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Charles MacKenzie, Esq.^r
OF KILCOY

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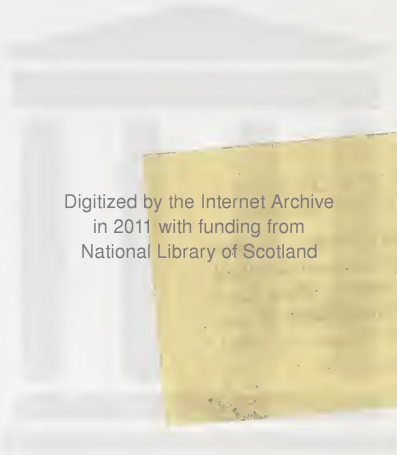
THE GLEN COLLECTION
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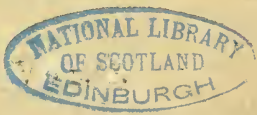
S T C E L E B R A T E D A N D N E W E S T

O N G S,

O T S and E N G L I S H.

*MUSIC the fiercest grief can charm,
and fate's severest rage disarm :
It can soften pain to ease,
It can make despair and madness please :
It can make our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.*

P O P E.



E D I N B U R G H :

For W. GORDON Bookseller in the Parlia-
ment Close.

M. DCC. LXV.

~~SECRET~~

SECRET

2/16

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A

COLLECTION

OF CHOICE

S O N G S.



Tune, I wish my love were in a mire.

BLEST as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd; the subtile flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,

My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.



Rosline Castle.

'T WAS in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay :
Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
While Rosline castle heard the swain,
And echo'd back the chearful strain.

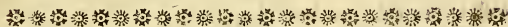
Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring
With rapture warms, awake and sing ;
Awake, and join the vocal throng,
And hail the morning with a song :
To Nanny raise the chearful lay ;
O bid her haste and come away ;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark ! my love, on ev'ry spray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay ;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song :
Then let my ravish'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

Come, my love, thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away ;

Come,

Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine,
Around that modest brow of thine :
O hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty, blooming like the spring ;
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.



YE sylvan pow'rs that rule the plain,
Where sweetly-winding Fortha glides,
Conduct me to those banks again,
Since there my charming Molly bides.
These banks that breathe their vernal sweets,
Where ev'ry smiling beauty meets ;
Where Molly's charms adorn the plain,
And cheer the hearts of ev'ry swain.

Thrice happy were those golden days,
When I, amidst the rural throng,
On Fortha's meadows breath'd my lays,
And Molly's charms were all my song.
While she was present all were gay,
No sorrow did our mirth allay ;
We sung of pleasure, sung of love,
And music breath'd in ev'ry grove.

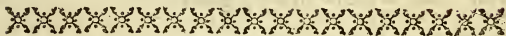
O then was I the happiest swain !
No adverse fortune marr'd my joy ;
The shepherds sigh'd for her in vain,
On me she smil'd, to them was coy.
O'er Fortha's mazy-banks we stray'd,
I woo'd, I lov'd the beauteous maid ;
The beauteous maid my love return'd,
And both with equal ardor burn'd.

Once on the grassy bank reclin'd,
Where Forth ran by in murmurs deep ;

It was my happy chance to find
 The charming Molly lull'd asleep :
 My heart then leap'd with inward bliss,
 I softly stoop'd, and stole a kiss ;
 She wak'd, she blush'd, she faintly blam'd,
 Why, Damon, are you not asham'd ?

Oft in the thick embow'ring groves,
 Where birds their music chirp'd aloud,
 Alternately we sung our loves,
 And Fortha's fair meanders view'd.
 The meadows wore a gen'ral smile,
 Love was our banquet all the while ;
 The lovely prospect charm'd the eye,
 To where the ocean met the sky.

Ye sylvan pow'rs, ye rural gods,
 To whom we swains our cares impart ;
 Restore me to these bless'd abodes,
 And ease. Oh ease my love-sick heart !
 These happy days again restore,
 When Moll and I shall part no more ;
 When she shall fill these longing arms,
 And crown my bliss with all her charms.



Tune. *Gilder-Roy.*

AH! Chloris, could I now but sit
 As unconcern'd, as when
 Your infant-beauty cou'd beget
 No happiness nor pain.
 When I this dawning did admire,
 And prais'd the coming day,
 I little thought that rising fire
 Wou'd take my rest away.

Your

Your charms, in harmless childhood, lay
 As metals in a mine.
 Age from no face takes more away,
 Than youth conceal'd in thine.
 But as your charms insensibly
 To their perfections prest;
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
 And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 While Cupid at my heart,
 Still as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming dart.
 Each gloried in their wanton part;
 To make a lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his art;
 To make a beauty she.



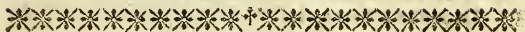
The Highland Queen.

NO more my song shall be, ye swains,
 Of purling streams; or flow'ry plains;
 More pleasing beauties me inspire,
 And Phœbus tunes the warbling lyre;
 Divinely aided, thus I mean
 To celebrate my Highland Queen.

In her, sweet innocence you'll find,
 With freedom, truth and beauty join'd;
 From pride and affectation free,
 Alike she smiles on you or me.
 The brightest nymph that trips the green,
 I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

No fordid wish, or trifling joy,
 Her settled calm of mind destroy ;
 Strict honour fills her spotless soul,
 And adds a lustre to the whole ;
 A matchless shape, a graceful mein,
 All centers in my Highland Queen.

How blest that youth, whom gentle fate
 Has destin'd for so fair a mate ;
 Has all these wond'rous gifts in store,
 And each returning day brings more ;
 No youth so happy can be seen,
 Possessing thee, my Highland Queen.



SEE, see, the conqu'ring hero comes,
 Sound the trumpet, beat the drums,
 Sports prepare, the laurels bring,
 Songs of triumph to him sing :
 See the god-like youth advance,
 Breathe the flutes and lead the dance.

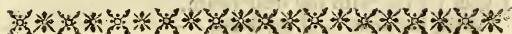


LET ambition fire the mind,
 Thou wert born o'er men to reign ;
 Not to follow flocks design'd,
 Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet,
 Thou on necks of kings shalt tread ;
 Joys in circles, joys shall meet,
 Which way e'er thy fancies lead.

Let not toils of empire fright,
 Toils of empire pleasures are;
 Thou shalt only know delight,
 All the joy, but not the care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the prize
 For the blessings I bestow;
 Joyful I'll ascend the skies,
 Happy thou shalt reign below.



Tune. *My Apron Deary!*

MY sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook,
 And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook,
 No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove,
 For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
 O! what had my youth with ambition to do?
 Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?
 O! what had my youth, &c.

Thro' regions remote in vain do I rove,
 And bid the wide ocean secure me from love;
 O fool! to imagine that ought can subdue
 A love so well founded, a passion so true.
 O! give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
 I'll wander from love, and Amynta no more.
 O! give me my sheep, &c.

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine,
 Poor shepherd, Amynta no more can be thine:
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain;
 The moments neglected return not again.
 O! what had my youth with ambition to do?
 Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?
 O! what had my youth, &c.

The Broom of Cowdenknows.

HOW blythe, ilk morn, was I to see
The swain come o'er the hill!

He skip'd the burn, and flew to me;

I met him with good will.

O! the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,

The broom of Cowdenknows;

I wish I were with my dear swain,

With his pipe, and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,

While his flock near me lay:

He gather'd in my sheep at night,

And cheer'd me a' the day.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,

The birds stood list'ning by:

Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,

Charm'd with his melody.

While thus we spent our time, by turns,

Betwixt our flocks and play:

I envy'd not the fairest dame,

Tho' ne'er sae rich and gay.

Hard fate! that I shou'd banish'd be,

Gang heavily and mourn,

Because I lov'd the kindest swain

That ever yet was born.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour;

Cou'd I but faithful be?

He sta' my heart; cou'd I refuse

Whate'er he ask'd of me.

My doggie and my little kit
 That held my wie soun whey,
 My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,
 May now lie usefess by.

Adieu! ye Cowdenknows, Adieu!
 Farewel a' pleasures there;
 Ye Gods! restore me to my swain,
 Is a' I crave, or care.



Tune. *I'll never leave thee.*

ONE day I heard Mary say,
 How shall I leave thee?
 Stay, dearest Adonis, stay,
 Why wilt thou grieve me?
 Alas! my fond heart will break,
 If thou shouldst leave me.
 I'll live and die for thy sake,
 Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say,
 Has Mary deceiv'd thee?
 Did e'er her young heart betray
 New love, that has griev'd thee?
 My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
 Thou may'st believe me;
 I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
 And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
 What can relieve thee?
 Can Mary thy anguish soothe?
 This breast shall receive thee.

My

My passion can ne'er decay,
 Never deceive thee;
 Delight shall drive pain away,
 Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad!
 How shall I leave thee?
 O! that thought makes me sad,
 I'll never leave thee
 Where would my Adonis fly?
 Why does he grieve me?
 Alas! my poor heart will die,
 If I should leave thee.



The Flowers of the Forest.

A DIEU! ye streams that smoothly glide
 Thro' mazy windings o'er the plain,
 I'll in some lonely cave reside,
 And ever mourn my faithful swain.
 Flower of the forest was my love,
 Soft as the sighing summer's gale,
 Gentle and constant as the dove,
 Blooming as roses in the vale.

Alas! by Tweed my love did stray,
 For me he search'd the banks around;
 But ah! the sad and fatal day,
 My love, the pride of swains, was drown'd.
 Now droops the willow o'er the stream,
 Pale stalks his ghost on yonder grove;
 Dire fancy paints him in my dream,
 Awake, I mourn my hopeless love.

Tune. *Gallowsheils.*

AH! the shepherd's mournful fate,
 When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
 To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
 Nor dare disclose his anguish.
 Yet eager looks and dying sighs,
 My secret soul discover,
 While rapture trembling thro' mine eyes,
 Reveals how much I love her.
 The tender glance, the red'ning cheek
 O'erspread with rising blushes,
 A thousand various ways they speak
 A thousand various wishes.

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless blush, and modest air,
 So fatally beguiling.
 Thy every look, and every grace,
 So charm whene'er I view thee;
 Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
 Still will my hopes pursue thee.
 Then, when my tedious hours are past,
 Be this last blessing given,
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of heaven.



IN the garb of old Gaul, and fire of old Rome,
 From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come,
 Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,
 But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.

C H O R U S.

Such our love of liberty, our country and our cause,
 Like our ancestors of old, we'll stand by freedom's laws;
 We'll

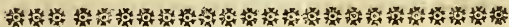
We'll boldly fight like heroes bright, for honour and
 applause,
 And defy the French and Spaniards to alter our laws.

No effeminate customs our sinews embrace,
 No luxurious tables enervate our race;
 Our loud-sounding pipe bears the true martial strain,
 So do we the old Scottish valour retain.
 Such our love of liberty, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
 Are swift as the roe which the hound doth assail;
 As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear,
 Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.
 Such our love of liberty, &c.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
 So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes;
 We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
 Dash the force of our foes with our thund'ring strokes.
 Such our love of liberty, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of Old France,
 In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance;
 But when our claymores they saw us produce,
 Their courage did fail, and they su'd for a truce.
 Such our love of liberty, &c.



GO, lovely rose,
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts, where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retir'd :
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desir'd,
 And not blush so to be admir'd.



HE comes! he comes! the hero comes!
 Sound, sound your trumpets, beat, beat your
 drums;
 From port to port let canons roar,
 His welcome to the British shore :
 His welcome, welcome, &c.

Prepare, prepare, your songs prepare,
 Loud, loudly rend the echoing air ;
 From pole to pole your joys resound,
 For virtue is with glory crown'd :
 For virtue, virtue, &c.



Tune. *Aloa House.*

MY time, O ye muses! was happily spent ;
 When Phœbe went with me wherever I went ;
 Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast ;
 Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest.

But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
 What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
 When things were as fine as could possibly be,
 I thought 'twas the spring; but, alas! 'twas she.

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
 To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep,
 I was so good humour'd, so chearful and gay,
 My heart was as light as a feather all day:
 But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
 So strangely uneasy as never was known;
 My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
 And my heart, I am sure, it weighs more than a pound.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
 And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
 Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
 'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear;
 But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
 And still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;
 Must you be so chearful, while I go in pain?
 Peace then with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

When my lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
 And when Phœbe and I were as joyful as they,
 How pleasant their sporting, how happy the time,
 When spring, love and beauty were all in their prime:
 But now, in their frolics, when by me they pass,
 I sling at their fleeces a handful of grass;
 Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
 To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see,
 Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
 And Phœbe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
 Come hither, poor fellow, and patted his head:

But

But now, when he's fawning, I with a frow look,
 Cry, Sirrah,---and give him a blow with my crook;
 And I'll give him another, for why should not Tray
 Be as dull as his master, when Phœbe's away?

When walking with Phœbe, what sights have I seen?
 How fair was the flower? how fresh was the green?
 What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
 The corn-fields and hedges, and ev'ry thing made?
 But now she has left me; tho' all are still there,
 They none of them now so delightful appear;
 'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
 Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

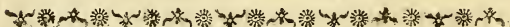
Sweet music went with us both, all the wood thro',
 The lark, linnet, thro'ble, and nightingale too;
 Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
 And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet:
 But now she is absent; tho' still they sing on,
 The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone;
 Her voice in the consort, as now I have found,
 Gave ev'ry thing else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
 And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
 Does ought of their sweetness the blossoms beguile?
 That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile!
 Ah! rivals, I see why it was that you dress,
 And made yourselves fine, for a place in her breast;
 You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
 To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly time creeps, till my Phœbe return,
 While amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn?
 Methinks, if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
 I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down
 the lead.

Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
 And rest so much longer for't when she is here.
 Ah! Colin, old time is yet full of delay,
 Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

Will no pitying pow'r that hears me complain,
 Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
 To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove.
 But what swain is so silly to live without love?
 No deity bids the dear nymph to return,
 Tho' ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
 Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair!
 Take heed, all ye swains, how you love one so fair.



Tune. *She rose and loot me in.*

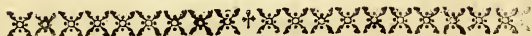
THE night her silent sable wore,
 And gloomy were the skies,
 Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more
 Than those in Nelly's eyes:
 When to her father's door I came,
 Where I had often been,
 I begg'd my fair, my lovely dame
 To rise and let me in.

But she, with accents all divine,
 Did my fond suit reprove;
 And while she chid my rash design,
 She but inflam'd my love:
 Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,
 While her bright eyes did roll;
 But virtue only had the pow'r
 To charm my very soul.

Then

Then who wou'd cruelly deceive,
 Or from such beauty part?
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave
 The charmer of my heart:
 My eager fondness I obey'd,
 Resolv'd she should be mine;
 'Till Hymen to my arms convey'd
 My treasure so divine.

Now happy in my Nelly's eyes,
 Transporting is my joy;
 No greater blessing can I prove,
 So blest a man am I:
 For beauty may a while retain
 The conquer'd flutt'ring heart;
 But virtue only is the chain
 Holds never to depart.



OF race divine thou needs must be,
 Since naething earthly equals thee;
 For heaven's sake, Oh! favour me,
 Who only lives to love thee.

*An thou wert my ain thing,
 I would love thee, I would love thee;
 An thou wert my ain thing,
 How dearly would I love thee!*

The gods one thing peculiar have,
 To ruin none whom they can save;
 O! for their sake support a slave,
 Who only lives to love thee.
An thou wert, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
 But that I love, and for your sake;
 What man can do I'll undertake,
 So dearly do I love thee.

My passion, constant as the sun,
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
 'Till fates my thread of life have spun,
 Which, breathing out, I'll love thee.

Like bees that suck the morning dew,
 Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hue,
 Sae wad I dwell upon thy mou,
 And gar the gods envy me.

Sae lang's I had the use of light,
 I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
 Syne in fast whispers thro' the night,
 I'd tell how much I lov'd thee.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean?
 She moves a goddess o'er the green;
 Were I a king, thou should be queen,
 Nane but my fell aboon thee.

I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
 Whilst thou, like ivy, or the vine,
 Around my stronger limbs should twine,
 Form'd hardy to defend thee.

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,
 In shining youth let's make our hay;
 Since love admits of nae delay,
 O! let na scorn undo me.

While love does at his altar stand,
 Hae there's my heart, gie me thy hand,
 And with ilk smile thou shalt command
 The will of him who loves thee.

An thou wert my ain thing, &c.



SPRING comes on, the fawns advance,
 Leading on the sprightly dance,
 Leading on the sprightly dance,
 Leading on the sprightly dance,
 O'er the fallow, o'er the glade;
 See the sun shines thro' the shade,
 Whilst I, forlorn and pensive still,
 Sit sighing for my Daphadille.

See the swain, with wat'ry shoe,
 Brushing by the morning dew,
 Brushing by the morning dew,
 Brushing by the morning dew,
 With officious love to bear
 Fresh blown cowslips to the fair;
 Whilst I, forlorn and pensive still,
 Sit sighing for my Daphadille.

Sweetest man that e'er was seen
 Dance at wake, or trip the green,
 Dance at wake, or trip the green,
 Dance at wake, or trip the green,
 See a love-sick dying swain,
 Hear my vows, relieve my pain;
 Or, with thy frowns in pity kill,
 To cruel, charming Daphadille.

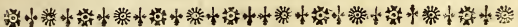
HOW blest has my time been? what joys have I
 known,
 Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own?
 So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain:
 That freedom is tasteless, &c.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines, as oft'n we stray,
 Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
 How pleasing their sport is! the wanton ones see,
 And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.
 And borrow their looks, &c.

To try her sweet temper, oft-times am I seen,
 In revels all day with the nymphs on the green:
 Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
 And meets me at night with complacence and smiles.
 And meets me at night, &c.

What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
 Her wit and good humour bloom all the year thro';
 Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
 And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.
 And gives to her mind, &c.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
 And cheat, with false vows, the too credulous fair;
 In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam,
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home.
 To hold it for life, &c.



Gill Morice.

GILL MORICE was an Earl's son,
 His name it waxed wide;

It was not for his great riches,
 Nor yet his meikle pride;
 Bot it was for a lady gay,
 That liv'd on Carron side.

Where will I get a bonny boy
 That will win hose and shoon,
 That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',
 And bid his lady cum?
 Ye maun rin this errand, Willie,
 And ye maun rin wi' pride;
 When other boys gae on their feet,
 On horseback ye shall ride.

Oh no! Oh no! my master dear,
 I dare nae for my life;
 I'll nae gae to the bald Baron's,
 For to tryft forth his wife.
 My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
 My dear Willie, he said,
 How can you strive against the stream?
 For I will be obey'd.

Bot ah! my master dear, he cry'd,
 In Green-wood you're your lane;
 Gi' o'er sic thoughts I wad ye red,
 For fear ye shou d be ta'en.
 Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',
 Bid her cum here wi' speed;
 If ye refuse my high command,
 I'll gar thy body bleed.

Gae, bid her tak this gay mantel,
 'Tis a gowd but the hem;
 Bid her cum to the good Green wood,
 And bring nane but her lane:

And

And there it is, a silken sark,
 Her ain hand sew'd the sleeve;
 And bid her cum to Gill Morice,
 Speer nae bald baron's leave.

Yes, I will gae your black errand,
 Though it be to thy cost;
 Sen ye by me will nae be warn'd,
 In it ye thall find frost.
 The baron he's a man of might,
 He ne'er cou'd bide a taunt;
 As ye will see before 'tis night,
 How sma' ye'll hae to vaunt.

Now, sen I maun your errand rin,
 Sae fair against my will,
 I'fe mak a vow, and keep it true,
 It fall be done for ill.
 And when he came to broken brigg,
 He bent his bow and swam;
 And when he came to grass growing,
 Set down his feet and ran.

And when he came to Bernard's ha',
 Wad neither chap nor ca',
 Bot set his bent bow to his breist,
 And lightly lap the wa'.
 He wad tell nae man his errand,
 Though twa stood at the gate;
 Bot straught into the ha he cam,
 Whair grit folks sat at meat.

Hail! hail! my gentle sire and dame,
 My message winna wait;
 Dame, ye maun to the Green-wood gang,
 Before that it be late;

Ye're bidden tak this gay mantel,
 'Tis a' gowd but the hem ;
 You maun gae to the good Green-wood,
 Ev'n by yoursel alane.

And there it is ; a silken fark,
 Your ain hand sew'd the sleeve ;
 Ye maun come speik to Gill Morice,
 Speir nae bald baron's leave.
 The lady stamped wi' her foot,
 And winked wi' her eye,
 Bot a' that she cou'd say or do,
 Forbidden he wad na be.

It's surely to my bow'r-woman,
 It ne'er cou'd be to me.
 I brought it to Lady Barnard,
 I trow that ye be she.
 Then up and spak the wylie nurse,
 (The bairn upon her knee,)
 If it be come from Gill Morice,
 It's dear welcome to me.

Ye leid, ye leid, ye filthy nurse,
 Sae loud's I hear ye lie,
 I brought it to Lady Barnard,
 I trow ye be na she.
 Then up and spake the bald Baron,
 An angry man was he ;
 He's ta'en the table wi' his foot,
 In flinters gar'd a' flee.

Gae, bring a robe of yon cliding,
 That hings upon the pin,
 And I'll gae to the good Green-wood,
 And speik with your layman.

O! bide at hame now, Lord Barnard,
 I warn you bide at hame,
 Ne'er wyte a man for violence,
 That ne'er wyte ye wi' nane.

Gill Morice sits in good Green-wood,
 He whistl'd and he sang ;
 O! what means a' these folks cuming ?
 My mother tarries lang.
 When Lord Barnard to Green-wood came,
 Wi' meikle dule and care,
 There first he saw brave Gill Morice
 Kaiming his yellow hair.

Nae wonder, sure, O Gill Morice !
 My Lady lo'ed the well,
 The fairest part of my body
 Is blacker than thy heel :
 Yet ne'ertheless, now, Gill Morice,
 For a' thy great beauty,
 Ye's rue the day ye e'er was born ;
 That head fall gae wi' me.

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
 And slait it on the strae,
 And thro' Gill Morice' fair body,
 He's gar'd cauld iron gae :
 And hehas ta'en Gill Morice' head,
 And set it on a speir ;
 The meanest man in a' his train
 Has got that head to bear.

And he has ta'en Gill Morice up,
 Laid him acrofs his steid,
 And brought him to his painted bow'r,
 And laid him on a bed ;

The lady sat on castle wa'
 Beheld both dale and down,
 And there she saw Gill Morice' head,
 Come trailing to the town.

For mair I lo'e that bloody head,
 Bot' and that yellow hair,
 Than Lord Barnard, and a' his lands,
 As they lie here and there.
 And she has ta'en her Gill Morice,
 And kifs'd baith mouth and chin;
 I once was fou of Gill Morice,
 As hip was o' the stane.

I got ye in my father's house
 Wi' meikle sin and shame;
 I brought thee up in good Green-wood,
 Under the heavy rain:
 Oft have I by thy cradle sat,
 And fondly seen thee sleep;
 Bot now I'll gae about thy grave,
 The sa't tears for to weep.

And syne she kifs'd his bloody cheek,
 And syne his bloody chin,
 Better I lo'e my Gill Morice,
 Than a' my kith and kin.
 Away, away, ye ill woman!
 An ill death mait ye die,
 Gin I had ken'd he'd been your son,
 He'd ne'er been slain for me.

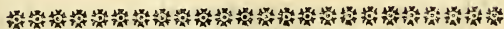
Upbraid me not, my Lord Barnard,
 Upbraid me not for shame!
 With that same speir, Oh! pierce my heart!
 And put me out o' pain:

Since naething but Gill Morice' head,
 Thy jealous rage could quell,
 Let that same hand now take her life,
 That ne'er to thee did ill.

To me, nae after days nor nights
 Will e'er be fast or kind ;
 I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,
 And greet 'till I am blind.
 Enough of blood by me's been spilt,
 Seek not your death frae me,
 I rather it had been myfell,
 Than either him or thee.

With wae, sae wae I hear your plaint,
 Sair, fair I rue the deed,
 That e'er this cursed hand of mine
 Did gar his body bleed :
 Dry up your tears, my winsome dame,
 You ne'er can heal the wound,
 You see his head upon my spear,
 His heart's blood on the ground.

I curse the hand that did the deed,
 The heart that thought the ill,
 The feet that bore me wi' sic speed,
 The comely youth to kill :
 I'll ay lament for Gill Morice,
 As gin he were my ain ;
 I'll ne'er forget the dreary day
 On which the youth was slain.



Green Sleeves.

YE watchful guardians of the fair,
 Who skiff on wings of ambient air,

Of my dear Delia take a care,
 And represent her lover
 With all the gaiety of youth,
 With honour, justice, love and truth;
 'Till I return her passion sooth,
 For me in whispers move her.

Be careful no base sordid slave,
 With soul sunk in a golden grave,
 Who knows no virtue but to save,
 With glaring gold bewitch her.
 Tell her for me she was design'd,
 For me who knows how to be kind,
 And have mair plenty in my mind,
 Than one who's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upside down,
 And fools run an eternal round,
 In quest of what can ne'er be found,
 To please their vain ambition.
 Let little minds great charms espy,
 In shadows which at distance lie,
 Whose hop'd for pleasure, when come nigh,
 Prove nothing in fruition.

But cast into a mold divine,
 Fair Delia does with lustre shine,
 Her virtuous soul s an ample mine,
 Which yields a constant treasure:
 Let poets in sublimest lays,
 Employ their skill her fame to raise;
 Let sons of music pass whole days,
 With well tun'd reeds, to please her.

The Oracle.

WOULD you in her you love be blest,
 Ye lovers, these instructions mind,
 Conceal the passion in your breast,
 Be dumb, insensible and blind.
 But, if with gentle looks you meet,
 And see the artless blushes rise,
 Be silent, loving and discreet ;
 The oracle no more implies.

When once you prove the maid sincere,
 Where virtue is with beauty join'd,
 Then boldly like yourself, appear
 No more insensible, or blind ;
 Pour forth the transports of your heart,
 And speak your soul without disguise,
 'Tis fondness, fondness must impart ;
 The oracle no more implies.

Tho' pleasing, fatal is the snare
 That still intraps all woman-kind ;
 Ladies, beware, be wise, take care,
 Be deaf, insensible and blind.
 But, should some fond, deserving youth
 Agree to join in Hymen's ties,
 Be tender, constant, crown his truth ;
 The oracle no more implies.



HOW easy was Colin ! how blythe and how gay !
 Here he met the fair Chloris, how sprightly his lay !
 So graceful her form, so accomplish'd her mind,
 Sure pity, he thought, with such charms must be join'd.
 Sure pity, he thought, &c.

When-

Whenever she danc'd, or whenever she sung,
 How just was her motion! how sweet was her tongue!
 And when the youth told her his passionate flame,
 She allow'd him to fancy her heart felt the same.
 She allow'd him, &c.

With ardour he prefs'd her to think him sincere;
 But, alas! she redoubl'd each hope and each fear:
 She would not deny, nor she would not approve,
 And she neither refus'd him, nor gave him her love.
 And she neither refus'd him, &c.

Now cheer'd by complacence, now froze by disdain,
 He languish'd for freedom, but languish'd in vain,
 'Till Thyrsis, who pity'd so helpless a slave,
 Eas'd his heart of the pain by the counsel he gave.
 Eas'd his heart, &c.

For sake her, said he, and reject her a while,
 If she loves you, she soon will return with a smile:
 You can judge of her passion by absence alone,
 And, by absence, will conquer her heart,---or your own.
 And, by absence, &c.

This advice he pursu'd; but the remedy prov'd
 Too fatal, alas! to the fair one he lov'd;
 Which cur'd his own passion, but left her in vain
 To sigh for a heart she could never regain.
 To sigh for a heart, &c.



Low down in the Broom.

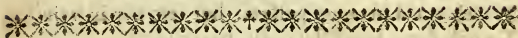
MY daddy is a canker'd carle,
 He'll nae twin wi' his gear;

My minny she's a scalding wife,
 Hads a' the house a-steer.
But let them say, or let them do,
It's a' ane to me,
For he's low down, he's in the broom,
That's waiting on me :
Waiting on me my love,
He's waiting on me ;
For he's low down, he's in the broom,
That's waiting on me.

My aunty Kate sits at her wheel,
 And fair she lightlies me ;
 But weel ken I it's a' envy,
 For ne'er a jo has she.

My cousin Kate was fair beguil'd,
 Wi' Johnny in the glen ;
 And ay sincefyne, she cries, beware
 Of false deluding men.

Glee'd Sandie he came west ae night,
 And speer'd when I saw Pate ;
 And ay sincefyne, the neighbours round
 They jeer me air and late.



AT St. Osyth, by the mill,
 There lives a lovely lass ;
 O! had I her good-will,
 How gayly life would pass :
 No bold intruding care
 My blifs should e'er annoy ;
 Her smiles would kill despair,
 And brighten ev'ry joy.

Like nature's rural scene,
 Her artless beauties charm ;
 Like them, with joys serene,
 Our wishing hearts they warm,
 Her wit, with sweetness crown'd,
 Steals every sense away ;
 The list'ning swains around
 Forget the short'ning day.

Health, freedom, wealth and ease
 Without her tasteless are ;
 She gives them pow'r to please,
 And makes them worth our care.
 Is there, ye fates, a bliss
 Reserv'd, my future share ?
 Indulgent hear my wish,
 And grant it all in her.



BEHOLD the sweet flowers around,
 With all the bright beauties they wear,
 Yet none on the plain can be found,
 So lovely as Celia is fair.
 Ye warblers then tune your sweet throats,
 No longer in silence remain ;
 O ! lend a fond lover your notes,
 To soften my Celia's disdain.

Oft times in a flow'ry vale,
 I breathe my complaints in a song ;
 Fair Flora attends all the while,
 And sweetens the borders along.
 But Celia, whose breath might perfume
 The bosom of Flora in May,
 Still frowning, pronounces my doom,
 Regardless of what I can say.

My Deary, if you die.

LOVE never more shall give me pain,
 My fancy's fix'd on thee;
 Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
 My Peggy, if thou die.
 Thy beauties did such pleasure give,
 Thy love's so true to me,
 Without thee I shall never live,
 My deary, if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
 How shall I lonely stray?
 In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
 In sighs the silent day.
 I ne'er can so much virtue find,
 Nor such perfection see;
 Then I'll renounce all woman-kind,
 My Peggy, after thee.

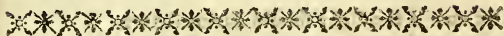
No new-blown beauty fires my heart
 With Cupid's raving rage,
 But thine, which can such sweets impart,
 Must all the world engage.
 'Twas this that, like the morning sun,
 Gave joy and life to me;
 And, when its destin'd day is done,
 With Peggy let me die.

Ye pow'rs that smile on virtuous love,
 And in such pleasure share;
 You who its faithful flames approve,
 With pity view the fair.
 Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
 Those charms so dear to me;
 Oh! never rob them from those arms;
 I'm lost if Peggy die.

The *Je ne sçais quoi*.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
 And Celia has undone me ;
 And yet, I swear, I can't tell how
 The pleasing plague stole on me :
 'Tis not her face that love creates,
 For there no graces revel ;
 'Tis not her shape, for there the fates
 Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
 There's nothing more than common ;
 And all her sense is only chat,
 Like any other woman.
 Her voice, her touch might give th' alarm,
 'Tis both, perhaps, or neither :
 In short, 'tis that bewitching charm
 Of Celia altogether.



WOULD you taste the noon-tide air ?
 To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
 Where, woven with the poplar bough,
 The mantling vine will shelter you.

Down each side a fountain flows,
 Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes
 Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
 Sultry Phœbus scorching round.

Round, the languid herds and sheep,
 Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks, sleep ;

While

While on the hyacinth and rose,
The fair does all alone repose.

All alone, yet in her arms,
Your breast may beat to love's alarms,
Till blest'd and blessing, you shall own,
The joys of love are joys alone.



Tune. *Rothel's Lament, or Pinky House.*

AS Sylvia in a forest lay,
To vent her woe alone ;
Her swain Sylvander came that way,
And heard her dying moan :
Ah ! is my love, (she said) to you
So worthless and so vain ;
Why is your wonted fondness now
Converted to disdain ?

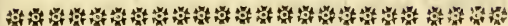
You vow'd the light shou'd darkness turn,
Ere you'd exchange your love ;
In shades now may creation mourn,
Since you unfaithful prove.
Was it for this I credit gave
To ev'ry oath you swore ?
But ah ! it seems they most deceive,
Who most our charms adore.

'Tis plain, your drift was all deceit,
The practice of mankind ;
Alas ! I see it, but too late,
My love had made me blind.
For you, delighted I could die ;
But oh ! with grief I'm fill'd,

To think that credulous, constant I
Shou'd by yourself be kill'd.

This said, --all breathless, sick and pale,
Her head upon her hand,
She found her vital spirits fail,
And senses at a stand.

Sylvander then began to melt ;
But, e'er the word was giv'n,
The heavy hand of death she felt,
And sigh'd her soul to heav'n.



Tune. *To danton me.*

ALAS ! when charming Silvia's gone,
I sigh, and think myself undone ;
But when the lovely nymph appears,
I'm pleas'd, yet grieve, and hope, yet fears ;
Thoughtless of all but her I rove :
O ! tell me, is not this to love !

Ah me ! what pow'r can move me so ;
I die with grief when she must go ;
But I revive at her return,
I smile, I freeze, I pant, I burn ;
Transport so sweet, so strange, so new,
Say, can this be to friendship due ?

Ah no ! 'tis love, 'tis now too plain,
I feel ! I feel the pleasing pain !
For whoe'er saw bright Sylvia's eyes,
But long'd, and wish'd, and was her prize.
Gods ! if the truest may be blest,
O ! let her be by me possess'd.

COME,

COME, give your attention to what I unfold,
 The moral is true, tho' the matter is old,
 The moral is true, &c.
 My honest confession's intended to prove,
 How tasteless, insipid is life without love.
 My honest confession's intended, &c.

In works of old Sophist my mind I employ'd;
 My bottle and friend, too, by turns I enjoy'd,
 My bottle and friend, &c.
 I laugh'd at the sex, and presumptuously strove,
 Their charms to forget, and bid farewell to love.
 I laugh'd at the sex, &c.

I toil'd and I traffick'd, grew wealthy and great,
 A patriot in politics, fond of debate,
 A patriot in politics, &c.
 Each passion indulging, my doubts did remove;
 They center'd in pleasure, and pleasure in love.
 Each passion indulging, &c.

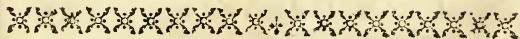
How sweet my resolves, I confess'd with a sigh,
 When Phillis, sweet Phillis tripp'd wantonly by;
 When Phillis, &c.
 I caught her, and mention'd a turn in the grove;
 Consenting, she made me a convert to love.
 I caught her, &c.

Ye lovers of freedom, no longer complain,
 We're born fellow-subjects of beauty's soft chain;
 We're born fellow-subjects, &c.
 My purchas'd experience this maxim will prove,
 That life is not life, when divided from love.
 That life is not life, &c.

An Address to Celia.

TELL me, pride of this creation,
 Are thy passions all at rest;
 Feel'st thou one fond palpitation
 Like the panting in my breast,
 Too tender far to be express?
 Tell me, Celia, tell my fate,
 Do'st thou love, or do'st thou hate?
 Sweetly smile with approbation,
 Lest thou kill with the relation.
 See me sighing, see me dying,
 To enjoy thy matchless charms;
 Take me, take me to thy arms!

Kindly, Celia, leave evasion,
 Why that blush, those down-cast eyes?
 Yield thee, love, to soft persuasion,
 On thy breast alone it lies,
 To love the wretch who fondly dies.
 Heav'n! what rapt'rous scenes appear;
 See the undissembl'd tear,
 Each dear nerve with tremor thrilling,
 And her eyes, how softly killing!
 Sweet confession, past expression,
 Grateful may I live, to prove,
 How much I doat, how much I love.



I'VE seen the smiling
 Of fortune beguiling,
 I've felt all its favours, and found its decay:

I've seen, &c.

Sweet was its blessing,
 Kind its careffing,
 But now 'tis fled, — — fled far away.

Sweet was, &c.

I've seen the forest
 Adorned the foremost,
 With flow'rs of the fairest, most pleasant and gay;
 Sae bonny was their blooming,
 Their scent the air perfuming;
 But now they are withered and weeded away.

I've seen the morning
 With gold the hills adorning,
 And loud tempests storming before the middle day."

I've seen, &c.

I've seen Tweed's silver streams
 Shining in the sunny beams,
 Grow drubly and dark as he row'd on his way.

I've seen, &c.

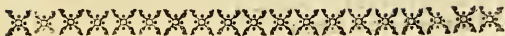
O fickle fortune!
 Why this cruel sporting?
 O! why still perplex us, poor sons of a day!
 Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
 Nae mair your frowns can fear me,
 For th' flow'rs of the forest are wither'd away.



ASK if yon damask rose be sweet,
 That scents the ambient air,
 Then ask each shepherd that you meet,
 If dear Susanna's fair.

Say, will the vulture leave his prey,
 And warble thro' the grove;
 Bid wanton linnets quit their spray,
 Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share,
 Let pride in splendor shine ;
 Ye bards, unenvy'd laurels wear,
 Be fair Sufanna mine.



STELLA, darling of the muses,
 Fairer than the blooming spring ;
 Sweetest theme the poet chuses,
 When of thee he strives to sing.

Whilst my soul, with wonder, traces
 All thy charms of face and mind ;
 All the beauties, all the graces
 Of thy sex in thee I find.

Love, and joy, and admiration,
 In my breast alternate rise :
 Words no more can paint my passion,
 Than the pencil can thine eyes.

Lavish nature, thee adorning,
 O'er thy cheeks and lips, hath spread
 Colours that do shame the morning,
 Shining with celestial red.

Pallas, Venus, now must never
 Boast their charms triumphant fit ;
 Stella bright outvying either,
 This in beauty, that in wit.

Could the gods, in bless'd condition,
 Ought on earth with envy view ;
 Lovely Stella, their ambition
 Would be to resemble you.

I WILL awa' wi' my love,
 I will awa' wi' her;
 Tho' a' my kin had sworn and said,
 I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.
 If I can get but her consent,
 I dinna care a strae;
 Tho' ilka ane be discontent,
 Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
 I will awa', &c.

For now she's mistress of my heart,
 And wordy of my hand,
 And well I wat we shanna part
 For siller or for land.
 Let rakes delyte to swear and drink,
 And beaux admire fine lace;
 But my chief pleasure is to blink
 On Betty's bonny face.

There a' the beauties do combine,
 Of colour, traits and air;
 The faul that sparkles in her een
 Makes her a jewel rare:
 Her flowing wit gives shining life
 To a' her other charms;
 How blest I'll be when she's my wife,
 And lock'd up in my arms!

There blythly will I rant and sing,
 While o'er her sweets I range;
 I'll cry, your humble servant, king,
 Shame fa' them that wad change
 A kiss of Betty, and a smile,
 Albeit ye wad lay down
 The right ye hae to Britain's isle,
 And offer me your crown.

Tune. *The yellow-hair'd Ladie.*

THO' fate has controul'd me, and laid me aside,
 I'll keep up my courage, to this I'll abide;
 Tho' dis'pointments have befall'n me, I never will fly,
 For contented I live, and contented I'll die.

The frowns of misfortune few men can withstand,
 Yet ships that are broken sometimes come to land;
 Then I'll keep up my spirits, no longer repine,
 What's his fate to-day, may to-morrow be mine.

Then join all my friends, reflect upon none,
 For what's to-day past cannot be undone;
 Who knows but kind fortune, who still hovers by,
 May ease all my cares, and triumphantly fly.



WHEN Mira arm'd with frowns her brow,
 In spite of love, in reason's spite,
 Pride steel'd my heart, I scorn'd to bow,
 But now her smiles unman me quite.
 Give me again those cloudy skies,
 That screen'd me from the piercing ray:
 Veil, Mira, those bewitching eyes
 That steal my soul and sense away.



ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
 To hills and dales my passion tell,
 A flame which time can never quell,
 That burns for thee my Peggy.

Yet greater bards the lyre should hit ;
 For, pray, what subject is more fit,
 Than to record the sparkling wit
 And bloom of lovely Peggy ?

The sun just rising in the morn,
 That paints the dew-bespangl'd thorn,
 Does not so much the day adorn.

As does my lovely Peggy.
 And when, in Thetis' lap to rest,
 He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
 He's not so beauteous as, undrest,
 Appears my lovely Peggy.

Were she array'd in rustic weed,
 With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
 And pipe upon my oaten reed,
 To please my lovely Peggy.
 With her a cottage would delight,
 All pleases while she's in my sight ;
 But, when she's gone, 'tis endless night,
 All's dark without my Peggy.

When zephyrs on the violet blows,
 Or breathes upon the damask rose,
 They do not half the sweets disclose,
 As does my lovely Peggy.
 I stole a kiss the other day,
 And trust me, nought but truth I say,
 The fragrant breath of blooming May
 Was not so sweet as Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r do rove,
 And linnets warble thro' the grove,
 Or stately swans the waters love,
 So long shall I love Peggy.

And

And, when death, with his pointed dart,
 Shall strike the blow that wounds my heart,
 My words shall be, when I depart,
 Adieu, my lovely Peggy!



IF you my wand'ring heart wou'd find,
 That heart, you say, is like the wind,
 That varies here, that wanders there,
 To ev'ry nymph that's kind and fair:
 I say, if then this heart you'd find,
 Turn to your own unsettled mind;
 If e'er it wanders, 'tis to be
 In wand'ring constantly with thee.

How can it settle, when you fly,
 And shun this faithful votary?
 It oft a nymph that's fair doth find,
 But never yet the nymph that's kind.
 If you wou'd fix this wand'ring heart,
 Join it with your's, 'twill ne'er depart;
 But, in the pangs of death, will prove,
 It wander'd but to fix your love.



FROM th' man whom I love, though my heart I
 disguise,
 I will freely describe the wretch I despise;
 And if he has sense but to balance a straw,
 He will sure take th' hint from the picture I draw.
 And if he has sense, &c.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau;
 Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow;

A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon;
In courage a hind, in conceit a gascoon.

As a vulture rapacious, in falshood a fox;
Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks:
As a tyger ferocious, perverse as a hog;
In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
H's heart is of lead, and his brain is a feather;
Yet, if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.



SAYS Damon to Phillis, suppose my fond eyes
Reveal with what ardour I glow.

Reveal with what ardour, &c.

Well, what if they do? there's no harm, sure, she cries,
I can but deny you, you know, you know,
I can but deny you, you know.

Suppose I should ask of those lips a sweet kiss,
Say, would you the favour bestow? &c.

Lord bless me! said she, what a question is this!
I can but deny you, you know, you know, &c.

Suppose, not contented, I still ask for more,
For pleasure from pleasure will grow, &c.

Suppose what you will, she reply'd as before,
I can but deny you, you know, you know, &c.

Come then, my dear love, to the wood let's repair,
Cry'd Damon, and offer'd to go, &c.

No, no, with a blush, answer'd Phillis, for there
I could not deny you, you know, you know,
I could not deny you, you know.

AND

O'er the Moor to MAGGY.

AND I'll o'er the moor to Maggy,
 Her wit and sweetness call me;
 Then to my fair I'll show my mind,
 Whatever may befall me.
 If she love mirth I'll learn to sing;
 Or likes the Nine to follow,
 I'll lay my lugs in Pindus' Spring,
 And invoke Apollo.

If she admire a martial mind,
 I'll sheath my limbs in armour;
 If to the softer dance inclin'd,
 With gayest airs I'll charm her:
 If she love grandeur, day and night
 I'll plot my nation's glory;
 Find favour in my prince's sight,
 And shine in future story.

Beauty can wonders work with ease,
 Where wit is corresponding;
 And bravest men know best to please,
 With complaisance abounding.
 My bonny Maggy's love can turn
 Me to what shape she pleases,
 If in her breast that flame shall burn,
 Which in my bosom blazes.



NOW the happy knot is ty'd,
 Betsy is my charming bride;
 Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,
 Revel all without controul:

Who

Who so fair as lovely Bett,
 Who so blest as Colinet,
 Who so blest as Colinet.

Now adieu to maiden arts,
 Angling from unguarded hearts :
 Welcome, Hymen's lasting joys,
 Lisper, wanton girls and boys ;
 Girls as fair as lovely Bett,
 Boys as sweet as Colinet, &c.

Tho' ripe sheaves of yellow corn,
 Now my plenteous barn adorn ;
 Tho' I've deck'd my myrtle bow'rs
 With the fairest, sweetest flow'rs,
 Riper, fairer, sweeter yet,
 Are the charms of lovely Bett, &c.

Tho' on Sundays I was seen,
 Dress'd like any May-day queen ;
 Tho' six sweet-hearts daily strove,
 To deserve thy Betty's love,
 Them I quit without regret,
 All my joy's in Colinet, &c.

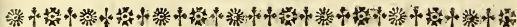
Strike up then the rustic lay,
 Crown with sports our bridal day ;
 May each lad a mistress find,
 Like my Betty, fair and kind :
 And each lass a husband get,
 Fond and true as Colinet, &c.

Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,
 Revel all without controul ;
 May the sun ne'er rise or set,
 But with joy to happy Bett,
 And her faithful Colinet, &c.

YOUNG Celia, in her tender years,
 Like th' rose-bud on its stalk,
 Fill'd with a virgin's modest fears,
 Stepp'd forth one eve to walk.
 She oft had heard of love's blind boy,
 And wish'd to find him out ;
 Expecting then to meet the joy
 Of which she'd been in doubt.

A pleasant shady grove she spy'd,
 Where trembling aspens shook ;
 Close to its flow'ry verge did glide,
 A murm'ring, limpid brook.
 Amyntor sighing there she found,
 She heard him talk of love ;
 His crook lay by him on the ground,
 While thus he pray'd to Jove.

Grant, mighty pow'r ! that I may find
 Some ease within this breast ;
 Grant that my Celia may be kind,
 And make Amyntor blest.
 Grant her to know the force of love,
 And of her swain's desire ;
 Grant that of me she may approve,
 And more I'll ne'er require.



COME Roger and Nell, come Simkin and Bell,
 Each lad with his lass hither come,
 With singing and dancing, in pleasure advancing,
 To celebrate harvest home :
 'Tis Ceres bids play, and keep holiday,
 To celebrate harvest home, harvest home,
 To celebrate harvest home.

Our labour is o'er, our barns, in full store,
 Now swell with rich gifts of the land ;
 Let each man then take, for his prong and his rake,
 His can and his las in his hand :
 For Ceres, &c.

No courtier can be so happy as we,
 In innocence, pastime, and mirth,
 While thus we carouse with our sweet-heart, or spouse,
 And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth :
 When Ceres, &c.



SWEET tyrant love, Oh ! hear me now,
 And help to ease a love-sick heart ;
 Or rather aid my trembling vow,
 And teach me to reveal my smart.

Tell her whose goodness is my bane,
 Whose looks have smil'd my peace away ;
 Oh ! whisper how she gives me pain,
 While undesigning, frank and gay.

'Tis not for common charms I sigh,
 Nor what the vulgar beauty call ;
 'Tis not her cheek, her lip, her eye,
 But 'tis the soul that lights them all.

For that I drop the tender tear,
 For that I make the artless moan ;
 Oh ! whisper love into her ear,
 And make the bashful lover known.

JOCKY said to Jeany, Jeany, wilt thou do't,
 Ne'er a fit, quo' Jeany, for my tocher good,
 For my tocher-good, I winna marry thee;
 E'ens ye like, quo' Johnny, ye may let me be.

I ha'e gowd and gear, I ha'e land enough,
 I ha'e seven good owfen ganging in a pleugh,
 Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee,
 And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' house, a barn and a byer,
 A stack afore the door, I'll make a rantin fire,
 I'll make a rantin fire, and merry shall we be;
 And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

Jeany said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell;
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,
 Ye're welcomer to take me, than to let me be.



A SWAIN of love despairing,
 Thus wail'd his cruel fate;
 His grief the shepherds sharing,
 In circles round him sat:
 The nymphs, in kind compassion,
 The luckless lover mourn'd;
 All who had heard the passion,
 A sigh for sigh return'd.

O friends! your 'plaints give over,
 Your kind concern forbear;
 Should Chloe but discover,
 For me you'd shed a tear;

Her eyes she'd arm with vengeance,
 Your friendship soon subdued;
 Too late you'd ask forgiveness,
 And for her mercy sue.

Her charms such force discover,
 Resistance is in vain;
 Spite of yourself you'd love her,
 And hug the galling chain.
 Her wit the flame increases,
 And rivets fast the dart;
 She has ten thousand graces,
 And each could gain a heart.

But, oh! one more deserving
 Has thaw'd her frozen breast;
 Her heart to him devoting,
 She's cold to all the rest.
 Their love with joy abounding,
 The thought distracts my brain!
 O, cruel maid! then swooning,
 He fell upon the plain.



YE warblers, while Strephon I mourn,
 To cheer me your harmony bring;
 Unless, since my shepherd is gone,
 You cease, like poor Phillis, to sing:
 Each flower declines its sweet head,
 Nor odours around me will throw,
 While ev'ry soft lamb on the mead
 Seems kindly to pity my woe.

Each rural amusement I'll try,
 In vain, to restore my past ease;

What charm'd, when Strephon was by,
 Has now lost the power to please:
 Ye seasons that brighten the grove,
 Not long for your absence we mourn;
 But Strephon neglects me and love,
 He roves, and will never return.

As gay as the spring is, my dear,
 And sweet as all flowers combin'd;
 His smiles, like the summer, can cheer,
 Ah! why then, like winter, unkind?
 Unkind he is not, I can prove,
 But tender to others can be;
 To Celia and Chloe makes love,
 And only is cruel to me.



TO Fanny fair could I impart
 The cause of all my woe!
 That beauty which has won my heart,
 She scarcely seems to know.
 Unskill'd in th' arts of womankind,
 Without design she charms;
 How can those sparkling eyes be blind,
 Which ev'ry bosom warms?

She knows her pow'r is all deceit,
 The conscious blushes shows,
 Those blushes to the eye more sweet
 Than th' op'ning budding rose:
 Yet the delicious fragrant rose,
 That charms the sense so much,
 Upon a thorny brier grows,
 And wounds with ev'ry touch.

At first, when I beheld the fair,
 With raptures I was blest ;
 But, as I would approach more near,
 At once I lost my rest :
 Th' enchanting sight, the sweet surprise,
 Prepare me for my doom ;
 One cruel look from those bright eyes
 Will lay me in my tomb.



WHILST merit and reason give sanction to love,
 How can ye, ye fair ones, my passion reprove ?
 For none but the proud the soft passion disdains,
 And she boasts of a virtue which yet she but feigns.

Genteel is my Damon, engaging his air,
 And his face, like the morn, is both ruddy and fair ;
 No vanity sways him, no folly is seen ;
 But open's his temper, and noble's his mien.

With prudence illum'd, his actions appear ;
 His passions are calm, and his judgment is clear ;
 Soft love sits enthron'd in the beams of his eyes ;
 He's manly, yet tender ; he's fond, yet he's wise.

He's young and good-humour'd, he's gen'rous and gay
 And his voice can, like music, drive sorrow away ;
 An amiable softness still dwells on his speech,
 He's willing to learn, tho' he's able to teach.

He has promis'd to love me as long as I live,
 And his heart is too honest to let him deceiv^e :
 Then blame me, ye virgins, if justly you can ;
 For merit and fondness distinguish the man.

Tune. *Happy Clown.*

HID from himself, now by the dawn
 He starts as fresh as roses blawn,
 And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
 After his bleating flocks.
 Healthful and innocently gay,
 He chants and whistles out the day;
 Untaught to smile, and then betray,
 Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy, from ambition free,
 Envy and vile hypocrisy,
 Where truth and love with joys agree,
 Unfully'd with a crime:
 Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
 In propping of their pride and state,
 He lives, and unafraid of fate,
 Contented spends his time.



ADVICE to the LADIES.

FORGIVE, ye fair, nor take it wrong,
 If aught too much I do;
 Permit me, while I sing my song,
 To give a lesson too.
 Let modesty, that heav'n-born maid,
 Your words and actions grace;
 'Tis this, and only this can add
 New lustre to your face.

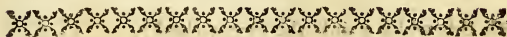
'Tis this which paints the virgin cheeks,
 Beyond the pow'r of art;
 And ev'ry real blush bespeaks
 The goodness of the heart.

This index of the virtuous mind
 Your lovers will adore ;
 'Tis this will leave a charm behind,
 When bloom can charm no more.

Inspir'd by this, to idle men
 With nice reserve behave ;
 And learn, by distance, to maintain,
 The pow'r your beauty gave.
 For this, when beauty must decay,
 Your empire will protect ;
 The wanton pleases for a day,
 But ne'er creates respect.

With this their silly jests reprove,
 When coxcombs dare intrude ;
 Nor think the man is worth your love,
 Who ventures to be rude.
 Your charms, when cheap, will ever pall,
 They fully with a touch ;
 And tho' you mean to grant not all,
 You often grant too much.

But, patient, let each virtuous fair
 Expect the gen'rous youth,
 Whom heav'n has doom'd her heart to share,
 And blest'd with love and truth :
 For him alone reserve her hand,
 And wait the happy day,
 When he with justice can command,
 And she with joy obey.



WHEN first I saw thee graceful move,
 What meant my throbbing breast ;

Say,

Say, soft confusion, art thou love?
 If love thou art, then farewell rest.

With gentle smiles assuage the pain
 Those gentle smiles did first create;
 And, tho' you cannot love again,
 In pity, ah! forbear to hate.



The LOVER'S RECANTATION. A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

THE kind appointment Celia made,
 And nam'd the myrtle bow'r;
 There, fretting, long poor Damon stay'd
 Beyond the promis'd hour:
 No longer able to contain
 This anxious expectation,
 With rage, he sought t'allay his pain,
 And vented thus his passion.

A I R.

To all the sex deceitful,
 A long and last adieu,
 Since women prove ungrateful,
 As long as men prove true.
 The pains they give are many,
 And, Oh! too hard to bear;
 The joys they give,---if any,
 Few, short and un sincere.

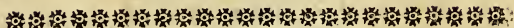
RECITATIVE.

Now Celia, from mamma got loose,
 Had reach'd the calm retreat;
 With modest blush she begg'd excuse,
 And chid her tardy feet.

The shepherd, from each doubt releas'd,
 His joy could not restrain ;
 But, as each tender thought increas'd,
 Thus chang'd his railing strain.

A I R.

How engaging ! how endearing
 Is a lover's pain and care !
 And what joy the nymph's appearing,
 After absence, or despair !
 Women wise increase desiring,
 By contriving kind delays ;
 And, advancing, or retiring,
 All they mean is,---more to please.



VAINLY now ye strive to charm me,
 All ye sweets of blooming May ;
 How should empty sunshine warm me,
 While Lothario keeps away ?
 How should empty sunshine, &c.

Go, ye warbling birds, go leave me ;
 Shade, ye clouds, yon smiling sky ;
 Sweeter notes her voice can give me,
 Softer sunshine fills her eye.
 Sweeter notes, &c.



COLIN and GRISY parting:

Tune. *Woe's my heart that we should sunder.*

WITH broken words, and down-cast eyes,
 Poor Colin spoke his passion tender ;

And,

And, parting with his Grisy, cries,
Ah! woe's my heart that we should funder.

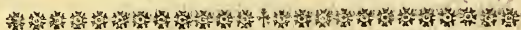
To others I am cold as snow,
But kindle with thine eyes like tinder;
From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go;
It breaks my heart that we should funder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
No beauty new my love shall hinder;
Nor time, nor place shall ever change
My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to funder.

The image of thy graceful air,
And beauties which invite our wonder,
Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
Shall still be present, tho' we funder.

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
Then seal a promise with a kiss,
Always to love me, though we funder.

Ye gods! take care of my dear lass,
That as I leave her I may find her:
When that blest time shall come to pass,
We'll meet again, and never funder.



HOW can you, lovely Nancy, thus cruelly slight
A swain who is wretched when banish'd your sight;
Who, for your sake alone, thinks life worth his care,
But which soon, if you frown, must end in despair.

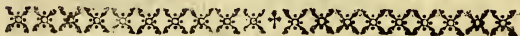
If you mean thus to torture, O! why did your eyes
Once express so much softness, and sweetly surprize;
By

By their lustre inflam'd, I could not believe,
As they shed so much influence, they e'er would deceive.

But, alas! like the pilgrim bewilder'd in night,
Who perceives a false splendor at distance invite;
O'erjoy'd, he hastes on, pursues it and dies:
A like ruin attends me, if away Nancy flies.

O! forget not the raptures you felt in my arms;
When you call'd me, dear angel, and unvail'd all
your charms;
When you vow'd lasting love, and swore, with a kiss,
That in my fond embraces was center'd all bliss.

Fairest, but most obdurate, consider that woe
Will, like sickness neglected, more desperate grow.
That your heart may relent, I implore the kind pow'rs,
Since I'm constant as your sex, be not fickle as our's.



WHAT beauties does Flora disclose?
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed?
Yet Mary's still sweeter than those,
Where nature doth fancy exceed.
No daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose,
Not all the gay flow'rs of the field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently through those
Such beauty and pleasure do yield.

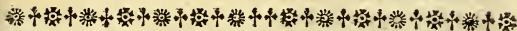
The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,
With music enchant ev'ry bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring;

Well:

We'll lodge in some vllage on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day ;
Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep ;
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
Kind nature indulging my blifs ;
Then, to ease the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kifs.

'Tis she does the virgins excell,
No beauty with her may compare ;
Love's graces around her do dwell,
She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?
Oh ! tell me at noon where they feed ;
Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed ?



ODE TO HARMONY.

COME, sweet Harmonia, sweetly sing to me,
Pleasure awakens at thy voice ;
Charm me, call up sweet ecstasy,
Bid my enamour'd heart rejoice.

ARIA.

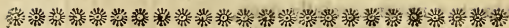
All the loves and graces wait,
All attend Harmonia's state.

ARIA.

No wonder, then, you waken love,
For, while you sing, a heaven I prove ;

Joyous

Joyous airs enchanting flow,
 Melting ravishment I know,
 Blifs too great to be exprest ;
 But know, I am supremely blest.



THE RETIREMENT.

FREE from the tumults and the noise
 Which haunt the busy town,
 Serene delights, and quiet joys
 Our sweet retirement crown.
 Whilst other maids are rack'd with care,
 Or clogg'd with chains of love,
 Our thoughts are free, and clear as air
 That fans the neighb'ring grove.

We laugh at all the little arts
 Of Venus and her boy ;
 Nor can that idle god of hearts
 Our soft repose destroy.
 Secure within our cage we lie,
 And pass the hours away ;
 While birds, and maids that loosely fly,
 To men become a prey.



HOW welcome, my shepherd, how welcome to me,
 Is ev'ry occasion of meeting with thee ;
 But when thou art absent,
 But when thou art absent,
 How joyless am I !
 Methinks I contented cou'd sit down and die.

The oft'ner I see thee, the more I approve
 The choice I have made, and am fix'd in my love;
 For merit like thine,
 For merit like thine,
 Still brighter is shown,
 The more to be valued, the more it is known.

To live in a cottage with thee, I could chuse,
 And crowns for thy sake I wou'd gladly refuse;
 Not all the vast treasures,
 Not all the vast treasures
 Of wealthy Peru,
 To me wou'd seem precious, if balanc'd with you.

For all my ambition to thee is confin'd,
 And nothing cou'd please me, if thou wert unkind.
 Then faithfully love me,
 Then faithfully love me,
 And happier I'll be,
 Than plac'd on a throne, if to reign without thee.



HAPPY's the love which meets return,
 When in soft flames souls equal burn;
 But words are wanting to discover
 The torments of a hopeless lover.
 Ye registers of heaven, relate,
 If, looking o'er the rolls of fate,
 You did there see me mark'd to marrow
 Mary Scott, the flower of Yarrow.

Ah no! her form's too heav'nly fair,
 Her love the Gods above must share;
 While mortals, with despair, explore her,
 And, at a distance due, adore her.

O, lovely maid ! my doubts beguile,
 Revive, and bless me with a smile ;
 Alas ! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush'd, ye fears, I'll not despair,
 My Mary's tender as she's fair ;
 Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
 She is too good to let me languish :
 With success crown'd, I'll not envy
 The folks who dwell above the sky ;
 When Mary Scott's become my marrow,
 We'll make a paradise on Yarrow.



The Gaberlunzie-man.

THE pawky auld carl came o'er the lee,
 Wi' many good-e'ens and days to me,
 Saying, good-wife, for your courtesie,
 Will you lodge a silly poor man ?
 The night was cauld, the carl was wat,
 And down ayond the ingle he sat ;
 My daughter's shoolders he 'gan to clap,
 And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow ! quo' he, were I as free,
 As first when I saw this country,
 How blythe and merry wad I be,
 And I wad never think lang.
 He grew canty, and she grew fain ;
 But little did her auld minny ken
 What thir flec twa together were say'ng,
 When wooing they were sae thrang.

And

And O! quo' he, an you were as black,
 As e'er the crown of my daddy's hat,
 'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
 And awa' wi' me thou shou'd gang.
 And O! quo' she, an I were as white,
 As e'er the snaw lay on the dyke,
 I'd clead me braw and lady-like,
 And awa' wi' thee I wou'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
 They raise a wee before the cock,
 And wilyly they shot the lock,
 And fast to the bent are they gane.
 Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
 And at her leisure pat on her claiths,
 Syne to the servants bed she gaes,
 To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
 The strae was cauld, he was away;
 She clap'd her hands, cry'd waladay,
 For some of our gear will be gane.
 Some ran to coffers, and some to kists,
 But nought was stow'n that cou'd be mis'd,
 She danc'd her lane, cry'd, praise be blest,
 I've lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
 The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,
 Gae butt the house, las, and waken my bairn,
 And bid her come quickly ben.
 The servant gade where the daughter lay,
 The sheets were cauld, she was away,
 And fast to her goodwife can say,
 She's aff wi' the Gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
 And haste ye find these traitors again ;
 For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
 The wearifu' Gaberlunzie man.
 Some rode upo' horse, some ran a-fit,
 The wife was wood and out o' her wit,
 She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
 But ay she curs'd and she ban'd.

Mean time, far hind out oc'r the lee,
 Fu' snug in a glen where nane cou'd see,
 The twa, with kindly sport and glee,
 Cut frae a new cheefe a whang ;
 The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
 To lo'e her for ay he ga'e her his aith.
 Quo' she, to leave thee I will be laith,
 My winsome Gaberlunzie-man.

O! kend my minny I were wi' you,
 Ill-fardly wad she crook her mou',
 Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
 After the Gaberlunzie-man.
 My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
 And ha' nae learn'd the beggar's tongue,
 To follow me frae town to town,
 And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
 And spindles and whorles for them wha needd,
 Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
 To carry the Gaberlunzie on.
 I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
 And draw a black clout o'er my eye ;
 A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
 While we shall be merry, and sing.

T WAS in the bloom of May,
 When odours breathe around,
 When nymphs are blythe and gay,
 And all with mirth abound,
 That happily I stray'd
 To view my fleecy care,
 Where I beheld a maid,
 No mortal e'er so fair.

She wore upon her head
 A bonnet made of straw,
 Which such a face did shade,
 As Phœbus never saw ;
 Her locks of nut-brown hue,
 A round ear'd coif conceal'd,
 Which, to my pleasing view,
 A sporting breeze reveal'd.

Around her slender waist,
 A scrip embroidered hung ;
 The lute her fingers grac'd,
 Accompany'd with a song ;
 With such a pleasing note,
 Cuzzoni might regale,
 Or Philomela's throat
 That warbles thro' the vale.

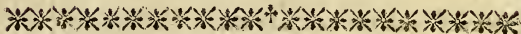
Not long I stood to view,
 Struck with her heav'nly air,
 I to the charmer flew,
 And caught the yielding fair :
 Hear this, ye scornful belles,
 And milder ways pursue ;
 She that in charms excels,
 Excels in kindness too.

BLATE Johnny faintly told fair Jean his mind;
 Jeany took pleasure to deny him lang:
 He thought her scorn came frae a heart unkind,
 Which gar'd him, in despair, tune up this sang.

O bonny lassie, since 'tis fae,
 That I'm despis'd by thee,
 I hate to live; But Oh! I'm wae,
 And unko sweer to die.
 Dear Jeany, think what dowy hours
 I thole by your disdair:
 Ah! should a breast sae fast as yours,
 Contain a heart of stane?

These tender notes did a' her pity move;
 With melting heart she listen'd to the boy:
 O'ercome, she smil'd, and promis'd him her love;
 He, in return, thus sung his rising joy.

Hence frae my breast, contentious care,
 Ye've tint the the pow'r to pine;
 My Jeany's good, my Jeany's fair,
 And a' her sweets are mine.
 Spread thine arms, and give me fouth
 Of dear enchanting blifs;
 A thousand joys around thy mouth
 Gi'e heav'n with ilka kiss.



ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board;
 Oh! where shall I my true love find?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among the crew.

William

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below :
 The cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 (If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest.

The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lips her kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear !

My vows shall ever true remain ;

Let me kiss off that falling tear,

We only part to meet again.

Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points at thee.

Believe not what the land-men say,

Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;

They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,

In ev'ry port a mistress find :

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,

For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,

Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright ;

Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,

Thy skin is ivory so white :

Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,

Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

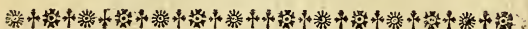
Though battles call me from thy arms,

Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;

Though

Though canons roar, yet safe from harms
 William shall to his dear return:
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread;
 No longer must she stay aboard;
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
 Her leff'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
 Adieu, she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.



A L L A N - W A T E R .

WHAT numbers shall the muse repeat?
 What verse be found to praise my Annie?
 On her ten thousand graces wait,
 Each swain admires, and owns she's bonny.
 Since first she trode the happy plain,
 She set each youthful heart on fire;
 Each nymph does to her swain complain,
 That Annie kindles new desire.

This lovely darling, dearest care,
 This new delight, this charming Annie,
 Like summer's dawn she's fresh and fair,
 When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.
 All day the am'rous youths conveen,
 Joyous the sport and play before her;
 All night, when she no more is seen,
 In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among the crowd Amyntor came,
 He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie;

His rising sighs express his flame,
 His words were few, his wishes many.
 With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,
 Kind shepherd, why should I deceive ye?
 Alas! your love must be deny'd,
 This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came with Cupid's art,
 His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling,
 He stole away my virgin heart;
 Cease, poor Amyntor, cease bewailing.
 Some brighter beauty you may find
 On yonder plain, the nymphs are many;
 Then, chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,
 And leave to Damon his own Annie.



CUPID'S REFUGE.

JOVE, when he saw my Fanny's face,
 With wond'rous passion mov'd,
 Forgot the care of human race,
 And found at once he lov'd.
 Then to the god of soft desire,
 His suit he thus address'd;
 I Fanny love, with mutual fire
 O touch her tender breast.

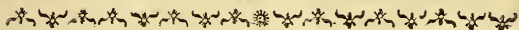
Your suit is hopeless, Cupid cries,
 I lov'd the maid before.
 What! rival me, the Pow'r replies,
 Whom gods and men adore:
 He grasp'd the bolt, he shook the springs
 Of his imperial throne,
 While Cupid flap'd his rosy wings,
 And in a breath was gone.

O'er earth and seas the god he flew,
 But still no shelter found;
 For, as he fled, the dangers grew,
 And light'ning flash'd around:
 At last, his trembling fear impells
 His flight to Fanny's eyes;
 Where happy, safe, and pleas'd he dwells,
 Nor minds his native skies.



WHEN Jessy smil'd, her lovely look,
 My wand'ring heart a pris'ner took,
 And bound it with so strong a chain,
 I ne'er expect it back again.

Then, Jessy, treat a captive true
 With gentle usage---tis its due;
 It pants for thee alone:-
 Then take it kindly to thy breast,
 And give the weary wand'rer rest,
 And keep it near thy own.



The Chaise Marine.

MY dearest life, wert thou my wife,
 How happy shou'd I be,
 And all my care, in peace and war,
 Shou'd be to pleasure thee:
 When up and down, from town to town;
 We jolly soldiers rove,
 Then you, my queen, in chaise marine,
 Shall move like queen of love.

Your

Your love I'd prize beyond the skies,
 Beyond the spoils of war,
 Would'st thou agree to follow me
 In humble baggage car :
 For happiness, tho' in distress,
 In soldiers wives is seen ;
 And pride in coach has more reproach,
 Than love in chaise marine.

Oh ! do not hold your love in gold,
 Nor set your heart on gain ;
 Behold the great, with all their state,
 Their lives are care and pain.
 In house or tent I pay no rent,
 Nor care nor trouble see ;
 And ev'ry day I get my pay,
 And spend it merrily.

Love not those slaves, great fortune's slaves,
 Who lead ignoble lives ;
 Nor deign to smile on men so vile,
 Who fight none but their wives.
 For Briton's right, and you we fight,
 And ev'ry ill defy,
 Should but the fair reward our care
 With love and constancy.

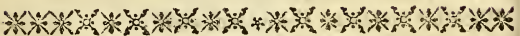
If sighs, nor groans, nor tender moans
 Can win your harden'd heart,
 Let Love in arms, with all his charms,
 Then take a soldier's part :
 With sife and drum the soldiers come,
 And all the pomp of war ;
 Then don't think mean of chaise marine,
 'Tis love's triumphant car.

THE NONPAREIL.

THO' Chloe's out of fashion,
 Can blush, and be sincere,
 I'll toast her in a bumper,
 Tho' all the belles were here.
 What tho' no diamonds sparkle
 About her neck or waist,
 With every shining virtue
 The lovely maid is grac'd.
 With every, &c.

In modest plain apparel,
 No patches, paint or airs,
 In debt alone to nature,
 An angel she appears!
 From gay coquettes, high finish'd,
 My Chloe takes no rules;
 Nor envies them their conquest,
 The hearts of all the fools.

Who wins her must have merit,
 Such merit as her own,
 The graces all possessing,
 Yet knows not she has one.
 Then grant me, gracious heav'n,
 The gifts you most approve;
 And Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Will bless me with her love.



TENDER passions never ending
 Haunt my steps where'er I go;
 Doubts and fears on love attending
 Swell my panting heart with woe.

Yet in absence tho' I languish,
 At my fate I'll ne'er repine ;
 So love's chain, to ease my anguish,
 Link his heart as fast as mine.



I'LL range around the shady bow'rs,
 And gather all the sweetest flow'rs ;
 I'll strip the garden and the grove,
 To make a garland for my love.

When, in the sultry heat of day
 My thirsty nymph does panting lie,
 I'll hasten to the fountain's brink,
 And drain the stream that she may drink.

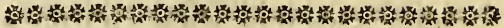
At night, when she shall weary prove,
 A grassy bed I'll make my love,
 And with green boughs I'll form a shade,
 That nothing may her rest invade.

And, whilst dissolv'd in sleep she lies,
 Myself shall never close these eyes,
 But, gazing still with fond delight,
 I'll watch my charmer all the night.

And then, as soon as chearful day
 Has chas'd the gloomy shades away,
 Forth to the forest I'll repair,
 And find provision for my fair.

Thus will I spend the day and night,
 Still mixing labour with delight,
 Regarding nothing I endure,
 So I can ease for her procure.

But, if the maid whom thus I love,
Should e'er unkind and faithless prove,
I'll seek some dismal distant shore,
And never think of woman more.



NO nymph that trips the verdant plain,
With Sally can compare;
She wins the hearts of all the swains,
And rivals all the fair;
The beams of Sol delight and cheer,
While summer seasons roll;
But Sally's smiles can all the year
Give pleasure to the soul.

When from the east the morning ray
Illumes the world below,
Her presence bids the god of day
With emulation glow;
Fresh beauties deck the painted ground,
Birds sweeter notes prepare;
The playful lambkins skip around,
And hail the sister fair.

The lark but strains his livid throat,
To bid the maid rejoice;
And mimics, when he swells his note,
The sweetness of her voice:
The fanning zephyrs round her play,
While Flora sheds perfume;
And ev'ry flow'ret seems to say,
I but for Sally bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim,
From morn to Eve, their tale;

Her beauty and unspotted fame,
 Make vocal ev'ry vale:
 The stream, meand'ring thro' the mead,
 Her echo'd name conveys,
 And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed
 Is turn'd to Sally's praise.

No more shall blythsome lads and swain
 To mirthful wake resort;
 Nor ev'ry May-morn, on the plain,
 Advance in rural sport:
 No more shall gush the purling rill,
 Nor music wake the grove;
 Nor flocks look snow-like on the hill,
 When I forget to love.



STELLA and Flavia ev'ry hour
 Do various hearts surprisè;
 In Stella's soul lies all her power,
 And Flavia's in her eyes:

More boundless Flavia's conquests are;
 And Stella's more confin'd;
 All can discern a face that's fair,
 But few a lovely mind.

Stella, like Britain's monarch, reigns
 O'er cultivated lands;
 Like eastern tyrants, Flavia deigns
 To rule o'er barren sands.

Then boast, fair Flavia, boast thy face,
 Thy beauty's only store,
 Thy charms will every day decrease;
 Each day give Stella more.

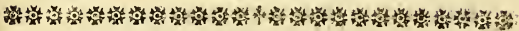
THE sun was now withdrawn,
 The shepherds home were sped,
 The moon wide o'er the lawn
 Her silver mantle spread,
 When Damon staid behind,
 And saunter'd in the grove;
 Will ne'er a nymph be kind,
 And give me love for love?

Oh! those were golden hours,
 When love, devoid of cares,
 In all Arcadia's bow'rs
 Lodg'd nymphs and swains by pairs;
 But now from wood and plain
 Flies ev'ry sprightly lass;
 No joys for me remain,
 In shades, or on the grass.

The winged boy draws near,
 And thus the swain reproves;
 While beauty revel'd here,
 My game lay in the groves:
 At court I never fail
 To scatter round my arrows;
 Men fall as thick as hail,
 And maidens love like sparrows.

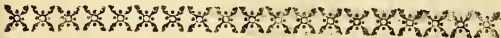
Then, swain, if me you need,
 Strait lay your sheep-hook down;
 Throw by your oaten reed,
 And haste away to town;
 So well I'm known at court,
 None ask where Cupid dwells,
 But readily resort
 To B——'s, or L——'ll's.

THY charms, in each bright feature,
 In flame my kindling heart;
 O deign, divinest creature!
 To soothe the thrilling smart:
 Could I behold thee languish
 In pity of my pains,
 I then would bless the anguish
 My soul for thee sustains.
 Ah what, that's worth possessing,
 Can fame or fortune give,
 If hopeless of the blessing
 For which I wish to live?
 O turn with soft compliance,
 My tender suit approve;
 Then claim a sweet alliance
 To endless truth and love.



Tune. *Gently stir and blow the fire.*

GENTLE youth, ah! tell me why
 Still you force me thus to fly;
 Cease, oh cease to persevere,
 Speak not what I must not hear,
 To my heart its ease restore,
 Go, and never see me more.



NO more, ye swains, no more upbraid
 A youth by love unhappy made;
 Your rural sports are all in vain,
 To soothe my care, or ease my pain.
 Nor shade of trees, nor sweets of flow'rs
 Can e'er redeem my happy hours;

When ease forsakes the tortur'd mind,
What pleasure can a lover find ?

Yet, if again you wish to see
Your Damon still restor'd, and free,
Go, try to move the cruel fair,
And gain the scornful Celia's ear.
But oh! forbear with too much art
To touch that dear relentless heart,
Lest rivals to my fears ye prove,
And jealousy succeed to love.



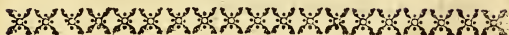
THE collier has a daughter
And O he's wonder bonny;
A laird he was that sought her
Rich baith in lands and money;
The tutors watch'd the motion
Of this young honest lover;
But love is like the ocean,
Wha can its depth discover ?

He had the art to please ye,
And was by a' respected;
His airs sat round him easy,
Genteel, but unaffected.
The collier's bonny lassie,
Fair as the new-blown lillie,
Ay sweet, and never saucy,
Secur'd the heart of Willie.

He lov'd, beyond expression,
The charms that were about her,
And panted for possession,
His life was dull without her.

After nature resolving,
 Close to his breast he held her;
 In fastest flames dissolving,
 He tenderly thus tel'd her :

My bonny collier's daughter,
 Let naething discompose ye,
 'Tis no your scanty tocher
 Shall ever gar me lose ye :
 For I have gear in plenty,
 And love says, 'tis my duty
 To ware what heav'n has lent me,
 Upon your wit and beauty.



TWAS when the seas were roaring,
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd.
 Wide o'er the foaming billows,
 She cast a wishful look ;
 Her head was crown'd with willows
 That trembl'd o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days ;
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas ?
 Cease, cease then cruel ocean,
 And let my lover rest ;
 Oh ! what's thy troubled motion
 To that within my breast ?

The merchant, robb'd of treasure,
 Views tempests in despair ;

But what's the loss of treasure,
 To losing of my dear!
 Should you some coast be laid on,
 Where gold and diamonds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

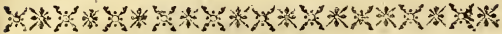
How can they say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain?
 Why then beneath the water
 Do hideous rocks remain?
 No eye those rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wand'ring lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear;
 Repaid each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear:
 When o'er the white waves stooping,
 His floating corpse she spy'd,
 Then, like a lily drooping,
 She bow'd her head, and dy'd.



THE bonny grey-ey'd morning begins to peep,
 And darkness flies before the rising ray,
 The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
 To follow healthful labours of the day;
 Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
 The lark and the linnet tend his levee;
 And he joins their concert, driving his plow,
 From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

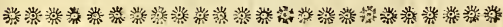
While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss,
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and tofs,
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain :
 Be my portion health, and quietness of mind,
 Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
 Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
 Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.



SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy cell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well :

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair,
 That likest thy Narcissus are ?
 O! if you have
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
 Tell me but where,

Sweet queen of Parley, daughter of the Sphere ;
 So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies.

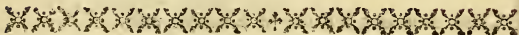


AH! why those tears in Nelly's eyes ?
 To hear thy tender sighs and cries,
 The Gods stand list'ning from the skies,
 Pleas'd with thy piety.
 To mourn the dead, dear nymph, forbear,
 And of one dying take a care,
 Who views thee as an angel fair,
 Or some divinity.

O! be

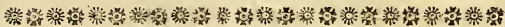
O! be less graceful, or more kind,
 And cool this fever of my mind,
 Caus'd by the boy severe and blind;
 Wounded, I sigh for thee:
 While hardly dare I hope to rise
 To such a height by Hymen's ties,
 To lay me down where Helen lies,
 And with thy charms be free.

Tehn must I hide my love, and die,
 When such a sovereign cure is by!
 No, she can love, and I'll go try,
 Whate'er my fate may be;
 Which soon I'll read in her bright eyes;
 With those dear agents I'll advise,
 They tell the truth when tongues tell lies,
 The least believ'd by me.



STILL in hopes to get the better
 Of my stubborn flame I try,
 Swear this moment to forget her,
 And the next my oath deny.

Now prepar'd with scorn to treat her,
 Ev'ry charm in thought I brave;
 Boast my freedom, fly to meet her,
 And confess myself a slave.



THE western sky was purpled o'er
 With every pleasing ray,
 And flocks reviving felt no more
 The sultry heat of day.

When.

When from an hazel's artless bow'r
 Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
 He blest the scene, he blest the hour,
 While Nancy's praise he sung.

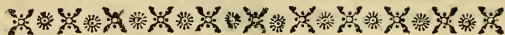
Let fops, with fickle falshood, range
 The paths of wanton love;
 Whilst weeping maids lament their change,
 And sadden ev'ry grove:
 But endless blessings crown the day
 I saw fair E'sham's dale,
 And ev'ry blessing finds its way
 To Nancy of the dale.

Her shape was like the reed, so sleek,
 So taper, strait and fair;
 Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
 How charming sweet they were!
 Far in the winding vale retir'd,
 This peerless bud I found;
 And shadowing rocks and woods conspir'd
 To fence her beauties round.

That nature in so lone a dell
 Should form a nymph so sweet,
 Or fortune to her secret cell
 Conduct my wand'ring feet:
 Gay Lordlings sought her for their bride;
 But she would ne'er incline:
 " Prove to your equals true," she cry'd,
 " As I will prove to mine.

" 'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow,
 " Has won my right good-will;
 " To him I gave my plighted vow,
 " With him I'll climb the hill."
 Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
 I clasp'd the constant fair;

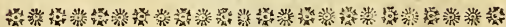
To her alone I give my youth,
And vow my future care.



WHAT though they call me country lass,
I read it plainly in my glass,
That for a duchess I might pass;
O, could I see the day!
Would fortune but attend my call,
At park, at play, at ring and ball,
I'd brave the proudest of them all,
With a stand-by, clear the way.

Surrounded by a crowd of beaux,
With smart toupees and powder'd cloaths,
At rivals I'd turn up my nose;
O, could I see the day!
I'll dart such glances from these eyes,
Shall make some Duke or Lord my prize;
And then, O how I'll tyrannize,
With a stand-by, clear the way!

☉ then for ev'ry new delight,
For equipage and diamonds bright,
Quadrille, and balls, and plays all night;
O, could I see the day!
Of love and joy I'd take my fill,
The tedious hours of life to kill,
In ev'ry thing I'd have my will,
With a stand-by, clear the way.



A. **B**USK ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

A. I gat her where I dare nae well be seen.
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair well be seen
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow, (weep,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luvver, luvver dear,
Her luvver dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I have slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow.

What yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?
What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
 His wounds in tears, with dule and sorrow,
 And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
 And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
 Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
 And weep around, in waeful wife,
 His helpless fate on the braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his usefess, usefess shield,
 My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
 The fatal speir that pierc'd his breist,
 His comely breist on the braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to, not to lue,
 And warn from fight? but, to my sorrow,
 O'er rashly bald, a stronger arm
 'Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the
 Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan, (grass,
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
 Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
 As green its grass, its gowan yellow,
 As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
 'The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy lue, fair, fair, indeed, thy lue,
 In slow'ry bands thou him didst fetter;
 'Tho' he was fair, and weil beluv'd again,
 'Than me, he never lu'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,

Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride?
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How lue him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my lue on the braes of Yarrow?

O, Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,
No dew thy tender blossoms cover!
For there was basely slain my lue,
My lue, as he had not been a luer.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing;
Ah! wretched me, I little, little kend
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;
But, e'er the toofal of the night,
He lay a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that waeful, waeful day,
I sang, my voice the woods returning,
But, lang e'er night, the speir was flown
That slew my lue, and left me mourning.

What can my barb'rous, barb'rous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My luer's blood is on thy speir;
How canst thou, barb'rous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle scoffing,
May bid me seek on Yarrow braes,
My luer nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid,
 And strive, with threat'ning words, to muve me,
 My luvèr's blood is on thy speir,
 How canst thou ever bid me luvè thee ?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luvè,
 With bridal sheets my body cover,
 Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
 Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband, husband is ?
 His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter :
 Ah me ! what ghastly spectre's you
 Comes in his pale shroud bleeding after ?

Pale as he is, there lay him, lay him down,
 O lay his cold head on my pillow ;
 Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,
 And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,
 O could my warmth to life restore thee ;
 Yet lie all night between my breists,
 No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale, indeed, O lovely, lovely youth !
 Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
 And lie all night between my breists ;
 No youth shall ever lie there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
 Return, and dry thy usefess sorrow ;
 Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,
 He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.

THE sun was sleeping in the main,
 Bright Cynthia silver'd all the plain,
 When Colin turn'd his team to rest,
 And sought the lass he lov'd the best:
 As tow'rd her cote he jogg'd along,
 Her name was frequent in his song;
 But when his errand Dolly knew,
 She vow'd she'd something else to do.

He swore he did esteem her more
 Than any maid he'd seen before;
 In tender sighs protesting, he
 Would constant as the turtle be;
 Talk'd much of death, should she refuse,
 And us'd such arts as lovers use:
 'Tis fine, says Doll, if 'tis but true,
 But now, I've something else to do.

Her pride then Colin thus address'd,
 Forgive me, Doll, I did but jest;
 To her that's kind I'll constant prove;
 But, trust me, I'll ne'er die for love.
 Tho' first she did his courtship scorn,
 Now Doll began to court in turn;
 Dear Colin, I was jesting too,
 Step in, I've nothing else to do.



Tune. *The spinning-wheel.*

T WAS on a sun-shine summer's day,
 When all the fields were fresh and gay,
 The morning blush'd when Phœbus rose,
 Just when approaching from the seas;

As Damon did a-hunting ride,
 A lonely cottage he espy'd,
 Where charming Chloe spinning sat,
 And turning ay her wheel about.

Her face ten thousand beauties crown,
 Her curling hair was lovely brown ;
 Her sparkling eyes all hearts could win,
 And soft as down her swan-like skin.
 So taking her plain dress appears,
 Her age not passing fifteen years,
 Damon fell sighing at her foot ;
 But still she turn'd her wheel about.

Thou fairest of thy tender kind,
 Sure this can never fill thy mind ;
 Such charms, attending noble love,
 Were ne'er design'd for wood nor grove :
 O ! come to camp with me, my fair,
 And share my love and glory there ;
 And leave this fordid rural rout,
 And turn no more your wheel about.

At length, with a few modest sighs,
 She turn'd to him her lovely eyes ;
 O ! tempt me not, kind Sir, she cries,
 Nor seek my virtue to surprize :
 You men are not to be believ'd,
 I've heard how virgins are deceiv'd :
 O let me thus my life spin out,
 And turn my harmless wheel about.

By that dear panting breast, he cries,
 And by those lovely killing eyes,
 And by that love that conquer'd me,
 I swear this must not, shall not be ;

O! cause not my eternal woe,
 Nor kill the man that loves thee so;
 But go with me, and ease my doubt,
 And turn no more your wheel about.

His flatt'ring tongue so play'd its part,
 He gain'd admission to her heart;
 And now she thinks it is no sin,
 To let love's fatal poison in.
 But she too late her fault found out,
 And he too soon her charms forgot,
 And left her, ere the year was out,
 In tears to turn her wheel about.



Tune. *Rantin roaring Willie.*

O MARY! thy graces and glances,
 Thy smiles so enchantingly gay,
 And thoughts so divinely harmonious,
 Clear wit and good humour display.
 But say not thou'lt imitate angels
 Ought fairer, though scarcely, ah me!
 Can be found, equalizing thy merit,
 A match amongst mortals for thee.

Thy many fair beauties shed fires
 May warm up ten thousand to love,
 Who, despairing, may fly to some other,
 While I may despair, but ne'er rove.
 What a mixture of sighing and joys
 This distant adoring of thee,
 Gives to a fond heart too aspiring,
 Who loves in sad silence like me?

Thus

Thus looks the poor beggar on treasure,
 And shipwreck'd on land skips on shore :
 Be still more divine, and have pity,
 I die soon, as hope is no more.
 For, Mary, my soul is thy captive,
 Nor love, nor expects to be free ;
 Thy beauties are fetters delightful,
 Thy slav'ry's a pleasure to me.



THAT I might not be plagu'd with the nonsens
 of men,
 I promis'd my mother again and again,
 To say as she bids me wherever I go,
 And to all that they ask, or would have, tell 'em No.

I really believe I have frighten'd a score :
 They'll want to be with me, I warrant, no more :
 And I own I'm not sorry for serving them so ;
 Were the same thing to do, I again should say No.

For a shepherd I like, with more courage and art,
 Won't let me alone, tho' I bid him depart ;
 Such questions he puts, since I answer him so,
 That he makes me mean Yes, though my words are
 still No.

He ask'd, did I hate him, or think him too plain ?
 (Let me die if he is not a clever young swain,)
 If he ventur'd a kiss, if I from him would go ;
 Then he press'd my young lips, while I blush'd, and
 said No.

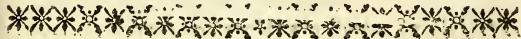
He ask'd if my heart to another was gone ?
 If I'd have him to leave me, or cease to love on ?

If I meant my life long to answer him so?
I faulter'd, and sigh'd, and reply'd to him No.

This morning an end to his courtship he made;
Will Phillis live longer a virgin? he said,
If I press you to church, will you scruple to go?
In a hearty good humour, I answer'd, No, no.



O SLEEP! O sleep! why do'st thou leave me?
Why do'st thou leave me?
Why thy visionary joys remove?
O sleep! O sleep! O sleep! again deceive me,
O sleep! again deceive me; to my arms
Restore my wand'ring love, my wand'ring love,
Restore my wand'ring love;
Again deceive me, O sleep! to my arms,
To my arms restore my wand'ring love.



Tune. *Rough and hardy.*

O WOULDST thou know what sacred charms
This destin'd heart of mine alarms?
What kind of nymph the heav'n's decree
The maid that's made for love and me?

Who joys to hear the sighs sincere,
Who melts to see the tender tear;
From each ungentle passion free,
O be the maid that's made for me.

Whose heart with gen'rous friendship glows,
Who feels the blessing she bestows,

Gentle

Gentle to all, but kind to me ;
Be such the maid that's made for me.

Whose simple thoughts, devoid of art,
Are all the natives of her heart ;
A gentle train from falshood free ;
Be such the maid that's made for me.

Avaunt, ye light coquettes, retire
Where flutt'ring fops are found ;
Unmov'd your tinsel charms I see,
More genuine beauties are for me.



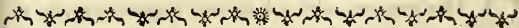
O SAY! what is that thing call'd Light,
Which I can ne'er enjoy ?
What is the blessing of the sight ?
O tell your poor blind boy !

You talk of wond'rous things you see ;
You say the sun shines bright :
I feel him warm ; but how can he
E'er make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play ;
And could I always keep awake,
It would be always day.

With heavy sighs, I often hear
You mourn my hopeless woe ;
But sure, with patience, I may bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
 My cheer of mind destroy ;
 While thus I sing, I am a king,
 Altho' a poor blind boy.



THE FORSAKEN NYMPH.

GUARDIAN angels, now protect me,
 Send to me the swain I love ;
 Cupid, with thy bow direct me ;
 Aid me, all ye pow'rs above.
 Bear him my sighs, ye gentle breezes,
 Tell him I love, and I despair ;
 Tell him I grieve, say, 'tis for him I live ;
 O may the shepherd be sincere.

Through the shady grove I'll wander,
 Silent as the bird of night ;
 Near the brink of yonder fountain,
 First Leander blest my sight.
 Witness, ye groves, and falls of water,
 Echoes, repeat the vows he swore ;
 Can he forget me, will he neglect me,
 Shall I never him see him more ?

Does he love, and yet forsake me,
 To admire a nymph more fair ?
 If 'tis so, I'll wear the willow,
 And esteem the happy pair.
 Some lonely cave I'll make my dwelling,
 Ne'er more the cares of life pursue ;
 The lark and philomel shall only hear me tell
 What makes me bid the world adieu.

AN EPITHALAMIUM.

RECITATIVE, *by Mr. Beard.*

HOW soft, and yet majestic, is her air!
 Her temper, with a heav'nly sweetness blest,
 Amidst a thousand charms sits in her looks confest,
 And shews a godlike mind inhabits there.

AIR.

Ye happy days, your flight,
 Your easy flight prepare,
 Bring ev'ry soft delight
 To soothe the brave and fair:
 Hail, happy, happy pair!
 Thus in each other blest,
 Be ever free from care,
 Of ev'ry joy possest.

RECITATIVE.

Take the blessing gods intend thee,
 Smiling meet the promis'd joy;
 Faith and truth shall still attend thee,
 Peace and love your hours employ.

AIR, *by Miss Young.*

Let all, let all be gay,
 And join in sportive play;
 Let mirth, let mirth and joy
 Each happy hour employ,
 Of this fair bridal day.

DUETTO; *Mr. Baird.*

O! the raptures of possessing,
 Melting into beauty's arms!

Miss Young.

O! the joy, the lasting blessing,
 Which from honour takes its charms!

Mr. Beard.

Mr. Beard.

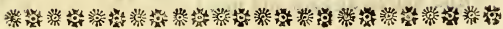
Love's soft flame shall gently warm thee.

Miss Young.

Love and honour both shall charm thee.

O! the raptures of possessing,
Melting into beauty's arms!

O! the joy, the lasting blessing,
Which from honour takes its charms!



SURE Sally is the loveliest lass
That e'er gave shepherd glee;
Not May-day, in its morning dress,
Is half so fair as she:
Let poets paint the Paphian queen,
And fancy'd forms adore;
Ye bards, had ye my Sally seen,
You'd think on those no more.

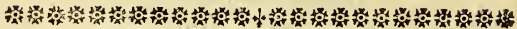
No more ye'd prate of Hybla's hill,
Where bees their honey sip,
Did ye but know the sweets that dwell
On Sally's love-taught lip:
But ah! take heed, ye tuneful swains,
The ripe temptation shun;
Or else, like me, you'll wear her chains,
Like me you'll be undone.

Once in my cot secure I slept,
And, lark-like, hail'd the morn;
More sportive than the kid I kept,
I wanton'd o'er the lawn:

To ev'ry maid love-tales I told,
 And did my truth aver;
 Yet, ere the parting kifs was cold,
 I laugh'd at love and her.

But now the gloomy grove I seek,
 Where lovelorn shepherds stray;
 There to the winds my grief I speak,
 And sigh my soul away:
 Nought but despair my fancy paints,
 No dawn of hope I see,
 For Sally's pleas'd with my complaints,
 And laughs at love and me.

Since these my poor neglected lambs,
 So late my only care,
 Have lost their tender fleecy dams,
 And stray'd I know not where:
 Alas, my ewes! in vain ye bleat,
 My lambkins lost, adieu!
 No more we on the plains shall meet,
 For lost's your shepherd too.



THE shepherd Adonis being weary'd with sport,
 He for a retirement to the woods did resort:
 He threw by his club, and he laid himself down;
 He envy'd no monarch, nor wish'd for a crown.

He drank of the burn, and he ate frae the tree;
 Himself he enjoy'd, and frae trouble was free:
 He wish'd for no nymph, tho' never sae fair;
 Had nae love or ambition, and therefore nae care.

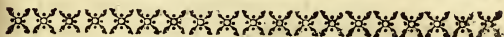
But as he lay thus, in an ev'ning sae clear,
 A heav'nly sweet voice sounded fast in his ear,
 Which

Which came frae a shady green neighbouring grove,
Where boony Amynta sat singin' of love.

He wander'd that way, and found wha was there,
He was quite confounded to see her sae fair :
He stood like a statue, not a foot could he move,
Nor knew he what griev'd him, but he fear'd it was love.

The nymph she beheld him with a kind modest grace,
Seeing something that pleas'd her appear in his face :
With blushing a little, she to him did say,
O shepherd! what want ye? how came you this way?

His spirits reviving, he to her reply'd,
I was ne'er sae surpris'd at the sight of a maid :
Until I beheld thee, from love I was free ;
But now I'm ta'en captive, my fairest, by thee.



THIS is not mine ain house,
I ken by the rigging o't ;
Since with my love I've changed vows,
I dinna like the bigging o't,
For now that I'm young Robie's bride,
And mistress of his fire-side,
Mine ain house I'll like to guid,
And please me wi' the trigging o't.

Then farewell to my father's house,
I gang where love invites me ;
The strictest duty this allows,
When love with honour meets me.
When Hymen moulds us into ane,
My Robie's nearer than my kin,
And to refuse him were a sin,
Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I'm in mine ain house,
 True love shall be at hand ay,
 To make me still a prudent spouse,
 And let my man command ay;
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
 The common pest of married life,
 That makes ane wearied of his wife,
 And breaks the kindly band ay.



FLORELLA, first in charms and wit,
 In whose enchanting sparkling eyes
 All the bright soul's perfections sit,
 And such resistless magic lies.
 Oh! can you thus, divinely fair,
 Suppose your Damon insincere?

To all the circles of the fair,
 That grace the court, the ball, the play,
 Let my love-doubting nymph repair,
 And ev'ry shining form survey:
 And, if she meets her equal there,
 Conclude her Damon insincere.

Or, if my fair should chance to pass
 (What art for beauty's use design'd)
 The bright, unfullied, faithful glass,
 Itself an emblem of her mind:
 Let her behold her image there,
 And own I can't be insincere.

Let her survey the rosy bloom,
 O'er all the lovely face confess,

And

And let her sparkling eyes assume
 The charms that rob my soul of rest;
 And then to bless my ravish'd ear,
 Confess I can't be insincere.



WHEN absent from the nymph I love,
 I'd fain shake off the chains I wear;
 But, whilst I strive these to remove,
 More fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.
 My captiv'd fancy, day and night,
 Fairer and fairer represents
 Belinda, form'd for dear delight,
 But cruel cause of my complaints.

All day I wander thro' the groves,
 And, sighing, hear from ev'ry tree
 The happy birds chirping their loves,
 Happy, compar'd with lonely me.
 When gentle sleep, with balmy wings,
 To rest fans ev'ry weary'd wight,
 A thousand fears my fancy brings,
 That keep me waking all the night.

Sleep flies; while, like the goddess fair,
 And all the graces in her train,
 With melting smiles, and killing air
 Appears the cause of all my pain:
 A while my mind, delighted, flies
 O'er all her sweets, with thrilling joy,
 Whilst want of worth makes doubts arise,
 That all my trembling hopes destroy.

Thus, while my thoughts are fix'd on her,
 I'm all o'er transport and desire;



My pulse beats high, my cheeks appear
 All roses, and mine eyes all fire.
 When to myself I turn my view,
 My veins grow chill, my cheeks look wan:
 Thus, whilst my fears my pains renew,
 I scarcely look, or move a man.



The Blackbird.

UPON a fair morning for soft recreation,
 I heard a fair Lady was making her moan,
 With sighing, and sobbing and sad lamentation,
 Saying, my Blackbird most royal is flown.
 My thoughts they deceive me,
 Reflections do grieve me,
 And I am o'erburden'd with sad misery;
 Yet, if death should blind me,
 As true love inclines me,
 My Blackbird I'll seek out, wherever he be.

Once into fair England my Blackbird did flourish,
 He was the chief flower that in it did spring;
 Prime ladies of honour his person did nourish,
 Because he was the true son of a king:
 But since that false fortune,
 Which still is uncertain,
 Has caused this parting between him and me;
 His name I'll advance
 In Spain and in France,
 And seek out my Blackbird wherever he be.

The birds of the forest all met together,
 The turtle has chosen to dwell with the dove;
 And I am resolv'd, in foul or fair weather,
 Once in the spring to seek out my love.

He's all my heart's treasure,
 My joy and my pleasure,
 And justly, my love, my heart follows thee;
 Who art constant and kind,
 And courageous of mind,
 All bliss on my Blackbird, wherever he be.

In England my Blackbird and I were together,
 Where he was still noble and gen'rous of heart;
 Ah! wo to the time that first he went thither,
 Alas! he was forc'd from thence to depart.
 In Scotland he's deem'd,
 And highly esteem'd,
 In England he seemeth a stranger to be;
 Yet his fame shall remain
 In France and in Spain;
 All bliss to my Blackbird, wherever he be.

What if the fowler my Blackbird has taken,
 Then sighing and sobbing will be all my tune;
 But, if he is safe, I'll not be forsaken,
 And hope yet to see him in May or in June.
 For him through the fire,
 Through mud and through mire
 I'll go; for I love him to such a degree,
 Who is constant and kind,
 And noble of mind,
 Deserving all blessings, wherever he be.

It is not the ocean can fright me with danger,
 Nor tho', like a pilgrim, I wander forlorn,
 I may meet with friendship of one is a stranger,
 More than of one that in Britain is born.
 I pray heaven so spacious,
 To Britain be gracious,
 Tho' some there be odious to both him and me;
 Yet

Yet joy and renown,
 And laurels shall crown
 My Blackbird with honour, wherever he be.



Tune. *The happy Clown:*

TWAS in the charming month of May,
 When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
 One morning by the break of day,
 Sweet Chloe, chaste and fair,
 From peaceful slumber she arose,
 Girt on her mantle and her hose,
 And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
 To breathe the purer air.

Her looks so sweet, so gay her mien;
 Her handsome shape and dress so clean,
 She look'd all o'er like beauty's queen,
 Dress'd in her best array.
 The gentle winds and purling stream
 Essay'd to whisper Chloe's name;
 The savage beasts, till then ne'er tame,
 Wild adoration pay.

The feather'd people one might see,
 Perch'd all around her on each tree,
 With notes of sweetest melody,
 They act a chearful part.
 The dull slaves at the toilsome plow,
 Their weary'd necks and knees do bow,
 A glad subjection there they vow
 To pay with all their heart.

The

The bleating flocks that then came by,
 Soon as the charming nymph they spy,
 They leave their hoarse and rueful cry,
 And dance around the brooks.

The woods are glad, the meadows smile,
 And Forth, that foam'd and roar'd ere while,
 Glides calmly down, as smooth as oil,
 Through all its charming crooks.

The finny squadrons are content
 To leave their wat'ry element;
 In glazy numbers down they bent,
 They flutter all along.

The insects, and each creeping thing,
 Join'd to make up the rural ring;
 All frisk and dance, if she but sing,
 And make a jovial throng.

Kind Phœbus now began to rise,
 And paint with red the eastern skies;
 Struck with the glory of her eyes,
 He shrinks behind a cloud.

Her mantle on a bough she lays,
 And all her glory she displays;
 She left all nature in amaze,
 And skipt into the wood.



WHAT shepherd, or nymph of the grove,
 Can blame me for dropping a tear,
 Or lamenting aloud, as I rove,
 Since thœbe no longer is here?
 My flocks, if at random they stray,
 What wonder, if she's from the plains?
 Her hand they were wont to obey;
 She rul'd both the sheep and the swains.

Can I ever forget how we stray'd
 To the foot of yon neighbouring hill,
 To the bow'r we had built in the shade,
 Or the river that runs by the mill?
 There, sweet, by my side as she lay,
 And heard the fond stories I told,
 How sweet was the thrush from the spray,
 Or the bleating of lambs from the fold!

How oft wou'd I spy out a charm,
 Which before had been hid from my view!
 And, while arm was enfolded in arm,
 My lips to her lips, how they grew!
 How long the sweet contest would last!
 Till the hours of retirement and rest,
 What pleasures and pain each had past;
 Who longest had lov'd, and who best.

No changes of place, or of time
 I felt, when my fair one was near;
 Alike was each weather and clime,
 Each season that chequer'd the year:
 In winter's rude lap did we freeze,
 Did we melt on the bosom of May;
 Each morn brought contentment and ease,
 If we rose up to work, or to play.

She was all my fond wishes could ask;
 She had all the kind Gods could impart;
 She was nature's most beautiful task,
 The despair, and the envy of art:
 There all that is worthy to prize,
 In all that was lovely was dress'd;
 For the Graces were thron'd in her eyes,
 And the virtues all lodg'd in her breast.

COME, Rosalind, O come and see
 What pleasures are in store for thee;
 The flow'rs in all their sweets appear,
 The fields their gayest liv'ries wear,
 The fields their gayest liv'ries wear.
 The joyful birds, in ev'ry grove,
 Now warble out their songs of love,
 Now warble out their songs of love;
 For thee they sing, and roses bloom,
 And Colin thee invites to come,
 Invites to come,
 Thy Colin thee invites to come.

Come, Rosalind, and Colin, join
 My tender flocks, and all are thine;
 If love and Rosalind be here,
 'Tis May and pleasure all the year,
 'Tis May and pleasure all the year.
 Come, see a cottage and a swain,
 Thou canst my love nor gifts disdain,
 Thou canst my love nor gifts disdain:
 Leave all behind, nor longer stay,
 For Colin calls, then haste away,
 Then haste away,
 For Colin calls, then haste away.



O WALY, waly up the bank,
 And waly, waly down the brae,
 And waly, waly yon burn side,
 Where my love and I were wont to gae.
 I lean'd my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trusty tree,
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brak;
 Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly waly, gin love be bonny,
 A little while whan it is new;
 But whan 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
 And fades awa' like the morning dew.
 O! wherefore shou'd I busk my head?
 O! wherefore shou'd I kame my hair?
 For my true love has me forsook,
 And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur-seat shall be my bed,
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me;
 St. Anton's well thall be my drink,
 Since my true love has forsaken me.
 Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
 O, gentle death! when wilt thou come?
 For of my life I am weary.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
 When we came in by Glasgow town,
 We were a comely sight to see;
 My love was clad in black velvet,
 And I mysell in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kist,
 That love had been sae ill to win,
 I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,
 And pin'd it with a silver pin.
 Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee,
 And I mysell were dead and gane,
 For a maid again I'll never be.

Tune. *Jolly Mortals.*

WHILST I fondly view the charmer,
 Thus the God of love I sue,
 Gentle Cupid, pray disarm her,
 Cupid, if you love me, do.

Of a thousand sweets bereave her,
 Rob her neck, her lips and eyes,
 The remainder still will leave her
 Pow'r enough to tyrannize.

Shape and feature, flame and passion,
 Still in ev'ry breast will move,
 More is supererogation,
 Mere idolatry of love.

You may dress a world of Chloes,
 In the beauties she can spare;
 Hear him, Cupid, who no foe is
 To your altars, or the fair.

Foolish mortal, pray be easy,
 Angry Cupid made reply;
 Do Florella's charms displease you?
 Die then, foolish mortal, die.



I SEEK not at once in a female to find
 The form of a Venus, with Pallas's mind;
 Let the girl that I love have but prudence in view,
 That, tho' she deceive, I may still think her true.

Be her person not beauteous, but pleasing and clean,
 Let her temper be cloudlets, and open her mien;

By folly, ill-nature, nor vanity led,
Nor indebted to paint for white or for red.

Her tongue, that dread weapon of most of her sex,
Be employ'd to delight us, and not to perplex;
Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a jest,
For prudes I despise, and coquettes I detest.

May her humour the taste of the company hit,
Not affectedly wise, nor too pert with her wit;
Go find out the girl that is form'd on my plan,
And I'll love her for ever,----I mean, if I can.



He. COME, live with me, pretty young lass,
I dwell at the foot of yon hill;
Your time you may merrily pass,
You shall say, or shall do what you will.

She. I thank you, and own that you're kind,
But I choose not from London to rove;
Woods and streams not at all suit my mind,
Nor to live in a cottage on love.

He. No lonely dull pleasures you'll find,
Our pastimes are blithsome and gay;
Our wake may perhaps suit your mind;
You wou'd like to be queen of the May.

She. Nor your sports, nor your rustical glee,
Nor your May, nor your wake can invite,
Such joys are insipid to me;
Away with such simple delight!

He. Is it nothing to live free from care,
 Where ev'ry thing's smiling around,
 When love, health and plenty are there,
 And peace and contentment are found?

She. Should I take all for truth that you say,
 And taste of your boasted delight,
 How long would seem every day!
 And the screech-owl would scream thro' the
 night.

He. Nought is heard but the nightingale's song,
 To lull my dear charmer to rest:
 Oh! come, to our village belong;
 You'll own that a cott is the best.

She. Your offer I'm forc'd to put by;
 For I cannot be blest with a clown:
 Another may like it----not I;
 For I love the dear joys of the town.

He. Let us part, since we cannot agree;
 Your pleasures for me would not do:

She. And yours are too homely for me,
 But may serve silly swains, such as you

He. Then adieu till our meeting again.

She. Much joy with your Jenny and Nell.

He. You hie to the town-----

She. ----- And you to the plain.

Both. Thus we bid one another farewell.



GO, happy paper, gently steal,
 And underneath her pillow lie,

There in soft dreams my love reveal,
 That love which I must still conceal,
 And, wrapt in awful silence, die.

Should flames be doom'd thy hapless fate,
 To atoms thou wouldst quickly turn;
 My pains may bear a longer date,
 For should I live, and she should hate,
 In endless torments I should burn.

Tell fair Aurelia, she has charms
 Might in a hermit stir desire;
 T' attain the heav'n that's in her arms,
 I'd quit the world's alluring harms,
 And to a cell content retire.

Of all that pleas'd my ravish'd eye,
 Her beauty should supply the place;
 Bold Raphael's strokes, and Titian's dye,
 Should but in vain presume to vie
 With her inimitable face.

No more I'd wish for Phœbus' rays,
 To gild the object of my sight,
 Much less the taper's fainter blaze,
 Her eyes should measure out my days,
 And, when she slept, it should be night.

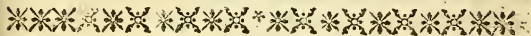


WHEN first by fond Damon Flavilla was seen,
 He slightly regarded her air and her mien;
 The charms of her mind he alone did commend,
 Not warm as a lover, but cool as a friend;
 From friendship, not passion, his raptures did move,
 And the swain bragg'd his heart was a stranger to love.

New charms he discover'd, as more she was known ;
 Her face grew a wonder, her taste was his own ;
 Her manners were gentle, her sense was refin'd,
 And Oh ! what dear virtues beam'd forth in her mind :
 But still for the sanction of friendship he strove,
 Till a sigh gave the omen, and shew'd it was love.

Now proud to be conquer'd, he sighs for the fair,
 Grows dull to all pleasure, but being with her ;
 He's mute, while his heart-strings are ready to break,
 And fear of offending forbids me to speak,
 And wanders, a willing example to prove,
 That friendship to woman is sister to love.

A lover thus conquer'd can ne'er give offence,
 Not a dupe to her smiles, but a slave to her sense ;
 His passion nor wrinkles, nor age can allay,
 Since founded on that which can never decay ;
 And time, that will beauty's short empire remove,
 Increasing her reason, increases his love.



The happy Clown.

HOW happy is the rural clown,
 Who, far remov'd from noise of town,
 Contemns the glory of a crown,
 And in his safe retreat,
 Is pleas'd with his low degree,
 Is rich in decent poverty,
 From strife, from care and bus'ness free,
 At once baith good and great ?

No drums disturb his morning sleep,
 He fears no danger of the deep,
 Nor noisy law, nor courts ne'er heap

Vexation on his mind :

No trumpets rouse him to the war,
 No hopes can bribe, no threats can dare ;
 From state intrigues he holds afar,
 And liveth unconfin'd.

Like those in golden ages born,
 He labours gently to adorn
 His small paternal fields of corn,
 And on their product feeds :
 Each season of the wheeling year,
 Industrious he improves with care ;
 And still some ripened fruits appear,
 So well his toil succeeds.

Now by a silver stream he lies,
 And angles with his baits and flies,
 And next the silvan scene he tries,
 His spirit to regal :
 Now from the rock or height he views
 His fleecy flock, or teeming cows,
 Then tunes his reed, or tries his muse,
 That waits his honest call.

Amidst his harmless easy joys,
 No care his peace of mind destroys,
 Nor does he pass his time in toys
 Beneath his just regard :
 He's fond to feel the zephyr's breeze,
 To plant and sreed his tender trees :
 And for attending well his bees,
 Enjoys the sweet reward.

The flow'ry meads and silent coves,
 The scenes of faithful rural loves,
 And warbling birds on blooming groves,

Afford a wish'd delight :
 But O ! how pleafant is this life,
 Blest with a chafte and virtuous wife,
 And children prattling, void of strife,
 Around his fire at night.



Tune, *Leader-haugh*s.

THE morn was fair, faft was the air,
 All nature's sweets were fpringing ;
 The buds did bow with filver dew,
 Ten thoufand birds were finging ;
 When on the bent, with blyth content,
 Young Jamie fang his marrow,
 Nae bonnier lafs e'er trod the grafs
 On Leader-haugh's and Yarrow.

How fweet her face, where every grace
 In heavenly beauty's planted ;
 Her fmiling een, and comely mien,
 That nae perfection wanted ;
 I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
 But blefs my bonny marrow :
 If her dear fmile my doubts beguile,
 My mind fhall ken nae forrow.

Yet tho' fhe's fair, and has full fhare
 Of every charm enchanting,
 Each good turns ill, and foon will kill
 Poor me, if love be wanting.
 O bonny lafs ! have but the grace
 To think ere ye gae further,
 Your joys maun flit, if you commit
 The crying fin of murder.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,
 And night and day affright ye ;
 But if ye're kind, with joyful mind
 I'll study to delight ye :
 Our years around, with love thus crown'd,
 From all things joy shall borrow :
 Thus none shall be more blest than we,
 On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

O sweetest Sue ! 'tis only you
 Can make life worth my wishes,
 If equal love your mind can move
 To grant this best of blisses :
 Thou art my sun, and thy least frown
 Would blast me in the blossom ;
 But if thou shine, and make me thine,
 I'll flourish in thy bosom..



YE verdant hills, ye balmy vales,
 Bear witness of my pains ;
 How oft have Shina's flow'ry dales
 Been taught my am'rous strains ;
 The wounded oaks in yonder grove,
 Retain the name of her I love.

In vain would age its ice bespread,
 To numb each gay desire ;
 Tho' seventy winters hoar my head,
 My heart is still on fire ;
 By mossy fount and grot I rove,
 And gently murmur songs of love.

O sweetest of thy lovely race !
 Unveil thy matchless charms ;

Let me adore that angel's face,
 And die within thy arms ;
 My ceaseless pangs thy bosom move,
 To grant the just returns of love.



The Shepherd and Cupid.

'T WAS early on a holiday,
 A harmless shepherd chanc'd to stray,
 And wand'ring near a crystal brook,
 He sat him down to bait his hook ;
 Thus said the shepherd, free from care,
 " If I the gudgeon should ensnare,
 " Or any of the scaly fry,
 " I'd envy none beneath the sky."

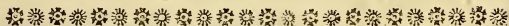
His sport was harmless as his mind ;
 Upon his hand his head reclin'd ;
 And, list'ning to the wood-lark's note,
 He watch'd the motion of his float :
 It scarce obtain'd a single swain,
 Ere Cupid round the swain did skim
 With feather'd wings, extended wide,
 And settled by the shepherd's side.

The swain had heard of bows and darts,
 And Cupid's snares, that torture hearts ;
 Became uneasy at the sight,
 But artfully conceal'd his fright ;
 " I prithee, Cupid, tell, I pray,
 " What brought thee out so soon to-day ?"
 " In truth, said he, my sport's like thine ;
 " I hither came to wet my line."

“ If that be true, thou pretty boy,
 “ Then leave with me that glitt’ring toy ;
 “ I mean the arrow in thy hand ;
 “ Then equally we’ll share our stand.”
 ‘ Shepherd, I’ll give thee any thing ;
 ‘ Pray take with it my bow and string.’
 The swain secure his cheek did stroke,
 And, slyly, Cupid’s arrow broke.

But lo ! an angel’s voice he heard,
 And soon an angel’s form appear’d,
 With eyes so bright, as poets say,
 Should Phæbus sleep, might rule the day :
 The shepherd listen’d to her song ;
 I fear the shepherd gaz’d too long :
 For as her eyes their beams withdrew,
 Her fatal looks the shepherd slew.

At first he felt uncommon smart ;
 And fear’d the chit conceal’d a dart :
 Then faintly turning, “ Child,” said he,
 “ This evil arrow comes from thee.”
 ‘ O ! shepherd, it is no such thing ;
 ‘ Thou hadst my arrow, bow, and string :
 ‘ But now I guess for whom you smart ;
 ‘ The nymph you saw has pierc’d your heart.’



DAPHNIS stood pensive in the shade,
 With arms a-cross, and head reclin’d ;
 Pale looks accus’d the cruel maid,
 And sighs reliev’d his love-sick mind :
 His tuneful pipe all broken lay ;
 Looks, sighs, and actions seem’d to say,
 My Chloe is unkind !

Why ring the woods with warbling throats ?

Ye larks, ye linnets, cease your strains :

I faintly hear in your soft notes

My Chloe's voice, that wakes my pains.

But why should you your songs forbear ?

Your mates delight your songs to hear,

But Chloe mine disdains.

As thus he melancholy stood

Dejected, as the lonely dove,

Sweet sounds broke gently through the wood,

I feel a sound my heartstrings move.

'Twas not the nightingale that sung ;

No ; 'tis my Chloe's sweeter tongue.

Hark ! hark ! what says my love ?

How simple is the nymph, she cries,

Who trifles with her lover's pain ?

Nature still speaks in women's eyes,

Our artful lips are made to feign.

Oh Daphnis ! Daphnis ! 'twas my pride,

'Twas not my heart, thy love deny'd.

Come back, dear youth, again.

As t'other day my hand he seiz'd,

My blood with trickling motion flew ;

Sudden I put on looks displeas'd,

And hasty from his hold withdrew.

'Twas fear alone, thou simple swain :

Then hadst thou press'd my hand again,

My heart had yielded too.

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,

That swell'd thy lip and rosy cheek :

Think not thy skill in song defam'd,

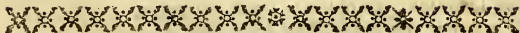
Thy lip should other pleasures seek.

Much,

Much, much thy music I approve;
 Yet break thy pipe; for more I love,
 Much more to hear thee speak.

My heart forebodes that I'm betray'd;
 Daphnis, I fear, is ever gone!
 Last night with Delia's dog he play'd:
 Love by such trifles first comes on.
 Now, now, dear shepherd, come away,
 My tongue would now my heart betray.
 Ah Chloë! thou art won.

The youth stept forth with hasty pace,
 And found where wishing Chloë lay.
 Shame sudden light'ned in her face,
 Confus'd, she knew not what to say.
 At last, in broken words, she cry'd,
 To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
 But I am lost to-day.



WHILST I gaze on Chloë trembling,
 Straight her eyes my fate declare;
 When she smiles, I fear dissembling,
 When she frowns, I then despair.
 Jealous of some rival lover,
 If a wandering look she give;
 Fain I would resolve to leave her,
 But can sooner cease to live.

Why should I conceal my passion,
 Or the torments I endure?
 I will disclose my inclination:
 Awful distance yields no cure.

Sure it is not in her nature,
 To be cruel to her slave ?
 She is too divine a creature
 To destroy what she can save.

Happy's he whose inclination
 Warms but with a gentle heat :
 Never mounts to raging passion ;
 Love's a torment, if too great.
 When the storm is once blown over,
 Soon the ocean quiet grows ;
 But a constant faithful lover
 Seldom meets with true repose.



WHO'd know the sweets of liberty ?
 'Tis to climb the mountain's brow ;
 Thence to discern rough industry
 At the harrow or the plow :
 'Tis where my sons their crops have sown,
 Calling the harvest all their own.

'Tis where the heart to truth ally'd,
 Never felt unmanly fear ;
 'Tis where the eye, with milder pride,
 Nobly sheds sweet pity's tear,
 Such as Britannia yet shall see :
 These are the sweets of liberty.



Peggy, I must love thee.

AS from a rock, past all relief,
 The shipwreck'd Colin spying

L

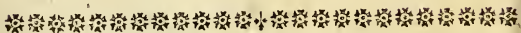
His

His native soil, o'ercome with grief,
 Half sunk in waves, and dying :
 With the next morning sun he spies
 A ship, which gives unhop'd surprisè :
 New life springs up, he lifts his eyes
 With joy, and waits her motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
 I scorn'd was, and deserted,
 Low with despair my spirits mov'd,
 To be for ever parted :
 Thus droopt I, till diviner grace
 I found in Peggy's mind and face ;
 Ingratitude appear'd then base,
 But virtue more engaging.

Then now since happily I've hit,
 I'll have no more delaying :
 Let beauty yield to manly wit,
 We lose ourselves in staying :
 I'll haste dull courtship to a close,
 Since marriage can my fears oppose :
 Why should we happy minutes lose,
 Since, Peggy, I must love thee ?

Men may be foolish, if they please,
 And deem't a lover's duty
 To sigh, and sacrifice their ease,
 Doating on a proud beauty :
 Such was my case for many a year,
 Still hope succeeding to my fear,
 False Betty's charms now disappear,
 Since Peggy's far outshine them.



THE poets in conscience have teaz'd us too long
 With Phillis, and Chloe, in every song :

Quite

Quite tir'd of such nonsense, new themes I begin,
And sing of the beauties of sweet Peggy Wynne.

They tell us of Venus, and Juno, of old,
That one was a jilt, and the other a scold ;
But unto those goddeses nothing a-kin
Is gentle, and modest, and sweet Peggy Wynne.

A thousand times Cupid has strove to ensnare,
And make me an amorous slave to the fair ;
But never could get me entrapp'd in his gin,
Till baited at last with my dear Peggy Wynne.

That zephyrs are soft, and are sweet, I must own ;
And lilies and roses are pretty when blown ;
But match'd with her breath, or compar'd with her
 skin,
Believe me, they're nothing to dear Peggy Wynne.

Should fortune think proper to better my fate,
And make me a lord, with a noble estate ;
For all her fine favours I'd not give a pin,
Unless she'd bestow on me sweet Peggy Wynne.

All charms she possesses, shape, feature, and size ;
And then such a tempting dear look with her eyes !
Well ! heaven forgive us ! if wishing's a sin,
When we gaze on the beauties of sweet Peggy Wynne.



The Fair Thief.

BEFORE the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow ;

And, more that whiteness to adorn,
 She stole the blushes of the morn,
 Stole all the sweetness æther sheds
 On primrose buds and vi'let beds.
 I tell, with equal truth and grief,
 That Chloe is an arrant thief.
 Still to conceal her artful wiles,
 She stole the graces silken smiles ;
 She stole Aurora's balmy breath,
 And pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth ;
 The cherry dipt in morning-dew,
 Gave moisture to her lips and hue.
 I tell, with equal truth, &c.

These were her infant spoils, a store,
 Yet she in time still pilfer'd more.
 At twelve she stole from Cyprus' Queen,
 Her air, and love-commanding mien ;
 Stole Juno's dignity, and stole
 From Pallas, sense, to charm the soul.

Apollo's wit was next her prey,
 And next the beam that lights the day ;
 She sung, amaz'd the Syrens heard,
 And, to assert their voice appear'd ;
 She play'd, the muses from their hill
 Wonder'd who thus had stole their skill.

Great love approv'd her crimes and art,
 And t'other day she stole my heart.
 If lovers, Cupid, are thy care,
 Exert your vengeance on this fair ;
 To trial bring her stolen charms,
 And let her prison be my arms, &c.

HOW happy a state does the miller possess !
 Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less ;
 On his mill and himself he depends for support,
 Which is better than servilely cringing at court.
 What tho' he all dusty and whit'ned does go ?
 The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a beau ;
 A clown in his dress may be honest far,
 Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd, they're not fit to be seen,
 The hands of his betters are not very clean ;
 A palm more polite may as dirtily deal,
 Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like meal.
 What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
 He cribs without scruple from other mens sacks ;
 In this of right noble example he brags,
 Who borrow as freely from other mens bags.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
 In this too he mimics the tools of the state,
 Whose aim is alone their coffers to fill,
 And all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.
 He eats when he's hungry, and drinks when he's dry,
 And down when he's weary contented does ly ;
 Then rises up chearful to work and to sing :
 If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king ?



Tune, *Had awa' frae me, Donald.*

O WILL you hae the tartan plaid,
 Or will you hae ta ring, Mattam ?
 Or will you hae ta kifs o' me ?
 And dats ta pretty ting, Mattam.

Had awa', bide awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald;
 I'll neither kifs, nor hae a ring,
 Nae tartan plaids for me, Donald.

O see you not her ponny progues,
 Her fecket plaid, plew, creen, Mattam?
 Her twa short hose, and her twa spiogs,
 And a shoulder pelt apon, Mattam?
 Had awa', bide awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald,
 Nae shouler belts, nae trinkabouts,
 Nae tartan hose for me, Donald.

Hur can peshaw a petter hough.
 Tan him wha wears the crown, Mattam;
 Her fell hae pistol and claymore,
 Ta flie te lallant loon, Mattam.
 Had awa', had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald,
 For a your houghs and warlike arms,
 You're not a match for me, Donald.

Hur fell hae a short coat pi pote,
 No trail my feets at rin, Mattam,
 A cutty fark of guide harn sheet,
 My mitter he bespin, Mattam.
 Had awa', had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald,
 Gae hame and hap your naked houghs,
 And fash nae mair wi' me, Donald.

You's ne'er be pidden work a turn
 At ony kind o' spin, Mattam,
 But shug your lenno in a scull,
 And tidel highland sing, Madam.

Had awa', had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald,
 Your jogging sculls, and highland fang,
 Will found but harsh wi' me, Donald.

In ta morning, when him rise,
 Ye's get fresh whey for tea, Mattam,
 Sweet milk an ream as much you please,
 Far sheaper tan pohea, Mattam.
 Had awa', bid awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald,
 I wadna quit my morning's tea,
 Your whey will ne'er agree, Donald.

Flaper Gallic ye's pe learn,
 An tat's ta ponny speak, Mattam,
 Ye's get a cheefe, and putter kirn,
 Come wi' me gin ye like, Mattam.
 Had awa', had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald,
 Your Gallic and your Highland cheer
 Will ne'er gae down wi' me, Donald.

Fait ye's pe ket a filder protch,
 Be pigger as ta moon, Mattam,
 Ye's ride in curroch stead o' coach,
 And vow put ye'll be fine, Mattam.
 Had awa', had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald,
 For all your Highland rarities,
 You're not a match for me, Donald.

What's tis ta way tat ye'll be kind
 To a proddy man like me, Mattam?
 Sae lang claymore be po my side,
 I'll never marry thee, Mattam.

O come awa', come awa',
 O come awa' wi' me, Donald,
 I wadna quit my Highlandman,
 Frae Lallands fet me free, Donald.



RECITATIVE.

TO yonder beech's friendly shade,
 Repair, my Aura, lovely maid;
 And while our lambkins frolic make,
 Thy shepherd's treasure smiling take.

AIR.

Were to my wish thy temples bound,
 How India's gems should blaze around!
 Yet wishes are but idle breath;
 Accept, in lieu, a rosy wreath:
 Had I proud Persia at my beck,
 What gaudy robes my fair should deck!
 But as it is, vouchsafe to wear
 What once enwrapt my fleecy care.

Of burnish'd gold, or silver fair,
 Those feet of thine should sandals bear;
 But, all I have to offer now,
 The hide of Dap, thy fav'rite cow.
 Said Aura—sandals, robes, and crowns,
 Are slender proofs 'gainst fortune's frowns;
 We've health and ease—Is heaven scant?
 Here, take my hand—we've all we want.

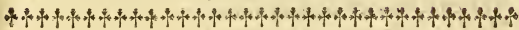


MY Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy.

His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy :
His shape is handsome, middle size,
He's stately in his wawking,
The shining of his een surprise,
'Tis heav'n to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he spake,
That set my heart a glowing.
He kifs'd and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony ;
That gars me like to sing finsyne,
O corn rigs are bonny.

Let maidens of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chafly should be granting.
Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
And syne my cockernony
He's free to touzle air or late,
Where corn rigs are bonny.



H A P P I N E S S.

Tune, *To all you Ladies now at Land.*

MY dearest maid, since you desire
To know what I wou'd wish,
What store of wealth I would require.
To gain true happiness ;
This faithful inventory take
Of all that life can ealy make.

Here

Here happy only are the few
 Who wish to live at home,
 Who never do extend their view
 Beyond their small income.
 An income which should ever be
 The fruit of honest industry.

A soul serene and free from fears,
 With no contentions vex'd,
 Nor yet with vain and anxious cares
 To be at all perplex'd.
 A body that's with health endow'd,
 An open temper, yet not rude.

A heart that's always circumspect,
 Unknowing to deceive,
 Yet ever wisely can reflect,
 Not easy to believe.
 As to my dress, let it be plain,
 Yet always neat without a stain.

A cleanly hearth and chearful fire
 To drive away the cold,
 A moderate glass one would require
 When merry tales are told :
 The company of an easy friend,
 My like in fortune and in mind.

Some shelves of books of the right kind,
 For knowledge and delight,
 Not intricate, nor interlin'd
 With narrow party spite :
 A garden fair, to paint me clear
 Nature's gradations through the year.

To give true relish to delight,
 A chaste and chearful wife,

With sweetest humour to unite
 Our hearts as long as life :
 Sound sleep, whose kind delusive turn
 Shall join the evening to the morn.

So would we live agreeably,
 And ever be content,
 To PROVIDENCE ay thankful be
 For all those blessings lent.
 O sovereign power ! but grant me this,
 No more I'll ask, no more I'll wish.



The Step-daughter's Relief.

Tune. *The Kirk wad let me be.*

I WAS anes a well tocher'd lass,
 My mither left dollars to me ;
 But now I'm brought to a poor pass,
 My step dame has gart them flee.
 My father he's aften frae hame,
 And she plays the deel with his gear ;
 She neither has lawtith nor shame,
 And keeps the hale house in a steer.

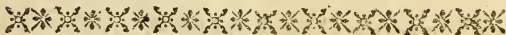
She's barmy-fac'd, thriftless and bauld,
 And gars me aft fret and repine ;
 While hungry, ha'f-naked and cauld,
 I see her destroy what's mine :
 But soon I might hope a revenge,
 And soon of my sorrows be free,
 My poortith to plenty wad change,
 If she were hung up on a tree.

Quoth

Quoth Ringan, wha langtime had loo'd
 This bonny lass tenderly,
 I'll take thee, sweet May, in thy snood,
 Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.
 'Tis only yoursell that I want,
 Your kindness is better to me
 Than a' that your step-mother, scant
 Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer it's true,
 And ye are the sprout of a laird;
 But I have milk cattle enow,
 And rowth of good rucks in my yard;
 Ye shall have naething to fash ye,
 Sax servants shall jouk to thee:
 Then kilt up thy coats, my lassie,
 And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reason employed,
 Not thinking the offer amis,
 Consented;—while Ringan o'erjoy'd,
 Receiv'd her with mony a kiss.
 And now she sits blythly singan,
 And joking her drunken step-dame,
 Delighted with her dear Ringan,
 That makes her good-wife at hame.



GENTLE heart, give over sighing;
 Cease to haunt the shady grove;
 Idly think no more of dying,
 Polly's pride has cur'd thy love.

Heav'nly reason, now direct me,
 From thy laws no more I'll rove;

Thy sweet pow'r shall now protect me,
'Gainst the fierce assaults of love.

Oh! I'm blushing at my folly,
When with ardent vows I strove
To instruct the heart of Polly
How to sigh, and how to love.

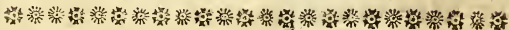
She, hard-hearted, haughty creature,
No endearing words cou'd move;
Cruel frowns fill'd ev'ry feature,
At each word and look of love.

But, thank heav'n, my folly ceases,
Sighs are from my bosom drove:
How the sweet reflection pleases,
Thus to live, and laugh at love!

Ah! what nymph is this way coming?
How majestic does she move!
Cheeks, like new-blown roses blooming;
Ah, my heart! beware of love.

Oh! 'tis Polly; but, amazing!
Smiles all o'er her beauties rove;
And her eyes, with transport gazing,
Fill'd with sweetness, fill'd with love.

Now she stands with arms extended,
By my passion I am drove;
Ev'ry pow'r of reason's ended;
Farewel reason, welcome love.



FAIR Aurora, prithee stay,
O retard unwelcome day:

Think what anguish rends my breast,
 Thus careſſing, thus careſt,
 From the idol of my heart
 Forc'd at thy approach to part.



Tune. *William and Margaret.*

OF Leic'ſter, fam'd for maidens fair,
 Bright Lucy was the grace;
 Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid ſtream
 Reflect ſo ſweet a face:

Till luckleſs love and pining care
 Impair'd her roſy hue,
 Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
 And eyes of gloſſy blue.

Oh! have you ſeen a lily pale,
 When beating rains deſcend?
 So droop'd the ſlow conſuming maid,
 Her life was near an end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring ſwains
 Take heed, ye eaſy fair;
 Of vengeance due to broken vows,
 Ye perjur'd ſwains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
 A bell was heard to ring;
 And, ſhreiking at her window thrice,
 The raven flap'd his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
 The ſolemn bodding ſound;

And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round.

“ I hear a voice you cannot hear,
“ Which says, I must not stay ;

“ I see a hand you cannot see,
“ Which beckons me away.

“ By a false heart and broken vows,
“ In early youth I die :

“ Was I to blame, because his bride
“ Was thrice as rich as I ?

“ Ah, Colin ! give not her thy vows,
“ Vows due to me alone ;

“ Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
“ Nor think him all thy own.

“ To-morrow, in the church to wed,
“ Impatient both prepare :

“ But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
“ That Lucy will be there.

“ Then bear my corse, my comrades, bear,
“ This bridegroom blythe to meet,

“ He in his wedding-trim so gay,
“ I in my winding-sheet.”

She spoke, she dy'd ; her corse was borne
The bridegroom blythe to meet ;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then, what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts !
How were these nuptials kept !
The bride's men flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

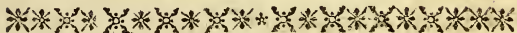
Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
 At once his bosom swell;
 The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
 He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (Ah bride no more!)
 The varying crimson fled,
 When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
 She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
 Convey'd by trembling swains,
 One mold with her, beneath one sod,
 For ever now remains.

Oft at his grave the constant hind
 And plighted maid are seen,
 With garlands gay, and true love-knots
 They deck the sacred green.

But, swain foresworn, who'er thou art,
 This hallow'd spot forbear;
 Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
 And fear to meet it here.

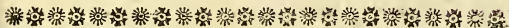


CUPID, god of pleasing anguish,
 Teach th' enamour'd swain to languish,
 Teach him fierce desires to know.
 Heroes would be lost in story,
 Did not love inspire their glory;
 Love does all that's great below.

YE shepherds, who, blest in your loves,
 Live strangers to sorrow and fear;
 O! pity a brother that proves
 The heart-breaking pangs of despair.
 What boots it my heifers and ewes
 All thriving and pregnant I find?
 Poor blessings, poor comforts are these,
 Since Peggy is false and unkind.

Bear witness, each fountain and vale,
 Bear witness, each garden and grove,
 How oft she has heard my fond tale,
 And smil'd on the suit of my love.
 But, oh cruel change that I find!
 The gentle is now grown severe,
 More cold than the north's chilling wind,
 That blaits the young buds of the year.

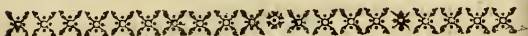
Range wildly, my flocks and my herds;
 Begone from your master, poor Tray;
 My pipe shall no more wake the birds,
 I'll break it, and fling it away.
 Some desert, all barren and bleak,
 Shall shield me from every eye;
 There, Peggy, I'll weep for thy sake,
 I'll weep, cruel maid, and I'll die.



IF love's a sweet passion, why does it torment?
 If a bitter, O tell me whence comes my complaint?
 Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
 Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain?
 Yet, so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
 That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my heart.

I grasp her hands gently, look languishing down,
 And by passionate silence I make my love known;
 But oh! how I'm blest'd, when so kind she does prove,
 By some willing mistake to discover her love;
 When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
 And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

How pleasing is beauty? how sweet are the charms?
 How delightful embraces? how peaceful her arms?
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love;
 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:
 And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield,
 For 'tis beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair field.



ALEXIS, a shepherd, young, constant and kind,
 Has often declar'd I'm the nymph to his mind:
 I think he's sincere, and he will not deceive;
 But they tell me a maid should with caution believe.

He brought me this rose that you see in my breast;
 He begg'd me to take it, and sigh'd out the rest:
 I cou'd not do less than the favour receive;
 And he thinks it now sweeter, I really believe.

This flow'ret, he cry'd, reads a lesson to you;
 How bright and how lovely it seems to the view!
 'Twould fade if not pluck'd, as your sense must
 conceive—
 I was forc'd to deny what I really believe.

My flocks he attends; if they stray from the plain,
 Alexis is sure ev'ry sheep to regain;
 Then begs, a dear kiss for his labour I'll give;
 And I ne'er shall refuse him, I really believe.

He plays on his pipe, while he watches my eyes;
 To read the soft wishes we're taught to disguise;
 And tells me sweet stories from morning to eve;
 Then he swears that he loves, which I really believe.

An old maid I once was determin'd to die;
 But that was before I'd this swain in my eye:
 And as soon as he asks me his pain to relieve,
 With joy I shall wed him, I really believe.



GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,
 Chloe seems inclin'd to rest,
 Fill her soul with fond desire,
 Softest notes will soothe her breast.
 Pleasing dreams assist in love;
 Let them all propitious prove.

On the mossy bank she lies,
 Nature's verdant velvet bed,
 Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
 Forming pillows for her head.
 Zephyrs waft their odours round,
 And indulging whispers sound.



MY dear mistress has a heart,
 Soft as these kind looks she gave me,
 When, with love's resistless art,
 And her eyes, she did enslave me;
 But her constancy's so weak,
 She's so wild and apt to wander,
 That my jealous heart would break,
 Shou'd we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
 Killing pleasures, wounding blisses ;
 She can dress her eyes in love,
 And her lips can arm with kisses ;
 Angels listen when she speaks ;
 She's my delight, all mankind's wonder ;
 But my jealous heart would break,
 Should we live one day afunder.



Tune. *Bush aboon Traquair.*

AT setting day, and rising morn,
 With soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return,
 With all that can improve thee.
 I'll visit oft the birken bush,
 Where first thou kindly told me
 Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
 Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
 By Greenwood-shaw or fountain ;
 Or where the summer-day I'd share
 With thee, upon yon mountain.
 There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender ;
 By vows you're mine, by love is your's
 A heart that cannot wander.



CHASTE Lucretia, when you left me,
 You of all things dear bereft me ;

The.

Tho' I show'd no discontent,
Grief is strongest, and the longest;
When too great to find a vent.

How much fiercer is the anguish,
When we most in secret languish!
Silent streams are deepest found;
Noisy grieving is deceiving,
Empty vessels make most sound.

Had I words that could reveal it,
Yet I wisely would conceal it;
Tho' the question be but fair;
Grief and merits, love and spirits
Always lose by taking air.

Guardian angels still defend you,
And celestial joys attend you;
Whilst I'm like the winter sun,
Faintly shining, and declining,
Till thy charming spring return.



THO' diamonds shine brighter than Phillis's eyes,
Tho' her cheeks are out-blush'd by the rose;
Tho' no flow'rets around her sweet steps deign to rise,
And her skin is not whiter than snows;
Tho' her voice is not sweeter than Philomel's lays,
Nor her lips with ambrosia distil;
Tho' the muses have never grown proud in her praise,
Nor Apollo hath envy'd her quill;
Yet her charms are as great as a woman can boast,
And her virtues are equal'd by few:
She's too good for a belle, she's too wise for a toast;
And I love her——ay, that's what I do.

Tune. *Sweet are the charms of her I love.*

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,
 The western cloud was edg'd with gold;
 The sky was clear, the winds were still,
 The flocks were penn'd within the fold;
 When, in the silence of a grove,
 Poor Damon thus despair'd of love.
 When, in the silence, &c.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose
 From the hard rock, or oozy beach;
 Who, from each weed that barren grows,
 Expects the grape, or downy peach,
 With equal faith may hope to find
 The truth of love in women-kind.

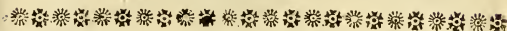
No flocks have I, or fleecy care,
 No fields that wave with golden grain,
 Nor meadows green, nor gardens fair,
 A woman's venal heart to gain;
 Then, all in vain, my sighs must prove,
 Whose whole estate, alas! is love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
 Since womens hearts are bought and sold?
 They ask no vows of sacred truth;
 Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold.
 Gold can the frowns of scorn remove—
 Thus I am scorn'd—who have but love.

To buy the gems of India's coast;
 What wealth, what riches can suffice?
 Yet India's shore could never boast
 The living lustre of her eyes;

For there the world too cheap must prove:
Can I then buy—who have but love?

Oh, Sylvia! since nor gems nor ore
Can with thy brighter self compare;
Be just, as fair, and value more
Than gems and ore, a heart sincere.
Let treasure meaner beauties move;
Who pays thy worth, must pay in love.



A Description of Spring-garden.

FLORA, goddesses sweetly blooming,
Ever airy, ever gay,
All her wonted charms resum'g,
To Spring-garden calls away.
With this blissful spot delighted,
Here the queen of May retreats;
Belles and beaux are all invited
To partake of vary'd sweets.

See a grand pavilion yonder,
Rising near embow'ring shades;
There a temple strikes with wonder,
In full view of colonades:
Art and nature, kindly lavish,
Here their mingled beauties yield;
Equal here the pleasures ravish
Of the court and of the field.

Hark! what heav'nly notes descending
Break upon the list'ning ear,
Music all its graces lending;
O, 'tis ecstasy to hear!

Nightingales

Nightingales the concert joining,
 Breathe their 'plaints in melting strains;
 Vanquish'd now, their groves resigning,
 Soon they fly to distant plains.
 Lo! what splendor round us darting,
 Swift illumine the charming scene;
 Chandeliers their lights imparting,
 Pour fresh beauties o'er the green.
 Glitt'ring lamps in order planted,
 Strike the eye with sweet surprize;
 Adam scarce was more enchanted,
 When he saw the sun first rise.

Now the various bands are seated,
 All dispos'd in bright array;
 Bus'ness o'er, and cares retreated,
 With gay mirth they close the day:
 'Thus, of old, the sons of pleasure
 Pass'd in shades their fav'rite hours;
 Nectar chearing their soft leisure,
 Bless'd by love, and crown'd with flow'rs.



The Farmer's Son.

SWEET Nelly, my heart's delight,
 Be loving, and do not slight
 The proffer I make, for modesty's sake,
 I honour your beauty bright;
 For love I profess, I can do no less,
 Thou hast my favour won:
 And since I see your modesty,
 I pray agree, and fancy me,
 Tho' I'm but a farmer's son.

No, I am a lady gay,
 'Tis very well known I may
 Have men of renown in country and town,
 Sir Roger without delay.
 Court Bridget, or Sue, Kate, Nanny, or Prue,
 Their loves will soon be won ;
 But don't ye dare to speak me fair,
 As tho' I were at my last pray'r,
 To marry a farmer's son.

My father has riches in store,
 Two hundred a year and more,
 Besides sheep and cows, carts, harrows and plows,
 His age is above threescore :
 And when he gives way, then merrily I
 Shall have what he has won ;
 Both land and kine, and all shall be thine,
 If thou'lt incline, and wilt be mine,
 And marry a farmer's son.

A fig for your cattle and corn,
 Your proffer'd love I scorn ;
 'Tis known very well, my name is Nell,
 And you're but a bumpkin born.
 Well, since it is so, away I will go,
 And I hope no harm is done :
 Farewel, adieu, I hope to woo
 As good as you, and win her too,
 Tho' I'm but a farmer's son.

Be not in such haste, quoth she,
 Perhaps we may still agree :
 For, man, I protest, I was but in jest,
 Come, pr'ythee sit down by me ;
 For thou art the man that verily can
 Perform what must be done,

Both straight and tall, genteel withal,
 Therefore I shall be at your call
 To marry a farmer's son.

Dear Nelly, believe me now,
 I solemnly swear and vow,
 No lords in their lives take pleasure in their wives,
 Like fellows that drive the plow.
 For whatever they gain with labour and pain,
 They don't to harlots run
 As courtiers do; I never knew
 A London beau that cou'd outdo
 A country farmer's son.



The faithful Lover.

HAD I but the wings of a dove,
 Enraptur'd, I'd hasten away,
 And quickly repair to my love,
 Whose beauties enliven the day.
 Bring soon from the hamlets again,
 Ye Gods, her I ask for my wife;
 Without her I'm ever in pain,
 And relish no pleasure in life.

Ah! cruel decree of hard fate,
 To keep me so long from my fair,
 Come, pity my desolate state,
 And banish all thoughts of despair:
 With her, oh! what scenes I enjoy,
 Of mirth and good-humour all day,
 Such blessings as never will cloy,
 Nor cease, till our souls leave the clay.

BACCHUS and ARIADNE. A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

THE faithless Theseus scarce had got on board,
 When Ariadne wak'd, and miss'd her Lord:
 Sudden she rose, and to the beach she flew,
 And saw his vessel less'ning to her view:
 She smote her breast, she rav'd and tore her hair;
 Then, in soft plaints, she vented her despair.

AIR.

Ah! Theseus, Theseus; stay!
 Cease, cease, ye winds, to blow;
 Kind Neptune, cease to flow,
 Nor waft my love away!

Ah! whither wilt thou go?
 Could I have serv'd thee so?

Ah! Theseus, faithless Theseus, tell me why
 You fly from her who gave thee pow'r to fly?

RECITATIVE.

The jolly God who rules the jovial bowl,
 Bacchus, whose gifts re-animate the soul,
 Heard and beheld poor Ariadne's grief,
 And gently thus administer'd relief.

AIR.

Cease, lovely nymph, to weep,
 Wipe off that falling tear;
 Tho' Theseus plow the deep,
 You've still a lover here:

I am Bacchus, god of wine,
 God of revelry and joy;

If Ariadne will be mine,
 Mirth shall ev'ry hour employ.

Come, Silenus, fill a cup
 Of my choicest cordial draught;

Fill it, man, why fill it up ;
 'Twill banish ev'ry gloomy thought :
 Fill it higher, to the brink ;
 Come, my lovely mourner, drink !

RECITATIVE.

With soft reluctance she at last comply'd,
 And to her lips the nectar'd cup apply'd ;
 The potent draught with more than magic art,
 Flew thro' her veins, and seiz'd her yielding heart :
 In wine ambrosial all her cares were drown'd,
 And with success the jovial God was crown'd ;
 While old Silenus, as he reel'd along,
 Thus entertain'd them with this frolic song.

AIR.

Learn hence, ye fond maidens, who droop and who pine ;
 Learn hence, ye fond lovers, the virtue of wine :
 Let the nymph, who's forsaken, for one that's more fair ;
 Take a comforting glass, and 'twill drown all despair ;
 And let the fond youth, who wou'd win the coy maid,
 Instead of his Cupid's, seek Bacchus's aid.
 Jolly Bacchus ne'er fails of performing his part ;
 Let him gain the head, and you'll soon gain the heart.



THE tempest now began to cease,
 Serene the sky appear'd,
 The winds and waves were all at peace,
 Not the least noise was heard.

Adorn'd with each refulgent ray,
 The setting sun was seen,
 And o'er the surface of the sea
 Diffus'd a golden gleam.

When

When Silvia to the shore retir'd,
 Dejected laid along,
 Thus sung what love and grief inspir'd,
 While rocks repeat the song:

O were this calm, this lucid scene
 An emblem of my breast;
 O! would the tempest cease within,
 I might again be blest.

But man, vain, wicked, faithless man
 Has robb'd my soul of peace;
 With flatt'ry first the wretch began
 To won my heart with ease.

I, foolish I, his vows believ'd,
 And thought them all sincere;
 Be not, ye fair, by man deceiv'd,
 Oh! trust not what they swear.

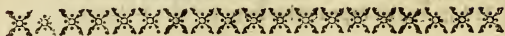
They smile, they weep, they sigh, they pray,
 Wit, eloquence they use,
 And ev'ry art for to betray,
 And our fond sex abuse.

This I have found,—but oh! too late,
 Too late for my repose;
 For now I would, but cannot hate
 The author of my woes.

Still in my breast the tyrant reigns,
 And still he triumphs there;
 Thus, thus oppress'd with endless pains,
 What can I but despair?

Then rising, hopeless of relief,
 Nor ling'ring long she stood,

Death, death, she cry'd, shall end my grief,
And plung'd into the flood.



Tune. *Yellow-hair'd Laddie.*

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go (grow.
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn-trees

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves, ev'ning and morn;
He sang with so soft and inchanting a sound,
That Sylvans and Fairies unseen danç'd around.

The shepherd thus sung; tho' young Madie be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air;
But Susie is handsome, and sweetly can sing;
Her breath's like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Madie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was unconstant, and never spoke truth:
But Susie is faithful, good-humour'd and free,
And fair as the goddesses who sprung from the sea:

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour:
Then, sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress should be.



AT Polwart on the green
If you'll meet me the morn,

Where

Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,
 That feed upon the mountains steep,
 Bleating sweetly as ye go
 Through the winter's frost and snow;
 Hart, and hynd and fallow deer,
 No be ha'f so useful are;
 Frae kings, to him that had the plow,
 Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

Up, ye shepherds, dance and skip,
 O'er the hills and valleys trip,
 Sing up the praise of tarry woo,
 Sing the flocks that bear it too:
 Harmless creatures, without blame,
 That clead the back, and cram the wame,
 Keep us warm and hearty fou;
 Leese me on the tarry woo.

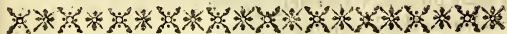
How happy is a shepherd's life,
 Far frae courts, and free of strife,
 While the gimmers bleet and bae,
 And the lambkins answer mae:
 No such music to his ear,
 Of thief or fox he has no fear;
 Sturdy kent, and colly too,
 Well defend the tarry woo.

He lives content, and envies none,
 Not even a monarch on his throne,
 Tho' he the royal scepter sways,
 Has not sweeter holy-days.
 Who'd be a king, can ony tell,
 Whan a shepherd sings sae well,
 Sings sae well, and pays his due,
 With honest heart and tarry woo.

Tune. *The Boatman.*

YE gentle winds that fan the sea,
 And wave the fragrant bow'r,
 Bear hence my sighs, and haste to me
 The swain whom I adore.
 In vain fair Flora spreads her charms,
 O'er ev'ry hill and vale,
 While absent from my longing arms,
 Is Roger of the dale.

Let wanton nymphs and swains employ
 In sensual love their days;
 While I my darling youth enjoy,
 In virtue's smiling rays:
 Take all the false delights of courts,
 Each glitt'ring beau and belle;
 Give me, with harmless rural sports,
 My Roger of the dale.



RECITATIVE.

THE god Vertumnus lov'd Pomona fair,
 A nymph that made the orchard's growth her care,
 Nor thought of love.—A thousand shâpes he tries,
 But all in vain, to please the virgin's eyes:
 At length, a matron's sober form he wears,
 Furrow'd with age, and crown'd with silver hairs;
 Enters, with tott'ring step, the silent grove,
 And thus attempts to warm her heart with love.

AIR.

What beauteous scenes enchant my sight!
 How closely yonder vine

Does

Does round that helm's supporting height
 Her wanton ringlets twine!
 That elm (no more a barren shade)
 Is with her clusters crown'd;
 And that fair vine, without his aid,
 Had crept along the ground.

Let this, my fair one, move thy heart
 Connubial joys to prove,
 Yet mark what age and care impart,
 Nor thoughtless rush on love:
 Know thy own bliss, and joy to hear
 Vertumnus loves thy charms,
 The youthful God that rules the year,
 And keeps thy groves from harms:

While some with short-liv'd passion glow,
 His love remains the same;
 On him alone thy heart bestow,
 And crown his constant flame:
 So shall no frost's untimely pow'r
 Deform the blooming spring;
 So shall thy trees, from blasts secure,
 Their wonted tribute bring.

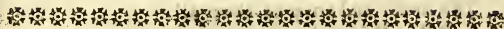
RECITATIVE.

In vain he pleaded; but at length resum'd
 His own bright form, where youth celestial bloom'd;
 Around his temples blush'd a roseate wreath,
 His golden locks luxuriant wav'd beneath:
 The wond'ring nymph this pleasing change survey'd,
 Till, by degrees, her former scorn decay'd,
 Her heart dissolv'd----A soft unknown desire
 She felt, and, fighting, own'd a mutual fire.

When

AIR.

When youth and kind occasion press,
 And love appears in beauty's dress,
 What nymph but must comply?
 But rigid rules, and council sage,
 The weak efforts of wither'd age,
 Alas! in vain we try.



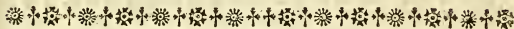
DAMON'S WISH.

IF flatt'ring love, if wild despair
 Should triumph o'er a virgin's breast,
 The rushing tides would storms raise there,
 The ragged floods destroy her rest.

Innocence, thou unerring guide,
 Conduct us to some pleasant grove,
 Where we in safety may abide,
 To perfect all the joys of love.

Near some cool bank, near hillocks green,
 Far distant from the gaudy train;
 Where silence dwells, and joy serene,
 Where bliss surrounds the happy twain.

Welcome would be that rural scene
 Where rolling rivers run between;
 Welcome would be that spot of ground
 Where wand'ring willows circle round.



WHEN Britain first at heav'n's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 Arose from out the azure main,

This

This was the charter, the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung this strain;
 Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves
 Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so bless'd as thee,
 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
 As the loud blast that tears the skies,
 Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
 All their attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 But work their woe, and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And ev'ry shore it circles thine.

The muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair;
 Blest isle! with beauty matchless crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.



DEAR Chloe, while thus beyond measure
 You treat me with doubts and disdain,
 You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
 And hoard up an old age of pain;

Your

Your maxim, that love is still founded
 On charms that will quickly decay,
 You'll find to be very ill grounded,
 When once you its dictates obey.

The love that from beauty is drawn,
 By kindness you ought to improve;
 Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,
 Fruition the sun-shine of love.
 And tho' the bright beams of your eyes,
 Should be clouded that now are so gay,
 And darkness obscure all the skies,
 You ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
 You have often regarded with wonder,
 He's dropsical, she is dim-ey'd,
 Yet they're ever uneasy afunder:
 Together they totter about,
 Or sit in the sun at the door;
 And, at night, when old Darby's pot's out,
 His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

No beauty nor wit they possess,
 Their several failings to cover;
 Then, what are the charms, can you guess,
 That make them so fond of each other?
 'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
 The endearments that youth did bestow,
 The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
 The best of our blessings below.

Those traces for ever will last,
 No sickness or time can remove:
 For when youth and beauty are past,
 And age brings the winter of love,

A friendship insensibly grows,
 By reviews of such raptures as these;
 The current of fondness still flows,
 Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.



RECITATIVE.

ON fam'd Arcadia's flow'ry plains
 The gay Pastora once was heard to sing;
 Close by a fountain's crystal spring,
 She warbled out her merry strains.

AIR.

Shepherds, wou'd ye hope to please us,
 You must ev'ry humour try,
 Sometimes flatter, sometimes tease us,
 Often laugh, and sometimes die:
 Soft denials
 Are but trials,
 You must follow when we fly;
 Shepherds, would ye hope to please us,
 You must ev'ry humour try.

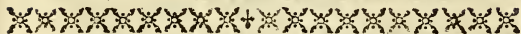
RECITATIVE.

Damon, who long ador'd this sprightly maid,
 Yet never durst his love relate,
 Resolv'd at last to try his fate:
 He sigh'd, he smil'd, he kneel'd and pray'd——
 She frown'd, he rose and walk'd away;
 But soon returning, look'd more gay,
 And sung, and danc'd, and on his pipe a chearful air
 he play'd.

AIR.

Pastora fled t'a shady grove;
 Damon view'd her,
 And pursu'd her;

Cupid laugh'd, and crown'd his love :
 The nymph look'd back — well pleas'd to see
 That Damon ran as fast as she.



BY a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay,
 Be so kind, O ye nymphs, I oft-times heard her
 Tell Strephon I die, if he passes this way, (say,
 And that love is the cause of my mourning.
 False shepherds, that tell me of beauty and charms,
 You deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never warms;
 Yet bring me this Strephon, let me die in his arms,
 Oh Strephon ! the cause of my mourning.
 But first, said she, let me go
 Down to the shades below,
 Ere ye let Strephon know
 That I have lov'd him so :

Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show
 That love was the cause of my mourning.

Her eyes were scarce clos'd when Strephon came by,
 He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh ;
 But finding her breathless, oh heavens ! did he cry,
 Ah Chloris ! the cause of my mourning.

Restore me my Chloris, ye nymphs, use your art ;
 They sighing, reply'd, 'twas yourself shot the dart,
 That wounded the tender young shepherdess' heart,
 And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.

Ah then is Chloris dead,
 Wounded by me ! he said ;
 I'll follow thee, chaste maid,
 Down to the silent shade.

Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head,
 Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.

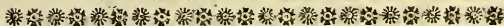
NO glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me ;
The one thing I beg of kind heaven to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.

With passions unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square ;
The wants of my nature are cheaply supply'd,
And the rest are but folly and care.

The blessings which providence freely has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize,
While sweet meditation, and chearful content,
Shall make me both healthy and wise.

In the pleasures the great men's possessions display,
Unenvy'd I'll challenge my part ;
For ev'ry fair object my eyes can survey,
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, thro' infinite trouble and strife,
The many their labours employ,
Since all that is truly delightful in life,
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.



RECITATIVE.

MARCUS the young, the noble, and the brave,
To camps inur'd and deeds of arms,
Struck with the force of beauty's charms,
Now falls the fair Lucinda's slave.
No more he seeks the hostile plain,
But to the solitary grove
(The soft retreat of peace and love)
In gentle murmurs breathes his pain ;

And

And thus, with suppliant voice and broken sighs,
The hero su'd the beauty of the skies.

AIR.

Teach a young unskilful lover
Those soft arts that charm the fair ;
Teach me, Venus, how to move her,
How my raging pain declare.

RECITATIVE.

The Goddess listen'd to his pray'r,
She saw him languish and despair ;
Then downward thro' the lucid skies,
She bade her iv'ry chariot roll,
And, whilst soft pity fill'd her eyes,
Thus sooth'd the anguish of his soul.

AIR.

Be pleasant, be airy, and constantly praise
The force of her wit, and the charms of her face,
Commend ev'ry feature, each beauty display ;
With pleasure she'll listen to all you can say :
Let her humour and taste be the road you pursue,
And the love of herself will insure her to you.



MY Delia, unveil those bright eyes,
And view the delights of the spring ;
The sun has illumin'd the skies,
The sky-lark is now on the wing :
The shepherds their cottages leave,
And Zephyr soft gales does disclose ;
Then some of the odours receive,
Which Flora now kindly bestows.

Tho' beauties around me do throng,
 And flowers now gayly appear,
 Regardless I still pass along,
 They charm not till Delia appear :
 Then beauteous Delia arise,
 And haste with your Strephon away,
 Inspect both the earth and the skies,
 The wonders of nature survey.



ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow-swains,
 Their rural sports and jocund strains ;
 (Heav'n guard us all from Cupid's bow) ;
 He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
 And, wand'ring thro' the lonely rocks,
 He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came ;
 His grief some pity, others blame ;
 The fatal cause all kindly seek.
 He mingled his concern with theirs,
 He gave them back their friendly tears ;
 He sigh'd, but could not speak.

Clorinda came amongst the rest,
 And she, too, kind concern express'd,
 And ask'd the reason of his woe :
 She ask'd ; but with an air and mien,
 As made it easily be seen,
 She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head,
 And will you pardon me, he said,
 While I the cruel truth reveal ;
 Which nothing from my breast should tear,
 Which never should offend your ear,
 But that you bid me tell ?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
 Since you appear'd upon the plain;
 You are the cause of all my care:
 Your eyes ten thousand daggers dart;
 Ten thousand torments vex my heart;
 I love, and I despair.

Too much, Alexis, I have heard:
 'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd;
 And yet I pardon you, she cry'd.
 But you shall promise, ne'er again
 To breathe your vows, or speak your pain.
 He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.



YOUNG Roger of the mill,
 One morning very soon,
 Put on his best apparel,
 New hose and clouted shoon;
 And he a-wooing came
 To bonny buxome Nell,
 Dear las, cries he, cou'dst fancy me?
 I like thee wondrous well.

My horses I have drest,
 And gi'en them corn and hay,
 Put on my best apparel;
 And having come this way,
 Let's sit and chat a while
 With thee, my bonny Nell,
 Dear las, cries he, cou'dst fancy me,
 I'll like thy person well.

Young Roger, you're mistaken,
 The damsel then reply'd,

I'm not in such a haste
 To be a plowman's bride ;
 Know I then live in hopes
 To marry a farmer's son :
 If it be so, says Hodge, I'll go ;
 Sweet mistress, I have done.

Your horses you have dress'd,
 Good Hodge, I heard you say,
 Put on your best apparel ;
 And being come this way,
 Come sit and chat a while.
 O no indeed, not I,
 I'll neither wait, nor sit, nor prat,
 I've other fish to fry.

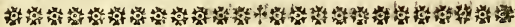
Go take your farmer's son,
 With all my honest heart :
 What tho' my name be Roger,
 That goes at plow and cart ?
 I need not tarry long,
 I soon may gain a wife,
 There's buxome Joan, it is well known,
 She loves me as her life.

Pray what of buxome Joan ?
 Can't I please you as well ?
 For she has ne'er a penny,
 And I am buxome Nell ;
 And I have fifty shillings.
 The money made him smile :
 Oh then my dear, I'll draw a chair,
 And chat with thee a while.

Within the space of half an hour
 This couple a bargain struck,

Hoping

Hoping that with their money
 They both wou'd have good luck.
 To your fifty I've forty,
 With which a cow we'll buy ;
 We'll join our hands in wedlock bands,
 Then who but you and I ?



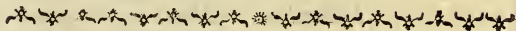
Valentine's-Day.

WHEN blufhes dy'd the cheek of morn,
 And dew-drops gliften'd on the thorn ;
 When fky-larks tun'd their carols fweet,
 To hail the god of light and heat ;
 Philander, from his downy bed,
 To fair Lifetta's chamber fped,
 Crying—Awake, fweet love of mine,
 I'm come to be thy Valentine !

Soft love, that balmy fleep denies,
 Had long unveil'd her brilliant eyes,
 Which (that a kifs fhe might obtain)
 She artfully had clos'd again :
 He fank, thus caught in beauty's trap,
 Like Phœbus into Thetis' lap,
 And near forgot that his defign
 Was but to be her Valentine.

She, ftarting, cry'd---I am undone !
 Philander, charming youth, be gone !
 For this time, to your vows fincere,
 Make virtue, not your love, appear :
 No fleep has clos'd thefe watchful eyes
 (Forgive the fimple fond difguife) ;
 To gen'rous thoughts your heart incline,
 And be my faithful Valentine.

The brutal passion sudden fled,
 Fair honour govern'd in its stead,
 And both agreed, ere setting sun,
 To join two virtuous hearts in one :
 Their beauteous offspring soon did prove
 The sweet effects of mutual love ;
 And, from that hour, to life's decline,
 She blest'd the day of Valentine.



Tune, Sweet are the charms of her I love.

WHEREVER, Damon, thou shalt rove,
 O keep me ever in your mind ;
 If walking through some shady grove,
 Or on a sunny bank reclin'd,
 Still let my faithful image be
 Among the shades retir'd with thee.
 Still let my faithful image be, &c.

Think when, beneath the spreading trees,
 You listen to the whisp'ring breeze,
 How with soft sighs my bosom heaves,
 When I lament my ruin'd peace ;
 Calm are my tears, as silent show'rs,
 Or dews that hang on painted flow'rs.

Or if you wander where some brook
 Does o'er the pebbles murm'ring flow,
 As on the flowing stream you look,
 Think how I weep, oppress'd with woe ;
 And should the current want supplies,
 I could recruit it from my eyes.

White, perch'd upon the pointed thorn,
 The nightingale renews her strain,

Let it remind you how forlorn,
 When you are absent, I complain ;
 Or should you hear the widow'd dove,
 Think I, like her, lament my love.

When you behold the setting ray
 Tremble beneath the western sky,
 The solemn gloom of closing day
 May represent me to your eye ;
 For languid as departing light
 Am I when absent from your sight.



WOULD fate to me Belinda give,
 With her alone I'd chuse to live,
 Variety I'd ne'er require,
 Nor a greater, nor a greater,
 Nor a greater bliss desire.

My charming nymph, if you can find,
 Amongst the race of human kind,
 A man that loves you more than I,
 I'll resign you, I'll resign you,
 I'll resign you, tho' I die.

Let my Belinda fill my arms,
 With all her beauty, all her charms ;
 With scorn and pity I'd look down
 On the glories, on the glories,
 On the glories of a crown.



THE shepherd's plain life,
 Without guilt, without strife,

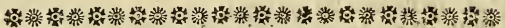
Can only true blessings impart:
 As nature directs,
 That bliss he expects
 From health, and from quiet of heart.

Vain grandeur and pow'r,
 Those joys of an hour,
 Tho' mortals are toiling to find;
 Can titles or show
 Contentment bestow?
 All happiness dwells in the mind.

Behold the gay rose,
 How lovely it grows,
 Secure in the depth of the vale.
 Yon oak, that on high
 Aspires to the sky,
 Both lightning and tempests assail.

DUETTO.

Then let us the snare
 Of ambition beware,
 That source of vexation and smart;
 And sport on the glade,
 Or repose in the shade,
 With health, and with quiet of heart.



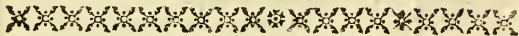
Tune, *The Banks of Forth.*

SAY, Chloe, by what powerful art
 A glowing flame you do impart,
 Through every breast, when 'tis well known,
 Snow is no colder than your own.

It gives th' admiring world surprize,
 To find that love, which from those eyes
 Wounds thousands with unerring dart,
 Should prove a stranger to thy heart.

Through various climates I have rov'd,
 And various beauties seen unmov'd ;
 My heart reserv'd for thee alone,
 I saw, I lov'd, and was undone.

But yet so pleasant was the pain,
 With pride I hugg'd the fatal chain ;
 Nor would I, though I could be free,
 But live a captive still to thee.



YOUNG Roger came tapping at Dolly's window,
 Thumpaty, thumpaty, thump.

He begg'd for admittance, she answer'd him, No,
 Glumpaty, glumpaty, glump.

My Dolly, my dear, your true love is here,
 Dumpaty, dumpaty, dump :

No, no, Roger, no, as you came you may go,
 Slumpaty, slumpaty, slump.

Oh what is the reason, dear Dolly, he cry'd,
 Humpaty, humpaty, hump,

That thus I'm cast off, and unkindly deny'd ?
 Trumpaty, trumpaty, trump :

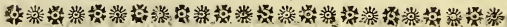
Some rival more dear, I guess has been here,
 Crumpaty, crumpaty, crump.

Suppose there's been two, sir, pray what's that to you,
 Numpaty, numpaty, nump.

Oh ! then with a sad look his farewell he took,
 Humpaty, humpaty, hump,

And all in despair he leap'd into the brook,
 Plumpaty, plumpaty, plump.
 His courage he cool'd, he found himself fool'd,
 Mumpaty, mumpaty, mump ;
 He swam to the shore, and saw Dolly no more,
 Rumpaty, rumpaty, rump.

Oh ! then she recall'd, and recall'd him again,
 Humpaty, humpaty, hump ;
 Whilst he like a madman ran over the plain,
 Slumpaty, flumpaty, slump,
 Determin'd to find a damsel more kind,
 Plumpaty, plumpaty, plump ;
 While Dolly's afraid she must die an old maid,
 Mumpaty, mumpaty, mump.



YE fair, who shine thro' Britain's isle,
 And triumph o'er the heart ;
 For once attentive be a while
 To what I now impart.
 Would you obtain the youth you love,
 The precepts of a friend approve,
 And learn the way to keep him.

As soon as nature has decreed
 The bloom of eighteen years,
 And Isabel from school is freed,
 Then beauty's force appears ;
 The youthful blood begins to flow,
 She hopes for man, and longs to know
 The surest way to keep him.

When first the pleasing pain is felt
 Within the lover's breast ;

And you by strange persuasions melt,
 Each wishing to be blest ;
 Be not too bold, nor yet too coy,
 With prudence lure the happy boy,
 And that's the way to keep him.

At court, at ball, at park, or play,
 Assume a modest pride ;
 And, lest your tongue your mind betray,
 In fewer words confide :
 The maid, who thinks to gain a mate
 By giddy chat, will find too late,
 That's not the way to keep him.

In dressing ne'er the hours kill,
 That bane to all the sex ;
 Nor let the arts of dear Spadille
 Your innocence perplex.
 Be always decent as a bride ;
 By virtuous rules your reason guide ;
 For that's the way to keep him.

But when the nuptial knot is fast,
 And both its blessings share,
 To make those joys for ever last,
 Of jealousy beware ;
 His love with kind compliance meet ;
 Let constancy the work complete,
 And you'll be sure to keep him.



Tune. *To danton me.*

GRANT me, ye gods, who rule above,
 Ye guardian powers of virtuous love;

In some retir'd and sweet retreat;
 Far from th' ambitious and the great;
 With sweet Melinda in my arms,
 Possess'd of all her heav'nly charms,
 To pass the fleeting hours of life
 Far from the noisy scenes of strife.

No anxious thoughts should then controul
 The gentle calmness of my soul;
 No cares deprive my mind of rest,
 Nor tear Melinda from my breast.
 Could I, thou creature all divine,
 Could I but call Melinda mine,
 Then happy, happy would I be,
 Retir'd from all the world but thee.

When time's soft moments pass away,
 And love employs each chearful day,
 With just disdain I would look down
 On all the splendor of a crown.
 And when the fates should call me hence
 To purest climes, remote from sense,
 Content I'd bless the moments past,
 And in thy arms breathe out my last.



WHEN I to sleep incline my mind,
 Chloe is painted there unkind;
 When I complain she bids me add more,
 And when I sigh, she cries, *encore*.
 And when I sigh, &c.

Oh, Venus! take her soon to task,
 Make her like me, 'tis all I ask;

Make

Make her like me, to sigh evermore,
 And in my turn I'll cry, *encore*.
 And in my turn, &c.



I'LL sing to my lover all night and all day,
 He's ever good-natur'd, and frolic and gay;
 His voice is as sweet as the nightingale's lay,
 And well on his bag-pipe my shepherd can play;
 And a bonny young lad is my Jocky.

He says that he loves me, I'm witty and fair,
 And praises my eyes, my lips and my hair,
 Rose, violet nor lily with me can compare;
 If this be to flatter, 'tis pretty, I swear.

He kneel'd at my feet, and with many a sigh,
 He, cry'd, O my dear, will you never comply,
 If you mean to destroy me, why, say it, I'll die;
 I trembled all over, and answer'd, not I.

Around the tall May-pole he dances so neat,
 And sonnets of love the dear boy can repeat;
 He's constant, he's valiant, he's wise and discreet,
 His looks are so kind, and his kisses so sweet.
 And a bonny young lad is my Jocky.



Tune. *Grim-King of Ghosts.*

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
 A shepherd forsaken was laid;
 And, while a false nymph was his theme,
 A willow supported his head.

The wind that blew over the plain,
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
 And the brook, in return to his pain,
 Ran mournfully murm'ring by.

Alas! silly swain that I was,
 Thus, sadly complaining, he cry'd,
 When first I beheld that fair face,
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
 She talk'd, and I bless'd her dear tongue;
 When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great:
 I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
 Was nightingale ever so sweet?

How foolish was I to believe
 She could doat on so lowly a clown;
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
 To forsake the fine folk of the town?
 To think that a beauty so gay,
 So kind and so constant would prove;
 Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
 Or live in a cottage on love?

What though I have skill to complain,
 Though the muses my temples have crown'd;
 What though, when they hear my soft strain,
 The virgins sit weeping around;
 Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
 Thy fair one inclines to a swain,
 Whose music is sweeter than thine.

All you, my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false maid.

Though

Though thro' the wide world I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
 'Twas her's to be false and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If, while my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found;
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground.
 The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shed me with cypress and yew;
 And, when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array;
 Be finest at every fine show,
 And frolic it all the long day:
 While Colin, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talk'd of, or seen;
 Unless, when beneath the pale moon,
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

THE ANSWER.

YE winds to whom Colin complains,
 In dittays so sad and so sweet,
 Believe me the shepherd but feigns,
 He's wretched to show he has wit.
 No charmer like Colin can move,
 And this is some pretty new art;
 Ah! Colin's a juggler in love,
 And likes to play tricks with my heart.

When he will, he can sigh and look pale,
 Seem doleful, and alter his face;

Can tremble, and breathe out his tale ;
 Ah ! Colin has every pace.
 The willow my rover prefers
 To the breast where he once begg'd to lie ;
 And the streams that he swells with his tears,
 Are rivals, belov'd more than I.

His head my fond bosom would bear,
 And my heart would soon beat him to rest :
 Let the swain that is slighted despair ;
 But Colin is only in jest.
 No death the deceiver designs,
 Let the maid that is ruin'd despair ;
 For Colin but dies in his lines,
 And gives himself that modish air.

Can shepherds, bred far from the court,
 So wittily talk of their flame ?
 Ah ! Colin makes passion his sport ;
 Beware of so fatal a game.
 My voice of no music can boast,
 Nor my person of ought that is fine ;
 But Colin may find, to his cost,
 A face that is fairer than mine.

Ah ! then I will break my lov'd crook,
 To thee I'll bequeath all my sheep,
 And die in the much favour'd brook,
 Where Colin does now sit and weep.
 Then mourn the sad fate that you gave,
 In sonnets so smooth and divine :
 Perhaps I may rise from my grave,
 To hear such soft music as thine.

Of the violet, daisy and rose,
 The hearts-ease, the lily and pink,

Let thy fingers a garland compose,
 And crown'd with the rivulet's brink:
 How oft, my dear swain, did I swear?
 How much my fond soul did admire.
 Thy verses, thy shape, and thy air,
 Tho' deck'd in thy rural attire.

Your sheep-hook you rul'd with such art,
 That all your small subjects obey'd;
 And still you reign'd king of this heart,
 Whose passion you falsely upbraid.
 How often, my swain, have I said,
 That thy arms were a palace to me?
 And how well I could live in a shade,
 Tho' adorn'd with nothing but thee?

Oh! what are the sparks of the town,
 Tho' never so fine and so gay!
 I freely would leave beds of down,
 For thy breast and a bed of new hay;
 Then, Colin, return once again,
 Again make me happy in love;
 Let me find thee a faithful true swain,
 And as constant a nymph I will prove.



THE SCULLION.

BY the side of a great kitchen fire
 A scullion so hungry was laid,
 A pudding was all his desire;
 A kettle supported his head.
 The hogs that were fed by the house,
 To his sigh with a grunt did reply;
 And the gutter that car'd not a louse,
 Ran mournfully muddily by.

But

But when it was set in a dish,
 Thus, sadly complaining, he cry'd,
 My mouth it does water and wish,
 I think it had better been fry'd ;
 The butter around it was spread,
 'Twas as great as a Prince in his chair ;
 O ! might I but eat it, he said,
 'The proof of the pudding lies there.

How foolish was I to believe
 It was made for so homely a clown,
 Or that it would have a reprieve
 From the dainty fine folks of the town ?
 Could I think that a pudding so fine
 Would ever uneaten remove ?
 We labour that others may dine,
 And live in a kitchen on love.

What though at the fire I have wrought,
 Where puddings we boil and we fry ;
 Though part of it hither be brought,
 And none of it ever set by :
 Ah, Colin ! thou must not be first,
 Thy knife and thy trencher resign ;
 There's Marg'ret will eat till she burst,
 And her turn is sooner than mine.

All you, my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me so pale,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear at a pudding to rail :
 Though I should through all the rooms rove,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to go ;
 'Tis its fate to be eaten above,
 'Tis mine still to want it below.

If, while my hard fate I sustain,
 In your breasts any pity be found,
 Ye servants that earliest dine,
 Come, see how I lie on the ground;
 Then hang up a pan and a pot,
 And sorrow to see how I dwell,
 And say, when you grieve at my lot,
 Poor Colin lov'd pudding too well.

Then back to your meat you may go,
 Which you set in your dishes so prim,
 Where sauce in the middle does flow,
 And flowers are strew'd round the brim;
 Whilst Colin, forgotten and gone,
 By the hedges shall disfinally rove,
 Unless, when he sees the round moon,
 He thinks on a pudding above.



O How Peggy charms me;
 Ev'ry look still warms me;
 Ev'ry thought alarms me,
 Lest I lose my fair:
 Sure a finer creature
 Ne'er was form'd by nature,
 So complete each feature,
 So divine an air.

When I hope to gain her,
 Fate seems to detain her;
 Could I but obtain her,
 Her alone I've chose:
 And, since love inspires me,
 As her beauty fires me,
 And her absence tires me,
 To 'er breast I'll vent my woes.

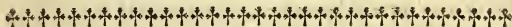
I WENT to see my dear, but she
 No sooner saw my face,
 Than in disdain she turn'd away,
 And left me in amaze.

I follow'd, ask'd her what might be
 The cause she us'd me so:
 She look'd upon me fullenly,
 And, pouting, bid me go.

Pox take your jilting-tricks, said I,
 Have I this scorn deserv'd?
 Have I done aught? if not, then why
 Am I thus basely serv'd?

All in a rage, I curs'd and swore
 To turn my love to hate;
 Resolv'd that I would never more
 Come near the base ingrate.

At that she cast a tempting smile,
 And shew'd me such new charms;
 I stood to think upon't a while,
 Then fled into her arms.



SURE a lass in her bloom, at the age of nineteen,
 Was ne'er so distress'd as of late I have been;
 I know not, I vow, any harm I have done;
 But my mother oft tells me she'll have me a nun.
 But my mother oft tells me, &c.

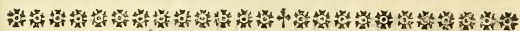
Don't you think it a pity a girl such as I,
 Should be sentenc'd to pray, and to fast and to cry?
 With

With ways so devout I'm not like to be won,
And my heart it loves frolic too well for a nun, &c.

To hear the men flatter, and promise, and swear,
Is a thousand times better to me, I declare ;
I can keep myself chaste, nor by wiles be undone ;
Nay, besides, I'm too handsome, I think, for a nun, &c.

Not to love, or be lov'd, oh ! I never can bear,
Nor yield to be sent to—one cannot tell where ;
To live or to die, in this case, were all one,
Nay, I sooner would die, than be reckon'd a nun, &c.

Perhaps, but to teaze me, she threatens me so ;
I'm sure, was she me, she would stoutly say, No :
But, if she's in earnest, I from her will run,
And be marry'd in spite, that I mayn't be a nun.
And be marry'd in spite, &c.



Tune. I'll gar you be fain to follow me.

He. **A** DIEU, for a while, my native green plains,
My nearest relations, and neighbouring
 swains,
Dear Nelly, frae these I'd start easily free,
Were minutes not ages, while absent frae thee.

She. Then tell me the reason thou does not obey
The pleadings of love, but thus hurries away ;
Alake ! thou deceiver, o'er plainly I see,
A lover sae roving will never mind me.

He. The reason unhappy is owing to fate,
That gave me a being without an estate ;

Which lays a necessity now upon me,
To purchase a fortune for pleasure to thee.

She. Small fortune may serve where love has the sway,
Then, Johnny, be counsell'd nae langer to stray;
For, while thou prov'st constant in kindness to me,
Contented, I'll ay find a treasure in thee.

He. O cease, my dear charmer! else soon I'll betray
A weakness unmanly, and quickly give way
To fondness, which may prove a ruin to thee,
A pain to us baith, and dishonour to me.

She. Bear witness ye streams, and witness ye flow'rs,
Bear witness ye watchful invisible pow'rs,
If ever my heart be unfaithful to thee,
May naething propitious e'er smile upon me,



WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

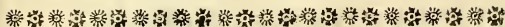
Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can bear,
No other wit but her's approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If she some other swain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
That instant enemy I prove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,

The clearest spring, or shady grove :
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When arm'd with insolent disdain,
She seem'd to triumph in my pain ;
I strove to hate, but vainly strove :
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?



FROM sweet bewitching tricks of love,
Young men your hearts secure ;
Left in the paths of sense you rove,
In dotage premature.
Look at each lass thro' wisdom's glass,
Nor trust the naked eye ;
Gallants, beware, look sharp, take care,
The blind eat many a fly.

There's ne'er a spinster in the realm
But knows mankind to cheat,
Down to the cottage, from the helm,
The learn'd, the brave and great ;
With lovely looks, and golden hooks
T' entangle us they try.
Gallants beware, &c.

Not only on their hands and necks
The borrow'd white you'll find ;
Some belles, when interest directs,
Can even paint the mind ;
Joy in distress they can express,
Their very tears can lie.
Gallants beware, &c.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Was earth of parchment made,

Was every single stick a quill,
 Each man a scribe by trade,
 To write the tricks of half the sex,
 Would suck that ocean dry.
 Gallants, beware, &c.

THE ANSWER.

TH^{O'} women by proud men are scorn'd
 For being oft too kind,
 Yet all well know that men, when spurn'd,
 Are to their wills confin'd;
 With restless pain, one smile to gain,
 All ways they gladly try:
 But, maids, beware, avoid the snare,
 All men deal cunningly.

There's not a man, who, in his heart,
 Does woman truly love;
 They but delight t'impel the dart,
 And all its pains approve;
 With looks serene, they're often seen,
 They flatt'ring words apply;
 But, maids, beware, &c.

They often strive, with artful tale,
 Each fair one to deceive;
 On our good nature to prevail,
 Then laugh within their sleeve;
 With self-conceit they think to cheat
 The heart as well as eye;
 But, maids, beware, &c.

If, then, to rout the selfish crew,
 You'd chuse a faithful guard,
 Let virtue rule the heart, then few
 Will lose their just reward;

Not all the tribe her soul can bribe;
 She will all art defy.
 Then, maids, beware, &c.



WHEN gentle Harriet first I saw,
 Struck with a reverential awe,
 I felt my bosom mov'd;
 Her easy shape, her charming face,
 She smil'd and talk'd with so much grace,
 I gaz'd, admir'd and lov'd.

Up to the busy town I flew,
 And wander'd all its pleasures thro',
 In hopes to ease my care:
 The busy town but mocks my pain,
 Its gayest pleasures all are vain,
 For Harriet haunts me there.

The labours of the learned sage,
 The comic humour of the stage,
 By turns my time employ;
 I relish not the sage's lore,
 The stage's humour please no more,
 For Harriet's all my joy.
 Sometimes I try'd the jovial throng,
 Sometimes the female train among,
 To chase her form away;
 The jovial throng is noisy, rude,
 Nor other female dares intrude
 Where Harriet bears a sway.

Since, then, nor art nor learning can,
 Nor company of maid or man
 For want of thee atone;

O come! with all thy conqu'ring charms,
 O come! and take me to thy arms,
 For thou art all in one.



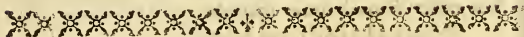
DAMON for love still meets disdain,
 The nymph makes no return;
 All she affords to heal his pain,
 Is to reward with scorn.

The more he begs she'd hear his voice,
 The more she still denies;
 The faster he her steps pursues,
 She still the faster flies.

At length she leaves her hasty flight,
 And turns to meet the swain;
 Surpris'd she's now, to find him flight.
 What he pursu'd with pain.

My crime, she cries, I see too late,
 I shew'd my flame too soon;
 If I had still repaid with hate,
 I'd had him still my own.

Ye lovely nymphs, in time beware,
 Nor yield your hearts too soon,
 Lest my unhappy fate you share,
 And are, like me, undone.



DEAREST Daphne, turn thine eyes,
 Jocund day begins to rise;
 See the morn, with roses crown'd,
 Sprinkling dew-drops on the ground:

Love invites to yonder grove,
 Where only lovers dare to rove ;
 Let us haste, make no delay,
 Cupid's call we must obey.
 Let us haste, &c.

She. Ah ! Philander, I'm afraid ;
 There poor Laura was betray'd
 By young Strephon's subtle wiles,
 Soothing words, and artful smiles :
 Simple maids are soon undone,
 When their simple hearts are won :
 Press me not, I must away,
 And honour's strict commands obey.
 Press me not, &c.

He. Gentle Daphne, fear not you,
 I'll be ever kind and true ;
 Think no more of Laura's fate,
 View yon turtle and its mate ;
 See how freely they impart
 The impulse of each other's heart :
 Like them, my fair, let's sport and play,
 Nature prompts us to obey.
 Like them, &c.

She. Shepherd, I perceive your aim,
 You and Strephon are the same ;
 You like him would me betray,
 Should I trust whate'er you say.

He. If Daphne doubts, let Hymen's bands
 This instant join our willing hands.

She. The invitation I obey,
 And love with honour will repay.
 The invitation, &c.

Both.

Both. No longer then the moments waste,
 But to the altar let us haste;
 But to the altar, &c.
 The invitation we obey,
 And love with honour each repay.
 The invitation we obey, &c.



JOCKY.

WHEN Jocky was bless'd with your love and your
 truth,
 Not on Tweed's pleasant banks dwelt so blythsome a
 With Jenny I sported it all the day long, (youth.
 And her name was the burden and joy of my song.
 And her name was the burden, &c.

JENNY.

Ere Jocky had ceas'd all his kindness to me,
 There liv'd in a vale not so happy a she;
 Such pleasures with Jocky his Jenny had known,
 That she scorn'd in a cote the fine folks of the town.

JOCKY.

Ah! Jocky, what fear now possesses thy mind,
 That Jenny so constant to Willy's been kind!
 When dancing so gay with the nymphs on the plain,
 She yielded her hand and her heart to the swain.

JENNY.

You falsely upbraid,—but remember the day
 With Lucy you toy'd it beneath the new hay;
 When alone with your Lucy, the shepherds have said,
 You forgot all the vows that to Jenny you made.

JOCKY.

Believe not, sweet Jenny, my heart stray'd from thee,
 Nor Lucy the wanton's a maid still for me:

From

From a lass that's so true your fond Jocky ne'er rov'd,
Nor once could forsake the kind Jenny he lov'd.

J E N N Y.

My heart for young Willy ne'er panted nor sigh'd,
For you of that heart was the joy and the pride:
While Tweed's waters glide shall your Jenny be true,
Nor love, my dear Jocky, a shepherd like you.

J O C K Y.

No shepherd e'er met with so faithful a fair;
For kindness, no youth can with Jocky compare:
We'll love then, and live from fierce jealousy free,
And none on the plain shall be happy as we.



FAREWEL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I have mony day been:
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir;
Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is fair pain'd,
By ease that's inglorious, no fame can be gain'd;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse;
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favour I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my lais, to win honour and fame;
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.



AS walking forth to view the plain
 Upon a morning early,
 While May's sweet scents did clear my brain,
 From flow'rs that grow so rarely;
 I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
 She shin'd tho' it was fogie;
 I ask'd her name: Sweet Sir, she said,
 My name is Katharine Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire
 To see a nymph so stately;
 So brisk an air there did appear
 In a country maid so neatly:
 Such nat'ral sweetness she display'd,
 Like a lily in a bogie;
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd
 Like this same Katharine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
 Who sees thee sure must prize thee;
 Tho' thou art dress'd in robes but mean,
 Yet these cannot disguise thee.
 Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
 Far excells any clownish rogie;

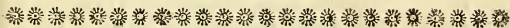
Thou'rt

Thour't match for Laird, or Lord, or Duke,
My charming Katharine Ogie.

O! were I but some shepherd swain,
To feed my flock beside thee;
At boughting time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee.
I'd think myself a happier man,
With Kate, my club and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
Had I but Katharine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
And statemens dang'rous stations;
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
I'd sinile at conqu'ring nations;
Might I caress, and still possess
This lass of whom I'm vogie;
For these are toys, and still look less,
Compar'd with Katharine Ogie.

But I fear the Gods have not decreed
For me so fine a creature;
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works in nature.
Clouds of despair surround my love,
That are both dark and fogie;
Pity my case, ye pow'rs above,
Else I die for Katharine Ogie.



Tune. *The Lass with the golden Locks.*

NO more of my Harriet, of Polly no more,
Nor all the bright beauties that charm'd me
before;

Myself

Myself for a slave to gay Venus I've sold,
 And have barter'd my freedom for ringlets of gold:
 I throw down my pipe, and neglect all my flocks,
 And will sing of the lass with the golden locks.

Tho' o'er her white forehead the gilt tresses flow,
 Like the rays of the sun on a hillock of snow;
 Such, painters of old drew the queen of the fair;
 'Tis the taste of the ancients, 'tis classical hair.
 And tho' witlings may scoff, and tho' raillery mocks,
 Yet I'll sing of my lass with the golden locks.

Than the swan in the brook she's more dear to my sight.
 Her mien is more stately, her breast is more white;
 Her lips are like rubies, all rubies above,
 Which are fit for the labour, or language of love.
 At the park, in the mall, at the play, in the box,
 My lass bears the bell, with her golden locks.

Her beautiful eyes, as they roll or they flow,
 Shall be glad for my joy, or shall weep for my woe;
 She shall ease my fond heart, and shall soothe my soft
 While thousands of rivals are fighting in vain. (pain,
 Let them rail at the fruit they can't reach, like the fox,
 While I have the lass with the golden locks.



The two Babes in the Wood.

NOW ponder well, you parents dear,
 The words which I shall write;
 A doleful story you shall hear,
 In time brought forth to light.
 A gentleman of good account,
 In Norfolk dwelt of late,

Whose

Whose wealth and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help then could he have;
His wife with him as sick did lie,
And both possess one grave:
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind;
In love they liv'd, in love they dy'd,
And left two babes behind.

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old,
Th' other a girl more young than he,
And made in beauty's mould.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year.

And to his little daughter, Jean,
Two hundred pounds of gold,
To be paid down on marriage day,
Which might not be controul'd.
But, if the children chance to die,
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth;
For so the will did run.

Now, brother, said the dying man,
Look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl;
No friends else have I here:
To God and you I do commend
My children, night and day;

A little while 'tis but we have
 Within this world to stay.

You must be father and mother both,
 And uncle all in one;
 God knows what will become of them
 When I am dead and gone.
 With that then spake their mother dear,
 O brother kind, quoth she,
 Thou art the man must bring my babes
 To wealth or misery.

If ye do keep them carefully,
 Then God will you reward,
 If otherways you seem to deal,
 God will your deeds regard.
 With lips as cold as any stone,
 She kist these children small;
 God bless you both, my children dear,
 With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then the brother spake
 To these sick couple there;
 The keeping of your children dear,
 Sweet sister, do not fear.
 God never prosper me nor mine,
 Or ought else that I have,
 If I do wrong your children dear,
 When you're laid in your grave.

The parents being dead and gone,
 The children home he takes,
 And brings them home into his house,
 And much of them he makes.
 He had not kept these pretty babes
 A twelve-month and a day,

But

But, for their wealth, he did devise
To put them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take the children young,
And slay them in the wood;
And told his wife, and all he had,
He did the children send
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was a friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,
Rejoicing at the tide;
Rejoicing with a merry mind
They should on horseback ride:
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives decay.

So that the pretty speech they had
Made the murth'ers hearts relent;
And they that took the deed to do,
Full fore they did repent:
Yet one of them, more hard in heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

Th' other would not agrée thereto,
So there they fell to strife;
With one another they did fight
About the childrens life;
And he that was of mildest mood
Did slay the other there,

Within an unfrequented wood,
Where the babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,
While tears stood in their eye,
And bade them come along with him,
And look they did not cry :
And two long miles he led them thus,
While they for bread complain ;
Stay here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread
When I do come again.

The pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wand'ring up and down,
But never more they saw the man
Approaching from the town.
Their pretty lips with black berries
Were all besmear'd and dy'd ;
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down, and cry'd.

Thus wand'ring these two pretty babes,
Till death did end their grief ;
In one another's arms they dy'd,
As babes wanting relief.
No burial these two pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-red-breast painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

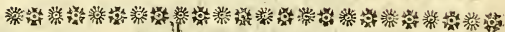
And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell ;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell :
His barns were fir'd, his goods consum'd,
His lands were barren made ;

His cattle dy'd within the house,
And nothing with him stay'd.

And, in a voyage to Portugal,
Two of his sons did die ;
And, to conclude, himself was brought
Unto much misery :
He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land,
Ere seven years came about,
And now, at length, this wicked act
By this means did come out.

The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robber judg'd to die,
As was God's blessed will ;
Who did confess the very truth,
The which is here express'd :
Their uncle dy'd, while he for debt
Did long in prison rest.

All that executors are made,
And overseers eke,
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek,
Take ye example by this thing,
And yield to each his right ;
Lest God with such like miseries,
Your wicked mind requite.



THE ADDRESS.

TWIXT pleasing hope, and painful fear
True love divided lies,

With artless look, and soul sincere,
 Above all mean disguise.
 For Celia thus my heart has mov'd,
 Accept it, lovely fair,
 I've lik'd before, but never lov'd,
 Then let me not despair.

My fate before your feet I lay,
 Sentence your willing slave;
 Remember that tho' tyrants slay,
 Yet heav'nly powers save.
 To bless is heav'n's peculiar grace,
 Let me a blessing find;
 And since you wear an angel's face,
 O shew an angel's mind.



RECITATIVE.

HOW gentle was my Damon's air!
 Like sunny beams his golden hair;
 His voice was like the nightingale's,
 More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales:
 How hard such beauty to resign!
 And yet that cruel talk is mine.
 How hard such beauties, &c.

AIR.

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
 Along the margin of each stream,
 Dear conscious scenes of former love,
 I mourn, and Damon is my theme:
 The hills, the groves, the streams remain;
 But Damon there I seek in vain;
 The hills, &c.

From hill, from dale each charm is fled;
 Groves, flocks and fountains please no more;
 Each flow'r in pity droops its head,
 All nature does my loss deplore:
 All, all reproach the faithless swain,
 Yet Damon still I seek in vain.
 All, all reproach, &c.

Now to the mossy cave I fly,
 Where to my swain I oft have sung,
 Well pleas'd the browsing goats to spy,
 As o'er the airy steep they hung:
 The mossy cave, the goats remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.
 The mossy, &c.

Now thro' the winding vale I pass,
 And sigh to see the well-known shade;
 I weep and kiss the bended grass,
 Where love and Damon fondly play'd:
 The vale, the shade, the grass remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.
 The vale, the shade, &c.



SWEET are the charms of her I love,
 More fragrant than the damask rose,
 Soft as the down of turtle-dove,
 Gentle as wind when zephyr blows;
 Refreshing as descending rains
 To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.
 Refreshing, &c.

True as the needle to the pole,
 Or as the dial to the sun;

Constance

Constant as gliding waters roll,
 Whose swelling tides obey the moon:
 From ev'ry other charmer free,
 My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,
 The dam the tender kid pursues;
 Sweet Philomel, in shady bow'rs
 Of verdant spring, her note renews:
 All follow what they most admire,
 As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
 And vary as the seasons rise;
 As winter to the spring gives place,
 Summer th' approach of autumn flies.
 No change on love the seasons bring,
 Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
 Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
 And marble tow'rs, and walls of brass,
 In his rude march he levels low:
 But time, destroying far and wide,
 Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel dart,
 The gentle godhead can remove;
 And drive him from the bleeding heart,
 To mingle with the bless'd above:
 Where, known to all his kindred train,
 He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love, and his sister fair, the soul,
 Twin-born, from heaven together came:
 Love with the univerté controul,
 When dying seasons lose their name:

Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,
When time and death shall be no more.



WHAT can assuage the pain man feels,
When busy cares disturb his breast,
When modest sense his want conceals,
With thousand thoughts that bar his rest?

Can wine one gloomy thought remove?
Can titles, wealth, or might give ease?
Can woman's charms, or thoughts of love
Recal' his soul, or mind to peace?

No, no, they're trifling pleasures all,
The rich enjoy them but a day;
Within their breast they deign to call,
Ne'er rest, but vanish soon away.

Content alone can make us sing;
When wanton fortune is unkind;
Then sits a wretch above a king,
And quiets ev'ry ruffled mind.



YOUNG Strephon, a shepherd, the pride of the plain,
Each day is attempting my kindness to gain:
He takes all occasions his flame to renew;
I always reply that his courting wont do.

He spares no rich presents to make me more kind,
And exhausts in my praise all the wit of his mind:
I say I'm engag'd, and I wish him to go;
He asks me so oft, till I rudely say No.

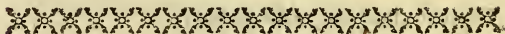
To

To Thyrsis, last Valentine's day, the dear youth,
 I tell him I plighted my faith and my truth;
 That wealth cannot peace and contentment bestow,
 And my heart is another's,—so beg he will go:

That love is not purchas'd with titles and gold,
 And the heart that is honest, can never be sold;
 That I sigh not for grandeur, but look down on show;
 And to Thyrsis must hasten, nor answer him No.

He hears me, and, trembling all over, replies,
 If his suit I prefer not, he instantly dies:
 He gives me his hand, and would force me to go;
 I pity his suffer'ing, but boldly say No.

I try to avoid him in hopes of sweet peace;
 He haunts me each moment to make me say Yes:
 But to-morrow, ye fair ones, with Thyrsis I go;
 And, trust me, at church that I will not say No.



HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain,
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
 Though thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded never move her.
 At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.

I try'd

In rich brocades, and diamonds bright,
 Like gayest springs delighting,
 My parts and humour shall unite,
 To make me more inviting.
 For I'll advance, and learn to dance,
 To please shall be my glory ;
 I'll learn to trace each step with grace,
 My mother did so before me.

I'll dress as fine as fine can be,
 My pride shall be my pleasure ;
 And tho' the neighbours envy me,
 To mind them I've no leisure.
 I'll take delight, both day and night,
 To be talk'd of in story,
 I'll have it said, there shines a maid ;
 My mother did so before me.

To park and play I'll often go,
 To spend each leisure hour,
 I'll walk and talk with ev'ry beau,
 And make them feel my pow'r.
 But, if a dart should pierce my heart,
 From one that does adore me ;
 We'll wed and kiss, what harm's in this ?
 My mother did so before me.

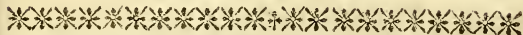
Then will I manage, when I wed
 My husband to perfection,
 For, as good wives have often said,
 Keep husbands in subjection.
 No snarling fool shall o'er me rule,
 Or e'er eclipse my glory ;
 I'll let him see I'll mistress be,
 My mother did so before me.

Tune. *Polwart on the Green.*

THO' beauty, like the rose
 That smiles on Polwart green,
 In various colours shows,
 As 'tis by fancy seen;
 Yet all its diff'rent glories lie
 United in thy face,
 And virtue, like the sun on high,
 Gives rays to ev'ry grace.

So charming is her air,
 So smooth, so calm her mind,
 That to some angel's care
 Each motion seems assign'd:
 But yet so chearful, sprightly, gay
 The joyful moments fly,
 As if for wings they stole the ray
 She darteth from her eye.

Kind am'rous Cupids, while
 With tuneful voice she sings,
 Perfume her breath and smile,
 And wave your balmy wings:
 But as the tender blushes rise,
 Soft innocence doth warm;
 The soul, in blissful ecstasies,
 Dissolveth in the charm.



I SING not of battles that now are to cease,
 Nor carrols my muse in the praise of a peace,
 To show that she's oft in good company seen,
 She humbly begs leave to sing Monsieur Pantin.

Examine all round, and, at length, you will own,
His likenesses daily are met with in town;
Then let me my song undisturbed begin,
And shew all his brothers to Monsieur Pantin.

And first, pray, observe that strange thing made for show,
That compound of powder and nonsense, a beau;
So limber his joints, and so strange is his mien,
That you cry, as he walks, look you, there's a Pantin!
How oft have you heard that the ladies love change,
And, from one entertainment to th' other will range?
In this they are constant, what difference is seen,
When they laid down the fribble, and took the Pantin?

Then all ye fair lasses that bloom like the morn,
Who seek not your beauties by art to adorn;
When I see on your bosom this little machine,
I own I am jealous of happy Pantin.
Ye youths who have parts, tho' you often wear lace,
No longer let foplings your merits disgrace,
But attack the fair maid with a resolute mien,
Till she clasps her fond lover, and burns her Pantin.



WHO has e'er been at Baldock, must needs know
the mill,
At the sign of the horse, at the foot of the hill,
Where the grave and the gay, the clown and the beau,
Without all distinction promiscuously go.
Where the grave and the gay, &c.

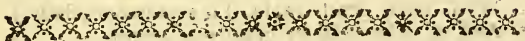
This man of the mill has a daughter so fair,
With so pleasing a shape, and so winning an air,
That once on the ever-green bank as I stood,
I'd swear she was Venus just sprung from the flood.
That once on the ever-green bank, &c.

But

But looking again, I perceiv'd my mistake,
 For Venus, tho' fair, has the looks of a rake;
 While nothing but virtue and modesty fill
 The more beautiful looks of the lass of the mill.
 While nothing, &c.

Prometheus stole fire, as the poets all say,
 T'enliven that mass which he model'd of clay:
 Had Polly been with him, the beams of her eyes
 Had sav'd him the trouble of robbing the skies.
 Had Polly been with him, &c.

Since first I beheld the dear lass of the mill,
 I can never be quiet; but do what I will,
 All day and all night I sigh, and think still
 I shall die, if I have not the lass of the mill.
 All day and all night I sigh, &c.



D A M O N.

DEAR Sylvia, no longer my passion despise,
 Nor arm thus with terror thy beautiful eyes,
 Nor arm thus with terror, &c.
 They become not disdain, but most charming would
 prove,
 If once they were soft'ned with smiles and with love,
 If once they were soft'ned, &c.

S Y L V I A.

While I with a smile can each shepherd subdue,
 Oh, Damon! I must not be soft'ned by you;
 Oh, Damon, &c.
 Nor fondly give up in an unguarded hour,
 The pride of us, women, unlimited power.
 The pride of us, women, &c.

D A M O N.

Tho' pow'r, my dear, be to deities given,
 Yet generous pity's the darling of heav'n;
 Yet generous pity's the darling, &c.
 Oh, then, be that pity extended to me,
 I'll kneel and acknowledge no goddess but thee.
 I'll kneel and acknowledge, &c.

S Y L V I A.

Suppose to your suit I should listen a while,
 And only, for pity's sake, grant you a smile.
 And only, for pity's sake, &c.

D A M O N.

Nay, stop not at that, but your kindness improve,
 And let gentle pity be rip'ned to love.
 And let gentle pity, &c.

S Y L V I A.

Well, then, gentle swain, I'll examine my heart;
 And, if it be possible, grant you a part.
 And, if it be possible, &c.

D A M O N.

Now, that's like yourself, like an angel express'd,
 For, grant me but part, and I'll soon steal the rest.
 For, grant me but part, &c.

B O T H.

Take heed then, ye fair, and with caution believe,
 For love's an intruder, and apt to deceive;
 For love's an intruder, &c.
 When once the least part the sly hurcheon has gain'd,
 You'll never be easy till the whole is obtain'd.
 You'll never be easy, &c.

Tune. *The Boatman.*

YE gales that gently wave the sea,
 And please the canny boatman,
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
 My brave, my bonny Scotsman.
 In haly bands we join'd our hands;
 Yet, may not this discover,
 While parents rate a large estate
 Before a faithfu' lover.

But I'll loor chuse, in highland glens,
 To herd the kid and goat, man,
 Ere I would, for sic little ends,
 Refuse my bonny Scotsman.
 Wae worth the man wha first began
 The base ungenerous fashion,
 Frae greedy views love's art to use,
 While stranger to its passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
 Hasten to thy longing lassie,
 Wha pants to press thy bawmy mouth,
 And in her bosom hawse thee.
 Love gi'es the word, then hasten on board,
 Fair winds and tenty boatman,
 Waft o'er, waft o'er frae yonder shore
 My brave, my bonny Scotsman.



RECITATIVE.

CLEORA sat beneath a shade,
 Her wanton flocks forgot to play;
 Then listen to the lovely maid,
 Whilst thus she mourns her shepherd's stay.

AIR.

Sure time and love are both asleep,
 Or Dorus would his promise keep ;
 Haste, gentle shepherd, hither move,
 And we'll awake both time and love.

RECITATIVE.

Dorus, wing'd with swift desire,
 Came hast'ning o'er the neighb'ring plain ;
 Approaching joys the maid inspire,
 And thus she meets her panting swain.

AIR.

Fly, care and anguish, far away,
 While pleasures bless this happy day ;
 Let ev'ry shepherd joyful be,
 And ev'ry pair as blest as we.



Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
 Drink with me, and drink as I,
 Freely welcome to my cup,
 Couldst thou sip, and sip it up ;
 Make the most of life you may,
 Life is short, and wears away,
 Life is short, &c.

Both alike are mine and thine,
 Hast'ning quick to their decline ;
 Thine's a summer, mine no more,
 Tho' repeated to threescore ;
 Threescore summers when they're gone,
 Will appear as short as one.
 Will appear, &c.

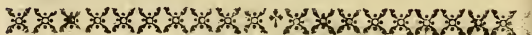
THE last time I came o'er the muir,
 I left my love behind me;
 Ye powers, what pain do I endure,
 When soft ideas mind me!
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
 The beaming day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely maid,
 In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing and chafly sporting;
 We kiss'd, and promis'd time away,
 Till night spread her black curtain.
 I pity'd all beneath the skies,
 Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me;
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me;
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
 'To let a rival enter:
 Since she excels in every grace,
 In her my love shall center.
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the moor,
 She shall a lover find me;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Though I left her behind me.
 Then Hymen's sacred bands shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom;
 There, while my being doth remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.



NATURE for thee has cull'd her store,
 Then why shouldst thou, fond maid,
 Pretend to make thy beauty more,
 In borrow'd charms array'd.

The radiant plumes no more delight,
 Nor once our thought employ;
 Whilst thy own native charms excite
 Our wonder and our joy.

Believe me, nymph, their glories fade,
 Plac'd near thy brighter eyes;
 Brilliants on you appear decay'd,
 On others they'd surprize.

Since, then, heav'n-deck'd, you win all hearts,
 Make dress no more your care;
 To meaner beauties leave those arts,
 Which you so well can spare.



WHEN here, Lucinda, first we came,
 Where Arno rolls his silver stream,

[How

How brisk the nymphs! the swains how gay!
 Content, inspir'd each rural lay:
 The birds in livelier concert sung,
 The grapes in thicker clusters hung;
 All look'd as joy could never fail
 Among the sweets of Arno's vale.

But, since the good Palemon dy'd,
 The chief of shepherds, and their pride,
 Now Arno's sons must all give place
 To northern men, an iron race:
 The taste of pleasure now is o'er,
 Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more;
 The muses droop, the Goths prevail;
 Adieu! the sweets of Arno's vale.



Tune. *Bonny Jean.*

LOVE's goddess, in a myrtle grove,
 Said, Cupid, bend thy bow with speed,
 Nor let thy shafts at random rove,
 For Jeany's haughty heart must bleed.
 The smiling boy, with divine art,
 From Paphos shot an arrow keen,
 Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
 And kill'd the pride of bonny Jean.

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
 Refuses Willie's kind address;
 Her yielding blushes shew no care,
 But too much fondness to suppress.
 No more the youth is sullen now,
 But looks the gayest on the green,
 Whilst ev'ry day he spies some new
 Surprising charms in bonny Jean.

A thousand transports croud his breast,
 He moves as light as fleeting wind;
 His former sorrows seem a jest,
 Now when his Jeany is turn'd kind.
 Riches he looks on with disdain,
 The glorious fields of war look mean,
 The chearful hound and horn give pain,
 If absent from his bonny Jean.

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,
 Which ev'n in summer shorten'd seems;
 When sunk in downs, with glad amaze,
 He wonders at her in his dreams.
 All charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
 Than Troy's prize, the Spartan queen.
 With breaking day he lifts his sight,
 And pants to be with bonny Jean.



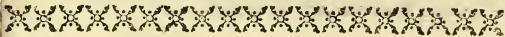
MUSIC, how powerful is thy charm,
 That can the fiercest grief disarm;
 Calm passions in a ruffled breast;
 And lull e'en jealousy to rest;
 With am'rous thought the soul inspire,
 Or kindle up a war like fire,
 So great is music's pow'r.

Amphion, with his tuneful lyre,
 Could rocks remove, and stones inspire;
 Command a city to arise,
 Make lofty buildings touch the skies;
 While stones, obedient to his call,
 Harmonious stood, and form'd a wall,
 So great is music's pow'r.

Arion, from his vessel cast,
 In safety o'er the billows past;
 For, mounting like the ocean-god,
 Upon a dolphin's back he rode,
 While shoals of fishes flock'd around,
 And pleas'd, drank in th' enchanting sound,
 So great is music's pow'r.

When Orpheus thro' hell's dreary coast,
 Was seeking for his consort lost,
 His music drew the ghosts along,
 And furies list'ned to his song;
 His song could Charon's rage disarm,
 And Pluto and his consort charm,
 So great is music's pow'r.

Inflam'd by music, soldiers fight;
 Inspir'd by music, poets write;
 Music can heal the lover's wound,
 And calm fierce rage by gentle sound;
 Philosophy attempts in vain,
 What music can with ease attain,
 So great is music's pow'r.



MY mither's ay glowrin o'er me,
 Tho' she did the same before me;
 I canna get leave to look to my love,
 Or else she is like to devour me.

Right fain wad I tak your offer,
 Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher;
 Then, Sandy, ye'll fret, and wyte your poor Kate,
 When ye keek in your toom coffer.

For tho' my father has plenty,
 Of filler and plenishing dainty,
 Yet he's unco siveer to twin wi' his gear,
 And sae we had need to be tainty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
 Be wylie in ilka motion;
 Brag well of your land, and there's my leal hand,
 Win them, I'll be at your devotion.



YE medley of mortals that make up this throng,
 Spare your wit for a moment, and list to my song;
 What you would not expect, here my wit shall be new,
 And, what is more strange, every word shall be true.
 Sing tantararara, truth all, truth all,
 Sing tantararara, truth all.

Not a toy in the place you'll buy cheaper than mine,
 Bring your lasses to me, and you'll save all your coin;
 The ladies alone will pay dear for my skill,
 For, if they will hear me, their tongues must lie still.
 Sing tantararara, mute all, &c.

Tho' our revels are scorn'd by the grave and the wise,
 Yet they practise all day what they seem to despise:
 Examine mankind, from the great to the small,
 Each mortal's disguis'd, and the world's a ball.
 Sing tantararara, masks all, &c.

The parson, brimful of October and grace,
 With a long taper pipe, and a round ruddy face,
 Will rail at your doings, but when it is dark,
 The doctor's disguis'd, and led home by the clerk.
 Sing tantararara, masks all, &c.

The fierce roaring blade, with long sword and cock'd hat,

Who with wounds he did this, and with 'sblood he'll do that ;

When he comes to his trial, he fails in his part,
And proves that his looks were but masks to his heart.

Sing tantararara, masks all, &c.

The beau acts the rake, and will talk of amours,
Shews letters from wives, and appointments from whores ;

But a creature so modest avoids all disgrace,
For how would he blush, should he meet face to face ?

Sing tantararara. masks all, &c.

The courtiers and patriots, 'mongst other fine things,
Will talk of their country, and love to their king ;
Yet their masks will drop off if you shake but the pelf,
And shew king and country all center'd in self.

Sing tantararara, masks all, &c.

With an outside of wisdom, Miss squeamish the proud,
If you touch her she faints, if you speak you are rude ;
Thus she's prim and she's coy, till her blossoms are gone,
And when mellow, she's pluck'd by the coachman or John.

Sing tantararara, masks all, &c.

With a grave mask of wisdom, says Physic and Law,
In your case there's no fear, in your cause there's no flaw ;
Till death and the judge have decreed, they look big,
Then you find you have trusted a full-bottom'd wig.

Sing tantararara, masks all, &c.

Thus, life is no more than a round of deceit,
Each neighbour will find that his next is a cheat.

But if, O ye mortals! these tricks ye pursue,
Ye at last cheat yourselves, and the devil cheats you.
Sing tantararara, masks all, &c.



DId you see e'er a shepherd, ye nymphs, pass this
way,
Crown'd with myrtle, and all the gay verdure of May?
'Tis my shepherd, oh! bring him once more to my eyes,
From his Lucy, in search of new pleasures, he flies:
All the day how I travel'd, and toil'd o'er the plains,
In pursuit of a rebel that's scarce worth the pains.

Take care, maids, take care when he flatters and
swears,
How you trust your own eyes; or believe your own ears;
Like the rose-bud in June, ev'ry hand he'll invite,
But wound the kind heart, like the thorn out of sight;
And trust me, whoe'er my false shepherd detains,
She'll find him a conquest that's scarce worth her pains.

Three months at my feet did he languish and sigh,
Ere he gain'd a kind word, or a tender reply;
Love, honour and truth were the themes that he sung,
And he vow'd that his soul was a-kin to his tongue;
'Too soon I believ'd, and reply'd to his strains,
And gave him too frankly my heart for his pains.

The trifle once gain'd, like a boy at his play,
Soon the wanton grew weary, and flung it away;
Now cloy'd with my love, from my arms he does fly,
In search of another as silly as I.
But trust me, whoe'er my false shepherd detains,
She'll find him a conquest that's scarce worth her pains.

Beware,

Beware, all ye nymphs, how you sooth the fond
 flame,
 And believe, in good time, all the sex are the same;
 Like Strephon, from beauty to beauty they range,
 Like him they will flatter, dissemble, and change:
 And, do all we can, still this maxim remains,
 That a man, when we've got him, is scarce worth the
 pains.



H E.

CAST, my love, thine eyes around,
 See the sportive lambkins play;
 Nature gaily decks the ground,
 All in honour of the May:
 Like the sparrow and the dove,
 Listen to the voice of love.

S H E.

Damon, thou hast found me long
 List'ning to thy soothing tale,
 And thy soft persuasive tongue,
 Often held me in the dale:
 Take, oh! Damon, while I live,
 All which virtue ought to give.

H E.

Not the verdure of the grove,
 Not the garden's fairest flow'r,
 Nor the meads where lovers rove,
 Tempted by the vernal hour,
 Can delight thy Damon's eye,
 If Florella is not by.

S H E.

Not the water's gentle fall,
 By the bank with poplars crown'd,
 Not the feather'd songsters all,
 Nor the flute's melodious sound,

A painted room, and filken bed,
 May please a lawland laird and lady ;
 But I can kiss, and be as glad,
 Behind a bush in's highland plaidy, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
 I ca' him my dear highland ladie,
 And he ca's me his lawland lass,
 Syne rows me in his tartan plaidy, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While heaven preserves my highland ladie, &c.



THE lawland maids gang trig and fine,
 But aft they're sour, and unco faucy,
 Sae proud, they never can be kind,
 Like my good-humour'd highland lassie.
 O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,
 My lovely, smiling highland lassie ;
 May never care make thee less fair,
 But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.

Than ony lass in borrows-town,
 Who make their cheeks with patches mottie,
 I'd take my Katie, bot a gown,
 And barefoot in her little cottie, &c.

Beneath the brier or birken bush,
 Whene'er I kiss and court my datie ;
 Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,
 My flighteren heart gangs pittie pattie, &c.

O'er highest heathery hills I'll sten,
 With cockit gun, and ratches tenty,
 To drive the deer out of their den,
 To feast my las on dishes dainty, &c.

There's nane shall dare, by deed or word,
 'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
 While I can wield my trusty sword,
 Or frae my side whisk out a whinger, &c.

The mountains clad wi' purple bloom,
 And berries ripe invite my treasure,
 To range with me; let great folk gloom,
 While wealth and pride confound their pleasure, &c.



GO, rose, my Chloe's bosom grace,
 How happy should I prove,
 Might I supply that envy'd place
 With never-fading love!
 There, Phoenix-like, beneath her eye,
 Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.

Know, happle's flow'r, that thou shalt find
 More fragrant roses there;
 I see thy with'ring head reclin'd,
 With envy and despair:
 One common fate we both must prove;
 You die with envy, I with love.



GODDESS of ease, leave Lethe's brink,
 Obsequious to the muse and me,

For once endure the pain to think;
 O sweet insensibility!
 Sister of peace and indolence,
 Bring, muse, bring numbers soft and slow,
 Elaborately void of sense,
 And sweetly thoughtless let them flow,
 And sweetly, &c.

Near to some cowslip painted mead,
 There let me doze away dull hours;
 And under me let Flora spread
 A sofa of her softest flowers.
 Where, Philomel, your notes you breathe,
 Forth from behind the neighb'ring pine,
 While murmurs of the stream beneath,
 Still flow in unison with thine, &c.

For thee, O idleness, the woes
 Of life we patiently endure;
 Thou art the source where nature flows,
 We shun thee but to make thee sure.
 For who could bear war's toil and waste,
 Or who the thund'ring of the sea,
 But to be idle at the last,
 And find a pleasing end in thee, &c.



MY Peggy is a young thing,
 Just enter'd in her teens;
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
 Fair as the day, and always gay:
 My Peggy is a young thing, and I'm not very auld;
 Yet will I like to meet her at the waking o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly
 Where'er we meet alane,

I wish nae mair to lay my care,
 I wish nae mair of a' that's rare :
 My Peggy speaks fae sweetly, to a' the lave I'm cauld ;
 But she gars a' my spirits glow at waking o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles fae kindly
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown : (bald ;
 My Peggy smiles fae kindly, it makes me blyth and
 And naething gi'es me sic delight as waking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings fae sweetly,
 When on my pipe I play ;
 By a' the rest, it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best :
 My Peggy sings fae sweetly, and in her sangs is tald
 With innocence, the wale of sense, at waking o' the
 (fauld..



RECITATIVE.

SEE! from the silent grove Alexis flies;
 And seeks with ev'ry pleasing art
 To ease the pain which lovely eyes
 Created in his heart :
 To shining theatres he now repairs,
 To learn Camilla's moving airs,
 Where thus to music's pow'r the swain address'd his
 pray'rs.

AIR.

Charming sounds, that sweetly languish ;
 Music, oh, compose my anguish !
 Ev'ry passion yields to thee :

Phœbus;

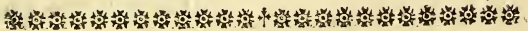
Phœbus, quickly then relieve me,
 Cupid shall no more deceive me ;
 I'll to sprightlier joys be free.

RECITATIVE.

Apollo heard the foolish swain ;
 He knew, when Daphne once he lov'd,
 How weak, t'assuage an am'rous pain,
 His own harmonious voice had prov'd,
 And all his healing herbs how vain :
 Then thus he strikes the speaking strings,
 Preluding to his voice, and sings,

AIR.

Sounds, tho' charming, can't relieve thee ;
 Do not, shepherd, then deceive thee ;
 Music is the voice of love :
 If the tender maid believe thee,
 Soft relenting, kind consenting,
 Will alone thy pain remove.

*Hearts of Oak.*

WHAT mortals on earth can with Britons compare,
 The rivals of both in commerce and war ;
 Our soldiers and sailors all heroes surpass,
 And our castles of wood stand like castles of brass.
 Hearts of oak are our ships,
 Hearts of oak are our men ;
 We always are ready,
 Steady, boys, steady,
 We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

The fame of our arms both the Indias have known,
 And oft have been aw'd by our naval renown ;

For.

For glory we've ranfack'd the globe all around ;
 To furnish new conquests, new worlds must be found.
 Hearts of oak, &c.

But know we're not merely the lords of the seas,
 In Asia we crowns can dispense as we please ;
 Proud Nabobs to us owe their title to rule,
 And, when we've a mind, can dethrone the Mogul.
 Hearts of oak, &c.

See proud Pondicherry, the pride of the east,
 Where late mighty Lally defiance express'd,
 To Britain a conquest now easily falls,
 In spite of her boasted impregnable walls.
 Hearts of oak, &c.

America's islands our thunder alarms,
 And all its vast continent bows to our arms ;
 While bravely in Europe our heroes advance,
 And Hodgson and Keppel strike terror to France.
 Hearts of oak, &c.

If e'er the monsieurs should attempt to invade,
 We'll deem it no more than a martial parade ;
 At their Quixote invasions we always shall smile,
 And bid them remember the fate of Belleisle.
 Hearts of oak, &c.



TELL me, lovely shepherd, where
 Thou feed'st at noon thy fleecy care ;
 Direct me to the sweet retreat
 That guards thee from the mid-day heat ;
 Left by thy flocks I lonely stray,
 Without a guide, and lose my way :

Where:

Where rest at noon thy bleating care?
Gentle shepherd tell me where.



Tune, *Gently touch the warbling lyre.*

O VENUS! beauty of the skies,
To whom a thousand temples rise;
Gayly false, in gentle smiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles;
O goddess! from my heart remove
The wasting cares and pains of love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A song in soft distress prefer'd,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O gentle goddess! hear me now.
Descend, thou bright immortal guest,
In all thy radiant charms confest.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above:
The car thy wanton sparrows drew,
Hov'ring in air they lightly flew;
As to my bow'r they wing'd their way,
I saw their quiv'ring pinions play.

The birds dismiss, while you remain,
Bore back their empty car again.
Then you, with looks divinely mild,
In ev'ry heav'nly feature smil'd,
And ask'd what new complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my aid?

What frenzy in my bosom rag'd?
And by what cure to be assuag'd?

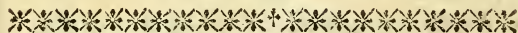
What

The courtier he begs for a pension, a place,
 A ribbon, a title, a smile from his Grace;
 'Tis due to his merit, 'tis writ in his face;
 Which no body can deny, &c.

But if by mishap he shall chance to get none,
 He begs you'll believe the nation's undone,
 There's but one honest man, and himself is that one;
 Which no body can deny, &c.

The fair one who labours all morning at home,
 New charms to create, and much paint to consume,
 She begs you'll believe 'tis her natural bloom;
 Which no'body should deny, &c.

The lover he begs the dear nymph to comply,
 She begs he'd be gone, yet her languishing eye
 Still begs he would stay, for a maid she can't die;
 Which none but a fool would deny, &c.



FAIR Hebe I left with a cautious design,
 To 'scape from her charms, and to drown 'em
 in wine;
 I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,
 The wine in my head and still love in my heart.

I repair'd to my reason, intreated her aid,
 Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance weigh'd;
 Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my prayer,
 That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth, reply'd-I, I've no need to be taught;
 I came for your counsel, to find out a fault:

If that's all, quoth reason, return as you came,
To find fault with Hebe, would forfeit my name.

What hopes then, alas! of relief from my pain,
While, like lightning, she darts thro' each throbbing
vein?

My senses surpriz'd, in her favour took arms,
And reason confirms me a slave to her charms.



LET me wander not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
While the plowman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land;
And the milk-maid singeth blythe,
And the mower whets his scythe;
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.



Tune, *Let ambition fire the mind.*

H E.

DELIA, Delia, leave the shade,
Thou wast born for man's delight,
Suffer not thy charms to fade,
Far remov'd from mortal sight;
Hasten to the town away,
Join the lovely and the gay.

S H E.

Here, Alexis, let me live,
Free from danger, free from strife,
Here the fruitful seasons give
All that can embellish life:

Here

Here I learn from ev'ry flow'r
To improve the coming hour.

H E.

At thy faithful lover's call,
Haste to town thou nymph divine,
There to lead the sprightly ball,
And in splendid courts to shine ;
Music shall thy joy improve,
And awake thy soul to love.

S H E.

Here in innocence secure
I can love and live with thee,
Here the breath of air is pure,
Music here on ev'ry tree :
Here alone I wish to shine,
While my gentle swain is mine.

B O T H.

Let us then, my love, agree
To divide the chequer'd year ;
Winter us in town shall see,
Summer shall behold us here ;
Virtue ever safe remains,
Or in courts, or on the plains.



OH! wou'd'st thou know what secret charm
Will thy Myrtilla's hate disarm ;
Leave all those little trifling arts,
Which only please more trifling hearts.

With reason woo the lovely maid,
Nor think delusive tears an aid ;
Myrtilla well the diff'rence knows
'Tween real and affected woes.

If e'er you flatter, all's undone :
 Myrtilia will not thus be won ;
 Her sense and spirit well declare,
 She feeds on something more than air.

The fop that lifts her to the sky,
 She thinks unworthy a reply ;
 For this is her establish'd rule,
 " A flatt'rer is, or knave, or fool."



SWEET were once the joys I tasted,
 All was jollity and love ;
 Time methought too nimbly hasted,
 Which on pleasure's wings did move.
 Chloe then was all my treasure,
 Never was a richer swain ;
 Chloe doubled ev'ry pleasure,
 Chloe-banish'd ev'ry pain.

But the envious gods repining,
 So much bliss on earth to see,
 All their bitt'rest curses joining,
 Dash'd my cup with jealousy.
 Now, where erst my pipe resounded,
 Steals the sigh, and heart-felt groan,
 Love by doubts and fears surrounded ;
 Ill dispute a tott'ring throne.

Fool, that ever art pursuing
 What conceal'd is always best :
 Jealousy, love's child and ruin,
 Leave, oh ! leave my tortur'd breast.
 With the slave thy pow'r confessing
 Thou, O Venus ! mildly deal :

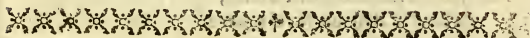
They who shun, or slight thy blessing,
Should alone thy torments feel.



A hymn of Eve, in the oratorio of Abel.

HOW chearful along the gay mead,
The daisy and cowslip appear;
The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the spring of the year:
The myrtles that shade the gay bowers,
The herbage that springs from the sod;
Trees, plants, cooling fruits and sweet flow'rs,
All rise to the praise of my God.

Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove?
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call,
Forbid it, devotion and love.
The Lord who such wonders could raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,
My lips shall incessantly praise,
My soul shall be wrapt in my God.



To CELIA.

THE eye that beams with lambent light,
The crimson cheek that glads the sight,
The shape, the mien, the air;
With these to sooth man's ruder breast,
With these, by blessing to be blest,
The gods adorn'd the fair.

Hence each poetic genius sings,
 Sweet beauty tunes th' embosom'd strings,
 And wakes th' enraptur'd soul ;
 The magic pow'r of form, and face,
 Ordain'd the gentler sex to grace,
 Resounds from pole to pole.

But shall not charms so honour'd last ?
 No ; soon as youth's short summer's past
 They're veil'd in time's disguise :
 Thus blushing Flora's darling flow'r,
 That scents the aromatic bow'r,
 Buds, bursts to bloom, and dies.

Then, ah ! how vain is female pride !
 Shall she who's crown'd with sense confide
 In such uncertain pow'r ?
 No ; she reveres the milder way ;
 Reserv'd, tho' free, tho' modest, gay ;
 And blooms to life's last hour.

Do thou, my fair one, in whose mind
 Each social, moral virtue's join'd,
 The nymph of sense appear ;
 Then, when the charms of youth are o'er,
 The wise will Celia still adore,
 Thou't still be lovely here.



CLEORA, the joy and the pride of the plain,
 Alternately long had been woo'd by each swain ;
 Fine garlands of roses, and woodbine so sweet,
 As tributes to beauty were laid at her feet.
 Not Sally, nor Polly with her could compare,
 E'en Katty would yield, if Cleora was there.

Dorillas would sigh, so would Colin and Hary,
But her answer to all was, I've vow'd not to marry.

The gallant young Damon, next resolute, try'd
To win the young maid, and to make her his bride;
On the green he oft danced, and had love songs at will,
Was at piping renown'd far and near for his skill;
He swore that her eyes were more bright than the day,
And many fine things on her charms did he say;
Yet still she reply'd, as to Colin and Hary,
Pray, teaze me no more, for I've vow'd ne'er to marry.

Unaw'd by denials, again he essay'd,
And in love's softest language address'd the coy maid;
Think how time, which unnoticed, steals slyly away,
Will wither each charm, and each beauty decay;
The gods, sure, design'd so much beauty for love,
No longer be cruel, my passion approve:
She own'd he spoke truth, but, determin'd to parry,
Reply'd, tho' but faintly, I've vow'd ne'er to marry.

The swain knew his cue, catch'd the nymph in his arms,
And again said as much as before, on her charms:
At length, quite subdu'd, to herself she thus said,
The gods must dispense with the vows that I've made;
Sly Cupid has pierc'd with an arrow my breast,
And longer, I find, 'tis in vain to resist.
To the church lead away, no longer I'll tarry,
The vow's but a jest, kind Damon I'll marry.

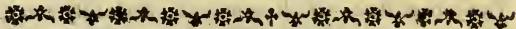


Tune. *Happy hours.*

GENTLE love, this hour befriend me,
To my eyes resign thy dart;
Notes of melting music lend me,
To dissolve a frozen heart.

Chill as mountain snow her bosom,
 Though I tender language use ;
 'Tis by cold indiff'rence frozen
 To my arms, and to my muse.

See, my dying eyes are pleading,
 Where a broken heart appears,
 For thy pity interceeding,
 With the eloquence of tears.
 While the lamp of life is fading,
 And beneath thy coldness dies,
 Death my ebbing pulse invading,
 Take my soul into thine eyes.



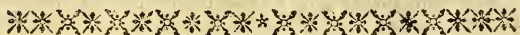
OH! Damon, believe not your Jenny untrue,
 Nor think that she's false and inconstant to you ;
 Think yon tow'ring mount of itself shall remove,
 Ere, Damon, you doubt of the truth of my love.

Yon clear crystal stream shall the mountains o'erflow,
 And on the hard rock the pale primrose shall blow,
 In quest of the lion the lambkin shall range,
 Ere Jenny's fix'd passion shall lessen or change.

Upon the smooth green when the shepherds advance,
 To hail May's return with the tabor and dance,
 If Damon is absent, I quit the glad throng,
 And join my complaint with the nightingale's song.

The pain which I suffer my flocks seem to know,
 And frolic, and play, as to lessen my woe :
 I cry, Cease dear lambkins, your sporting and play ;
 You cannot delight while my Damon's away.

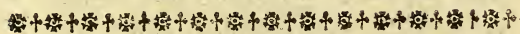
No toil shall discomfort while Damon's in sight,
 And the sun's piercing rays can in summer delight,
 And winter's rude tempests shall still find me gay;
 For, blest with my shepherd, each month will be May.



LOVE's a gentle, gen'rous passion,
 Source of all sublime delights;
 When, with mutual inclination,
 Two fond hearts in one unites.

What are titles, pomp, or riches,
 If compar'd with true content?
 That false joy, which now bewitches,
 When obtain'd we may repent.

Lawle's passion is vexation;
 But a chaste and constant love
 Is a glorious emulation
 Of the blissful state above.



YOUNG Molly, who lives at the foot of the hill,
 And whose fame ev'ry virgin with envy does fill,
 Of beauty is blest'd with so ample a share,
 That men call her the lass with the delicate air.

One ev'ning, last May, when I travers'd the grove,
 In thoughtless retirement, not dreaming of love,
 I chanc'd to espy the gay nymph, I declare;
 And really she'd got a most delicate air.

By a murmuring brook, by a green mossy bed,
 A chaplet composing, the fair one was laid:

Surpris'd

Surpriz'd and transported, I cou'd not forbear,
With raptures to gaze on her delicate air.

That moment young Cupid selected a dart,
And pierc'd, without pity, my innocent heart :
And from thence how to win the dear maid, was my
care ;
For a captive I fell to her delicate air.

When she saw me she blush'd, and complain'd I was
rude,
And begg'd of all things that I would not intrude :
I answer'd, I cou'd not tell how I came there,
But laid all the blame on her delicate air.

Said, her heart was the prize which I sought to obtain,
And hop'd she wou'd grant it to ease my fond pain.
She neither rejected, nor granted my pray'r,
But fir'd all my soul with her delicate air.

A thousand times since I've repeated my suit,
But still the tormentor affects to be mute :
Then tell me, ye swains, who have conquer'd the
fair,
How to win the dear lass with the delicate air.



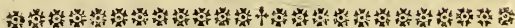
MY fond shepherds of late were so blest,
The fair nymphs were so happy and gay,
That each night they went safely to rest,
And they merrily sung through the day ;
But ah ! what a scene must appear,
Must the sweet rural pastimes be o'er ?
Shall the tabor, the tabor no more strike the ear,
Shall the dance on the green be no more ?

A DAWN of hope my soul revives,
 And banishes despair ;
 If yet my dearest Damon lives,
 Make him, ye gods, your care.

Dispel those gloomy shades of night ;
 My tender grief remove ;
 O ! send some cheering ray of light,
 And guide me to my love.

Thus in a secret friendly shade,
 The pensive Celia mourn'd ;
 While courteous echo lent her aid,
 And sigh for sigh return'd.

When sudden Damon's well known face,
 Each rising fear disarms ;
 He eager springs to her embrace,
 She sinks into his arms.



THU fatal shafts unerring move,
 I bow before thine altar, Love :
 I feel thy soft resistless flame,
 Glide swift thro' all my vital frame,
 Glide swift thro', &c.

For when I gaze, my bosom glows,
 My blood in tides impetuous flows ;
 Hope, fear and joy alternate roll,
 And floods of transport overwhelm my soul, &c.

My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain,
 My soothing murmurs to complain ;

My tongue some secret magic ties,
My murmurs sink in broken sighs, &c.

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop the silent tear ;
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
Unfriended live, unpitied die, &c.



WHAT beauteous scenes inchant my sight!

How closely yonder vine
Does round the elm's supporting height
Her wanton ringlets twine ?
That elm, no more a barren shade,
Is with her clusters crown'd ;
And that same vine, without his aid,
Had crept along the ground.
Had crept, &c.

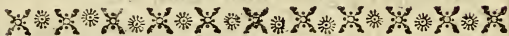
Let this, my fair, incline thy heart
Connubial joys to prove ;
Yet mark what age and care impart,
Nor thoughtless rush on love.
Know thy own joy, and blest to hear,
Vertumnus loves thy charms,
The youthful god that rules the year,
And keeps thy groves from harms, &c.

While some with short-liv'd passion glow,
His love remains the same ;
On him alone thy heart bestow,
And crown his constant flame.
So shall no frost's untimely pow'r
Deform thy blooming spring ;
So shall thy trees, from blasts secure,
Their wonted tribute bring, &c.

THE new-flown birds the shepherds sing,
 And welcome in the May;
 Come, Pastorella, now the spring
 Makes ev'ry landskip gay;
 Wide-spreading trees their leafy shade
 O'er half the plain extend,
 Or, in reflecting fountains play'd,
 Their quiv'ring branches bend.

Come, taste the season in its prime,
 And bless the rising year;
 Oh! how my soul grows sick of time,
 'Till thou, my love, appear:
 Then shall I pass the gladsome day,
 Warm in thy beauty's shine,
 When thy dear flock shall sport and play,
 And intermix with mine.

For thee, of doves a milk-white pair
 In silken bands I hold;
 For thee, a firstling lambkin fair
 I keep within the fold:
 If milk-white doves acceptance meet,
 Or tender lambkins please,
 My spotless heart, without deceit,
 Be offer'd up with these.



EMERG'D from winter's gloomy scenes,
 The infant spring appears;
 The meadow, strew'd with mingled greens,
 An early beauty wears:
 The bulbous winter sleeping root,
 That late in honour's shade,

Proud to display the earliest shoot,
Peeps from the genial bed.

Snow-drops, in virgin pure attire,
There shame-fac'd blossoms rear;
And humble crocus' golden fire
Adorns the gay parterre:
On mossy banks, in shelt'ring bow'rs,
By mazy wand'ring streams,
The sweet-blown primrose sheds her flow'rs
To Phœbus' vernal beams.

Hail, source of light, great lamp of day!
What joys from thee arise!
Nature revives when thou art nigh,
If thou depart, she dies.
Groves, woodlands, hedge-row, budding scene,
With warning preludes ring;
All nature breathes a joy serene,
And hails the new-born spring.



Tune. *The Kirk wad let me be.*

TIS I have seven braw new gowns,
And ither seven better to mak,
And yet, for a' my new gowns,
My wooer has turn'd his back.
Besides, I have seven milk ky,
And Sandy he has but three;
And yet, for a' my good ky,
The ladie winna ha'e me.

My dadie's a delver of dykes,
My mither can card and spin;

And I am a fine fodge lass,
 And the filler comes linkin in;
 The filler comes linkin in,
 And it is fou fair to see,
 And fifty times wow! O wow!
 What ails the lads at me?

Whenever our Baty does bark,
 Then fast to the door I rin,
 To see gin ony young spark
 Will light and venture in:
 But never a ane will come in,
 Tho' mony a ane gaes by;
 Syne far ben the house I rin,
 And a weary wight am I.

When I was at my first pray'rs,
 I pray'd but anes i' the year,
 I wish'd for a handsome young lad,
 And a lad wi' meikle gear.
 When I was at my neist pray'rs,
 I pray'd but now and than,
 I fash'd na my head about gear,
 If I gat a handsome young man.

Now when I'm at my last pray'rs,
 I pray on baith night and day,
 And O! if a beggar wad come,
 With that same beggar I'd gae.
 And O! and what'll come o' me!
 And O! and what'll I do!
 That sic a braw lassie as I
 Shou'd die for a woer, I trow!



WERE I as poor as wretch can be,
 As great as any monarch he,

Ere on such terms I'd mount his throne,
I'd work my fingers to the bone.

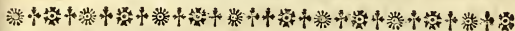
Grant me, ye pow'rs, I ask not wealth,
Grant me but innocence and health,
Ah! what is grandeur link'd to vice?
'Tis only virtue gives it price.



THE APOLOGY.

I'M sorry, dear brethren, I'm forc'd to comply,
To sing, to sing, you might as well bid me to fly;
'Tis true, I've a voice, so has the town-cryer,
If I say, mine's a better, I'm sure I'm a liar.

However, to please you, altho' I be hoarse,
If you'll take it, like marriage, for better, for worse.
Now you've heard, nay you've heard the best I can do,
And I'm sure you're convinc'd what I told you was true.



IS there a charm, ye pow'rs above,
To ease a wounded breast,
Through reason's glass to look at love,
To wish, and yet to rest?
Let wisdom boast, 'tis all in vain,
An empire o'er the mind;
'Tis beauty, beauty holds the chain,
And triumphs o'er mankind.

Thrice happy birds on ev'ry spray,
Unartful notes prolong;

Your feather'd mates reward the lay,
 And yield to pow'rful song.
 By nature fierce, without controul,
 The human savage ran,
 Till love refin'd his stubborn soul,
 And civiliz'd the man.

Verse turns aside the tyrant's rage,
 And cheers the drooping slave;
 It wins a smile from hoary age,
 And disappoints the grave.
 The force of numbers must succeed,
 And soothe each gentle ear;
 Tho' my fond cause should Phœbus plead,
 He'd find a Daphne here.

Did heav'n such wond'rous gifts produce,
 To curse our wretched race;
 Say, must we all the heart accuse,
 And yet approve the face?
 Thus, in the sun, bedropt with gold,
 The basking adder lies;
 The swain admires each shining fold,
 Then grasps the snake, and dies.

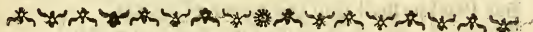


PLATO'S ADVICE.

SAYS Plato, why should man be vain,
 Since bounteous heav'n has made him great?
 Why looketh he with insolent disdain
 On those undeck'd with wealth or state?
 Can costly robes, or beds of down,
 And all the gems that deck the fair;
 Can all the glories of a crown
 Give health, or ease the brow of care?

The scepter'd king, the burden'd slave,
 The humble and the haughty die;
 The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
 In dust without distinction lie.
 Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
 Who once the greatest titles wore,
 There wealth and glory is bereft,
 And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the skies,
 And spreads along a gilded train;
 When shot, 'tis gone, its beauty dies,
 Dissolves to common air again;
 So 'tis with us, my jovial souls;
 Let friendship reign, while here we stay;
 Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls;
 When Jove he calls, we must away.



RECITATIVE.

TO Handel's pleasing notes as Chloe sung
 The charms of heav'nly liberty,
 A gentle bird, 'till then with bondage pleas'd,
 With ardor panted to be free;
 His prison broke, he seeks the distant plain;
 Yet, ere he flies, tunes forth this pleasing strain.

AIR.

While to the distant vale I wing,
 Nor wait the slow return of spring;
 Rather in leafless groves to dwell,
 Than in my Chloe's warmer cell:
 Forgive me, mistress, since by thee
 I first was taught Sweet Liberty.

Soon

Soon as the welcome spring shall chear,
 With genial warmth, the drooping year,
 I'll tell, upon the topmost spray,
 Thy sweeter notes improv'd my lay,
 And, in my prison, learn'd from thee,
 To warble forth Sweet Liberty.

Waste not on me an useleſs care,
 That kind concern let Strephon ſhare;
 Slight are my ſorrows, ſlight my ills,
 To thoſe which he, poor captive! feels,
 Who, kept in hopeleſs bonds by thee,
 Yet ſtrives not for his liberty.



NO more ſhall the muſes dance round in a ring,
 When, charm'd with Clariffa, her beauties I ſing;
 But Phœbus ſhall ſtop the career of his car,
 Entranc'd with the ſound of my tinkling guitar.

O, my guitar! O, my guitar! my ſtrumming,
 My ſtrumming, my tinkling guitar!

I ſing not of battles great monarchs between,
 'Tis no fault of mine, if they fall out or in;
 Ceafe, then, you loud trumpets, and drums of the war,
 You drown the ſoft twang of my tinkling guitar.

O, my guitar! &c.

When, buy my rare flounders, poor fiſhermen bawl,
 Or feminine eunuchs ſing high with a ſquall;
 Such ear-piercing ſounds cannot rank in a par,
 With the raviſhing twang of my tinkling guitar.

O, my guitar! &c.

Tho' pedants a proverb have taught in the ſchools,
 That far ſought and dear bought are the fitter for fools;

Yet

Yet while, with a tune, I can drive away care,
I'll thrum and I'll strum on my tinkling guittar.

O, my guittar! &c.



The Birks of Invermay.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring

Invite the tuneful birds to sing;

And while they warble from each spray,

Love melts the universal lay.

Let us, Amanda, timely wife,

Like them, improve the hour that flies;

And in soft raptures waste the day:

Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,

And age, life's winter, will appear;

At this thy lively bloom will fade,

As that will strip the verdant shade:

Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,

The feather'd songsters please no more;

And when they droop, and we decay,

Adieu, the birks of Invermay.

The lavrocks now and lint-white fang,

The rocks around with echoes ring;

The mavis and the black-bird vye,

In tuneful strains to glad the day:

The woods now wear their summer suits;

To mirth all nature now invites;

Let us be blythfome then, and gay,

Among the birks of Invermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,

With lowing herds and flocks abound;

The wanton kids and frisking lambs
 Gambol and dance about their dams ;
 The busy bees, with humming noise,
 And all the reptile kind rejoice :
 Let us, like them, then sing and play
 About the birks of Invermay.

Hark, how the waters as they fall,
 Loudly my love to gladness call ;
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the streams ;
 The circling sun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance :
 Let us as jovial be as they,
 Among the birks of Invermay.



D A P H N E.

TELL me, Amyntor, gentle swain,
 Saw you my love trip o'er the plain ?
 Soon as the sun brought on the day,
 From yonder cot he stole away.

A M Y N T O R.

As I pass'd thro' yon distant vill,
 A wake was kept beneath the hill ;
 I heard the echoing rocks resound,
 For Strephon had his Silvia crown'd.

D A P H N E.

Then fly, regard ! dissolve in air !
 For one that's false I'll scorn to care ;
 My heart I'll give some better swain,
 Who has a heart to give again.

AMYNTOR.

A M Y N T O R.

Then fix it here, I'll own the prize,
 Amyntor for his Daphne dies;
 And longs in Hymen's bands to prove,
 With her, the sweets of mutual love.

D A P H N E.

Methinks I've heard, or 'twas a jest,
 That Flavia reigns within your breast;
 What room then for a wretched maid,
 Who is rejected and betray'd?

A M Y N T O R.

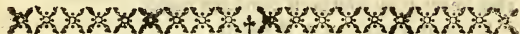
Flavia, believe me, yester' morn,
 Ere Phœbus brush'd the dewy thorn,
 By Cynthio to the church was led,
 Though bound to grace my nuptial bed.

D A P H N E.

Then welcome, shepherd, haste away,
 My heart and hand shall both obey.

B O T H.

While others dare inconstant prove,
 Till death forbids, we'll live and love.



SWEET are the flow'rs that deck the field,
 Sweet is the smell the blossoms yield,
 Sweet is the summer's gale that blows,
 And sweet, tho' sweeter, you the rose.
 And sweet, tho' sweeter, &c.

Survey the gardens, fields and bow'rs,
 The buds, the blossom and the flow'rs,

Then

Then tell me where the woodbine grows,
 That vies in sweetness with the rose.
 That vies in sweetness, &c.



COME, take your glass, the northern lass
 So prettily advis'd;
 I drank her health, and really was
 Agreeably surpris'd:
 Her shape so neat, her voice so sweet,
 Her air and mien so free;
 The fyren charm'd me from my meat,
 But take your drink, said she.

If from the north such beauty came,
 How is it that I feel
 Within my breast that glowing flame
 No tongue can e'er reveal?
 Though cold and raw the north wind blow,
 All summer's on her breast;
 Her skin was like the driven snow,
 But sun-shine all the rest.

Her heart may southern climates melt,
 Though frozen now it seems;
 That joy with pain be equal felt,
 And balanc'd in extremes.
 Then, like our genial wine she'll charm,
 With love, my panting breast;
 Me, like our sun, her heart shall warm,
 Be ice to all the rest.

HENCE,

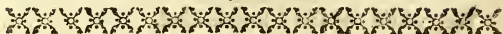
LOVE AND REASON.

HENCE, painful pleasure, pleasing pain,
 Resign, O love! thy throne;
 Come, reason, I obey thy reign,
 And own thy pow'r alone.
 Disdaining love, from hence I'll live
 Unmov'd by all the fair;
 False Delia's smiles no joys shall give,
 Nor yet her frowns despair.

This vow Philander scarce had made,
 When, on the verdant plain,
 Fair Delia, with each grace array'd,
 Approach'd the love-sick swain.
 In vain, with sudden transport fir'd,
 For reason's aid he strove,
 He flew to her, he long admir'd,
 And own'd the pow'r of love.

AIR changes.

Then against the tender passion
 Let us not our pow'r employ,
 But give way to inclination,
 Taste of love, and taste of joy:
 For, on reason's aid relying,
 Vain will all our efforts prove;
 Custom, with this truth complying,
 Reason is too weak for love.



Tune. *Pinkie-House.*

MY days have been so wondrous free,
 The little birds that fly,
 Vol. I. Y

With

With careless ease from tree to tree,
Were but as blest as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their stream?

Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent a sigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught,

The tender chains of sweet desire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

An eager hope within my breast
Does every doubt controul;

And lovely Nancy stands confess'd
The fav'rite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
Ye swains that haunt the grove,

Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
Ye close retreats of love;

With all of nature, all of art,
Assist the dear design;

O! teach a young unpractis'd heart,
To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of despair;

And hardly covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind
Is mix'd with soft distress;

Yet, whilst the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish for less.

The Wheel-Barrow.

A C A N T A T A.

AS Porter Will along St. Paul's did move,
 Deprest by weighty load, but more by love,
 By chance the fair Cerissa there he found,
 Crying her fine hart cherries, round and found;
 Will, joyous, instant pitch'd, then streight caress'd her,
 And, leaning o'er her barrow, thus address'd her :

Thy lips are cherries, sweeter far
 Than those which in the barrow are ;
 With such a store of charms, 'tis well
 You may have stoln hearts to sell.
 With such a store, &c.
 My dear Cerissa too you know,
 You stole it from me long ago ;
 And now I stop to ask of thee,
 To give it back, or marry me.
 To give it back, &c.

Cerissa, archly leering as he spoke,
 While all the cherries blush'd upon her cheek,
 The mellowest fruit, unnotic'd, cull'd apace,
 And sent, like thunder, at his doleful face ;
 Then grasp'd her barrow, trundled soft along,
 And looking round at Will, triumphant sung :

Shall I, possess of all these charms,
 Sleep nightly in a porter's arms ;
 Ambitious soul, detest such scam,
 And sigh for conquests yet to come.
 Fair youths my sov'reign pow'r shall feel,
 Ten thousand hearts I'll daily steal ;

Shall I, who ride above the rest,
 Be by a paltry croud oppress?
 Ambition now my soul does fire,
 The youths shall languish and admire;
 And ev'ry girl with anxious heart,
 Shall long to ride, long to ride
 Long to ride in my dust cart:
 And ev'ry girl with anxious heart,
 Shall long to ride in my dust cart,
 Shall long to ride in my dust cart.



The Turnspit.

A C A N T A T A.

AS on crecket low, by fire-side, fat John,
 To turn the spit, and baste the meat thereon,
 Oily emission did his face o'erflow,
 Drooping at chin as house with thawing snow:
 Cumber'd with love of Doll, who sat hard bye,
 Culling salubrious fruit to make a pye,
 His flame emerg'd, which long in embryo laid,
 Neglects the spit, and thus address'd the maid:

Inferior sweets the bees exhale
 From fertile lawn or flow'ry dale,
 To thy unequal charms, to thy unequal charms,
 Thy luscious lips and cheeks disclose
 The blooming pink and blushing rose;
 O fold me in thy arms! O fold me in thy arms!

Earth cannot our pleasures divide,
 When John is a bridegroom, and Doll is my bride;
 Y 3 Whatever's

Whatever's thy humour, I'll never say nay,
 Our nights spend in pleasure, nor discord by day.
 Our nights spend in pleasure, &c.

Doll, with indignant rage assaults the swain,
 Confus'd her passion, like the rapid main;
 At length, impetuous to the scull'ry flies,
 The ladle wields, and thus exulting cries;
 Presumptuous fool, no longer sing elate,
 Nor with such music woo me for thy mate;
 Blythe as the feather'd race, born to be free,
 I live then, listen to my will's decree:

Were men as scarce as diamonds are, but seldom to
 be found,
 The maiden state I'd calmly bear, ere to such lout be
 bound;
 Shall I, whom footmen often woo, stoop to a clum-
 sey wretch like you?
 Shall I, whom footmen often woo, &c.

John stood aghast, his head despondent hung,
 While fear confin'd the efforts of his tongue;
 But soon as reason had resum'd her reign,
 He took his seat, and turn'd the spit again;
 Resolv'd no more the maiden to invoke,
 With mimic accent thus his mind he broke:

The kids that crop the verdant lawn,
 The larks that climb the sky,
 The bleating lamb, the dapple fawn
 Are not more blythe than I.

Henceforth content shall crown my brow,
 Releas'd from ev'ry nuptial vow;
 Henceforth content shall crown my brow,
 Releas'd from ev'ry nuptial vow.

HAPPY hours, all hours excelling,
 When retir'd from crouds and noise;
 Happy is that silent dwelling,
 Fill'd with self-possessing joys;
 Happy that contented creature,
 Who with fewest things is pleas'd,
 And consults the voice of nature,
 When of roving fancies eas'd.

Ev'ry passion wisely moving,
 Just as reason turns the scale;
 Ev'ry state of life improving,
 That no anxious thought prevail:
 Happy man who thus possesses
 Life, with some companion dear;
 Joy imparted still increases,
 Griefs, when told, soon disappear.

WHERE'S my swain so blythe and clever?
 Why d'ye leave me all in sorrow?
 Three whole days are gone for ever,
 Since you said you'd come to-morrow.

If you lov'd but half as I do,
 You'd been here with looks so bonny;
 Love has flying wings I well know,
 Not like ling'ring lazy Johnny.

What can he be now a-doing?
 Is he with the lasses Maying?
 Better he had here been wooing,
 Than with others fondly playing.

Tell me truly where he's roving,
 That I may no longer sorrow;

If he's weary grown of loving,
 Let him tell me so to-morrow.

Does some fav'rite rival hide him?
 Let her be the happy creature;
 I'll not plague myself to chide him,
 Nor dispute with her a feature:

But I can't, nor will not tarry,
 No, nor kill myself with sorrow:
 I may lose the time to marry,
 If I wait beyond to-morrow.

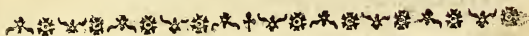
Think not, shepherd, thus to brave me,
 If I'm your's, away no longer;
 If you won't, another'll have me:
 I may cool, but not grow fonder.

If your lovers, girls, forsake you,
 Whine not in despair and sorrow;
 Blest another lad may make you;
 Stay for none beyond to-morrow.

XX

DEAREST Kitty, kind and fair,
 Tell me when, and tell me where,
 Tell thy fond and faithful swain,
 When we thus shall meet again?
 Where shall Strephon fondly see
 Beauties-only found in thee,
 Kiss thee, press thee, toy and play,
 All the happy live-long day;
 Dearest Kitty, kind and fair,
 Tell me when, and tell me where,
 Tell me when, and tell me where.

All the happy day, 'tis true,
 Blest, but only when with you;
 Nightly, Strephon sighs alone,
 Sighs, till Hymen make us one;
 Tell me, then, and ease my pain,
 Tell thy fond and faithful swain,
 When the priest shall kindly join
 Kitty's trembling hand to mine?
 Dearest Kitty, kind and fair,
 Tell me when, I care not where,
 Tell me when, I care not where.



SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 Tho' they return with scars?
 These are the noble hero's lot,
 Obtain'd in glorious wars:
 Welcome, my Varo, to my breast,
 Thy arms about me twine,
 And make me once again as blest
 As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough
 A thousand Cupids play;
 Whilst through the groves I walk with you,
 Each object makes me gay:
 Since your return, the sun and moon
 With brighter beams do shine,
 Streams murmur softly while they run,
 As they did lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state;
 Let that to their share fall,
 Who can esteem such slav'ry great,
 While bounded like a ball:

But:

But sunk in love, upon my arms
 Let your brave head recline,
 We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,
 As we did lang syne.

O'er moor and dale, with your gay friend,
 You may pursue the chace,
 And, after a blythe bottle, end
 All cares in my embrace:
 And, in a vacant rainy day,
 You shall be wholly mine;
 We'll make the hours run smooth away,
 And laugh at lang syne.

The hero, pleas'd with the soft air,
 And signs of gen'rous love,
 Which had been utter'd by the fair,
 Bow'd to the pow'rs above:
 Next day, with consent and glad haste,
 Th' approach'd the sacred shrine;
 Where the good priest the couple blest,
 And put them out of pine.



WHEN tutor'd under Mamma's care,
 Such charms I did inherit,
 She gave strict charge that none should dare
 To curb my growing spirit.

My neck and bosom ne'er were hid;
 Romances ever reading;
 To hold my head up I was bid,
 That I might shew my breeding.

By turns I play'd the flirt and prude,
 Affected joy and sorrow;

And

And what to-day was monstrous rude,
I thought polite to-morrow.

By Dukes and Earls I was address'd,
Each fop sure of succeeding ;
Of ev'ry one I made a jest,
That I might shew my breeding.

Young Damon too confess'd a flame,
And rivals he had many ;
But, though I us'd him just the same,
I lik'd him best of any.

With tears and sighs he often swore,
For me his heart was bleeding ;
I only plagu'd him still the more,
That I might shew my breeding.

Enrag'd, he vow'd to break his chain,
And fly to smiling Kitty ;
I cou'd not bear to meet disdain,
For one not half so pretty.

With gentle words I bid him stay,
For pardon fell to pleading ;
We went to church, and from that day
I shew'd him better breeding.

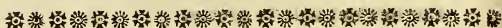


BRIGHT Sol, at length by Thetis woo'd,
Is sunk beneath the western flood ;
And now, within yon sacred grove,
I haste to meet the youth I love.
Reclin'd beneath the beechen shade,
While zephyrs whisper round his head,

Methinks I hear him, sighing, say,
Come, lovely Celia, haste away.

I come, my Damon, fraught with joy,
Swift as the mountain-deer I fly,
Within thy faithful arms to lay,
And love the cares of life away.
There will I vow, dear gen'rous youth,
To love thee with eternal truth,
Firm as great heav'n's unchang'd decree,
And keep my spotless heart for thee.

By that fond heart, the truest, best
That ever warm'd a virgin's breast;
By that fond heart, dear youth, I swear,
Thou, only thou, art treasur'd there.
There shalt thou ever, dearest swain,
My bosom's faithful inmate reign;
While oft I say what all must see,
Was ever woman blest like me?



Col. **B**E still O ye winds, and attentive ye swains,
'Tis Phœbe invites, and replies to my strains;
The sun never rose on, search all the world through,
A Shepherd so blest, or a fair one so true.

Ph. Glide softly, ye streams; ye nymphs, round me
'Tis Colin commands, and enlivens my song. (through;
Search all the world over, you never will find
A maiden so blest'd, or a shepherd so kind.

Col. When Phœbe is with me, the seasons are gay,
And winter's bleak months are as pleasant as May;
The summer's gay verdure still springs as she treads,
And linnets and nightingales sing through the meads.

Ph. When

Ph. When Colin is absent, 'tis winter all round ;
 How faint is the sun-shine, how barren the ground ?
 Instead of the linnet or nightingale's song,
 I hear the hoarse croaking of frogs all day long.

Col. O'er hill, dale and valley, my Phœbe and I
 Together will wander, and love shall be by ;
 Her Colin shall guard her safe all the day long,
 Which Phœbe at night will repay with a song.

Ph. By moon-light, when shadows glide over the plain,
 His kisses shall cheer me, his arm shall sustain :
 The dark-haunted grove I can trace without fear,
 Or sleep in a church-yard, if Colin is there.

Col. Ye shepherds that wanton it over the plain,
 How fleeting your transport, how lasting your pain ?
 Inconstancy shun, and reward the kind she,
 And learn to be happy from Phœbe and me.

Ph. Ye nymphs, who the pleasures of love never try'd,
 Attend to my strains, and let me be your guide :
 Your hearts keep from pride and inconstancy free,
 And learn to be happy from Colin and me.

C H O R U S.

'Tis love, like the sun, that gives light to the year,
 The sweetest of blessings that life can endear ;
 Our pleasure it brightens, drives sorrow away,
 Adds joy to the night, and enlivens the day.



SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins despis'd,
 To all bachelors, greeting, these lines are pre-
 mis'd ;

I'm a maid that would marry, ah! could I but find
 (I care not for fortune) a man to my mind,
 A man to my mind, a man to my mind,
 I care not for fortune, a man to my mind.

Not the fair-weather'd fop, fond of fashion and dress,
 Not the squire that can relish no joys but the chace;
 Nor the free-thinking rake, whom no moral can bind,
 Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind.
 The man to my mind, &c.

Not the ruby-fac'd sot, who topos world without end,
 Nor the drone that can't relish his bottle and friend,
 Nor the fool that's too fond, nor the churl that's un-
 kind;
 Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind.
 The man to my mind, &c.

Not the rich with full bags, without breeding or merit,
 Nor the flash that's all fury, without any spirit,
 Nor the fine Mr. Fribble, the scorn of mankind;
 Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind.
 The man to my mind, &c.

But the youth whom good sense and good nature inspire,
 Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair must admire,
 In whose heart love and truth are with honour con-
 join'd;
 This, this, and no other's the man to my mind.
 The man to my mind, &c.

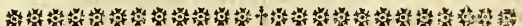


Tune, Gently stir and blow the fire.

WHY; lovely charmer, tell me why,
 So very kind, and yet so shy;
 Why does that cold forbidding air,
 Give damp of sorrow and despair;

Or why that smile my soul subdue,
And kindle up my flame and you.

In vain you strive, with all your art,
By turns to freeze and fire my heart ;
When I behold a face so fair,
So sweet a look, so soft an air,
My ravish'd soul is charm'd all o'er,
I cannot love thee less nor more.



She. **A**ND canst thou leave thy Nancy,
And quit thy native shore ?
It comes into my fancy
I ne'er shall see thee more.

He. Yes, I must leave my Nancy,
To humble haughty Spain ;
Let fears ne'er fill thy fancy,
For we shall meet again.

She. Amidst the foaming billows,
Where thund'ring cannons roar,
You'll think on these green willows,
And wish yourself on shore.

He. I fear no land nor water,
I fear no sword nor fire,
For sweet revenge and slaughter
Are all that I desire.

She. May guardian gods protect thee
From water, fire and steel ;
And may no fears affect thee,
Like those which now I feel.

He. I leave to heaven's protection,
 My life, my only dear!
 You have my sole affection,
 So still conclude me here.



YOU'RE welcome to Paxton, Robin Adair,
 You're welcome to Paxton, Robin Adair,
 How does Luke Gardner do, ay, and John Macharil too?
 O! why did they not come with you, Robin Adair?

I will drink wine with you, Robin Adair,
 I will drink wine with you, Robin Adair,
 I will drink wine with you, good rack and brandy too,
 By my shoull I'll be drunk with you, Robin Adair.

Come, let us, drink about, Robin Adair,
 Come, let us drink about, Robin Adair,
 Come, let us drink about, and drink a hoghead out,
 O then we'll be drunk, no doubt, Robin Adair.

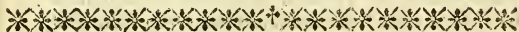


YOUNG Thyrsis, ye shepherds, is gone,
 I look all around for the swain:
 He's fled, and joy with him is flown;
 He leaves me to sorrow and pain.
 Where is it I madly would rove?
 Can ye tell me what's left worth my stay?
 Too late I perceive it was love
 All the while led my fancy astray,
 All the while led my fancy astray.

What avails if I tarry behind,
 Now my heart he has stole quite away?

No comfort on earth shall I find,
 No rest or by night, or by day.
 When he sung, oh! I listen'd with glee;
 When he smil'd, how I languish'd and sigh'd!
 Ne'er thought I the moment to see,
 Then to see I could wish to have dy'd.
 Then to see, &c.

But who is it that comes o'er the green?
 'Tis Thyrsis, the dear wish'd for youth:
 No death e'er shall part us, I ween;
 For than death is much stronger his truth.
 The muse saw them meet in the grove,
 Saw the maid and the shepherd all blest:
 He vow'd to be true to his love;
 She dares not to whisper the rest,
 She dares not to whisper the rest.



H E.

HASTE, haste, Phillis; haste! 'tis the first of the
 May;
 Hark! the gold-finches sing, to the wood let's away:
 We'll pluck the pale primrose; nay, start not my dear,
 I've something to whisper alone in your ear.
 I've something to whisper, &c.

S H E.

Excuse me, fond swain, it has often been said,
 The wood is unsafe for a maiden to tread;
 And a wither'd old gipsy one day I espy'd,
 Bid me shun the thick wood, and said something beside,
 Bid me shun the thick wood, &c.

H E.

'Tis all a mere fable; there's nothing to fright;
 There's music all day, and no spectres at night;

No creature but Cupid, believe me, is there,
 And Cupid's an urchin you surely can't fear,
 And Cupid's an urchin, &c.

S H E.

For all I could say, when arriv'd at the wood,
 Who knows your design? you may dare to be rude:
 So I bid you farewell, and confess I'm afraid,
 Lest Cupid and you be too hard for a maid,
 Lest Cupid and you, &c.

H E.

His dictates you wisely at once should approve,
 For pray what is life? it is pain without love:
 Think how youth, like the rose, tho' ungather'd,
 will fade;

Then quickly comply, lest you die an old maid,
 Then quickly comply, &c.

S H E.

By language as artful, young Daphne was won;
 Thus courted, she yielded, was trick'd and undone;
 And rather than trust the fine things you have said,
 Let my beauty decay, and I'll die an old maid,
 Let my beauty decay, &c.

H E.

Believe not I'm faithless, and false as the wind;
 I'll be true as the turtle, as fond and as kind;
 Will lead you to pleasure untasted before,
 And make you a bride; can a mortal do more?
 And make you a bride, &c.

S H E.

Then at once I'll comply, for I cannot say No;
 To-morrow to church with my shepherd I'll go;
 To the wood next, tho' Cupid, so talk'd of, be there,
 With joy I'll away, and adieu to all fear,
 With joy I'll away, &c.

B O T H.

Ye nymphs, to the woods never venture to go;
 Till the priest join your hands, you must answer No, not
 Ye

Ye swains, should your fair ones be deaf to you still,
You must wear the soft chain; then they'll go where
You must wear, &c. (you will.)



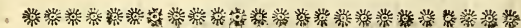
BY smooth winding Tay a swain was reclining,
Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! maun I still live pining
My fell thus away, and darna discover
To my bonny Hay that I am her lover?

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stronger;
If she's not my bride, my days are no longer:
Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
May be, ere we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora, (row;
When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good-mor-
The sward of the mead, enamell'd with daisies,
Looks wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

But, if she appear where verdure invites her,
The fountains run clear, and flowers smell the sweeter:
'Tis heav'n to be by, when her wit is a-flowing,
Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a-glowing,

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded;
I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to carefs ye,
For a' my desire is Hay's bonny lassie.



FANNY, the gods peculiar care,
With whom no mortal can compare,

Has beauty, wit, and lively sense,
 Conjoin'd with sweetest innocence.
 Conjoin'd with, &c.

The virgin blush on Fanny's face,
 To flowrets adds fresh blooming grace ;
 Her presence wakes the tuneful grove ;
 Her beauty fires each swain with love, &c.

As o'er the flow'ry lawn she walks,
 Of her each shepherd sings, or talks ;
 Th' exulting hills her praise resound,
 Fanny echoing all around, &c.

If thro' the woods my charmer stray,
 Or to yon streams direct her way,
 The trembling woods in honour bow,
 The conscious streams more gentle flow, &c.

When sultry Phœbus burns the plains,
 And robs them of refreshing rains,
 The zephyrs waft their softest air,
 Well pleas'd to cool my charming fair, &c.

And now the happy maid is gone,
 And left her shepherd quite forlorn ;
 Return, sweet nymph, my faith approve,
 And heal my breast with mutual love, &c.

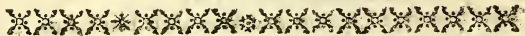
Take from me, gods, ambitious aim,
 Take from me titles, wealth and fame ;
 Unenvy'd let proud mortals shine,
 Be praise their lot, be Fanny mine, &c.

ALL attendants apart,
 I examin'd my heart,
 Last night when I laid me to rest ;
 And, methinks, I'm inclin'd
 To a change of my mind,
 For you know second thoughts are the best.

To retire from the crowd,
 And make ourselves good,
 By avoiding of ev'ry temptation,
 Is in truth to reveal
 What we'd better conceal,
 That our passions want some regulation.

It will much more redound
 To our praise, to be found,
 In a world so abounding with evil,
 Unspotted and pure,
 Tho' not so demure,
 To wage open war with the devil.

In bidding farewell
 To the nymphs of the cell,
 I'll prepare for a militant life ;
 And, if brought to distrels,
 Why then I'll confess,
 And do penance in shape of a wife.



A Rock and a wie Pickle Tow.

THERE was an auld wife had a wie pickle tow,
 And she wad gae try the spinning o't,
 But louten her down, her rock took a low,
 And that was an ill beginning o't ;

She

She lap and she grat, she flet and she flang,
 She trow and she drow, she ringl'd, she rang,
 She chock'd, she bock'd; and cry'd, Let me hang,
 That ever I try'd the spinning o't.

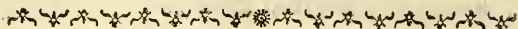
I hae been a wife this threescore of years;
 And never did try the spinning o't;
 But how I was fark'd, foul fa them that speers,
 For it minds me of the beginning o't.
 The women now-a-days are turn'd sae bra,
 That ilk ane maun hae a fark, some maun hae twa,
 But the warld was better when feint ane ava,
 But a wie rag at the beginning o't.

Foul fa them that e'er advis'd me to spin,
 For it minds me of the beginning o't;
 I might weil have ended as I had begun,
 And never had try'd the spinning o't:
 But they say she's a wife wife wha kens her ain waird;
 I thought ance a day, it wad never be speer'd,
 How loot you the low tak the rock by the beard,
 When you gaed to try the spinning o't?

The spinning, the spinning, it gars my heart sab,
 When I think on the beginning o't;
 I thought ance a day to have made a wab,
 And this was to hae been the beginning o't;
 But had I nine daughters as I hae but three,
 The safest and soundest advice I wad gie,
 That they frae spinning wad keep their hands free,
 For fear of an ill beginning o't.

But in spite of my counsel if they wad needs run
 The dreary sad task of the spinning o't,
 Let them seek out a loun place at the heat of the sun,
 Syne venture on the beginning o't:

For, O, do as I done, alake and vow,
 To busk up a rock at the cheek of a low,
 They'd say that I had little wit in my pow,
 And as little I hae done wi' the spinning o't.



IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas with his blasts fae bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill ;
 Then Bell my wife, wha loves na strife,
 She said to me right hastily,
 Get up, goodman, save Cromy's life,
 And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Cromy is an useful cow,
 And she is come of a good kyne ;
 Aft has she wat the bairns mou',
 And I am laith that she should tyne :
 Get up, goodman, it is fou time,
 The sun shines in the lift fou hie ;
 Sloth never made a gracious end :
 Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a good grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear ;
 But now 'tis scanty worth a groit,
 For I have worn't this mony a year :
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,
 We little ken the day we'll die ;
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
 To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
 His hose they cost but haf a crown ;

Yet said they were a groat o'er dear,
 And ca'd the taylor thief and lown.
 He was the king that wore the crown,
 And thou a man of laigh degree ;
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae tak your auld cleak about ye.

Every land has its ain laugh,
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool ;
 I think the world is a' gane daft,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule :
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 How they are girded gallantly,
 While I sit hurklen in the ase ?
 I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wate 'tis thirty year
 Since we did ane anither ken ;
 And we have had between us twa
 Of lads and bonny lassies ten :
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I with and pray well may they be ;
 And if you'd prove a good husband,
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife, she loves na strife,
 But she wad guide me if she can ;
 And, to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, though I'm goodman :
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye give her a' the plea ;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak my auld cloak about me.

LONG, long I despair'd a young shepherd to find,
 Nor proud of his merit, nor false as the wind ;
 But at last I have got a dear lad to my mind ;
 Oh ! I never can part with my Willy !
 We hie'd to the altar last Midsummer day ;
 I blush'd all the while, and scarce knew what to say ;
 But I vow'd (I remember) to love and obey :
 Can I do any less with my Willy ?

His breath is as fragrant as fresh morning air ;
 His face than the rose is more ruddy, I swear ;
 And his kisses as sweet—oh ! beyond all compare !

There is not such a lad as my Willy.

With him none pretends, or to pipe, or to play :
 Then what tender soft things will the dear shepherd
 say !

With ease, I am sure, he might steal hearts away ;
 But I'll never distrust thee, my Willy.

When I droop'd all in pain, and hung down my head,
 How kindly he watch'd me ! what tears did he shed !
 Nor left me a moment till sickness was fled :

Can I ever forget thee, dear Willy ?

Should death from my sight tear the shepherd so true,
 Let him take, if he chooses, then me away too ;

For why should I tarry, or what could I do,

Should I lose such a lad as my Willy ?



TO thee, O gentle Sleep, alone,
 Is owing all our peace,
 By thee our joys are heightned shown,
 By thee our sorrows cease.

The nymph whose hand, by fraud or force,
 Some tyrant has possess'd,
 By thee obtaining a divorce,
 In her own choice is blest.

O stay, Arpasia bids thee stay,
 The sadly weeping fair
 Conjures thee not to lose one day,
 The object of her care.

To grasp whose pleasing form she sought,
 That motion chas'd her sleep :
 Thus, by ourselves, is softest wrought,
 The grief for which we weep.



To CHLOE.

Tune, I wish my love were in a mire.

O LOVELY maid ! how dear's thy pow'r ?
 At once I love, at once adore :
 With wonder are my thoughts possess'd,
 While softest love inspires my breast.
 This tender look, these eyes of mine,
 Confess their am'rous master thine ;
 These eyes with Strephon's passion play,
 First make me love, and then betray.

Yes, charming victor, I am thine,
 Poor as it is, this heart of mine
 Was never in another's pow'r,
 Was never pierc'd by love before.
 In thee I've treasur'd up my joy,
 Thou can't give bliss, or bliss destroy :

And

And thus I've bound myself to love,
While bliss or misery can move.

O should I ne'er possess thy charms,
Ne'er meet my comfort in thy arms;
Were hopes of dear enjoyment gone,
Still would I love, love thee alone.
But, like some discontented shade
That wanders where its body's laid,
Mournful I'd roam with hollow glare,
For ever exil'd from my fair.



BLow, ye bleak winds, around my head,
And soothe my heart-corroding care;
Flash round my brows, ye lightning red,
And blast the laurels planted there:
But may the maid, where'er she be,
Think not of my distress, nor me.

Let all the traces of our love
Be ever blotted from her mind,
May from her breast my vows remove,
And no remembrance leave behind.
But may the maid, *&c.*

O! may I ne'er behold her more,
For she has robb'd my soul of rest;
Wisdom's assistance is too poor,
To calm the tempest in my breast, *&c.*

Come, death, O! come, thou friendly sleep,
And with my sorrows lay me low;
And should the gentle virgin weep,
Nor sharp nor lasting be her woe, *&c.*

TELL me, lasses, have you seen—
 Lately wand'ring o'er the green,
 Beauty's son, a little boy,
 Full of frolic, mirth and joy?
 If you know his shelter, say;
 He's from Venus gone astray.
 Tell me, lasses, have you seen
 Such a one trip o'er the green?

By his marks the god you'll know;
 O'er his shoulder hangs a bow,
 And a quiver fraught with darts,
 Poison sure to human hearts;
 Tho' he's naked, little, blind,
 He can triumph o'er the mind.

Tell me, lasses, have you seen, &c.

Subtle as the lightning's wound
 Is his piercing arrow found;
 While the bosom's heart it pains,
 No external mark remains:
 Reason's shield itself is broke
 By the unsuspected stroke.

Tell me, lasses, have you seen, &c.

Oft the urchin's seen to lie,
 Basking in the sunny eye:
 Or his destin'd prey he seeks
 On the maiden's rosy cheeks:
 Snowy breasts, or curling hair
 Oft conceal the pleasing snare.

Tell me, lasses, have you seen, &c.

She that the recess reveals,
 Where the god himself conceals,

Shall

Shall a kifs receive this night
 From her heart's supreme delight :
 To Venus let her bring the boy,
 She shall taste love's sweetest joy.
 Tell me, lasses, have you seen
 Such a one trip o'er the green ?



Tune, Good-night, and God be wi' you.

HOW happy is he, whoever he be,
 That in his lifetime meets one true friend ;
 Who cordially does sympathize
 In words, in action, heart and mind :
 My kind respects do not neglect,
 Altho' my wealth or 'state be small ;
 With a melting heart, and a mournful eye,
 I beg the Lord be wi' you all.

My loving friends, I kifs your hands,
 For time invites me for to move,
 On your poor servant lay commands,
 Who is ambitious of your love.
 Whose power and might, both day and night,
 Governs the depths, makes rain to fall,
 To sun and moon gives course of light,
 Direct, protect, defend you all.

I do protest, within my breast,
 Your memory I'll not neglect ;
 On that record I'll lay arrest,
 Hell's fury shall not alter it.
 All I desire of earthly bliss,
 Is to be freed from guilt or fraud ;
 I hope my God will grant me this,
 Good-night and God be wi' you all.

YOUNG Jockey, who teaz'd me a twelvemonth,
or more,

Now bolder is grown than was mortal before ;
He whispers such things as no virgin should hear,
And he presses my lips with a warmth I can't bear,
And he presses, &c.

With stories of love he would soften my mind,
And his eyes speak a temper to mischief inclin'd :
But I vow, not a moment I'll trust him alone ;
And when next he grows rude, I will bid him be gone.

Of honour and truth not a word has he spoke,
And his actions declare he thinks virtue a joke :
He shall find his mistake, if he ventures to try ;
For, than yield on such terms, oh ! I rather would die.

With no creature beside he such freedom can take ;
Yet the handsome and witty he quits for my sake :
But how can I think he loves me the best ?
Or how can I love him who'd break all my rest ?

Oh ! Jockey, reform, nor be foolish again,
Lest you lose a fond heart you shall never regain :
If you change your behaviour, and to church choose
to go,
I'll forgive all that's past, and will never say No.
I'll forgive all, &c.

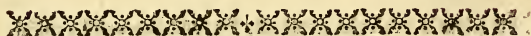


YE swains that are courting a maid,
Be warn'd and instructed by me ; ;
Though small experience I've had,
I'll give you good counsel and free.

The women are changeable things,
 And seldom a moment the same ;
 As time a variety brings,
 Their looks new humours proclaim.

But who in his love would succeed,
 And his mistress's favour obtain,
 Must mind it as sure as his creed,
 To make hay while the sun is serene.

There's a season to conquer the fair,
 And that's when they're merry and gay :
 To catch the occasion take care ;
 When 'tis gone, in vain you'll essay.



I FEED a flame within, which so torments me,
 That it both pains my heart, and yet contents me ;
 'Tis such a pleasing pain, and I so love it,
 That I would rather die than once remove it.

But he, for whom I mourn, shall never know it,
 My tongue shall ne'er betray, nor my eyes show it ;
 Not a sigh, not a tear my pain discloses,
 But they fall silently, like dew on roses.

Thus to prevent my love from being cruel,
 My heart's the sacrifice, as 'tis the fewel ;
 And, while I suffer thus to give him quiet,
 My faith rewards my love, tho' he denies't.

On his eyes will I gaze, and there delight me,
 While I conceal my love, no frown can fright me ;
 To be more happy I dare not aspire,
 Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.

When tедding of the hay
 Bare-headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To age it would give youth,
 To press them with his hand.
 Thro' all my spirits ran
 An ecstasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness fand
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
 Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 When e'er she spoke or finil'd.
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasures at my will,
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Peaty's mill,
 Shou'd share the same with me.



YOU say, at your feet that I wept in despair,
 And vow'd that no angel was ever so fair;

How

How could you believe all the nonsense I spoke?
 What know we of angels?—I meant it in joke.

I next stand indicted for swearing to love,
 And nothing but death should my passion remove;
 I've lik'd you a twelvemonth, a calendar year,
 And not yet contented!—have conscience, my dear.



An Address to the Ladies.

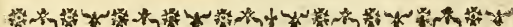
YE belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,
 Who trip in this frolicsome round,
 Pray tell me from whence this indecency springs;
 The sexes at once to confound?
 What means the cock'd hat, and the masculine air,
 With each motion design'd to perplex?
 Bright eyes were intended to languish, not stare,
 And softness the test of your sex—dear girls,
 And softness the test of your sex.

The girl who on beauty depends for support,
 May call ev'ry art to her aid;
 The bosom display'd, and the petticoat short,
 Are samples she gives of her trade:
 But you on whom fortune indulgently smiles,
 And whom pride has preserv'd from the snare,
 Should sily attack us with coyness and wiles,
 Not with open and insolent air—brave girls,
 Not with open, &c.

The Venus, whose statue delights all mankind,
 Shrinks modestly back from the view,
 And kindly should seem, by the artist design'd,
 To serve as a model for you.

Then learn, with her beauties, to copy her air;
 Nor venture too much to reveal:
 Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
 And double each charm you conceal—sweet girls,
 And double, &c.

The blushes of morn, and the mildness of May,
 Are charms which no art can procure:
 Oh! be but yourselves, and our homage we'll pay,
 And your empire is solid and sure:
 But if, Amazon-like, you attack your gallants,
 And put us in fear of our lives,
 You may do very well for sisters or aunts;
 Believe me, you'll never be wives—poor girls,
 Believe me, you'll never be wives.



The Vindication.

THE wicked wits, as fancy hits,
 All satirize the fair;
 In prose and rhyme, in strains sublime,
 Their foibles they declare:
 The kind are bold, the chaste are cold;
 These prudish, those too free:
 Ye curious men, come, tell us then,
 What should a woman be?
 What should a woman be?

But hard's the task, and vain to ask,
 Where optics are untrue;
 The muse shall here th' indicted clear,
 And prove the crimes on you:
 The rake is cloy'd, when she's enjoy'd,
 On whom his wish was plac'd;

The fool, deny'd, affects the pride,
And rails, to be in-taste, &c.

But, not like these the men of bliss
Their sure criterion fix :
No : Wisdom cries, My sons, arise,
And vindicate the sex :
'Tis theirs to prove those sweets of love
Which others never share ;
And evidence, that none have sense
But who adore the fair, &c.

Ye blooming race, with ev'ry grace
Celestially impress'd,
'Tis yours to quell the cares that dwell
Within the human breast :
At beauty's voice our souls rejoice,
And rapture wakes to birth ;
And Jove design'd th' enchanting kind
To form an heav'n on earth, &c.

Oh ! ev'ry art to win the heart,
Ye dear inspirers, try ;
Each native charm with fashion arm,
And let love's lightning fly :
And hence, ye grave, your counsels save,
Which youth but sets at nought ;
For woman still will have her will,
And so I think she ought,
And so I think she ought.



THE sun in virgin lustre shone,
May morning put its beauties on,

The warblers sung in livelier strain,
 And sweeter flow'rets deck'd the plain,
 And sweeter flow'rets deck'd the plain,
 When love, a soft intruding guest,
 That long had dwelt in Damon's breast,
 Now whisper'd to the nymph, away,
 For this is nature's holiday,
 For this is nature's holiday.

The tender impulse wing'd his haste,
 The painted mead he instant pass'd;
 And soon the happy cot he gain'd,
 Where beauty slept, and silence reign'd,
 Where beauty slept, &c.

Awake, my fair, the shepherd cries,
 To new-born pleasure ope thine eyes;
 Arise, my Sylvia, hail the May;
 For this is nature's holiday,
 For this, &c.

Forth came the maid in beauty bright,
 As Phœbus in meridian light:
 Entranc'd in rapture, all confess'd,
 The shepherd clasp'd her to his breast,
 The shepherd, &c.

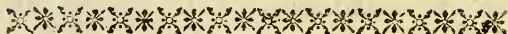
Then, gazing, with a speaking eye,
 He snatch'd a kiss, and heav'd a sigh,
 A melting sigh, that seem'd to say,
 Consider youth's our holiday,
 Consider, &c.

Ah! soft, she said, for pity's sake;
 What! kiss me ere I'm well awake!
 For this so early came you here?
 And hail you thus the rising year!
 And hail, &c.

Sweet innocence, oh, cease to chide!
 We'll haste to joy, the swain reply'd;
 In pleasure's flow'ry fields we'll stray,
 And this shall be love's holiday,
 And this, &c.

A crimson glow warm'd o'er her cheek;
 She look'd the thing she dar'd not speak:
 Consent own'd nature's soft command,
 And Damon seiz'd her trembling hand,
 And Damon, &c.

His dancing heart in transport play'd;
 To church he led the blushing maid,
 Then bless'd the happy morn of May.
 And now their life's all holiday,
 And now their life's all holiday.



The Incurious.

GIVE me but a wife; I expect not to find
 Each virtue and grace in one female combin'd;
 No goddesses for me; 'tis a woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.

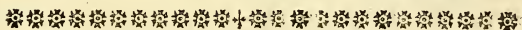
Be she young, she's not stubborn, but easy to mold;
 Or she claims my respect, like a mother, if old:
 Thus either can please me, since woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.

Like Venus she ogles, if squinting her eye;
 If blind, she the roving of mine cannot spy:
 Thus either is lovely; for woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.

If rich be my bride, she brings tokens of love ;
 If poor, then the farther from pride my remove :
 Thus either contents me ; for women I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.

I ne'er shall want converse, if tongue she possess ;
 And if mute, still the rarity pleases no less :
 I'm suited to either ; for woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.

Then cease, ye profane, on the sex to descant ;
 If you've wit to discern ; of charms they've no want ;
 Each fair can make happy, if woman we prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.



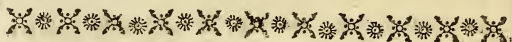
COME, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we
 must shear ;
 In your holiday suits with your lasses appear ;
 The happiest of folks are guileless and free ;
 And who are guileless, so happy, as we ?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught ;
 We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught :
 What we think in our hearts you may read in our eyes,
 For, knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led ;
 But we all the children of nature are bred :
 By her hands alone we are painted and drest,
 For the roses will bloom when there's peace in the breast.

The giant ambition, we never can dread ;
 Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head ;
 Content and sweet cheerfulness open your door ;
 They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal;
 Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel;
 So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
 And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.



TOO long a giddy wand'ring youth,
 From fair to fair, I rov'd;
 To ev'ry nymph I vow'd my truth,
 Tho' all alike I lov'd;
 Yet when the joy I wish'd was past,
 My truth appear'd a jest:
 But, trust me, I'm convinc'd at last
 That constancy is best,
 That constancy is best.

Like other fools, at female wiles
 'Twas my delight to rail;
 Their sighs, their vows, their tears, their smiles,
 Were false, I thought, and frail:
 But, by reflection's bright'ning pow'r,
 I see their worth confess;
 That man cannot enough adore,
 That constancy is best, &c.

The roving heart at beauty's sight
 May glow with fond desire;
 Yet, tho' possession yield delight,
 It damps the lawless fire:
 But love's celestial faithful flames
 Still catch from breast to breast;
 While ev'ry home-felt joy proclaims
 That constancy is best, &c.

No solid bliss from change results,
 No real raptures flow;

But

But fix'd to one, the soul exults,
 And tastes of heav'n below.
 With love, on ev'ry gen'rous mind,
 Is truth's fair form imprest;
 And reason dictates to mankind,
 That constancy is best,
 That constancy is best.



O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 They are twa bonny lassies,
 They bigg'd a bower on yon burn-brae,
 And theek'd it o'er wi' rashes.
 Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er could alter;
 But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
 They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap,
 She smiles like a May morning,
 When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
 The hills with rays adorning:
 White is her neck, fast is her hand,
 Her waste and feet's fu' genty;
 With ilka grace she can command;
 Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a craw;
 Her een like diamonds glances;
 She's ay fae clean red up and brow,
 She kills whene'er she dances:
 Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight, and tall is;
 And guides her airs fae gracefu' still,
 O Jove, she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco fair oppress us;
 Our fancies jee between you twa,
 Ye are sic bonny lassies:
 Wae's-me! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stented;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
 And be with ane contented.



YOUNG Colin sought my heart to gain;
 The shepherd, lost in love,
 Each morning woo'd me on the plain,
 Each noon within the grove;
 Yet my denial still was this,
 Psha! man, I can't endure you;
 And if he offer'd but to kiss,
 Such rudeness!—I'll assure you, I'll assure you.
 Such rudeness!—I'll assure you.

For twenty youths (not he alone)
 The am'rous flame confest;
 And had I once been kind to one,
 I'm sure I'd lost the rest:
 Beside, he us'd no pretty arts,
 But sagely wou'd allure me;
 While others talk'd of flames and darts;
 'Twas pretty—I'll assure ye,
 'Twas pretty, &c.

My face, my form, were prais'd aloud;
 My wit new conquests fir'd;
 And 'twas enough to make one proud
 To be so much admir'd:

At length reflection shew'd the fate
 Such flatt'ry might procure me,
 And virtue warn'd to shun the bait,
 Nor vainly—I'll assure ye,
 Nor vainly, &c.

I bid the fighting train depart ;
 'This maxim pleas'd to prove,
 That flatt'ry fills the sensual heart,
 But truth the heart of love :
 Young Colin, wont in vain to plead,
 Of vanity to cure,
 Now woo'd again ; and now indeed :
 I lov'd him—I'll assure ye,
 I lov'd him, &c.

I blam'd myself, such scorn to bear
 To merit now so clear :
 By my example, learn, ye fair,
 To prize the youth sincere :
 We instant join'd the nuptial tie ;
 He raptur'd to ensure me ;
 And, trust me, damsels, when you try,
 'Twill charm you—I'll assure ye,
 'Twill charm you—I'll assure ye.



YOUNG Colin protests I'm his joy and delight ;
 He's ever unhappy when I'm from his sight ;
 He wants to be with me where ever I go ;
 The duce sure is in him for plaguing me so,
 The duce sure is in him for plaguing me so.

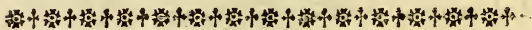
His pleasure all day is to sit by my side ;
 He pipes and he sings, tho' I frown and I chide ;

I bid him depart ; but he, smiling, says, no ;
 The duce sure is in him for plaguing me so,
 The duce, &c.

He often requests me his flame to relieve ;
 I ask him what favour he hopes to receive ?
 His answer's a sigh, while in blushes I glow :
 What mortal beside him would plague a maid so ?
 What mortal, &c.

This breast-knot he yesterday brought from the wake,
 And softly entreated I'd wear for his sake.
 Such trifles 'tis easy enough to bestow ;
 I sure deserve more for his plaguing me so,
 I sure, &c.

He hands me each eve from the cot to the plain,
 And meets me each morn to conduct me again ;
 But what's his intention. I wish I could know,
 For I'd rather be marry'd than plagu'd with him so,
 For I'd rather be marry'd than plagu'd with him so.



NO shepherd was like Strephon gay,
 No swain to me so dear ;
 'Twas rapture all the live-long day
 His song, his pipe, to hear :
 His song, his pipe to hear
 Yet when he sigh'd, and talk'd of love ;
 His passion I'd forbid ;
 For what I felt to hide I strove ;
 Upon my word I did,
 Upon my word I did.

The spring, when nature wakes to youth,
 And looks all life and joy,

The summer's sun, saw Strephon's truth,
 Saw Chloe still was coy,
 Saw Chloe, &c.

At length he vow'd, thou cruel fair,
 Disdain my heart has freed :
 He spoke, and left me in despair ;
 Upon my word he did,
 Upon, &c.

How sad, how penitent was I !
 My pride had caus'd my pain :
 From morn to eve I us'd to sigh,
 Oh ! Strephon, come again,
 Oh ! Strephon, &c.

It chanc'd, he sought a tender lamb,
 That in the grove lay hid ;
 When, thoughtless, there I breath'd his name ;
 Upon my word I did,
 Upon, &c.

Surpris'd, my well known voice to hear,
 In sounds of soft delight,
 With eager steps the youth drew near,
 And met my raptur'd sight,
 And met, &c.

No pow'r had I, all art was vain,
 Of Strephon to get rid ;
 My panting heart confess'd the swain ;
 Upon my word it did,
 Upon, &c.

O nymph, he cry'd, whose eyes to meet,
 My soul with joy o'erflows !
 The bee, that roves from sweet to sweet,
 Like me prefers the rose,
 Like me, &c.

Ye maids, with whom I've tripp'd the green,
 Let other youths succeed ;
 My Chloe welcom'd me again ;
 Upon my word she did,
 Upon, &c.

While blushes crimson'd o'er my cheek,
 My hand with warmth he prest ;
 Oh ! speak, he sigh'd, my Chloe, speak,
 Shall Strephon now be blest ?
 Ah ! who that lov'd so well, so long,
 The shepherd could have chid ?
 Perhaps you think I held my tongue ;
 Upon my word I did,
 Upon my word I did.



O SANDY, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn ?
 Thy presence cou'd ease me,
 When naething can please me :
 Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,
 Or throw the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
 While lavrocks are singing,
 And primroses springing ;
 Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my year,
 When throw the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell :
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
 Baith evening and morning ;
 Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When throw the wood, laddie, I wander my fell.

Then

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
 But quick as an arrow,
 Haste here to thy marrow,
 Wha's living in langour, till that happy day,
 When throw the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing and
 play.



VAIN is ev'ry fond endeavour
 To resist the tender dart ;
 For examples move us never ;
 We must feel to know the smart.
 When the shepherd swears he's dying,
 And our beauties sets to view ;
 Vanity, her aid supplying,
 Bids us think 'tis all our due,
 Bids us think 'tis all our due.

Softer than the vernal breezes
 Is the mild, deceitful strain ;
 Frowning truth our sex displeases ;
 Flatt'ry never sues in vain :
 But, too soon, the happy lover
 Does our tend'rest hopes deceive :
 Man was form'd to be a rover,
 Foolish woman to believe,
 Foolish woman to believe.



WHEN daisies py'd, and vi'lets blue,
 And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
 And lady-smocks all silver white,
 Do paint the meadows with delight ;

The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,
 Mocks marry'd men; for thus sings he:
 Cuckow! cuckow! oh! word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a marry'd ear,
 Unpleasing to a marry'd ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are plowmen's clocks:
 When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks;
 The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,
 Mocks marry'd men; for thus sings he;
 Cuckow! cuckow! oh! word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a marry'd ear,
 Unpleasing to a marry'd ear.



On the Marriage Act.

THE fool that is wealthy is sure of a bride;
 For riches, like fig-leaves, their nakedness hide:
 The slave that is poor must starve all his life,
 In a bachelor's bed, without mistress or wife.

In good days of yore they ne'er troubled their heads
 In settling of jointures, or making of deeds;
 But Adam and Eve, when they first enter'd course,
 E'en took one another, for better, for worse.

Then prythee, dear Chloe, ne'er aim to be great;
 Let love be thy jointure; ne'er mind an estate:
 You can never be poor, who have all those charms;
 And I shall be rich, when I've you in my arms.

THE ROVER.

IN all the sex some charms I find ;
 I love to try all womankind,
 The fair, the smart, the witty,
 The fair, the smart, the witty.
 In Cupid's fetters, most severe,
 I languish'd out a long, long year,
 The slave of wanton Kitty,
 The slave of, &c.

At length I broke the galling chain,
 And swore that love was endless pain,
 One constant scene of folly,
 One constant, &c.

I vow'd no more to wear the yoke ;
 But soon I felt a second stroke,
 And sigh'd for blue-ey'd Molly,
 And sigh'd, &c.

With tresses next of flaxen hue,
 Young Jenny did my soul subdue,
 That lives in yonder valley,
 That lives, &c.

Then Cupid threw another snare,
 And caught me in the curling hair
 Of little tempting Sally,
 Of little, &c.

Adorn'd with charms, tho' blithe and young,
 My roving heart from bondage sprung,
 This heart of yielding mettle,
 This heart, &c.

And now it wanders here and there,
 By turns the prize of brown and fair,
 But never more will settle,
 But never, &c.

The Country Wedding.

WELL met, pretty nymph, says a jolly young
swain,

To a lovely young shepherdess crossing the plain ;
Why so much in haste ? (now the month it was May)
Shall I venture to ask you, fair maiden, which way !
Then straight to this question the nymph did reply,
With a smile on her look, and a leer on her eye,
I came from the village, and homeward I go ;
And now, gentle shepherd, pray why would you know ?

I hope, pretty maid, you won't take it amiss,
If I tell you the reason of asking you this ;
I would see you safe home, (the swain was in love)
Of such a companion if you would approve.
Your offer, kind shepherd, is civil, I own,
But see no great danger in going alone ;
Nor yet can I hinder, the road being free
For one as another, for you as for me.

No danger in going alone, it is true,
But yet a companion is pleasanter too ;
And if you could like (now the swain he took heart)
Such a sweetheart as me, we never would part :
Oh ! that's a long word said the shepherdess then ;
I've often heard say, there's no minding you men :
You'll say and unsay, and you'll flatter, 'tis true ;
Then leave a young maiden, the first thing you do.

Oh ! judge not so harshly, the shepherd reply'd ;
To prove what I say, I will make you my bride ;
To-morrow the parson (well said little swain)
Shall join both our hands, and make one of us twain :
Then what the nymph answer'd to this is not said ;
The very next morn to be sure they were wed :

Sing

Sing hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle down ;
Now when shall we see such a wedding in town ?



DAMON.

THREE goddesses standing together,
Thus puzzled young Paris one day :
Can I judge the value of either,
Where both bear so equal a sway ?

PASTORA.

Consider my wit and condition,
Consider my person likewise ;
I never was us'd to petition ;
But pr'ythee make use of your eyes.

LAURA.

No merit I plead, but my passion ;
'Twas needless to mention your vow :
Reflect, with a little compassion,
On what this poor bosom feels now.

DAMON.

Some genius direct me, or dæmon,
Or else I may chance to choose wrong :—
You're part of the goods of Palæmon ; [To Past.]
I give you to whom you belong.

PASTORA.

I know that my person is charming,
Beyond what a clown can discover ;
That dowdy, your senses alarming,
Proves what a dull thing is a lover.

I'll quit the dull plains for the city,
Where beauty is follow'd by merit :
Your taste, simple Damon, I pity ;
Your wit who would wish to inherit ?

Perhaps you may think you perplex me,
 And that I my anger would smother :
 The loss of one lover can't vex me ;
 My charms will procure me another.

I ne'er was more pleas'd, I assure you ;
 How odious they look ! I can't bear 'em !
 I wish you much joy of your fury ;
 My rage into pieces could tear 'em !

DAMON.

Contented all day I will sit at your side,
 Where poplars far stretching o'er-arch the cool tide ;
 And, while the clear river runs purling along,
 The thrush and the linnet contend in their song,
 The thrush and the linnet contend in their song.

LAURA.

While you are but by me, no danger I fear ;
 Ye lambs, rest in safety, my Damon is near ;
 Bound on, ye blithe kids, now your gambols may
 please,
 For my shepherd is kind, and my heart is at ease,
 For my shepherd, &c.

DAMON.

Ye virgins of Britain, bright rivals of day,
 The wish of each heart, and the theme of each lay ;
 Ne'er yield to the swain till he make you a wife,
 For he who loves truly will take you for life,
 For he who, &c.

LAURA.

Ye youths, who fear nought but the frowns of the fair,
 'Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their care ;
 Then scorn to their ruin assistance to lend,
 Nor betray the sweet creatures you're born to defend,
 Nor betray, &c.

BOTH.

For their honour and faith be our virgins renoun'd ;
 Nor false to his vows one young shepherd be found :

Be.

Be their moments all guided by virtue and truth,
 To preserve in their age what they gain'd in their
 youth,
 To preserve, &c.



O N Etrick banks, in a summer's night,
 At gloming when the sheep draw-hame,
 I met my lassie braw and tight,
 Came wading, barefoot, a' her lane :
 My heart grew light, I ran, I slang
 My arms about her lily neck,
 And kiss'd and clap'd her there fou lang ;
 My words they were na mony feck.

I said, My lassie, will ye go
 To the highland hills, the Earse to learn ;
 I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ew,
 When ye come to the brig of Earn.
 At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
 And herrings at the Broomy-law ;
 Chear up your heart, my bonny lass,
 There's gear to win we never saw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
 When winter frosts and snaw begin,
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
 At night when you sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes and play a spring :
 And thus the weary night will end,
 Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
 Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,

I'll meet my las among the broom,
 And lead you to my summer shield.
 Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That make the kindly hearts their sport,
 We'll laugh and kifs, and dance and sing,
 And gar the langest day seem short.



The Resolution.

CEASE, Cupid, cease thy fond alarms;
 For I am safe from future harms;
 My heart, once free, shall ne'er again
 Or feel love's pleasure,
 Or feel love's pleasure, or its pain:
 No; from this day, this very hour,
 I turn a rebel to thy pow'r;
 Since truth and honour cannot move,
 What, what have I to do with love?
 What, what have I to do with love?

A nymph more fair I ne'er shall find:
 Than lovely, faithless Rosalind:
 Beware, ye swains, nor trust your eyes;
 The wretch who gazes, surely dies:
 No swain could vie in bliss with me;
 No nymph e'er seem'd more fond than she,
 Who vow'd by each dread pow'r above;
 Then what had I to do with love?
 Then what, &c.

But when she found I hugg'd my chain,
 Nor wish'd for liberty again,
 She bid me all my hopes give o'er,
 And think of her and love no more:

Say then, if she no longer deign
 To hear my vows, or soothe my pain ;
 If she no more my verse approve,
 What, what have I to do with love ?
 What, what, &c.

Henceforth adieu, ye treach'rous fair ;
 To scenes far distant I'll repair ;
 In desert plains, and forests rude,
 I'll court my mistress, solitude :
 No more shall faithless woman's art
 Insnare my fond believing heart ;
 Like nature's son, at large I'll rove,
 And have no more to do with love,
 And have no more to do with love.



THE women all tell me I'm false to my lass,
 That I quit my poor Chloe, and stick to my glass ;
 But to you, men of reason, my reasons I'll own ;
 And, if you don't like them, why—let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare :
 I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair :
 But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
 That make it as good and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles, I must own ;
 But, tho' she could smile, yet in truth she could frown :
 But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
 Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine ?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime ;
 Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time :
 But in wine, from its age, such a benefit flows,
 That we like it the better, the older it grows.

They

They tell me, my love would in time have been
 cloy'd,
 And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd:
 But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy;
 For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history prove
 The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love:
 But in drinking, thank heav'n, no rival contends;
 For the more we love liquor, the more we are friends.

She too might have poison'd the joy of my life
 With nurses, and babies, and squalling and strife:
 But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring;
 And a big-belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing.

We shorten our days when with love we engage;
 It brings on diseases, and hastens old age:
 But wine from grim death can its votaries save,
 And keep out t'other leg, when there's one in the
 grave.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to their word,
 She has left me, to get an estate, or a lord:
 But my bumper (regarding nor title or pelf)
 Will stand by me when I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear Chloë no longer complain;
 She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain:
 For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy:
 Should you doubt what I say, take a bumper and try.



YOU tell me I'm handsome, (I know not how true):
 And easy, and chatty, and good-humour'd too;
That

That my lips are as red as the rose-bud in June,
 And my voice, like the nightingale's, sweetly in tune :
 All this has been told me by twenty before ;
 But he that would win me must flatter me more,
 But he that would win me must flatter me more.

If beauty from virtue receive no supply,
 Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I !
 My ease and good-humour short raptures will bring ;
 My voice, like the nightingale's, knows but a spring :
 For charms such as these then your praises give o'er ;
 To love me for life, you must love me still more,
 To love me, &c.

Then talk not to me of a shape, or an air ;
 For Chloe the wanton can rival me there :
 'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,
 And brightens good-humour as sun-shine the day :
 For that if you love me, your flame may be true,
 And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too,
 And I, in my turn, &c.



HOPE : *A Pastoral.*

MY banks are all furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;
 My grottos are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep :
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow ;
 My fountains all border'd with moss,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove there is seen
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound ;
 Not a beech's more beautiful green
 But a sweet-briar twines it around :
 Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
 More charms than my cattle unfold ;
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
 But it glitters with fishes of gold,
 But it glitters, &c.

One would think she might like to retire
 To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear ;
 Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
 But I hasted and planted it there :
 Oh ! how sudden the jessamine strove
 With the lilac to render it gay !
 Already it calls for my love
 To prune the wild branches away,
 To prune, &c.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
 What strains of wild melody flow !
 How the nightingales warble their loves,
 From thickets of roses that blow !
 And, when her bright form shall appear,
 Each bird shall harmoniously join
 In a concert so soft, and so clear,
 As—she may not be found to resign,
 As—she may, &c.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
 I have found where wood-pigeons breed ;
 But let me that plunder forbear ;
 She'll say 'twas a barbarous deed,
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a bird of its young :

I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tendernefs fall from her tongue,
 Such tendernefs, &c.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
 How that pity was due to—a dove;
 That it ever attended the bold;
 And ſhe call'd it the ſiſter of love:
 But her words ſuch a pleaſure convey,
 So much I her accents adore,
 Let her ſpeak, and, whatever ſhe ſay,
 Methinks I ſhould love her the more,
 Methinks, &c.

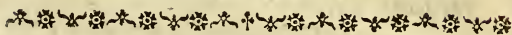
Can a boſom ſo gentle remain
 Unmov'd, when her Corydon ſighs?
 Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
 Theſe plains and this valley deſpiſe?
 Dear regions of ſilence and ſhade!
 Soft ſcenes of contentment and eaſe!
 Where I could have pleaſingly ſtray'd,
 If aught, in her abſence, cou'd pleaſe,
 If aught, &c.

But where does my Phyllida ſtray?
 And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
 And the ſhepherds as gentle as ours?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the valleys as ſine;
 The ſwains may in manners compare;
 But their love is not equal to mine.
 But their love is not equal to mine.

Tune, *Lady Coventry's minuet.*

SINCE doom'd in silence to deplore
The loss of all my soul loves best,
Hear me ye nymphs, I ask no more,
Oh, grant me this my last request.

May the lov'd object of my woe,
Not conscious of the pangs I feel,
The grief which he has caus'd, ne'er know,
Nor guess what I must still conceal.



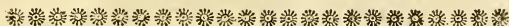
GAY Damon long study'd my heart to obtain,
The prettiest young shepherd that pipes on the
plain ;
I'd hear his soft tale, then declare 'twas amiss,
And I'd often say no, often say no, when I long'd to
say yes.
And I'd often say no, often say no, when I long'd to
say yes.

Last Valentine's day to our cottage he came,
And brought me two lambkins to witness his flame :
Oh ! take these, he cry'd, thou, more fair than their
fleece ;
I could hardly say no, tho' asham'd to say yes,
I could hardly, &c.

Soon after, one morning, we sat in a grove ;
He press'd my hand hard, and in sighs breath'd his
love ;
Then tenderly ask'd, If I'd grant him a kiss ?
I design'd to've said no, but mistook, and said yes.
I design'd, &c.

At this, with delight, his heart danc'd in his breast ;
 Ye gods, he cry'd, Chloe will now make me blest ;
 Come, let's to the church, and share conjugal blifs :
 To prevent being teaz'd, I was forc'd to say yes,
 To prevent, &c.

I ne'er was so pleas'd with a word in my life ;
 I ne'er was so happy as since I'm a wife :
 Then take, ye young damsels, my council in this,
 You must all die old maids, if you will not say yes.
 You must all die old maids, all die old maids, if you
 will not say yes.



WITH Phœbus I often arose,
 To feast on the charms of the spring,
 The fragrance to smell of the rose,
 Or listen to hear the birds sing :
 When linnets exalted their strains,
 The music enchanted my ear ;
 My eyes too were blest'd on the plains
 With various sweet blooms of the year.

When Chloe shone smiling so gay,
 I there fix'd the scene of delight ;
 My thoughts she engross'd all the day,
 I saw her in dreams all the night :
 Still musing on Chloe I walk'd,
 My harvest no more in my thought :
 Of nothing but Chloe I talk'd ;
 Her smiles were the harvest I sought.

No longer the warblers could please ;
 No longer the roses look'd gay ;
 For music, and sweetness, and ease,
 Were lost, if my love was away :

I tun'd to her beauties my lays,
 I study'd each art that could move;
 She took the kind tribute of praise,
 And paid it with fondness and love.



COME here, fellow servants, and listen to me,
 I'll shew you how those of superior degree
 Are only dependents, no better than we,
 Are only dependents, no better than we.
 Both high and low in this do agree,
 'Tis here, fellow servant, and there, fellow servant,
 and all in a livery.
 'Tis here, fellow servant, and there, fellow servant,
 and all in a livery, all in a livery.

See yonder fine spark in embroidery drest,
 Who bows to the great, and, if they smile, is blest;
 What is he, i'faith, but a servant at best?
Cho. Both high, &c.

Nature made all alike, no distinction she craves,
 So we laugh at the great world, its fools and its
 knaves;
 For we are all servants, but they are all slaves.
 Both high, &c.

The fat shining glutton looks up to his self,
 The wrinkled lean miser bows down to his self,
 And the churl-pated beaux is a slave to himself.
 Both high, &c.

The gay sparkling belle, who the whole town alarms,
 And with eyes, lips, and neck, sets the 'smarts all in
 arms,
 Is a vassal herself, a mere drudge to her charms.
 Both high, &c.

Then

Then we'll drink like our betters, and laugh, sing,
and love;

And when sick of one place, to another we'll move,
For with little and great, the best joy is to rove.

Both high, &c.



BLow, blow, thou winter's wind!

Thou art not so unkind,

Thou art not so unkind,

As man's ingratitude :

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Altho' thy breath be rude,

Altho' thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky ;

Thou dost not bite so nigh,

Thou dost not bite so nigh,

As benefits forgot :

Tho' thou the waters warp,

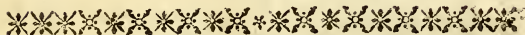
Thy sting is not so sharp,

Tho' thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp,

As friends remember'd not,

As friends remember'd not.



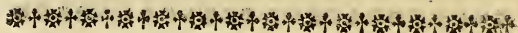
FAME's an echo, prattling double,

An empty, airy, glitt'ring bubble ;

A breath can swell, a breath can sink it ;

The wise not worth their keeping think it :

Why, then, why such toil and pain,
 Fame's uncertain smiles to gain?
 Like her sister, fortune, blind,
 To the best she's oft unkind,
 And the worst her favour find,



LIVE and love, enjoy the fair;
 Banish sorrow, banish care;
 Mind not what old dotards say,
 Age has had his share of play;
 But youth's sport begins to-day.
 From the fruits of sweet delight
 Let no scare-crow virtue fright;
 Here, in pleasure's vineyards, we
 Rove, like birds, from tree to tree,
 Careless, airy, gay, and free.



DEFEND my heart, ye virgin pow'rs,
 From am'rous looks and smiles,
 And shield me, in my gayer hours,
 From love's destructive wiles:
 In vain let sighs and melting tears
 Employ their moving art,
 Nor may delusive oaths and pray'rs
 E'er triumph o'er my heart.

My calm content and virtuous joys
 May envy ne'er molest,
 Nor let ambitious thoughts arise
 Within my peaceful breast;
 Yet may there such a decent state,
 Such unaffected pride,

As love and awe at once create,
My words and actions guide.

Let others, fond of empty praise,
Each wanton art display,
While fops and fools in raptures gaze,
And sigh their souls away :
Far other dictates I pursue,
(My bliss in virtue plac'd)
And seek to please the wiser few,
Who real worth can taste.



Fair Chloe.

COME, all ye young spirits of lively address,
Ye arts that can joy and good-humour express ;
Come all the soft numbers that Ovid has writ,
To sweeten my language, inspire my wit ;
For these are all wanting my flame to declare,
Since Chloe, tho' pretty, is witty as fair.

With flattery attempt not her bosom to move ;
She'll see thro' the fraud, and perceive it from love :
Her wit is so ready, her judgment so clear,
With a look she discovers the false from sincere.
'Tis wisdom and truth then my flame must declare,
Since Chloe, tho' pretty, is witty as fair.



LET not rage, thy bosom sting,
Pity's softer claim remove :
Spare a heart that's just expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Each ungentle thought suspending
 Judge of mine by thy soft breast;
 Nor, with rancour never ending,
 Heap fresh sorrows on th' oppress.

Let not rage, thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove:
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Heav'n, that ev'ry joy has cross'd,
 Ne'er my wretched state can mend;
 I, alas! at once have lost,
 Father, brother, lover, friend!

Let not rage, thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove:
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.



A Term full as long as the siege of old Troy,
 To win a sweet girl I my time did employ;
 Oft urg'd her the day of our marriage to set;
 As often she answer'd, 'Tis time enough yet,
 Time enough yet; 'tis time enough yet,
 As often she answer'd, 'Tis time enough yet.

I told her, at last, that her passions were wrong,
 And more, that I scorn'd to be fool'd with so long:
 She burst out a laughing at seeing me fret,
 And humming a tune, cry'd, 'Tis time enough yet,
 Time enough yet, &c.

Determin'd by her to be laugh'd at no more,
 I flew from her presence, and bounc'd out of door,
 Resolv'd of her usage the better to get,
 Or on her my eyes again never to set,
 Never to set, &c.

To me the next morning her maid came in haste,
 And begg'd, for God's sake, I'd forget what was past;
 Declar'd her young lady did nothing but fret;
 I told her I'd think on't, 'twas time enough yet,
 Time enough yet, &c.

She next, in a letter as long as my arm,
 Declar'd, from her soul, she intended no harm,
 And begg'd I the day of our marriage would set:
 I wrote her an answer, 'Tis time enough yet,
 Time enough yet, &c.

But that was scarce gone when a message I sent,
 To shew in my heart I began to relent:
 I begg'd I might see her; together we met;
 We kiss'd and were friends again, so are we yet,
 So are we yet, &c.



FAREWEL ye green fields and sweet groves,
 Where Phillis engag'd my fond heart,
 Where nightingales warble their loves,
 And nature is dress'd without art:
 No pleasure they now can afford,
 Nor music can lull me to rest;
 For Phillis proves false to her word,
 And Strephon can never be blest.

Oft-times by the side of a spring,
 Where roses and lilies appear,
 Gay Phillis of Strephon would sing,
 For Strephon was all she held dear :
 So soon as she found by my eyes,
 The passion that glow'd in my breast,
 She then to my grief and surprize,
 Prov'd all she had said was a jest.

Too soon, to my sorrow, I find,
 The beauties alone that will last,
 Are those that are fix'd in the mind,
 Which envy, or time cannot blast ;
 Beware then, beware how ye trust
 Coquettes, who to love make pretence ;
 For Phillis to me had been just,
 If nature had blest her with sense.



Sung by Mr. GILSON at Vauxhall.

YE virgins attend, believe me, your friend,
 And with prudence adhere to my plan,
 And with prudence adhere to my plan ;
 Ne'er let it be said, There goes an old maid ;
 But get marry'd, get marry'd,
 Get marry'd as fast as you can.

As soon as you find your hearts are inclin'd
 To beat quick at the sight of a man ;
 Then choose out a youth, with honour and truth,
 And get marry'd as fast as you can.

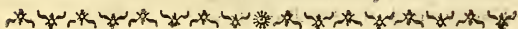
For age, like a cloud, your charms soon will shroud,
 And this whimsical life's but a span ;

Then

Then maids make your hay, while Sol darts his ray,
And get marry'd as fast as you can.

The treacherous rake will artfully take
Ev'ry method poor girls to trapaun ;
But baffle the snare, make virtue your care,
And get marry'd as fast as you can.

And when Hymen's bands have join'd both your hands,
The bright flame still continue to fan ;
Ne'er harbour the stings that jealousy brings,
But be constant and blest while you can.



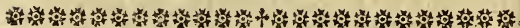
WHEN Fanny to woman is growing apace,
The rose-bud beginning to blow in her face,
The rose-bud beginning to blow in her face,
For mamma's wise precepts she cares not a jot,
Her heart pants for something, she cannot tell what,
Her heart pants for something, she cannot tell what.

No sooner the wanton her freedom obtains,
Than among the gay youths a tyrant she reigns ;
And finding her beauty such power has got,
Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell what.

Though all day in splendor she flaunts it about,
At court, park, and play, the ridotto, and rout ;
Though flatter'd and envy'd, yet pines at her lot,
Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell what.

A touch of the hand, or a glance of the eye
From him she likes best, makes her ready to die ;
Not knowing 'tis Cupid his arrow has shot,
Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell what.

Ye fair, take advice, and be blest while you may,
 Each look, word, and action, your wishes betray;
 Give ease to your hearts by the conjugal knot;
 Tho' they pant e'er so much, you'll soon know for
 what.



Sung by Mr. GILSON at Vaux-hall...

BACCHUS, deity, deity divine!
 Kindly pluck the bending vine;
 Bacchus, deity, deity divine!
 Kindly pluck the bending vine,
 Kindly pluck the bending vine:
 Of rich grapes, the choicest, cull,
 Squeeze this mighty goblet full,
 Squeeze this mighty goblet full;
 Of rich grapes, the choicest, cull,
 Squeeze this mighty goblet full.

On the table see it smiles,
 Wine, that all our care beguiles:
 Sons of Galen, leave your strife,
 This alone can lengthen life.

Come, my lovely flowing bowl,
 Let me drink without controul,
 Till my rosy cheeks proclaim,
 Bacchus rules the human frame.



The Power of Nature.

WHERE virtue encircles the fair,
 There lilies and roses are vain;

Each.

Each blossom must drop with despair,
 Where innocence takes up her reign:
 No gaudy embellishing arts
 The fair one need call to her aid,
 Who kindly by nature imparts
 The graces that nature has made.

The swain who has sense, must despise
 Each coquettish art to ensnare;
 If timely ye'd wish to be wise,
 Attend to my counsel, ye fair;
 Let virgins whom nature has blest,
 Her sovereign dictates obey;
 For beauties by nature exprest
 Are beauties that never decay.



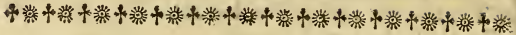
Excuse for a love slip.

WHAT means that tender sigh, my dear?
 Why silent drops that crystal tear?
 What jealous fears disturb thy breast,
 Where love and peace delight to rest,
 Where love and peace delight to rest?
 What tho' thy Jocky has been seen
 With Molly, sporting on the green?
 'Twas but an artful trick, to prove
 The matchless force of Jenny's love,
 The matchless force of Jenny's love.

'Tis true, a nosegay I address'd,
 To grace the witty Daphne's breast;
 But 'twas at her desire, to try
 If Damon cast a jealous eye:
 Those flowers will fade by morning dawn,
 Neglected, scatter'd o'er the lawn;

But

But in thy fragrant bosom lies,
A sweet perfume that never dies.



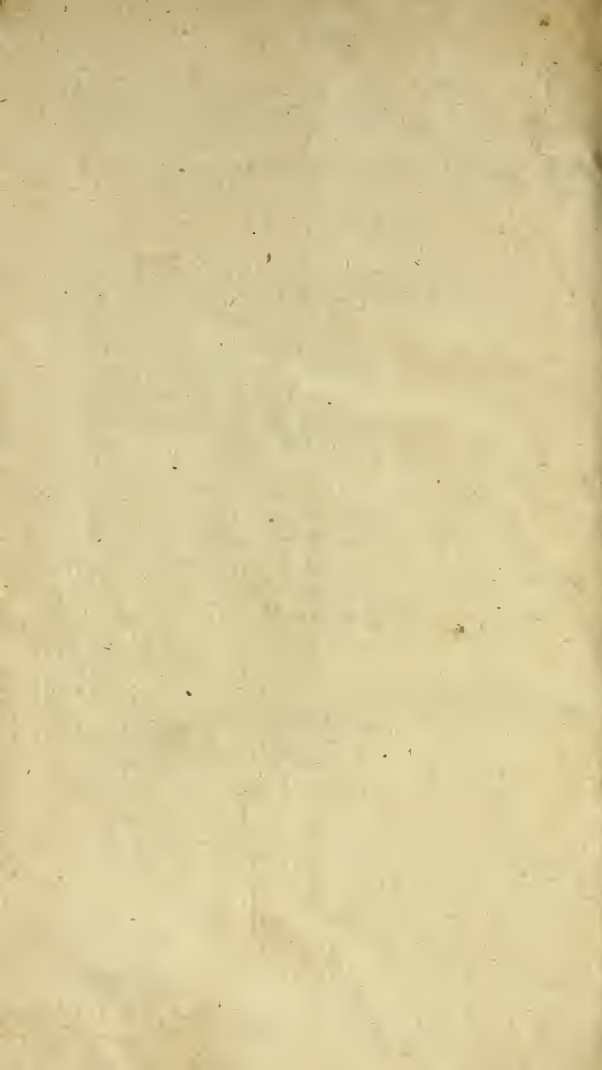
THE ROSE.

SEE that beauteous blooming rose
All its fragrant sweets disclose ;
Op'ning to the shining light,
In its vernal glory bright ;
Seeming conscious of its pow'r,
Over each inferior flow'r,
Seeming conscious of its pow'r,
Over each inferior flow'r.

But what pity it must die,
That so charms the ravish'd eye !
Ah ! your sweeter beauties must
Crumble into shapeless dust ;
Pale beneath a tomb-stone laid,
Happy, sprightly, blooming maid.

When the scene of life is o'er,
And those eyes shall shine no more,
Then what solace could attend
Parent, lover, or a friend !
Did not your fair virtues say,
We shall shine in endless day.

F I N I S.



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