

The Nut Girl

TAYLOR.

Printer, 92, Brick-lane, Spitalfields

COME all you brisk young fellows,
That love to hear a song,
Come listen awhile to my ditty,
And I will not keep you long.
Tis of a brisk young lady,
She lived down Kent,
She rose one summer morning
And she a nutting went.

There was a brisk young farmer,
A ploughing of his land,
He called to his horses,
And bid them gently stand;
Then he set himself down on his plough,
A song for to begin,
Oh, his voice was so melodious,
It made the valley ring.

So as this brisk young damsel
Was a-nutting in the wood,
His voice was so melodious,
It charmed her as she stood;
She had no longer power
In that lonely wood to stray,
But what few nuts she got, poor girl,
She threw them all away.

She went unto her Johnny,
As he set on his plough,
Says she, young man, I find myself—
I'm sure I can't tell how.
Then he said, my pretty fair maid,
I'm glad to see you here,
Come sit you down beside me,
I will keep you out of fear.

Young Johnny left his horses,
Likewise he left his plough,
Oh, he took her to a shady grove,
True courage for to show;
Then he took her by the middle so small,
And then he set her down,
She said, young man, I think I see
The world go round and round.

Young Johnny he went to the plough,
For to finish his song,
Says he, my pretty fair maid,
Your mother will think it long.
But as they trip'd along the plain,
She on his breast did lean,
She says, young man, I dearly love
The song that you do sing.

Come all you brisk young maidens,
A warning take by time,
If you should go a nutting,
I pray be home by time;
For if you should stay too long,
To hear the plough-boy sing,
Perhaps a young farmer you may have
To nurse all in the spring.



NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL TO PARIS.

FAREWELL ye splendid citidel, metropolis called Paris,
Where Phœbus every morning shoots forth refulgent beams,
Where Flora's bright Aurora advancing from the orient,
With radiant light adorning the pure shining streams.

At eve when Centure does retire, while the ocean glides like fire,
And the universe admires our merchandise and store;
Commanding Flora's fragrance, the fertile fields to decorate,
To illuminate the royal Corsican again on the French shore.

My name's Napoleon Bonaparte the Emperor of nations,
I've banished German legions, and drove kings from their thrones
I've trampled dukes and earls, and splendid congregations,
Tho' they have now transported me to St Helena's shore

Like Hannibal I've cross'd the Alps, the burning sands and
rocky cliffs,
O'er Russian hills, through frost and snow, I still the laurel wore
Oft in a desert island, where the rats the devil would affright,
Yet I hope to shine in armour bright through Europe once more

Some say the first of my downfall was parting from my consort
To wed the German daughter, who wounded my heart sore,
But the female train I ne'er will blame, for she never did me
They saw my sword in battle flame, and did me adore.

But now I severely feel the rod, for meddling with the house of
God,

Coin and Golden images by thousands away I tore,
I stole Malta's golden gates, I did the work of God disgrac,
But if he gives me time and place, all back to him I will restore

My golden eagles were pulled down by Wellington's allied army
My troops, all in disorder, could no longer stand the field;
I was sold that afternoon, on the eighteenth of June,
My reinforcements proved traitors, which caused me to yield.

I am an allied oak, with fire and sword I made them smoke,
I've conquered Dutch and Danes, and surprised the grand signors
I've defeated Austrians & Russians, both Portuguese & Prussians
Like Joshua, Alexander, or Ceaser of yore.

And to the south of Africa, and the Atalanlic ocean,
To view the wild emotions, and flowing of the tide,
Banished from the royal crown of imperial promotion,
From the French throne of glory to see those billows glide.

Three days I stood the plain, liberty's cause for to maintain,
Thousands I left slain and covered in their gore;
I never fled without revenge, nor to the allied army cringed,
But now my sword is sheathed, and Paris is no more.

