ane,
 Wha jolt in your coaches to Drury-lane ;
 You bites of Bear-garden, who fight for gains,
 And you fops wha have got more wigs than brains ;
 You cullics and bullies, I'll bid you adieu,
 For whoring and swearing I'll leave it to you ;
 Your woodcock and pheasant, your duck and your
 teal,

I'll leave them for bannocks of barley-meal.

I'll leave off kissing a citizen's wife,
 I'm fully resolv'd for a countra life ;
 Kissing and toying I'll spend the lang day,
 Wi' bonny young lassies on cocks of hay ;
 Where each clever lad gives his bonny lass
 A kiss and a tumble upo' the green grass :
 I'll awa' to the Highlands as fast's I can reel,
 And whang at the bannocks of barley-meal.

Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.

BY HIS GRACE OF G——N.

THERE's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
 And callocks in Stra'bogie ;
 Gin I hae but a bonny lass,
 Ye're welcome to your cogie,
 And ye may sit up a' the night ;
 And drink till it be braid day-light ;
 Gie me a lass that's clean and tight,
 To dance the reel of Bogie.

In Cotillons the French excel ;
 John Bull in Contra dances ;
 'The Spaniards dance Fandangos well,
 'Synther an' AP' mande prances :
 In Foursome reels the Scots delight,
 'The threefome maist dance wondrous light,
 But twafome dang a' out o' sight,
 Daned to the reel of Bogie.

Come, lads, and view your partners well,
 Wyle each a blithesome rogie ;
 I'll tak this lassie to mysel,
 She seems sae keen and vogie :
 Now, piper lad, bang up the spring ;
 'The countra fashion is the thing,
 To prie their mou's ere we begin
 To dance the reel of Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lass,
 Save yon auld doited Fogie,
 And ta'en a sling upo' the grass,
 As they do in Stra'bogie :
 But a' the lasses look sae fain,
 We canna think ourselves to hain,
 For they maun hae their come-again,
 To dance the reel of Bogie.

Now a' the lads hae done their best,
 Like true men of Stra' bogie ;
 We'll stop a while, and tak a rest,
 And tippie out a cogie :
 Come now, my lads, and take your glafs,
 And try each other to surpass,
 In wishing health to every lass
 To dance the reel of Bogie.

There's nae Luck about the Houfe.

AND are ye sure the news is true,
 And are ye sure he's well ?
 Is this a time to tawk of wark ?
 Mak haste set by your wheel !
 Is this a time to tawk of wark,
 When Collin's at the door !
 Gie me my cloak ! I'll to the quay,
 And see him come ashore.
 For there's nae luck about the houfe,
 There's nae luck ava ;
 There's little pleasure in the houfe,
 When our Goodman's awa'.

Rise up and mak a clean fireside,
 Put on the muckle pot ;
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
 And Jock his funday's coat ;
 And nack their shoon as black as slaes,
 Their hose as white as snaw,
 It's a' to please my ain goodman
 For he's been lang awa.
 For, &c.

There is twa hens upon the bank,
 Well fed this month and mair ;
 Mek halle and throw their necks about,
 That Collin well may fare ;
 And spread the table neat and clean ;

Gar iike thing look bra,
 It's a' for love of my goodman,
 For he's been lang awa'.
 For, &c.

O gie me down my bigonets,
 My Bishop-fattin gown ;
 For I maun tell the Baillic's wife,
 That Collin's come to towna ;
 My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,
 My hose o' pearl blue,
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman ;
 For he's baith leel and true.
 For, &c.

Sae true's his word, sae smooth's his speech,
 His breath like caller air,
 His very foot has music in't,
 When he comes up the stair ;
 And will I see his face again !
 And will I hear him speak !
 I'm downright dizzy o' the thought ;
 In troth, I'm like to greet.
 For, &c.

The cauld blasts of the winter wind,
 That aft thrilled thro' my heart,
 They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
 Till death we'll never part ;
 But what puts parting in my head ;
 It may be far awa' ;
 The present moment is our ain,
 The next we never saw.
 For, &c.

Since Collin's well, I'm well content,
 I hae nae mair to crave ;
 Could I but live to mak him blest,
 I m blest aboon the lave ;
 And will I see his face again !
 And will I hear him speak !

I'm downright dizzy with the thought;
 In troth, I'm like t' greet,
 For, &c.

Johnny's Grey Brecks.

WHEN I was in my se'enteen years,
 I was baith blythe and bonny, O,
 The lads lo'ed me baith far and near,
 But I lo'ed nane but Johnny, O.
 He gain'd my heart in twa three weeks,
 He spake fae blythe and kindly, O,
 And I made him new grey brecks,
 That fitted him most finely, O.

He was a handsome fellow,
 His humour was baith frank and free,
 His bonny locks fae yellow,
 Like gowd they glitterd in my ee;
 His dimpl'd chin, and rosy cheeks,
 And face so fair and ruddy O,
 And then-a-days his grey brecks
 Were neither auld nor duddy, O.

But now they're threed-bare worn,
 They're wider than they want to be,
 They're tashed like, and torn,
 And clouted sair on ilka knee.

But gin I had a summer's day,
 As I have had right mony, O,
 I'll make a web o' new grey,
 To be brecks to my Johnny, O.

For he's well wordy o' them,
 And better gin I had to gie,
 And I'll tak pains upo' them,
 Frae fau'ts I'll strive to keep them free.

To clead him well fall be my care,
 And please him a' my study, O,
 But he maun wear the auld pair
 A wee, tho' they be cuddy, O.

For when the lad was in his prime,
 Like him there was nae mony, O,
 He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,
 Say, wha wad nae love Johnny, O?
 So I love Johnny's grey breeks
 For a' the care they've gien me yet,
 And gin we live anither year,
 We'll keep them hail between us yet.
 Now to conclude his grey breeks,
 I'll sing them up wi' mirth and glee;
 Here's luck to all the grey steeks
 That show themselves upo' the knee:
 And if wi' health I'm spared,
 A wee while, as I wish I may,
 I shall hae them prepared,
 As well as ony that's o' grey.

Answer to Johnny's Grey Breeks.

WRITTEN BY W—— B——.

WHEN I was young and in my prime,
 They ca'd me roving Johnny, O,
 I jok'd wi' lassies aught or nine,
 But nane I lo'ed like Annie, O,
 Her gowden locks, her rosy cheeks,
 Her twa blue een delighted me,
 When she began to sew steeks,
 And sit a while upo' my knee.
 Was nae a lass in a' the land
 Could match with my dear Annie, O,
 That day she blest me wi' her hand,
 And ca'd me her dear Lammie, O.
 Her dimpl'd chin, her ruby lips,
 And beauties mair than I can tell,
 Amairt depriv'd me o' my wits,
 I scarcely kend I was myself.

She was a winsome lassie,
 Her face the seat of mirth and glee ;
 Was never sour nor saucie,
 But ay good-humour'd, frank, and free :
 For back and bed we had na lake,
 When she and I did first agree ;
 And ilka ell was her ain make,
 Forby the breeks she gae to me.

Her manly petticoat was new,
 Her gown was tinsley-wonsey, O,
 And round her neck a ribbon blue,
 That glanc'd like ony tinsley, O :
 But now they're thread-bare worn,
 And tasked fair wi' wind and rain ;
 But gin our sheep were storn,
 We'll hae them a' renew'd again.

The clippin time it will be here,
 And we hae ewes fu' munny, O,
 That yield their fleeces ilka year,
 To cleath baith me and Annie, O :
 We'll sell a curn to-pay the Laird,
 His Honour maanna want his due ;
 Sync a' the rest we'll spin and caird,
 And shortly we'll make webs anew.

The Birks of Abergeldie

BONNY lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go,
 Bonny lassie, will ye go
 To the buks of Abergeldie ;

Ye shall get a gown of silk,
 A gown of silk, a gown of silk,
 Ye shall get a gown of silk,
 And coat of callimancoe.]

Na, kind Sir, I darena gang,
 I darena gang, I darena gang,

Na, kind Sir, I darena gang,
My minny she'd be angry ;

Sair, sair wad she flyte,
Wad she flyte, wad she flyte,
Sair, sair waid she flyte,
And may be she mith bann me.

Deil tak the Wars.

DEIL tak the war that hurried Willy frae me,
Wha to loe me just had sworn ;
They made him Captain sure to undo me ;
Wae is me, he'll ne'er return !
A thousand loons abroad will fight him,
He frae thousands ne'er will run ;
Day and night I did invite him,
To stay safe from sword or gun ;
I us'd alluring graces,
With muckie kind embraces,
Now fighting, now crying, tears dropping fall ;
And had he my soft arms
Preferr'd to war's alarms,
My love grown mad, without the man of Gad,
I fear in my fit I had granted all.
I wash'd and patch'd to make me look provoking,
Snares they said would catch the men ;
And on my head a huge comode sat cocking,
Which made me seem as tall again.
For a new gown I paid muckle money,
Which with golden flowers did shine :
My love might well think me gay and bonny,
Nae Scots lass was e'er so fine.
My petticoat I spotted,
Fringe too with thread I knotted,
Lac'd shoes and silken hose garter'd o'er the knee ;
But oh ! the fatal thought,
To Willy these are nought,
Wha rid to towns, and ris'd with dragoons,
When he, silly loun, might have plunder'd me.

The Turnimspike

HERSELL pe Highland shentleman,
 Pe auld as Pothwel prig, man ;
 Au' mony alterations 'teen
 Among te Lawland Whig, man.
 Fal la!, &c.

First when her to the Lawlands came,
 Nainfell was driving cows, man ;
 There was nae laws about her neise,
 About the precks or trews, man.

Nainfell did wear the philabeg,
 The plaid prickt on her shoulder ;
 The guid' clymore hung pe her pelt,
 The pistol sharg'd wi' powder.

But for whereas these cursed precks,
 Wherewith her nerse be lockit,
 O hon ! that e'er she saw the day
 For a' her houghs be prokit.

Every ting in te Highlands now,
 Pe turnt to alteration ;
 The sodger dwall at our toor sheck,
 And ta's te great vexation.

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,
 An' laws pring on te cadger :
 Nainfell wad durk him for her deeds,
 But oh she fears te sodger.

Another law came after that
 Me never saw te like, man ;
 They mak a lang road on te crund,
 And ca' him Turnimspike, man.

And wew sic pe a ponny road,
 Like L'uden cory rigs, man ;
 Where twa carts may gang on her,
 And no preak ithers legs, man.

They charge a penny for ilka horse,
 In troth she'll no be sheaper,
 For nought but gaen upo' the crund;
 And they gie me a paper.

They tak the horse t'en by the head,
 And t'ere they mak him stand, man ;
 I tel'd them that I seen the day
 They had na sic command, man.

Nae doubts Nainseil manna tra her purse,
 And pay him what him likes, man ;
 I'll see a shugement on his toor,
 Tat s'ithy Turnimspike, man.

But I'll awa' to re Highland hills,
 Where teil a ane dare turn her,
 And no come near her Turnimspike,
 Unless it pe to pun her.

The Auld Horse' Lament.

Tune—Langolec.

WRITTEN BY W—— B——.

SOME ten years sif, ne in the days of my mammy,
 I rambled at will o'er each meadow and field,
 But now, lack-a-day ! that braw days they are gane, I
 Am turn'd out to die, and a dyke side my bield.

O killing reflection ! when I was a foalie,
 I caper'd, rampag'd, and was ay brisk and jolly ;
 But now, wae's my fell ! I'll be soon meat for colly,
 I'm turn'd out to die, and a dyke side my bield.

When young, *Mr. Galloper* bought me to ride on,
 But he, like my fell, was a ramblin' chield,
 With the spurs my poor sides, there was scarce a bit
 hide on,
 My back with the saddle was fester'd and beal'd :

For pleasure he rode forth and in at the gallop
 On me, and ilk now and then took me a wallop,
 But I threw him frae me ae night in a shallop,
 And bade him ly there till his humours were quell'd.
 For this I was fald the niest day to a Pigger,
 Brow niffer, thought I, but faith, I was beguil'd,
 For he wrbought me every day like a nigger,
 Till really, believe me, my curpan was peel'd.
 Turmoil'd all the day, scanty fare was my supper,
 My drink was the dregs of a foul stinking gutter;
 And now, when my life is spuu out to a twitter,
 I'm turn'd out to die, and a dykelide my bield.

Ye mortals, take warning by this my sad story,
 Unable to shift for myself in the field,
 What makes it for me, that my neighbours be sorry?
 Their pity affords me nor comfort, nor bield,
 Lay something in store, while you have youth and
 vigour,
 Ere Age steal upon you, that thin-chasted nigger,
 Or else, like mysell, ye'll cut but a poor figure,
 When ye're overtaken with p'ortith and yield.

The Maid in Bedlam.

ONE morning, very early; one morning, in the
 Spring,
 I heard a maid in Bedlam, who mournfully did sing;
 Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly thus
 sung she,
 I love my love, because I know my love loves me.
 Oh cruel were his parents, who sent my love to sea;
 And cruel cruel was the ship, that bore my love from
 me;
 Yet I love his parents, since they're his, altho'
 they've ruin'd me,
 And I love my love, because I know my love loves me.
 O should it please the pitying powers to call me to
 the skies,

I'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my love to
 ſ.

To guard him from all dangers, how happy should I be !
 For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

I'll make a flow'ry garland, I'll make it wondrous fine,
 With roses, lillies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine ;
 And I'll present it to my love, when he returns from
 ſea,

For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh if I were a little bird, to build upon his breast !
 Or if I were a nightingale, to sing my love to rest !
 To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward should be,
 For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky !
 I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my love
 might spy ;

But ah! unhappy maiden ! that love you ne'er shall see,
 Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

If I e'er become Parson.

IF I e'er become Parson, for so I'm inclin'd
 May I have a snug Benefice pat to my mind,
 Large enough to admit of a Wife at my Table,
 A Cow in my yard, and a Nag, in my stable ;
 May my flock ne'er embroil me in quarrel or strife,
 In good humour may I live all the days of my life,
 In good-humour may I live all the days of my life,
 And die before tir'd of myself or my wife.

May my first fruits, and tythes, make me always
 appear
 With a clear, tho' coarse, shirt, all the days of the
 year ;

For of all living things not excepting a swine,
 The bestliest of beasts is a beastly Divine.

May I live &c.

With a friend or two near me, of equal degree,
 As like me in all things, as pea is like pea,
 Who, on pudding, or joint, contented could dine,
 With a glass of old Port, or October divine,
 May &c.

With a Quarto or two of prime choice on my shelf,
 To retire to whenever I'm tir'd with myself,
 With a good natur'd muse to converse with at pleasure,
 To wrap me in rhyme, or inspire me with measure,
 May &c.

To enjoy what I have without wishing for more,
 Since contentment with little, is doubling one's store,
 And when I'm no more, may my successor say,
 He's gone, and I wish I could live the same way.
 For his flock ne'er embroild him in quarrel or strife,
 In good humour he liv'd all the days of his life,
 In good humour he liv'd all the days of his life,
 And died before tir'd of himself or his wife.

The Kail Brose of Old Scotland.

Tune—Roast Beef of Old England.

WHEN our ancient Forefathers agreed with the
 Laird,
 For a piece of good ground to be a kail yard,
 It was to the brose that they paid their regard,
 O! the kail brose of Old Scotland
 And O! the Scottish kail brose.

When Fergus the First of our Kings, I suppose,
 At the head of our nobles had conquer'd our foes,
 Just before they began, they d been dining on brose.
 O! the kail brose &c.

Our soldiers were dress'd in their kilts, and shon hose,
 With their bonnets, and belts, which their dress did
 compose,
 And a bag of oat-meal on their backs to be brose,
 O! the kail brose &c.

At our annual elections for Billie or Mayor,
No kick shews of puddings, or tarts, were seen there:
A dish of good brose was the favourite fare.

O! the kail brose &c.

But now since the Tattle is join'd to the Rose,
And the English no longer accounted our foes,
We've lost a great deal of our relish for brose.

O! the kail brose &c.

Yet each true-hearted Scotman, by nature jocosè,
Loves always to dine on a dish of good brose,
Thanks be to Praise for plenty of those.

O! the kail brose &c.

A Parson who had the remarkable Foible.

A PARSON, who had the remarkable foible
Of minding his bottle much more than his Bible,
Was deem'd, by his neighbours, to be less perplext
In handling a tankard, than handling a text.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Perch'd up in his pulpit, one Sunday, he cry'd,
' My dearly beloved, make patience your guide,
' And, in all your troubles, mischances, and crosses,
' Remember the patience of Job in his losses.'

Derry down, &c.

This Parson had got a cask of good beer,
By way of a present—'tis no matter where,
Suffice it to say, it was toothsome and good,
And he lov'd it as dearly as he lov'd his own blood.

Derry down, &c.

The Church-service in haste being a-scrambling o'er,
The hogs found a way through the old cellar door,
And, by the sweet scent of the beer barrel led,
Had knock'd out the spigot of cork from its head.

Derry down, &c.

Out spouted the liquor abroad on the ground,
 These unbidden guests quaff it merrily round,
 Nor from their diversion, and merriment, ceas'd,
 Until every hog there was as drunk as a beast.

Derry down, &c.

The grave lecture, and pray'rs, now being at an end,
 He brings along with him a neighbouring friend,
 To be a partaker of Sunday's good cheer,
 And taste the delicious October strong beer.

Derry down, &c.

The table being cover'd, and all things laid snug,
 Here, wife, says the Parson, Go bring us a mug:
 But a mug of what!—he had scarce time to tell,
 Till—Yonder, crys his wife, are the hogs in the cell.

Derry down, &c.

To be sure, they've got in when we've been at pray'rs,
 To be sure, you're a fool, go, get you down stairs,
 And bring what I call for, and see what's the matter,
 For now I myself hear a grunting and clatter.

Derry down, &c.

She went; but, returning, with sorrowful face,
 In suitable phrases, related the case:
 He rovd, like a madman, about in the room,
 And then beat his wife, and the hogs, with a broom.

Derry down, &c.

Was e'er a poor fellow so pester'd as I?
 This slit keeps a house much worse than a sty;
 How came you to put your hogs in the kitchen?
 Was that a fit place to put hogs, ye Witch, in?

Derry down, &c.

Dear husband! what terrible noise you make here
 About a poor beggarly barrel of beer;
*You should, in your troubles, misbances, and crosses,
 Remember, the patience of Job in his losses,*

Derry down, &c.

Pox upon Job! cried the Priest in a rage,

This barrel of beer was near twelve years of age,
 And ye are an ignorant fot like like his wife,
 For Job ne'er had such a barrel in his life.
 Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

BY THE AUTHOR OF TULLOCHGORUM.

Tune—*Dumbarton's Drums beat bonny, O.*

O WHAT is there in old age to wound us, O?
 There is nothing in't at all to confound us, O;
 O how happy now am I,
 With my auld wife sittin' by,
 And our bairns and our oys all around us, O.
 We begood the world with naething, O,
 And we have jogg'd and toil'd for the ae thing, O,
 We made use of what we had,
 And our thankfu' hearts were glad,
 When we got the bit meat and the cleathing, O.
 When we had any stock we never vaunt'd, O,
 And we never hung our heads when we wanted, O,
 For we always gave a share
 Of the little we could spare,
 When it pleas'd the Almighty to grant it, O.
 We never laid a plot to be wealthy, O,
 By means that were cunning or stealthy, O,
 For we've always had the biefs,
 And what farther could we with,
 To be pleas'd with ourselves, and be healthy, O.
 What tho' we canna boast of our guineas, O,
 We have plenty o' Jockies and Jeanies, O,
 And these, I'm certain, are
 More desirable by far,
 Than a bagful of yellow steanies, O.

We have seen many wonder and ferley, O,
 With changes that almost are yearly, O :
 With many up and down,
 And many all around,
 That live but scrimpit and barely, O.

Then why should folks brag in prosperity, O,
 Since a straiten'd life, we see, is no rarity, O,
 And, altho' we've been in want,
 And our living been but scant,
 We were never reduc'd to seek charity, O.

In this houseie we first came thegither, O,
 Where we've lang been a father and a mither, O,
 And, altho' it binna fine,
 It will last us all our time,
 And, I hope, we shall never need anither, O.

And when we leave this habitation, O,
 We'll depart with a good commendation, O ;
 We'll go hand in hand, I wish,
 To a better Place than this,
 To leave room for the niest generation, O.

How stands the Glas around ?

HOW stands the glas around ?
 For shame ! ve take no care, my boys,
 How stands the glas 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, fighting ? he ?

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 landlady

Cure all again.

Ewe Bughts, Marion.

WILL ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the sheep wi' me !

The sun shines sweet, my Marion,

But nae half so sweet' as thee.

O Marion's a bonny lass,

And the blyth blinks in her ee ;

And fain wad I marry Marion,

Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's goud in your garters, Marion,

And silk on your white hault-bane ;

Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,

At e'en when I come hame.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion ;

A cow and a brawney quey,

I'll gie them a' to my Marion,

Just on her bridal day.

And ye's get a green sey apron,

And waistcoat of the Loudon brown,

And vow but ye will be vap'ring,
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion;
Nane dances like me on the green;
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean. --

Sae put on your pearlines, Marion,
And kyrle of the cramsie!

And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
I'll e'en come west, and see the.

Push about the Brisk Glass.

PUSH about the brisk glass, I proclaim him an ass,
Who at cares of this world would repine,
'Twas our sorrows to drown, and dispel Fortune'
frown,

That Jove sent us, Jove sent us, the juice of the vine.

'Tis this in all sects the true int'rest protects,
And enlivens the lump of our clay:

The Parsons' looks teach, tho' against it they preach,
Then believe them, believe them, who pleases, I say.

'Tis not long ago, that a Vicar I know,
Whose name 'twere ungodly to tell,

Who, o'er bottle and bowl, sat with many good soul,
Full of glee, till ding dong, ding dong went the
bell.

Then having a hiccup, took the chair with a kick up,
I must go, else the Church will complain.

But, friends, don't think me rude, for I swear by my
priesthood,

I'll but preach, I'll but preach, and be with you again.

The Parson went straight, tho' he stagger'd in gait,
With his sermon in Memory's large chest,

To the pulpit he goes, but soon falls in a dose,
Crying, Excellent, excellent, wine, I protest.

The whole congregation, in strange consternation,
 Left the Church, with a sigh at the cause;
 But the Clerk, more devout, cry'd, Sir, they're all
 out—

“Then fill 'em, then fill 'em, again, my brave boys!
 In Law, 'twas design'd, Justice still should be blind,
 Yet she'll squint if self-interest do call,
 And I'm certain I could, o'er a hoghead that's good,
 Bribe the council, the council, judge, jury, and all,
 If to drink be a fau't, for so we're all taught,
 Old Noah could tipple they say,
 And we learn from thence, all mortals of sense
 Should be sons of old Noah, old Noah, huzza!

S O N G.

YOU dear pretty ladies who now in your gaudies,
 So merrily take your diversion,
 So merrily take your diversion,
 Say, can there be courting compared with sporting,
 And having a little flirtation.
 And having a little flirtation.

O what signifies the charms of your eyes,
 Your wit, and your good education,
 Your &c.
 Your dressing so neat, and your looking so sweet,
 Were it not for a little flirtation,
 Were &c.

In park, or in street, or wherever you meet,
 The object of your adoration,
 Dear &c.
 Say is it not pleasure, beyond any measure,
 To have a dear little flirtation.
 To &c.

What tho' now you call an assembly, or ball,
 A pleasant and sweet recreation,
 A &c.

Hdw soon would you treat it as dull, and insipid
 Were't not for a little flirtation,
 Were't &c.

There's you, and there's you, and there's you, madam,
 too,

And there's you, in your shy situation,
 And &c

Tho' you all look so shy, yet you cannot deny,
 That you love a dear little flirtation,
 That &c.

Here awa' there awa'.

HERE awa', there awa', here awa', Willie,
 Here awa', there awa', here awa', hame,
 Lang hae I sought thee, dear hae I bought thee,
 Now I have gotten my Willie again.

Thro' the lang muir I have followed my Willie,
 Thro' the lang muir I have followed him hame;
 Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us,
 His love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie,
 Here awa', there awa', here awa', hame;
 Come love, belive me, nothing can grieve me,
 Ika hing pleases whiie Willie's at hame.

The Tempest.

CEASE rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
 Liff ye landmen' all to me,
 Malmates here a brother sailor,
 Sing the dangers of the sea,
 From bounding billows first in motion,
 When the distant whirlwinds rise;
 To the tempest-troubled ocean,
 Where the seas contend with skies.

LIVELY.

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling.—
 By topfail sheets, and haulyards stand !
 Down top-gallants quick be hauling !
 Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand !
 Now it freshens, set the braces ;
 Quick the topfail sheets let go
 Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces !
 Up your topfails nimbly clew !

SLOW.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
 Each enjoyments wanton courting,
 Free from all but love's alarms.—
 Round us roars the tempest louder ;
 Think what fear our mind enthral ;
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder ;
 Now again the boatswain calls ;

QUICK.

The topfail yards point to the wind, boys !
 See all clear to reef each course !
 Let the fore-sheets go ; don't mind, boys !
 Though the weather should be worse,
 Fore and aft the sprit sail yard wet ;
 Reef the mizen ; see all clear :
 Hand up ! each preventer-brace set ;
 Man the fore-yard ; cheer, lads, cheer !

SLOW.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring !
 Peals on peals contending clash !
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring !
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash !
 One wide water all around us,
 All above us one black sky !
 Different deaths at once surround us,
 Hark ! what means that dreadful cry

QUICK.

The foremast's gone, cries every tongue out,
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck.
 A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out ;
 Call all hands to clear the wreck.
 Quick the lanyards cut to pieces !
 Come my hearts be stout, and bold !
 Plumb the well, the lake increases ;
 Four feet water in the hold !

SLOW.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
 We for wives or children mourn ;
 A!a ! from hence there's no retreating ;
 Ahs ! from hence there's no return.
 Still the lake is gaining on us ;
 Both chain pumps are choak'd below,
 Heav'n have mercy here upon u- !
 For only that can save us now !

QUICK.

O'er the lee-beam, is the land, boys ;
 Let the guns o'er board be thrown ;
 To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys ;
 See our mizen-mast is gone,
 The leak we've found ; it cannot pour fast :
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;
 Then up, and rig a jury fore-mast ;
 She rights, she rights, boys ! wear off shore.
 Now once more on joys we're thinking,
 Since kind Fortune spar'd our lives ;
 Come the cann, boys, let's be drinking
 To our sweethearts and our wives.
 Fill it up, about skip wheel it ;
 Close to lips the brimmer join.
 Where's the tempest now ? who feels it ?
 None ! our danger's drown'd in wine !

All in the Downs.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-eyed Susan came on board,
 Oh! where shall I my true love find?
 Tell me ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among your crew.

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rack'd with the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below:
 The cord glides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill cry he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest;
 The noblest captain in the British fleet,
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again:
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
 They'll tell thee sailors when away
 In ev'ry port a mistress find:
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wherefoe'er I go.

If to far India's coasts we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
 Thy breath is Africk's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white;
 Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue,

Though battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
 Though cannons rear, yet safe from harm,
 William shall to his Dear return :
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread,
 No longer must she stay aboard :
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head :
 Her lessning boat, unwilling rows to land :
 Adieu, she crys, and wav'd her lily hand.

Ruffel's Triumph.

THURSDAY in the morn the nineteenth of May,
 Recorded for ever the famous Ninety-two,
 Brave Ruffel did discern, by break of day,
 The lofty sails of France advancing too.

All hands alect, they cry, let British valour shine,
 Let fly a culverine, the signal of the line,
 Let every man supply his gun,
 Follow me, you shall see,
 That the battle it will soon be won.
 Follow me, &c.

Tourville on the main triumphant row'd,
 To meet the gallant Ruffel in combat on the deep ;
 He led a noble train of heroes bold,
 To sink the English Admiral and his fleet.
 Now every valiant mind to victory did aspire,
 The bloody fight's begun, the sea is all on fire ;
 And mighty Fate stood looking on,
 Whilst a flood, all of blood,
 Fill'd the scuppers of the rising sun.
 Sulphur, smoke, and fire, disturbing the air,
 With thunder and wondrous affright the Gallic shore ;
 Their regulated bands stood trembling near,

To see the lofty streamers now no more :
 At six o'clock, the red, the sailing victors led,
 To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow :
 Now death and horror equal reign,
 Now they cry, run or die,
 British colours ride the vanquish'd main.
 See they fly, amaz'd, thro' rocks and sands,
 One danger they grasp at to shun the greater fate,
 In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands,
 The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate.
 For evermore adieu, thou dazzling rising sun,
 From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun :
 Enough, thou mighty god of war :
 Now we sing, bless the King !
 Let us drink to every British Tar.

S O N G.

Tune—Maggy Lauder.

I MARRIED with a scolding wife
 The fourteenth of November ;
 She prov'd the torment of my life
 By one unruly member.
 Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
 And many griefs attended,
 But, to my comfort be it spoke,
 Now, now her life is ended.

Fal a ridle al al al, &c.

Her body is bestowed well,
 A handsome grave doth hide her,
 But sure her soul is not in hell,
 The De'il could ne'er abide her.
 I rather think she is aloft,
 And imitating thunder,
 For why ? methinks I hear her voice
 Tearing the clouds asunder.

Fal a ridle &c.

Banks of Banna.

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my love, have you seen my
Ann?

Pride of ev'ry shady grove, upon the banks of Banna.
I for her my home forsook near yon misty mountain,
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook, greenwood shade
and fountain.

Never shall I see them more until her returning;
All the joys of life are o'er, from gladness chang'd
to mourning,

Whither is my charmer flown? shepherds tell me whither?
Ah, wo for me, perhaps she's gone for ever and forever.

Good Night and Joy be wi' You.

HOW happy's he, who e'er he be
That in his lifetime meets one true friend,
Who cordially does sympathise
In word, in action, heart, and mind.

My kind respects do not neglect,
Although my wealth or state be small,
With a melting heart, and a mournful eye,
I beg the Lord be with you all.

My loving friends, I kiss your hands,
For time invites me now to move;
On your poor servant lay commands,
Who is ambitious of your love.

He, whose pow'r and might, both day and night;
Governs the depths, makes rain to fall,
To sun and moon gives course and light,
Direct, protect, defend you all,

I do profess, within my breast,
Your memory I'll not neglect;

On that record I'll lay arrest,
Hell's fury shall not alter it.

All I desire of earthly bliss,
Is to be freed from guilt or thrall;
I hope kind Heav'n will grant me this;
Good night and God, be wi' you all.

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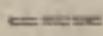
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| The QUEEN | Patience in Adversity |
| The Royal family | Health and Competency |
| Success to the Royal Navy | Love and Friendship |
| The Friends of Government | The Staff of Life. |
| The Land of Cakes | Decent Economy |
| Peace and Plenty | Love and Opportunity |
| Everyp honest man his own | Love for Love |
| Gaiety and Innocence. | |

Liberality without extravagance
 The eight H's—Honour and honesty, home, health, and happiness here, and heaven hereafter
 The Love of liberty, and the liberty of love
 Content in an easy chair, fortune in our pockets, and a fig for the follies of fashion
 Plenty to the heart expanded by generosity
 Dignity without pride, and condescension without meanness
 Honour's best employment—the protection of the innocent
 All that love can give, or sensibility enjoy
 Supply to the purse of the cheerful giver
 Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship
 Every thing of Fortune but her instability
 Sense to win a heart, and merit to keep it
 Riches to the generous, and power to the merciful
 Friends and favourites, and favourite friends
 Love in a cottage, and envy to none
 Inclination to confer, and gratitude to remember favours
 Health, joy, and mutual love
 Frugality without meanness
 Pleasures that please on reflection
 The circle of our female acquaintance
 Provision to the unprovided
 Success to our hopes, and enjoyment to our wishes
 The honest Patriot, and unbiased Briton
 All our wants and wishes
 Friendship without interest, and love without deceit

TOASTS, AND

Taste to our pleasure and pleasure to our taste

The heart that feels, and the hand that gives

Health in freedom, and content in bondage

Love without fear, and life without care

The pleasure of pleasing

All Gentlemen who wear Scots cloth

A cobweb pair of breeches; a porcupine saddle; a hard-trotting horse, and a long journey to the enemies of their country

Confusion to those who, wearing the mask of Patriotism, pull it off, and desert the cause of Liberty in the day of trial

The steady friends of Scotland

Long corns and short shoes to all the enemies of Scotland

Honour and influence to the public-spirited Patrons of Trade

Contempt to those who strut in foreign foppery, to the destruction of the trade and manufactures of Scotland

A speedy export to all the enemies of Scotland, without a drawback

The honest North-country Smith, who refused to shoe for the man who voted against his country

Union, stability, and fidelity, among the sons of Liberty

Liberty, Property, and no Excise

All true hearts and sound bottoms

The Man who dares be honest in the worst of times

The two strangers at Court—Honour and Honesty

Pleasures here, and happiness hereafter

Days of ease and nights of pleasure

A head to earn, and a heart to spend

The friend we love, and the woman we dare trust

Liberty of the Press, and a favourite Volume in sheets

The three W's—Women, Wit, and Wine

Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt, and a guinea

Hearts, hearts, homes, and inclinations

Corn, Horn, Wool, and Yarn

Those who love pleasure and contribute to it

Good-luck till we are tired of it

Sunshine and good-humour all the world over

Success to the Ladies in all their undertakings

Your love and mine, and the friends of the company

Health to the sick and honour to the brave;

Life to the man who has courage to lose it;

And wealth to him who has spirit to use it.

Health, love, and ready *vino*

To all those whom you and I know.

Great men honest, and honest men great.

SENTIMENTS.

- May the eye that drops for the misfortunes of others, never shed a tear for its own.
 May the shield of friendship ward off the arrows of affliction.
 May our prudence secure us friends, but enable us to live without their assistance.
 May we never forget to return thanks for good fortune, and may good fortune never make us forget ourselves.
 May the blossoms of friendship never be nipped in the bud.
 May the tide of fortune float us into the harbour of content.
 May we never draw a cork for an enemy, and none but our friends partake of the bottle.
 May every mirror we look at cast an honest reflection.
 May friendship be enlivened by good-humour, but never wounded by wit.
 May our law guard our liberties, and never be deprav'd. by oppression.
 May care be a stranger where virtue resides.
 May the smiles of conjugal felicity compensate the frowns of fortune.
 May the tear of sensibility never cease to flow.
 May the journey thro' life be as sweet as it's short.
 May the road to preferment be found by none but those who deserve it.
 May life last as long as it's worth wearing.
 May the lover of a glass never want a bottle.
 May we never envy the happiness of others.
 May the enemies of the land of cakes, never break a farle of them.
 May all honest souls find a friend in need.
 May we please and be pleased.
 May the single be married, and the married be happy.
 May our joys multiply, and our cares decrease.
 May real merit be rewarded in the arms of virtue.
 May the honest heart never feel distress.
 May genius and merit never want a friend.
 May they never want who have a spirit to spend.
 May we always have a friend, and know his value.
 May we always forget when we forgive an injury.
 May temptation never conquer virtue.
 May fortune always be an attendant on virtue.
 May Pallas' shield protect whom Mars crowns.
 May the friends of Scotland ever have access to the throne.
 May our Representatives, like Free-Masons, be elected by ballot.
 May our conscience be sound, though our fortunes be rotter.
 May power be influenced only by justice.
 May we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and friends to nothing but merit.
 May we never set our friend to sale nor our conscience to hire.

SENTIMENTS.

- May our distinguishing mark be merit rather than money.
 May we never destroy any person's credit to establish our own.
 May we be incorruptible by interest and unassuaged by power.
 May no coward wear a red coat, and no hypocrite a black.
 May those who inherit the title of gentlemen by birth deserve it by their good behaviour.
 May hemp bind him whom honour cannot.
 May ability for doing good be equalled by inclination.
 May our benevolence be bounded only by our fortune.
 May fortune be always attendant on virtue.
 May religion never be a cloak for guilt.
 May we never swear a tradesman out of his dues, nor a credulous girl out of her virtue.
 May honour and honesty always triumph over vanity and hypocrisy.
 May our hearts have for tenants, Truth, Candour, and Benevolence.
 May temporal concerns never break in upon spiritual duty.
 May we be rich in friends rather than money.
 May we always be able to resist the assaults of prosperity and adversity.
 May the woman we love be honest, and the land we live in free.
 May the wings of Extravagancy be clipped by the sheers of Economy.
 May the evening's diversion bear the morning's reflection.
 May candour and honesty be our governing principles.
 May virtue always prove victorious.
 May Providence unite the hearts that love.
 May we always be blest with what we like best.
 May we be loved by those whom we love.
 May reason be the pilot where passion blows the gale;
 And Prudence the cockswain, when Love fills the sail.
 May ev'ry day be happier than the past;
 And ev'ry hour be merrier than the last.
 More friends and less need of them.
 May prudence, moderation, and an invariable attention to the public good convert the Members of Par.
 May our life, spent in acts of virtue, be seasoned with tranquillity, finished by death, and followed by a memory full of honour.



