

O SAY NOT WOMAN'S LOVE IS BOUGHT.

Pitts, Printer, Wholesale Toy and Marble Warehouse, 6, Great St. Andrew-street, Seven Dials.

O say not woman's love is bought
With vain and empty treasure ;
O say not woman's heart is caught
By every idle pleasure.
When first her gentle bosom knows
Love's flame, it wanders never ;
Deep in her heart the passion glows ;
She loves, and loves for ever.

O say not woman's false as fair ;
That like the bee she ranges,
Still was seen as more sweet and rare,
As fickle fancy changes.
Ah no ; the love that first can warm
Will leave her bosom never ;
No second passion e'er can charm ;
She loves, and loves for ever.

TAKE A BUMPER AND TRY.

THE woman all tell me I am false to my lass,
Deserted poor Chloe and stuck to my glass ;
But though I have left her the truth I declare,
I believe she was good and I know she was fair.
My Chloe has dimples and smiles I must own,
But tho' she can smile in truth she can frown ;
But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine,
Wine, mighty wine,
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy
If you doubt what I say take a bumper and try.

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime,
Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd betimes ;
But wine from its age such rich benefit flows,
We like it the better the older it grows.
Let murders and battles and history prove
The dangers that wait on rivals in love ;
But in drinking, thank heaven, no rival contends,
For the more we love liquor the more we are friends
Wine, mighty wine,
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy,
If you doubt what I say take a bumper and try.

VERY PEKOOLIA.

OR,

THE LISPING LOVERS.

COMIC SONG, written by Mr. J. BENLER, and sung with great applause, by Mr. J. BOODLE, at several public and private Concerts, &c. &c.

Pitts, Printer, Wholesale Toy and Marble Warehouse, 6, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

HAVE you e'er been in love,--If you hav'nt, I have,
To the little god Koopid I've been a great slave ;
He thot in my bu'hom a quiver of arrows.
Like li'tle naughty boys thot Cock Robins and Sparrows,
My heart was as pure as the white alabather,
Till Kooped, my bu'hom, he did overmathier ;
Then tell me, ye Gods! how I love t'one Mith Julia,
There was thomthing about her so very pekoolair.
(SPOKEN) Wery pekooliar,--wery pekooliar indeed,
There was thomthing about her tho wery pekooliar.

We first met at a ball, where our hands did entwine,
Where I did squeedge her fingers and she did squeedge
mine ;
When, for my next partner, I wentered to preth hex,
When I found that she lithped, when she answered me
"yeth, thir,"
Now, in lithping, I think, there is thomthing uncommon
And I loves, in pertikler, the lith of a humman ;
And I thure you'd a lik'd the lith of Mith Julia,
There was thomthing about it tho wery pekooliar.

Like a beautiful peach was the cheek of Mith Julia,
And then in her eye, there was thomthing pekooliar,
Speaking wolumes, it darted, each glance to one's marrow
As keen and thwift as the wicked boy's arrow ;
A thlight catht in her eye--to her looks added wigor,
A east in the eye often tends to disfigure ;
But not tho the east in the eye of Mith Julia,
There was thomthing about it tho wery pekooliar.

Good friends we oft met, 'midst smiles and 'midst tears,
I courted her nearly for three or four years,
I took her to plays and balls, oh! ye powers,
I sweetly and swiftly did then pass my hours ;
But once --oh, e'en now,--I my feelings can't smother,
She danced all the evening along with another,
I did'nt thay nothing that night to Mith Julia,
Thought I cowd'nt help thinking 'twas wery pekooliar.

I went next day to scold her, when she, to my heart's thore
Cut me up, by requesting I'd come there no more ;
Shat I shou'd be affronted if longer I tarried,
For next week, to another, she was to be married.
"God's! Julia" said I, "why you cannot thay tho."
"Oh yes, but I do, thir,--so you had better go."
"Well, I shall go," said I, "but you'll own it, Mrs. nia.
Your behaviour to me has been wery pekooliar.
(SPOKEN) Wery pekooliar,--wery pekooliar indeed,
And from that day to this I've never seen a
thir behaviour to me was so very pekooliar.

