

FOUR SONGS.

Humours of Bartholemey
Fair.

Jockey the Shepherd.

The Battle of Vittoria.

Bonaparte's Rout; or, the
18th of June.

The Humours of Bartholomew Fair.

COME bustle, neighbour Prig, buckle on your Sunday wig; (Old bailie!

In our Sunday clothes so gaily, lest us lit up the
O the devil take the rain! we may never go again--

See the snows have begun! O rare o!

Remember, Mr. Snip, to take Mrs. Snip.

Here's the lit: boy from Flanders, and there's
Mr. Sanders --

Stand aside and we'll have a stare o.

Hi down, ho down, derry derry down!

O the humours of Bartlemy fair o!

[Spoken.] Here, walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and see the vonderful birds & beastes; from Bengal in the Vest Indies!—Here, madam, only please to look at this beautiful banimal! no two spots on his body alike; out of the power of any limner to describe him: measures fifteen feet from the snout to the tail, and fifteen feet from the tail to the snout; grows an inch and a half every year, and never comes to his proper growth.—What's your name, my pretty fellow? what do the ladies call you?—Pretty cockatoc! Pretty cockatoo!—
—What do they call you that for?—*psyp! psyp!*
—O ay! for kissing 'em!—Here's the moit stupendous male elephant that ever travelled his Majesty's dominions!—Here's the noble male lion, the king of the forest; he is only six months old but if he lives another six months, he'll just be as old again—Turn him up there with a long pole!
—Rouse yourself, you dog you, and shew your thanks to the ladies!—Hi down, &c,

When the fair was at the full; in gallops a mad bull;
 Puts the rabble to the rout, lets all the lions out,
 Down falls Mrs. Snip, with a monkey on her hip:

We shall all be swallowed up I declare-o!

Roaring boys—gilded toys—shillingbops—lollypops
 —tumble in—just begin—cups and balls—wooden
 walls— (thief!—

Gin and bitters—apple fritters—shins of beef—stop
 Lost shoes—kangaroos—O Polly! where's Molly?

—Bow, wow!—what a row!—Hi down, &c.

Now the beasts, with hungry tooth, in arger 'tack
 the booth.

Away affrighted run birds and eagles of the sun:
 Down tumbles troleg Rolla, who tips 'em the
 Poor Cera's in the mu'—O far-o! (view holda;

[Spoken] Here, walk up, ladies and gentle-
 men, and see the vonderful kangaroos from Bot-
 tomhouse bay in the Gut of Gibraltar, discovered
 by Captain Cook in his voyagé round the
 world.—Here's the vonderful large baboon,
 who danced a Paddy-dow, and played at leapfrog
 with the celebrated Muster barrington!—Any
 gentleman who has a mind to ride on the lion's
 back, may be accommodated with a seat without a
 saddle!—Here's the vonderful cow, who can't
 live on the land, and dies in the water!—The

the hotter t' e sun the higher
 he flies!—Here, here, billy! run and stuff a

ing Danbe, fair Hadyelad hee'd when the battle was
 'er. 'O wlaither' the cries?—Hot mutton pies
 —'Bonaparte o'er the sea—'—damn the fellow!

see how he's run away with all my gingerbread!—
 Here, walk, walk! suppose you think this man's
 alive, he's no more alive than you are!—Who's
 the next puts in a penny and tries his luck here
 again? all prizes here, and no blanks!—Now's
 your time to see that celebrated, vonderful vooden
 Roffias Mr Punch, for the small charge of one
 penny!—Rot, tot, &c.—Hi down, &c.

O the whirligigs of Bartlemy fair-o,

JOCKEY THE SHEPHERD.

AS Jockey went out in a fine dewey morning,
 He carelessly laid himself under a bush,
 He had not been long there till a damsel came by
 And on this young youth she cast a languishing eye

Did you see my ewes my bonny young man,
 With two little lambs that stray'd from their dam,
 If you did, gentle shepherd, come tell me I pray,
 For my ewes and ewe lambs do carelessly stray.

O yes, my fairest creature, I saw them pass by,
 Down in yonder green wood there they do lye.
 She turn'd right courteously, and thank'd him with
 a blush,

Where Jockey follow'd after her and lay in a bush

She rang'd the green woods over and no lammies
 could find,

She instantly blam'd the young swain in her mind,

To think she had been betray'd, being a young
filly maid.
But she knew not the schemes young Jockey had
laid.

But out of the bush young Jockey he sprang,
For out of the bush young Jockey he came,
He gently stept beside her, and stole from her a
kiss,
But she shyly drew back, saying why do you this.

So the charms of love they began for to flow.
And he has ta'en her down to the cottage below,
There he kiss'd her again, her joys to renew,
Whilst their lamms stept along in the sweet
morning dew.

So now to conclude and make an end of my song,
She's left her ewe lambs and follow'd her swain,
Susa your sheep and my sheep shall feed all in one
glen,
And we'll range the green woods over and over
again.

THE BATTLE OF VICTORIA,

COME a' ye bards, wi' loud acclaim,
High glory gie to gailant Graham,
Heap laurels on our Marshal's name,
The Hero of Vittoria.
Triumphant freedom smil'd on Spain,
And rear'd her formly state again,

When the British lion shook his main
At the battle of Vittoria.

Let blustering Suchet rousely crack,
Let Joseph run the coward's track,
Let Jourdon wish his button back,
He left at Vittoria.

If e'er they meet their worthy King,
Let them dance round him in a ring,
And some Scotch piper play the tune
He slew them at Vittoria.

Loud was the battle's stormy swell,
Whar thousands fought and mony fell,
But the Glasgow heroes bore the bell
At the battle of Vittoria.

The English Rose was ne'er so red,
The Shamrock wad whar glory led,
And the Scottish Thistle shook its head
And smild upon Vittoria.

Peace to the spirits of the brave,
May a their trophies o'er them wave,
And green be o'er Clodogan's grave,
Wha fell at Vittoria.

Shout on my boys, your glasses drain,
bill up a bumper, up again,
Pledge to the leading star of Spain,
The Hero of Vittoria.

*Bonapante's Rout; or, the 18th of
June.*

YE people at home, who live easy,
And free from the horrors of war,

Let thought take a place in your besoms,
 And sigh for the sorrows of war,
 Ah! lang has the scythe of destruction
 Been sweeping the nations around,
 But ne'er did it cut with such keenness,
 As on the great 18th of June,
 Bold Britain and France they have lang been
 Contending for who'll have the swair,
 But brawling may turn into mourning,
 To think on this terrible day!
 Ten thousands of good hearted mortals
 Here fell midst the awful platoons,
 And sung a farewell to their sorrows
 Upon the great 18th of June,
 First France, with her ordinary fury,
 Did think the Allies to o'erwhelm;
 But, ah! she forgot, in the hurry,
 That Britain did stand at the helm,
 And what a sad heart 'cirs. had Honey,
 To tak now instead of a Crown,
 A canter frae Brussels to Paris,
 Lamenting the 18th of June,
 While Britain, as bold as a lion,
 Made all shake around with her roar,
 She conquer'd the regions against her,
 Till there was to conquer no more,
 But great was the tumult on both sides,
 And great was the number cut down;
 And many a heart will remember
 With sorrow the 18th of June,
 Let England rejoice in her heroes
 And Ireland in great Wellington;
 But Scotia may mourn without ceasing,
 Her best and her bravest blackg one;

Ye Lasses, who's Laddies are yonder,
 Gae ilk ane, and buy a new gown;
 A thousand it is to a hunder,
 They've fallen on the 18th of June.
 Ye fops, and ye fine gaudy mortals,
 Whose life's like the mist of the morn,
 An hour in this terrible conflict
 Would told you what for you was born.
 The groans of the dying and wounded,
 Would sent through your bosoms a stoon!
 You would learn'd to have danc'd a new figure,
 At the Ball on the 18th of June.
 From half after ten in the morning,
 Till half after seven at night,
 Thy meadows, La Belle Alliance,
 Did ne'er before see such a sight!
 Till the thunder of twice fifty cannons
 Proclaim'd we the battl's had won;
 While the moon, in the night, as she view'd it,
 Recorded the 18th of June
 But now, to cut short a long story,
 Here's joy to our heroes at large;
 May Britain lang keep up her glory,
 And Donald lang ken how to charge.
 And may her bold sons still defend her,
 From the paws of a foreigner loon;
 And may he who dares to offend her,
 Get fun like the 18th of June.