

Four Excellent New

SONGS,

1, Ready mony and o

trust.

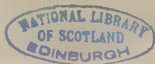
2, Royal Charlotte.

3, peggy Bawn,

4, The conquering maid.



Entered according to Order, 1





Ready money and no Trust,

ONce on a time I walked forth,
Such like unto a ranger ;
I said unto my selfe alone,
I thought I was no stranger ;
But I'll go seek out for a friend,
if that I can find any,
But I'll conclude with you my friend,
There's none like ready money,

Since on a time I tired my horse,
when I was on my travel,
My money being spent and gone,
it gave to me the gravel,
Aloud I did for a friend call,
for things I wated many,
But nothing I could have at all,
without the ready money.

So in short time return'd again,
because I was a debtor,
With more money then before,
times they were got-better,

They call'd me an honest man,
 when I had paid them every penny,
 The landlord he would with me join,
 when he saw my ready money.

Suppose that I should want a miss,
 when I sit here so merry,
 Then she comes in f'ken dress,
 she'll drink both sack and sherry,
 How she loves me, she'll hug and kiss,
 and call me her dear honey,
 As long as she can see great store,
 and plenty of ready money.

To let a man go where he will,
 and where he has occasion,
 cry, town, or country place,
 for in some other nation,
 he will be as well look'd upon,
 and entertain'd as any,
 as long as he can buy his score,
 and down with ready money.

To pray my friend be rul'd by me,
 I'd have you to be wary,
 for money is a welcome guest,
 the welcomest of any,

So never be rash, to call,
 when you are on a journey,
 For nothing you can have it all,
 without the ready money.

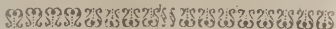
ROYAL CHARLOTTE.

SEE Royal Charlotte come,
 Sound the trumpet, beat the drum
 Britons rejoice ;
 While bells melodious ring,
 We'll all in chorus sing,
 God save great George, our King,
 And bless his choice.

With George we'll Charlotte join,
 From their united line,
 My Princes spring,
 Whose God like acts may claim,
 The sweetest voice of fame ;
 Thence each deserve they name,
 Of patriot king.

O may the Royal pair,
 Whilst they in glory share,
 In love and concord be ;
 To them fill bumpers round,

Ye skies their healths redound,
 And may their joys be crown'd,
 With lasting peace,



Peggy Bawn.

AS I went over the Highland hills,
 to a farmer's house I came'
 The night being dark and something
 I venter'd into the same, (wat,
 Where I became a courtier,
 a pretty girl I spy'd,
 Who ask'd me if I had a wife,
 but marriage I deny'd.

I courted her the live long night,
 and part of the next day,
 Till simply unto me she said,
 along with you I'll gae,
 For Ireland is a pretty place,
 and pr. cy men therein,
 And I will gae along with you,
 the world to begin.

Night being come and supper o'er,
we went to take our rest.

The goodman to goodwife said,
be kind unto our guest ;

This courtier is an Irishman,
and an Irishman so brave,
And if he stay in this country,
my daughter he shall have,

The day day being come and breakfast
o'er

to the parler I was ta'en,

The goodman kindly asked me,
If I'd marry his daughter Jean,
An hundred marks I'll give to thee,
besides a pice of land,

But scarcely had he spokethese words
till I thought on Peggy Bawn.

Your offer sir is very good,
and I thank you Sir, said I:
But I cannot be your son in law
and I'll tell you the reason why,
My business calls me in great haste,
I'm the King's messenger bound,
I cannot be your son-in-law,
till I see Irish ground.

With hat in hand most courteously,
 I took leave of each one,
 Especially of that pretty girl,
 who is weary with lying alone ;
 I bade farewell and came away,
 but in my mind it ran,
 How blyth and merry were the days,
 I spent with Peggy Bawn,

O Peggy Bawn thou art my own,
 thy heart lies in my breast,
 And tho' we at a distance be ;
 I still love thee the best :
 And tho' we at a distance are,
 and seas between us roar,
 I'll constant be, dear Peggy Bawn,
 to you for ever more.



The conquering maid.

Subjcted to the power of love.
 By Nell's resistless charms,
 The fancy fix'd no more can rove,
 Or fly safe love's alarms.

Gay Damon had the skill to shun,
all traps by Cupid laid,
Until his freedom was undon,
by Nell the conquering maid.

But who can stand the force of love,
when she resolves to kill ;
Her sparkling eyes love's arrows prove
and wound us with our will.

O happy Damon, happy fair,
what Cupid has begun,
My faithful Hymen take a care,
to see it fairly done.

F I N I S.

