



## WILLIAM AT EVE.

*Pitts, Printer, wholesale Toy and Marble warehouse,  
6, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.*

**W**HEN William at eve meets me down at the stile,  
How sweet is the Nightingale's song ;  
Of the day I forget ~~all~~ my labour and toil,  
Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.

By her beams without blushing I hear him complain,  
And believe every word of his song,  
You know not how sweet 'tis to love the dear swain,  
Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.

## BEGONE DULL CARE.

**B**EAGONE dull care, I pray thee begone from me,  
Begone dull care, you and I shall never agree ;  
Long time thou hast been tarrying here,  
And fain thou would'st at me kill,  
But I' faith dull care thou never shall have thy will.

Too much care will turn a young man grey,  
And too much care will turn a young man to clay,  
My wife shall dance, and I will sing,  
So merrily pass the day,  
For I hold it one of the wisest things,  
To drive dull care away.

## LIFE LET US CHERISH.

**L**IFE let us cherish while yet the taper glows,  
And the fresh floweret pluck, ere it close,  
Why are we fond of toil and care,  
Why choose the rankling thorn to wear,  
And heedless by the lily stray,  
Which blossoms in our way.

When clouds obscure the atmosphere,  
And forked lightnings rend the air,  
The sun resumes its silver crest,  
And smiles adown the west.

*Life let us cherish, &c.*

The genial seasons soon are o'er,  
Then let us, ere we quit the shore,  
Contentment seek, it is life's zest,  
The sunshine of the breast.

*Life let us cherish, &c.*



## THREE BUTCHERS.

**I**T was Ips, Gips, and Johnson, as I have heard  
many say,  
They had 500 guineas all on a market day ;  
As they rode over Northumberland, as hard as they  
could ride,

O hark, O hark, says Johnson I hear a woman cry.

Then Johnson being a valiant man, a man of courage  
bold,

He ranged the woods all over, till this woman he did  
How came you here, says Johnson, how came you here  
I pray,

I am come here to relieve you, if you will not me

There has been ten swaggering blades, has hand and  
foot me bound,

And stripped me stark naked, with my hair pin'd on  
Then Johnson being a valiant man, a man of courage  
bold,

He took his coat from off his back, to keep her from  
As they rode over Northumberland, as hard as they  
could ride,

She put her fingers in her ears, and dismally she cried,  
Then up starts ten swaggering blades, with weapons  
in their hand,

And riding up to Johnson, they bid him for to stand.

Its I'll not stand says Ipsen, then no indeed not I,  
Nor I'll not stand says Gipson, I'll sooner live than die,  
Then I will stand says Johnson, I'll stand the while I  
I never yet was daunted, nor afraid of any man. [can,

Then Johnson drew his glittering sword with all his  
might and main.

So well he laid upon them, that 8 of them were slain ;  
As he was fighting the other two, this woman he did  
not mind,

She took the knife all from his side, and ripp'd him up

Now I must fall says Johnson, I must fall unto the  
ground,

For relieving this wicked woman she gave me my  
O base woman, O base woman, what hast thou done,  
Thou hast killed the finest butcher, that ever the sun  
shone on.

This happened on a market day as people was riding by  
To see this dreadful murder they gave the hue and cry,  
It's now this woman's taken, and bound in irons strong,  
For killing the finest butcher that ever the sun shone on.

