

An Excellent Collection of

16 80

Popular Songs ;

- Ye Gentlemen of England,
That live at ease,
Ap! little do you think upon
Give ear unto the following
And they will sing
When the Shamrock is green
If enemies oppose
When England
1. Ye Gentlemen of England.
 2. John o' Badenyon.
 3. The Sprig of Shillelah and Shamrock so green.
 4. The Maid of Lodi.
 5. I'll be true to me only.



Or
Widest
When
W

Long may those British heroes hold
Despise both wounds and scars ;
Make FRANCHISE
EDINBURGH

Printed for the Booksellers in Town and Country

The Gentlemen of England.

Ye gentlemen of England,
 That live at home at ease,
 Ah! little do you think upon
 The dangers of the seas;
 Give ear unto the mariners,
 And they will plainly show,
 All the cares and the fears,
 When the stormy winds do blow.
 When the stormy winds, &c.

If enemies oppose us
 When England is at war
 With any foreign nation,
 We fear no wound nor scar;
 Our roaring guns shall teach them
 Our valour for to know,
 Whilst they reel on their keel,
 When the stormy winds do blow.
 When the stormy winds, &c.

Then courage all brave mariners,
 And never be dismay'd,
 Whilst we have bold adventurers
 We ne'er shall want a trade;
 Our merchants shall employ us,
 To bring them gold we know,
 Then be bold, work for gold,
 When the stormy winds do blow.
 When the stormy winds, &c.

To the memory of NELSON,
 And health to our brave tars;
 Long may those British heroes bold,
 Despise both wounds and scars;
 Make France, and America,
 And all their foes to know.

Britons reign o'er the main, *da' I*
 When the stormy winds do blow.
 When the stormy winds, &c;

John o' Badenyon.

WHEN first I came to be a man
 Of twenty years or so,
 I thought myself a handsome youth,
 And fain the world would 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 past
 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 myself
 With John o' Badenyon,
 Now in the days of youthful prime
 A mistress I must find
 For love, I heard, gave one an air,
 And ev'n improv'd the mind;
 On Phillis, fair above the rest,
 Kind fortune fixt my eyes,
 Her piercing beauty struck my heart;
 And she became my choice;
 To Cupid now with hearty prayer
 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 heard, and spurn'd my moan:
 I hy'd me home, and tun'd my pipe
 To John o' Badenyon.
 Methought it should be wiser next,
 And would a patriot turn,
 Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes,
 And cry up Parson Horne,
 Their manly spirit I admir'd,
 And prais'd their noble zeal,
 Who had with flaming tongue and pen,
 Maintain'd the public weal:
 But ere a month or two had pass'd,
 I found myself betray'd,
 'Twas self and party after all,
 For a the stir they made,
 At last I saw the factious Rhaves
 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 pitch'd on books for company
 And gravely try'd to read
 I bought and borrow'd every where,
 And study'd night and day,
 Nor mist what dean or doctor wrote
 That happen'd in my day
 Philosophy I now esteem'd

And carefully through many a page
 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 every where
 That wish to make a show

Take heed in time, nor fondly hope
 For happiness below
 What you may fancy pleasure here

Is but an empty name,
 And girls, and friends, and books, and
 You'll find them all the same

Then be advised, and warning take
 From such a man as I
 I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal,

Nor one of high degree
 You'll meet displeasur every where

Then do as I have done,
 Bless the country, and please yourself
 With John o' Badenyon

With John o' Badenyon

The Sprig of Shillelagh and Shamrock

so green
 O Love the foe who hate
 He loves all the lovely, loves all that lie

With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green,
 His heart is good humour'd, 'tis honest and sound,
 No malice or hatred is there to be found,
 He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights,
 For love, all for love, for in that he delights,
 With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green,

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair,
 An Irishman all in his glory was there,
 With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green:
 His clothes spruce and span new, without e'er a
 speck,

A new Barcelona ty'd round his nate neck,
 He goes to a tent, and he spends his half-crown,
 He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him
 down,

With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

At evening returning, as homeward he goes,
 His heart soft with whisky, his head soft with
 blows,

From a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green:
 He meets with his Shelah, who, blushing a smile,
 Cries, "Get ye gone Pat," yet consents all the
 while,

To the priest then they go, and nine months after
 that,

A fine baby cries out, "How'd ye do, father Pat,"
 With your sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

Bless the country, says I, that gave Patrick his
 birth!

Bless the land of the oak, and its neighbouring
 earth!

Where grows the shillelah and shamrock so green.
 May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the
 Shannon,

Drub the foe who dare plant at our confines a can-
 non:

United and happy at loyalty's shrine,

May the rose and the thistle long flourish and
twine,

Round a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

The Maid of Lodi.

I sing the Maid of Lodi,

Who sweetly sung to me,

Whose brows were never cloudy,

Nor e'er distort with glee.

She values not the wealthy,

Unless they're great and good,

For she is strong and healthy,

And by labour earns her food.

And when her day's work's over,

Around a cheerful fire,

She sings, or rests contented;

What more can man desire?

Let those who squander millions

Review her happy lot,

They'll find their proud pavilions

Far inferior to her cot.

Between the Po and Parma

Some villains seized my coach

And dragged me to a cavern,

Most dreadful to approach

By which the maid of Lodi

Came trotting from the fair;

She paus'd to hear my wailing,

And see me tear my hair.

Then to her market basket

She tied her poney's rein;

I thus by female courage

Was dragg'd to life again.

She led me to her dwelling,
 She cheer'd my heart with wine,
 And then she deck'd a table
 At which the gods might dine.

Among the mild Madonas
 Her features you might find;
 But not the fan'd Corregios
 Could ever paint her mind:
 Then sing the maid of Lodi,
 Who sweetly sang to me;
 And when this maid is married,
 Still happier may she be;
 Unless they're trout and cod,
 For she is strong and good,
Drink to me only.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honoring thee,
 As giving it a hope that there
 It would not wither'd be;
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent it back to me;
 Since then, it grows and smells; I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.