



## MERRY PIPER.

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

**W**ITH the sun I arise at morn  
Haste my flocks into the mead,  
By the fields of yellow corn  
There my gentle lambskins feed  
Ever sportive, ever gay,  
While on the merry pipe I play.

Lovely Mira joins the strain,  
Calls the wanderer to its mate,  
Her sweet voice can soothe each pain,  
And make the troubled heart elat,  
Ever cheerful, ever gay,  
While on the merry pipe I play.

And when from winter's rugged arms  
Zephyr's fleeting leave the grove,  
Mira cheers me with her charms,  
For her song is turned to love,  
Ever happy ever gay  
On the merry pipe I play.

Tho' no splendour deck my cot,  
With my fair I live content,  
May it be my my happy lot  
Still to love and ne'er repent,  
While at dawn and setting day  
On the merry pipe I play.

## THE MAID OF THE MILL.

**I**'VE kist and I've prattled with fifty fair maids,  
And changed them as oft do you see,  
But of all the gay lasses that sport on the green,  
The maid of the mill for me.

There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,  
And called me the fairest she,  
But of all the young men that danced on the green,  
Young Harry's the lad for me.

Her eyes are as black as the sloe in the hedge,  
Her cheeks like the blossoms of May,  
Her teeth are as white as the new shera sock,  
Her breath like the new mown hay.

He's tall and he's strait as the poplar tree,  
His cheeks are as red as the rose,  
He looks like a squire of high degree,  
When drest in his Sunday clothes.



## HUZZA FOR THE JACKET SO BLUE.

**H**ERE'S a health to the sailor so true,  
Here's a health to the sailor so true,  
Who fights for his king and his country's cause,  
And her freedom and liberty too,  
It's good to be steady and firm,  
It's good to be bold, brave, and true,  
It's good to support Britannia's cause,  
And abide by the Jacket of Blue,

Huzza for the Jacket &c.

Here's a health to the sailor so true,  
Here's a health to the sailor so true,  
Here's a health to the Navy of Briton's fair isle  
Who will ever maintain the True Blue,  
Here's a health to him that can drink,  
Here's a health to him that can fight,  
Who never feared danger her cause to support,  
In defence of Old England's fair right,  
Huzza for the Jacket &c.

Here's a health to Old England so true,  
Here's a health to Old England so true,  
Who to assist the brave Greeks against the proud Turks,  
To liberty's cause nobly flew,  
It's good to be bold, brave, and wise,  
For liberty's cause to be true,  
It's good to support Britannia's cause,  
And abide by the Jacket so Blue.

## LOVE IS A TYRANT,

**T**HAT Love is a tyrant I can prove  
For I alas am now his slave,  
But gladly would his chains remove  
And fearless all his mandates brave,  
The urehin will vex us,  
Torment and perplex us,  
But ah! 'tis useless to complain  
For Love is pleasing,  
Altho' so teasing  
And pleasure yields as well as pain.

Amelia dally grows more fair,  
But ah, she does not kinder prove,  
I sigh, I pine, and in despair,  
Resolve to think no more on Love,  
But still he'll vex me  
Torment and perplex me  
And only laughs when I complain,  
Yet Love is pleasing,  
Altho' so teasing,  
And pleasure yields as well as pain.

