



The Female Drummer.

WHEN a girl I was at the age of sixteen,
 From my parents run away and a soldier
 I became,
 I list'd for a private, and a drummer I became,
 I learned to beat on a rum a dum dum.

Many a prank I've seen in the field,
 Many is the French dog to me has been forc'd
 to yield,
 Many is the slaughter I've seen among the French,
 And so boldly as I fought when I was but a wench.

A noble top gallant I have been in my time,
 With the noble Duke of York at the siege of
 Valenciennes,
 I got favour'd by my officers for fear I should
 be slain,
 And they sent me to old England recruiting
 again.

With my hat, cap and feather, if you had me
 seen,
 You would have said and sworn that a man I
 had been ;
 The drummers all envy'd me, my fingers long
 and small,
 I beat upon my rum a dum the best of them all.

Every night to my quarters when that I came,
 I was no ways asham'd to lie with a man,

When stripping of my breeches to myself I often
 smil'd,
 To lie with a soldier and a maid all the while

They sent me to London on guard of the tower,
 Where I might have seen a maid to this very
 day and hour,
 A young girl fell in love with me, I told her I
 was a maid,
 And she through the regiment my secret be-
 tray'd.

My officer he sent me to know if that was true,
 For scarce such a thing I can believe of you,
 They smil'd unto me and this is what they said,
 It's a pity we should lose such a drummer as you
 made.

My girl for your loyalty at the siege of Valen-
 ciennes,
 My girl you shall be allowed a bounty from the
 Queen,
 And now I've got a husband and a drummer he's
 become,
 And I have learned him to beat on my rym a
 dum dum.

Here's a health to the Duke and a health unto
 his crew,
 And a health unto every boy that sticks to his
 colours true.
 And if the Duke be short of men before the
 French gets slain,
 So boldly as I'll enter and fight for him again.

The Ploughman turn'd Sailor.

I THAT once was a ploughman a fallor am now,
 No lark that aloft in the sky
 Ever flatter'd his wings to give speed to the
 plough,
 Was so gay and so careless as I,
 Was so gay and so careless as I;
 But my friend was a carpenter a board a king's
 ship,
 And he ax'd me to go just to sea for a trip;
 And he talk'd of such things
 As if sailors were kings;
 And so teasing did keep
 That I left my poor plow to go ploughing the
 deep.
 No longer the horn call'd me up in the morn,
 No longer the horn call'd me up in the morn,
 I trusted the carpenter and the inconstant wind,
 That made me for to go and leave my dear be-
 hind.

I did not like much to be a board a ship,
 When in danger there is no door to creep out;
 I lik'd the jolly tars I lik'd bumbo and flip,
 But did not like rocking about:
 By and by came a hurrican, I did not like that,
 Next a battle that many a sailor lay flat;
 Ah! cried I, who would roam,
 That like me had a home;
 When I'd sow and I'd reap,
 Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing in
 the deep,

Where sweetly the horn
 Call'd me up in the morn,
 Ere I trusted to the carpenter and the inconstant
 wind,
 That made me for to go and leave my dear be-
 hind.

At last safe I landed, and in a whole skin,
 Nor did I make any long stay,
 Ere I found by a friend I ax'd for my kin,
 Father dead and my wife ran away!
 Ah who but thyself, said I, hast thou to blame?
 Wives losing their husbands oft lose their good
 name.

Ah! why did I roam
 When so happy at home,
 I could sow I could reap,
 Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the
 deep;
 When so sweetly the horn
 Call'd me up in the morn,
 Curse light upon the carpenter and the inco-
 nstant wind,
 That made me for to go and leave my dear be-
 hind.

Why if that be the case, said the very same
 friend,
 And you ben't no more minded to roam,
 Gies a shake by the fist, all your care's at an
 end,
 Dad's alive and your wife's safe at home;
 Stark staring with joy, I leapt out of my
 Bus's'd my wife, mother, sister, and all
 kin,

Now cried I let them roam
 Who want a good home,
 I am well so I'll keep,
 Nor again leave my plough to go ploughing the
 deep;
 Once more shall the horn
 Call me up in the morn,
 Nor shall any damn'd carpenter, nor the incon-
 stant wind,
 Ere tempt me for to go and leave my dear be-
 hind.

The Birks of Invermay.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing,
 And while they warble from the spray,
 Love meets the universal lay.
 Let us, Amanda timely wife,
 Like them improve the hour that flies,
 And in soft raptures waste the day
 Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age life's winter, will appear,
 At this the living bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade;
 Our state of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters are no more,
 And when they droop and we decay,
 Adieu the birks of Invermay.

The lavrocks now and lint whites sing,
 The rocks around with echoes ring,

The mavis and the black-bird vie,
 In tuneful strains to glad the day;
 The woods now bear their summer suites,
 To mirth all nature now invites;
 Let us blythfome then and gay,
 Amongst the birks of Invermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
 With lowing herds and flocks around,
 The wanton kids and frisking lambs,
 Gambol and dance about their dams,
 The busy bees with humming noise,
 And all the reptile kind rejoice!
 Let us like them, then sing and play
 About the birks of Invermay.

Hark how the waters as they fall,
 Loudly my love to gladness call;
 Wanton waves sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the streams,
 The circling sun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance;
 Let us as jovial be as they,
 Among the birks of Invermay.

Bonny JEM of Aberdeen.

THE tuneful lavrocks cheer the grove,
 And sweetly smells the summer green:
 Now o'er the mead I like to rove,
 Wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen:
 Whene'er we sit beneath the broom,
 Or wander o'er the lee,
 He's always wooing, wooing, wooing,
 Always wooing me.

He's fresh and fair as flowers in May,
 The blytheft lad of a' the green,
 How sweet the time will pals away,
 Wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen. Whene'er, &c.

My father kept me close confin'd,
 For fear that I should go with him,
 But night and day he's in my mind,
 My bonny Jem of Aberdeen. Whene'er, &c.

Wi' joy I leave my father's cot,
 Wi' ilka sort of glen or green,
 Well pleas'd to share the humble lot,
 Of bonny Jem of Aberdeen. Whene'er, &c.

BRIGHT PHEOBUS.

BRIGHT Pheobus has mounted the chariot of
 day, (man away ;
 And the horns and the hounds call each sporti-
 thro' meadows and woods with speed now they
 bound,

Whilst health ro'y health is in exercise found,
 Hark away is the word to the sound of the horn,
 And echo, blythe 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 opening pack pursue her amain.
 Hark away, &c.

At length pufs is caught & lies panting for breath,
 And the shout of the huntsman's the signal of death
 No joys can compare like the sports of the field,
 To hunting all pastime and pleasure must yield.
 Hark away, &c.

F I N I S.