

Glan. 12.

THE GLEN COLLECTION OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-Brise to the National Library of Scotland, in memory of her brother, Major Lord George Stewart Murray, Black Watch, killed in action in France in 1914.

28th January 1927.



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Hen 12.

LARK.

CONTAINING A

COLLECTION

O F

Above Four Hundred and Seventy Celebrated

ENGLISH and SCOTCH

SONGS

None of which are contain'd in the other COLLECTIONS of the same Size, call'd, The SYREN, and, The NIGHTINGALE.

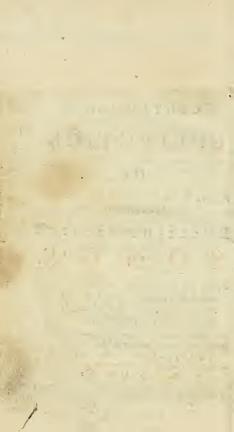
With a curious and copious Alphabetical G. L. c. s. s. A. R. Y, for Explaining the Scotch Words.

LONDON

Printed for John Osnon N, at the Golden Ball, in Pater-Aofer Row.

MDCCXI





AN

ALPHABETICAL

TABLE.

A Urelia now one Moment loft

Andrew and Mandlin, Rebecca, &c.	54
As Amoret and Thyrfis lay	59
As on a Sun-shine Summer's Day	86
A certain Presbyterian Pair	95
A. Wife I do hate	115
As I walk'd in the Woods one Ev'ning, &c.	121
Alexis, how artless a Lover	
Ah! stay ye wanton Gales, and lend	147
A Swain of Love despairing	149
A. Lass that was loaden with Care	153
As Celadon once from his Cottage, &c.	161
As Chloe o'er the Meadow past	165
Adieu to the Pleasures and Follies of Love	167
	171
As May in all her youthful Deefs	185
A Wig that's full, an empty Skull	205
As fair Olinda fitting was	213
All my past Life is mine no more	224
As unconcern'd and free as Air	236
A Pedlar proud, as I heard tell	239
Augustus crown'd with Majesty	240
As from a Rock past all Relief.	242
A worthy London Prentice	250
A Taylor good Lord ! in the time, &c.	254
Ah! why those Tears in Nelly's Eyes	270
As I went forth to view the Spring	279
Adieu for a while my native green Plains	301
And I'll awa to bony Tweed-fide	304
A Cock Laird fou cadgie	327
A Country Bumpkin that Trees did grub	328
Altho' I be but a Country Lass	331
All the World's in Strife and Hurry	339
An old Baboon, of rueful Mein	345

Arise, arise, my Juggy, my Puggy	359
At fetting Day and riling Morn	376
Awful Hero! Marloro', rife	390
Ah! Chloris, 'tis time to disarm, &c.	395
Almeria's Face, her Shape, her Air	396
As Amoret and Phillis Sat	397
As Archers and Fidlers, who, &	400
As Cynthio late within the Grove	405
Bacchus, affift us to fing thy great Glory	_ 39
Bold impudent Fuller invented a Plot	Tbid.
Bird of May, leave the Spray	131
Beneath a shady Willow	155
Beauty and Wit, illustrous Maid	157
Beneath a Myrile Shade	169
Believe me, Jenny, for I tell you true	184
Britons, where is your great Magnanimity	188
Belinda's pretty, pretty pleafing Form	207
Blefs, Mortals the clearing Light	212
Blandusia, Nyorph of this fair Spring	214
Beneath a Beech's grateful Shade	259
By the delicious Warmness, &c.	268
Beffie's Beauties shine fae bright	278
Beneath a green Shade I fand, &c.	288
Balow my Boy, ly still and Sleep	294
Buck ye, busk ye, my bony Bride	302
Belli, da's, bleft with every Grace	362
Realt no more, fond Swain, of Pleafure	377
Betty's early gone a Maying	387
Brisk Claret and Sherry	403
Cease ye Rovers, cease to range Conscious Dungeon, Walls of Stone	Th: 3
	Ibid.
Come, buy my new Ballad Come let's drink, the time invites	18
Come, found up your Trumpets, &c.	32
Chlris, now thou art fled away	.91
Come, fill up the Bowl with the Liquor, &	IO9
Chaste Lucretia, when you left me	130
Capid, God of gay Defires	131
Capid and Venus one Day Rrove	135
trapes one town one Day alove	-33

An Aippaveillat I ABLE.	
Come, take your Glass, the Northern Lass	138
Couldst thou give me a Pleasure	149
Charming Chloe, look with Pity	153
Come, fair Nymphs, to this sweet Grove	162
Crowds of Coxcombs, that deluding	168
Chloris, in native Purple bright	174
Calia, that I once was bleft	108
Chloe found Love for his Psyche in Tears	228
Come, come ye Nymphs	229
ralia, charming Calia, hear me	289
Confess thy Love, fair blufhing Maid	293
Cauld be the Rebel's Cast	370
Clarinda the Pride of the Plain	385
Come, Laffie, lend me your braw, &c.	386
Corinna, I excuse thy Face	395
Come let us drink, 'tis vain to think	404
Cosmelia's Charms inspire my Lays	411
Delbo, if thou wilt not wooe me	17
Domestick Bird, whom wintry Blasts	117
Dear Colin, prevent my warm Blufhes	120
Damon ask'd me but once, &c.	. 156
Did you not promise me, when you, &c.	192
Dermot lov'd Sheela well, and strove, &oc.	226
Dear Catholick Brother, are you come, &c.	256
Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck	368
Duty and Part of Reason	374
Dear Madam, when Ladies are willing	413
Flora, Goddess sweetly blooming	- 1
Fair Calia's Eyes give Love to all	38
Four lovely Laties, gay and bright	4.5
Farewel the Town's ungrateful Noise	68
From France, from Spain, from Rome, &c.	. 96
Fond Echo, forbear thy light Strain	134
Foolish Woman, fly Mens Charms	137
False tho' she be to me and Love	162
Fair Sally lov'd a bonny Seaman	174
Fairest Work of happy Nature	187
Falle Britons, who favour the, Gre.	199.

a 3

Fye, Amaryllis, cease to grieve	208
Famelia's Heart is still the same	224
Farewel, ungrateful Traytor	234
Fye let us a' to the Bridal	263
Farewel the World, and mortal Cares	324
Free from Confinement and Strife	415
God prosper long our Noble King	16
Gen'rous Wine and a Friend	15
Gay, kind and airy, fweet is a Lover	24
Good your Worship, cast an Eye	52
Groves and Woods, high Rocks, &c.	69
Gilderoy was a bonny Boy	88
Glide swiftly on, thou Silver Stream	116
Gentle God of pleasing Pains	130
Guardian Angels, now protect me	132
Go tell Amyntor, gentle Swain	223
Gi'e me a Lass with a Lump of Land	291
Gently hear me, chaiming Fair	397
How calm, Eliza, are these Groves	2.
Happy we, who free from Love	3
How happy are we when the Wind, &c.	15
He that is a cleer Cavalier	22
How brimful of Nothing's the Life, &c.	25
Hail Burgundy! thou Juice divine	26
Hark! hark! the Huntsman sounds his He	rn 3 t
Hold, hold thy Nose to the Pot, Tom, Tom	35
How bleft are Shepherds how happy, &c.	48
Hear all you Friends to Knighthood	66
Hark! the thund'ring Cannons roar	72
Have you e'er feen the Morning Sun	109
How fweetly fmells the Simmer's Green	121
How wretched is a Maiden's Fate	152
Happy the youthful Swain	154
How can I well describe the Joy	163
Hail to the Myrtle Shade	173
He's a Man ev'ry Inch I aifure you	179
How can you, lovely Nancy	Ibid.
He that is refolv'd to wed	183
Her Eyes are like the Morning bright	200

TIN TIPOSOCIONO I K II II II.	
He himself courts his own Ruin	204
Happy the Time when free from Love	207
Hark! how the Drums beat up again	231
Have you any Pats and Pans	276
Have you any Pats and Pans Honest Man John Ochiltree	296
How shall I be fad when a Husband , &	369
Hid from himfelf, now by the Dawn	372
Here's to thee, my Damon, let's drink, &c.	379
How happy's the Man, that like you, Sir	388
Happy Infect! what can be	Ibid.
I look'd, and faw within the Book of Fate	4
I'm Cupid's Warriour, my Fair	28
I'm old Mad Tom, behold me	29
I am a lusty, lively Lad	63
In January last, on Munonday, &c.	74
and the pleasant Month of May	82
In Tyburn Road, a Man there liv'd	93
In a Homour I was of late	104
If all that I love is her Face	142
If the Glasses they are empty	180
I love, I doat, I rave with Pain	189
If you will be still	222
In vain she frowns, in vain she tries	225
If ever you mean to be kind	228
If I hear Orinda swear	229
In Winter, when the Rain rain'd cauld	285
I toss and tumble thro' the Night	305
I have a green Purse, and a wee pickle, &c	. 318
I am, in truth, a Country Youth	340
I fing not old Fason, who travell'd, &c.	347
I was anes a well tocher'd Lass	361
Iris on a Bank of Thyme	364
I yield, dear Lassie, you have won	376
Jack, thou'r't a Toper	81
filting is in such Pathion	233
Fockey's fou, Fenny tain	320
I'm not one of your Hops, who, co.	410
Know I man't envy him whoe'er he be	144

Let the dreadful Engines of eternal Will	4
Let Harmony sweetly resounding	13
Lovely Charmer, dearest Creature	15
Love gives War or Peace at Pleasure	16
Life is chequer'd - Toil and Pleasure	24
Let not Love, let not Love on me	59
Let Wine turn a Spark, and Ale huff, &c.	77
Let the Waiter bring clean Glasses	87
Long from the Force of Beauty's Charms	136
Leave Kindred and Friends, fweet Betty	138
Leave me, Shepherd, leave me	141
Love's a gentle, generous Passion	152
Linco found Damon lying	159
Lovely Laurinda! blame not me	226
Let's be merry, blithe and jolly	336
Love never more shall give me Pain	244
Lavia would, but dare not venture	250
Lady fweet, now do no: frown	252
Late in the Evening forth I went	289
Ladies, why doth Love torment you	310
Lonely Groves young Strephon chusing	363
Lovers, who wafte your Thoughts, &c.	384
Musing I late on Windfor Tarras fat	71
My dear Cock adoodle	75
My eafy Heart, with fingle Dart	85
My jolly Companion, thou haft a good Face	
Methinks the poor Town has been troubled	170
Man (Man Man) is for the Woman, &c.	219
My Fockie blyth for what thou has done	247
My Mither's ay glowran o'er me	258
My sweetest May, let Love incline thee	258
My dear and only Love, I pray	282
March, march, why the D-, &c.	300
My Patie is a Lover gay	302
My Jeany and I have toil'd	315
My Sodger Laddie is over the Sea	326
My Masters and Friends and good, &c.	357
h y Peggie is a young thing	367
A gria, when my Sight you blefs	382

1211 mm/ minoritans 2 11 2 2 24	
My Heart inclines your Chains, &c.	383
No more let Sorrow pain von	18
Near to the Town of Windfor, &c.	61-
Now that Love's Holiday is come	99
Now listen a while, and I will tell	106
No more shall Buds on Branches spring	135
No, Phillis, the' you've all the Charms	236
Now wat ye wha I met yestreen	248
Now the Sun's gane out of Sight	261
Now Phoebus advances on high	273
Now from Rusticity and Love	374
No more will I my Passion hide	381
Nature so tender to Chloe has shown	396
No more think me falle	400
O Sleep, and God, thou Friend to Sorrow	13
	Ibid.
	Ibid.
Old Chiron thus preach'd to his Pupil	6 t
O Cupid, gentle Boy	24
Oh! Mother, Roger with his Kisses	48
Of old Soldiers, the Song you would hear	49
One Night, in my Ramble, I chanced to fe	
Of all the Recreations which	102
On dear Zelinda's Charms I gaze	113
Olovely Maid, how dear's thy Pow's	122
Oh! Calia, recal thy loft Hours	129
O say, what is that thing call'd Light O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly, &c.	144
Once fair Serena panting lay	145
O greedy Midas, I've been told	166
One Sunday after Mass, Dormet, &c.	212
Oh! how you protest, and solemnly swear	275.
O Mary! thy Graces and Glances	270
O fteer her up, and had her gawn	377
O Mither dear, I gin to fear	290
Of all the Birds whose tuneful Throats	298
One Day I heard Mary fay	299
O come away, come away	311
O had away, had away	312

O wha's that at my Chamber-door	314
Others false Tongues can you believe	324
O waly, waly up the Bank	333
Oh! what a Plague is Love	334
Oh! where's the Plague in Love	336
O dear Peggy, Love's beguiling	369
Old Saturn, that Drone of a God	377
Of Leinster fam'd for Maidens fair	392
O why did e'er my Thoughts aspire	399
Old Adam, it is true	403
Our Shopkeepers Wives are fo polish'd, &c.	
Philander and Sylvia, a gentle foft Pair -	
Paftera's Beauties, when unblown	172
Pretty Armida will be kind	218
Poor Cleonice, thy Garlands tear	227
Pain'd with her flighting Jamie's Love	241
Poor Sawney had marry'd a Wife	256
Pursuing Beauty, Men descry	324
Pan leave Piping, the Gods, &c.	365
Peggy, now the King's come	37I
Phillis has such charming Graces	381
Phillis the young, the fair, the gay	410
Return, return my lovely Nymph	182
Ranging the Plain one Summer's, &c.	183
Room, room, room for a Rover	193
Return hameward, my Heart again	272
Rob's fock came to woo our Jenny	316
Remember, ye Whiggs, what was, &c.	346
She comes, my Goddels comes	2
Since thus you flight my Pain	16
Save Women and Wine there is nothing	27
She met wi th a Country-man	60
Since D.inking has Pow'r for to give us, &c	. 143.
Should auld Acquaintance be forgot	145
Sabina, in the dead of Night	158
See, Phillis, yonder Bower	166
Sooner than I'll my Love forego.	182
Strike up, drowsie Gut-scrapers	196.
See how fair and fine flie lyes	206
*	

Still I, in wishing, still defizing	211
Singing charms the Blest above	217
Since there's fo fmall Diff rence, &c.	220
Sir Eolamore that valiant Knight	221
Spare, mighty Love, O spare a Slave	227
Since Calia only has the Art	228
Some brag of their Chloris, and fome, &c.	230
Sweet Sir, for your Courtesie	245
Swift, Sandy, Young and Gay	387
Since all thy Vows, false Maid	303
Saw ye Jenny Nettles	319
Speak on - Speak thus, and Still, &c.	374
Since all that's fair in Womankind	395
See, fee, like Venus the appears	398
Sure ne'er was Dog so wretched as I	399
Sol declining, Cynthia shining	411
To Sylvia's Chartus a Captive made	28
'Tis not your Wealth my Dear	30
There lives an Ale-draper near, &c.	43
The old Wife fhe fent to the Miller, &c.	70
There lately was a Maiden fair	81
To the Brook and the Willow that, &c.	85
Tho' Jockey su'd me long, he met, &c.	87
Thus all our Lives long we're frolick, &c.	110.
Tho' the Pride of my Paffion, fair, &c.	114
The wounded Deer flies swift away	120
'Tis I have feven braw new Gowns	122
The Meal was dear fhort fyne	126
Too long, thou Tyrant Love	132
'Tis Mafonry unites Mankind	134
'Twas Summer, and the Day was fair	140
The fmiling Morn, the breathing Spring	161
To thee, O gentle Sleep alone	164
There was a bonny Blade	200
Tell me no more of Flames in Love	202
Tho' Fortune and Love may be Deities, &rc.	
Three merry Lads met at the Rofe	209
The Fire of Love in your Blood	211
Tho' the Pride of my Passion, fair, &c.	214

	TAID TELEVISION TO THE POPE	1
9	To all young Men that love to wooe	211
	Take not a Woman's Anger ill	215
	Tho' for feven Years and mair, &c.	243
	The Lawlands Lads think they are fine	266
1	This is no mine ain House	271
		277
	There was a Wife won'd in a Glen	280
	The Carle he came o'er the Croft	292
	The Morn was fair, foft was the Air	207
	The Widow can bake, and the Widow, &c.	309
	Two Goffips they merrily met	341
1	There was an old Woman that had, &c.	360
	Tis now finee I fat down before	362
	Tell me, Silene, why you fill	264
	The dorty will repent	368
	The Laird who in Riches and Honour	370
	The bonny gray-ey'd Morning begins, &c.	376
1	Tho' bootless I must needs complain	380
- 3	To hug yourself in perfect Ease	389
1	Twas forth in the Morning, a Morning, &c.	391
	Thyefis, inconstant, apt to rove	394
	The Night was fill, the Air ferene	393
	The Stone that all things turns at Will	401
	The thirfly Earth foaks up the Rain	402
	Take my Word, when I declare b	408
	To heal the Wound a Bee had made	409
	To his poor Cell a Satyrled	414
	Transform'd in female Shape, &c.	416
	Undone! undone! the Lawyers are	97
	Upon a fair Morning for foft Recreation	283
	Virgins fo fair, at length may it prove	5 1
	Virgins, if e'er at length it prove	76
	Vain Belinda, are your Wiles	128
	Valiant Fockie's march'd away	198
	When Cupid from his Mother fled	3
	With early Horn falute the Morn	30
	When this old Cap was new	35
	What Life can compare with the Jolly, &c.	42
	When the Kine had giv'n a Pail-full	56
	A Trans	

We all to conqu'ring Beauty bow	58
When the Rose is in Bud, and, &c.	86
Wou'd you be a Man in Fashion	114
Why am I the only Creature	Ibid.
When Love and Youth cannot make	e Way 116
Who, to win a Woman's Favour	117
Will you credit a Mifer, 'tis Gold, &	nc. 119
While Fops in soft Italian Verse	124
What can affuage the Pain Man feels	129
When Chloe fair begins her Song	132
Wanton Cupid, cease to hover	137
Women are wanton, yet cunningly,	
While some for Pleasure pawn their	Health 141
With Arts ofe practis'd and admired	142
Wherever I am, and whatever I do	147
Whilst Strephon on fair Chloe hung	143
Why do my Looks my Thoughts b	
Whilst Calia's Eyes my Heart Subd	ue 152
Whilst endless Tears and Sighs decl	are 154
Why is your faithful Slave difdain'd	1 157
When charming Chloe gently walks	163
What dire Misfortune hath befel	181
Weep all ye Nymphs, your Floods,	Grc. 186
Whilst Content is wanting	194
Wealth breeds Care, Love, Hope ar	
Why fo pale and wan, fond Lover	205
When I fee my Strephon languish	225 -
When we meet again, Phely	237
Why hangs that Cloud upon thy Bi	
What means this Nicenels now of I	
When I was in the Low Country .	253
Where wad Bonny Ann ly	262
Will ye go to the Ew bughts, Mar	
What Numbers shall the Muse repe	
With broken Words and downcast F	
When I think on my Lad	274
Was ever Man fo vext with a Trull	
When Summer comes, the Swains,	
When I've Sampence under my Thu	313

ZZZZ ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ	100
When Phoebus bright the azure Skies	320
When Cynthia faw Bathsheba's Charms	32!
	Ibid
Within an Arbour of Delight	330
When first those blooming Charms, &c.	343
When innocent Pastime our Pleasure, &c.	344
Willy was a wanton Wag	356
When first my dear Laddie gaed, &c.	371
Were I affur'd you'd constant prove	373
	Ibid.
When Hope was quite funk in Despair	375
With ev'ry Grace young Strephon chose	382
When thy Beauty appears	394
Woman thoughtless, giddy Creature	396
When Love is lodg'd within the Heart	40I
Woman, Nature's greatest Beauty	405
While I, fair Delia, view thy Face	409
	Ibid.
When a Lady like me condescends &c.	414
Ye Gods, ye gave to me a Wife	95
Your Hay it is mow'd, and your Corn, &c.	113
Ye gentle Gales, that fan the Air	133
Ye Nymphs and ye Swains, from, &c.	136
Young Thyrsis, once the jolliest Swain	159
Ye Purple-blooming Rofes	174
Ye happy Swains, whose Nymphs are kind	185
Your Gamester provok'd by his Loss	187
Young Phaon strove the Bliss to taste	213
You I love by all that is true	234
Ye Pow'rs! was Damon then so blest	237
Ye fylvan Powers that rule the Plain	
	354
You've heard, no doubt, how all the Globe	354 408
You've heard, no doubt, how all the Globe Your Friendship I court	
You've heard, no doubt, how all the Globe	408



SONG I.

LORA, Goddess sweetly-bloom-

Ever airy, ever gay :

All her wonted Charms refuming,
To Spring-Garden calls away.
With this blifsful Spot delighted,
Here the Queen of May retreats;

Balles and Beaux are all invited, To partake of vary'd Sweets.

see a grand Pavillon yonder,
Rifing near embowing Shades ;
There a Temple strikes with Wonder,
In full view of Colonnades.
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 listning Ear;
Musick all its Graces lending:
O'tis Extasy to hear!
Vightingales the Concert joining,
Breathe their Plaints in melting Strains:
Vanquish'd now, their Groves resigning,

Soon they fly to distant Plains.

o! what Splendors round us darting,

Swift illume the charming Scene;

Chandeliers their Lights imparting,
Pour fresh Beauties o'er the Green.
Glitr'ring Lamps, in order planted,
Strike the Eye with sweet Surprizes
Adam scarce was more inchanted,
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,
Pals'd, in Shades their fav'rite Hours;
(Nettar cheering their soft Leisure)
Bles'd by Love, and crown'd with Flow'rs.

SONG II.

How fweet to entertain our Loves?
Free from Sorrow, free.from Care,
Jealoufy and black Despair.
In these sweet Elystan Groves
Calmly we enjoy our Loves.

SONG III. ENDYMION.

SHE comes, my Goddess comes, Oh! I dream, 'tis not for waking Eyes To fee such wond'rous Joys; Joys like my mighty Love extream; All Heav'n is round me, oh! I dream!

CYNTHIA.

Awake, awake, Endymion, from above, Awake, awake, Endymion, from above, Thy Cynthia, Cynthia comes! To crown, to crown, to crown thy Love.

SONG IV. In the Imposture.

Appy we, who free from Love, Have no Cares to break our Sleep, Who thro' pleafant Meadows rove, Watching of our harmless Sheep.

When we feel the Ev'ning's Air, And the Night invites us home, To our Cottage we repair, Where Content delights to come,

SONG V.

A Urelia, now, one Moment loft, A Thousand Sighs may after cost: Desires may oftreturn in vain, But Youth will ne'er return again.

The fragrant Sweets which do adorn The glowing Blushes of the Morn, By Moon are vanish'd all away, Then let's, Aurelia, live to Day.

SONG VI. In Love and a Bottle.

W HEN Cupid from his Mother fled, He changing his Shape, Thus made his Escape,

His Mother thought him dead, Some did him a Kindness, And cur'd him of Blindness, And thus difguis'd like me, The little God could fee,

He enters into Hearts of Men,
And there does fpy,
(Just so do I)
That Falshood lurks within:

That Sighing and Dying, Is Swearing and Lying; All this disguis'd like me, The little God could see.

SONG VII.

Look'd and faw within the Book of Fate, Where many Days did low'r, When lo! one happy Hour Leap'd up, and fmil'd to fave thy finking State.

A Day shall come, when in thy Pow's Thy cruel Foes shall be: Then shall the Land be free, And thou in Peace shalt reign;

But take, oh! take that Opportunity! Which once refus'd will never come again.

SONG VIII. Island Princels.

The Thunder roar, and erooked Lightning kill,
My Rage is hot, is hot as theirs, as fatal too,

And dares as horrid, and dares as horrid, horrid

Execution do

Or let the frozen North its Rancour fhow, Within my Breaft far, far greater Tempests grow, Despair's more cold, more cold than all the Winds can blow:

Can nothing, can nothing warm me,
Can nothing, can nothing warm me,
yes, yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes,
yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes;
yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes;
there, there, there, there, there Ætna,
there, there, there, there Vefuvio lies,
To furnish Hell with Flames, that mounting,
mounting reach the Skies.

Can

Ye!

And

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Can nothing, can nothing warm me,
Can nothing, can nothing warm me,
yes, yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes,
yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes,
yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes.
Ye Pow'rs, I did but ufe her Name,
And fee how all the Meteors flame;
Blue Lightning flashes round the Court of Sol,
And now the Globe more fiercely burns,
Than once at Phaeton's Fall.

Ah, ah, where, where are now,
Where are now those flow'ry Groves,
Where Zephyr's fragrant Winds did play;
Ah, where are now, where are now,
Where are now those flow'ry Groves,
Where Zephyr's fragrant Winds did play;
Where guarded by a Troop of Loves,
The fair, the fair Lucinda fleeping lay,
There sung the Nightingale and Lark,
Around us all was sweet and gay,
We ne'er grew sad 'till it grew dark,
Nor nothing sear'd but shorthing Day.
I glow, I glow, I glow, but 'tis with Hate.

Why must I burn for this Ingrate;
Why, why must I burn for this Ingrate;
Cool, cool it then, cool it then, and rail,
Since nothing, nothing will prevail,
When a Woman Love pretends,
'Tis but till she gains her Ends,
And for better and for worse,
Is for Marrow of the Pusse;
Where she jilts you o'er and o'er,
Proves a Slattern or a Whore,
This Hour will teaze, will teaze and vex,
And will cuckold you the next;

Why must I burn, why must I born,

They were all contriv'd in Spight, To torment us, not delight, But to fcold, to fcold, to fcratch and bite, And not one of them proves right, But all, all are Witches by this Light, And so I fairly bid 'em and the World good night, Good night, good night, good night, Good night, good night.

SONG IX. Flying Fame.

OD prosper long our Noble King, Our Lives and Saseties all; A woful Hunting once there did In Chevy-Chace befall:

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horns Barl Piercy took his way; The Child may rue that is unborn, The Hunting of that Day.

The fout Earl of Northumberland A. Vow to God did make, His Pleasure in the Scottish Woods Three Summer's Days to take ;

The chiefest Harts in Chevy-Chace To kill and bear away. The Tidings to Earl Douglas came,

In Scotland where he lay:

Who fent Earl Piercy present Word, He would prevent his Sport. The English Barl not fearing this, Did to the Woods refort:

With Fifreen Hundred Bow-men bold, All chosen Men of Might, Who knew full well, in Time of Need, To aim their Shafts aright.

The gallant Greyhounds swiftly ran, To Chase the Fallow-Deer: On Monday they began to hunt, When Day-light did appear;

And long before High-Noon they had An Hundred fat Bucks slain; Then having din'd, the Drovers went

Then having din'd, the Drovers went To rouze them up again.

The Bow-men muster'd on the Hills,
Well able to endure;
Their Book Glassell with Cossiel Coss

Their Backsides all, with special Care, That Day were guarded sure.

The Hounds ran fwiftly thro' the Woods, The nimble Deer to take, And with their Cries the Hills and Dales An Echo fhrill did make.

Lord Piercy to the Quarry went, To view the tender Deer; Quoth he, Earl Douglas promifed

This Day to meet me here:

If that I thought he would not come,

No longer would I flay.

With that, a brave young Gentleman Thus to the Earl did fay;

Lo yonder doth Earl Douglas come, His Men in Armour bright; Full twenty Hundred Scottish Spears, All marching in our Sight;

All Men of pleasant Teviotdale, Fast by the River Tweed. Then cease your Sport, Earl Piercy said, And take your Bows with Speed; And now with me, my Countrymen, Your Courage forth advance; For never was there Champion yet, In Soiland or in France,

That ever did on Horseback come, But, since my Hap it were,

I durst encounter Man for Man, Wish him to break a Spear.

Earl Douglas on a Milk-white Steed, Most like a Baron bold,

Rode foremost of the Company, Whose Armour shone like Gold:

Shew me (he faid) whose Men you be, That hunt so boldly here; That, without my Consent. do chase

And kill my Fallow Deer?-The Man that first did Answer make,

Was Noble Piercy he; Who faid, We lift not to declare, Nor show whose Men we be:

Yet we will spend our dearest Blood, Thy chiefest Hart to slay.

Then Douglas swore a solemn Oath, And thus in Rage did say;

Ere thus I will out-braved be, One of us two shall dye; I know thee well, an Earl thou art;

Lord Piercy, so am I.

But trust me, Piercy, Pity it were, And great Offence to kill Any of these our harmless Men;

For they have done no Ill.

Let thou and I the Battel try,

And fet our Men afide?

Accurs'd be he, Lord Piercy faid, By whom this is deny'd, Then stept a gallant 'Squire forth;
Witherington was his Name,
Who said, I would not have it told
To Henry our King for Shame,

That e're my Captain fought on Foot, And I flood looking on.

You be two Earls, said Witherington, And I a'Squire alone:

I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have Pow'r to stand:
While I have Pow'r to wield my Sword,
I'll fight with Heart and Hand.

Our English Archers bent their Bows, Their Hearts were good and true; At the first Flight of Arrows sent, Full Threescore Scots they slew.

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn, Earl Douglas had the Bent; A Captain mov'd with mickle Pride, The Spears to Shivers fent,

They clos'd full fast on ev'ry Side, No Slackness there was found; And many a gallant Gentleman Lay gasping on the Ground.

O Christ! it was a Grief to see,
And likewise for to hear
The Cries of Men lying in their C

The Cries of Men lying in their Gore, And scatter'd here and there.

At last these Two stout Earls did meet, Like Captains of great Might; Like Lions mov'd, they laid on Load, And made a cruel Fight: [10]

They fought until they both did fweat, With Swords of temper'd Steel, Until the Blood, like Drops of Rain, They trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, Lord Piercy, Douglas faid; In Faith I will thee bring, Where thou shalt high advanced be

By James our Scottish King:

Thy Ransom I will freely give, And thus report of thee, Thou art the most courageous Knight,

That ever I did see.

a nat ever 1 did ice.

To Douglas, quoth Earl Piercy then, Thy Proffer I do fcorn; I will not yield to any Scot, That ever yet was born.

With that, there came an Arrow keen Out of an English Bow, Which fruck Earl Douglas to the Hearts

A deep and deadly Blow:

Who never spoke more Words than these, Fight on, my merry Men all;

For why, my Life is at an End; Lord Piercy sees me fall.

Then leaving Life, Earl Piercy took The dead Man by the Hand;

And faid, Earl Douglas, for thy Life Would I had loft my Land.

O Christ! my very Heart doth bleed, With Sorrow for thy Sake; For sure, a more renowned Knight

Mischance did never take.

A Knight amongst the Scots there was, Which faw Earl Douglas dye, Who straight in Wrath did vow Revenge Upon the Earl Piercy: [11]

Sir Hugh Montgom'ry was he call'd, Who, with a Spear most bright, Well-mounted on a gallant Steed, Ran fiercely thro' the Fight;

And pass'd the English Archers all, Without all Dread or Fear; And thro' Earl Piercy's Body then

He thrust his hateful Spear:

With such a veh'ment Force and Might He did his Body gore,

The Spear went through the other Side A large Cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these Nobles dye, Whose Courage none could stain. An English Archer then preceiv'd The Noble Earl was stain:

He had a Bow bent in his Hand, Made of a trusty Tree;

An Arrow of a Cloth yard long Up to the Head drew he:

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery So right his Shafe he set,

The grey Goole-wing that was thereon In his Heart's Blood was wet.

This Fight did last from Break of Day, Till Setting of the Sun; For when they rung the Ev'ning-Bell,

The Battel scarce was done-With the Earl Piercy, there was slain Sir John of Ogerton,

Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John, Sir James that bold Baron:

And with Six George and good Six James, Both Knights of good Account, Good Six Raph Rabby there was flain, Whose Prowts did furmount. For With rington needs must I wail, As one in doleful Dumps; For when his Legs were smitten off,

For when his Legs were smitten off He fought upon his Stumps.

And with Earl Douglas there was flain Sir Hugh Montgomery;

Sir Charles Carrel, that from the Field One Foot would never fly.

Sir Charles Murrel, of Ratcliff, too, His Sister's Son was he:

Sit David Lamb, so well esteem'd, They saved could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like wife Did with Earl Douglas dye: Of twenty Hundred Scottish Spears, Searce Fifty five did fly.

Of Fifteen Hundred English Men, Went home but Fifty three; The rest were slain in Chevy-Chace, Under the green Wood Tree.

Next Day did many Widows come, Their Husbands to bewail; They wash'd their Wounds in brigish Tears,

But all would not prevail.

Their Bodies, bath'd in purple Blood,
They bore with them away;
They kis'd them dead a Thousand times.

When they were clad in Clay.

This News was brought to Edinburgh, Where Scotland's King did reign, That brave Earl Douglas Suddenly Was with an Acrow Slain;

O heavy News, King James did fay, Scotland can Witness be, I have not any Captain more

Of fuch Account as he.

[13]

Like Tidings to King Henry came, Within as short a Space, That Piercy of Northumberland Was slain in Chevy-Chace:

Now God be with him, faid our King, Sith 'twill no better be;

I trust I have, within my Realm, Five Handred as good as he:

Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say, But I will Vengeance take,

And be revenged on them all, For brave Earl Piercy's Sake.

This Vow full well the King perform'd After, on Humbledown;

In one Day, Fifty Knights were flain, With Lords of great Renown:

And of the reit, of small Account, Did many Thousands die:

Thus ended the Hunting of Chevy-Chace, Made by the Earl Piercy.

God fave the King, and blefs the Land In Plenty, Joy, and Peace;

And grant henceforth, that foul Debate 'Twixt Noblemen may cease.

SONG X. In Proferpine.

ET Harmony sweetly resounding
Gay Pleasure and Transport invite,
Till the Voice in loud Echo's rebounding
Thro' the Vallies diffuse our Delight.

SONG XI. In the same.

Sleep, kind God, thou Friend to Sorrow, Come bind me in thy peaceful Chains, From thee alone the Wretch can borrow Short Release from lasting Pains.

SONG XII. In the same.

Blest Retreat! O blissful Bow'rs
Ye sunny Hills, and verdant Glades,
Warbling Choirs, and murmr'ing Springs,
Here, 'midst your Sweets, in full Content I reign,
Nor envy Juno on her starry Throne.

SONG XIII. In the Island Princess.

H cease, cease, urge no more the God too swell my Breast!

The Mansion dreads the greater Guest;
But lo! he comes! I shake! I feel, I feel his Sway,
And now he hurries me along,

Then, Crowds believe, and Kings, obey,
'Tis Heaven inspires the Song,

Haste! to the God due Vengeance give, Hark! From their Seats they cry, Who lets Blasphemers live

Shall by Blasphemers die. Haste, haste, due Vengeance give-

"Let the Sound

General Arte, hafte, due Vengeange give.

Beware! Ten thouland thousand threat'ning

Ills! I fee! Invasions! Wars! Plagues! Ruin! endless Woes!

Ah wretched life, I weep for Thee, Save, fave thy felf, refign the Gods Blaspheming Foes.

Now, now the Thunder roars, The Earth now groans and quakes; The rifing Main a Deluge pours, The World's Fountain shakes.

Hell gapes! the Fiends appear! Oh hold! ye angry Pow'rs relent, or we despair. See, we fulfil

On your Foes your dreadful Will. See the Throng

Hoot 'em, as they're dragg'd along. Now they tear 'em, now they die;

All applaud, and shout for Joy.
Peace returns, all Nature smiles,
Happy Days now bless our Illes,
Now we laugh with Plenty crown'd,
Merry Sports and Love go round.

SONG XIV.

Dovely Charmer, dearest Creature;
Kind Invader of my Heart,
Grac'd with ev'ry Gift of Nature,
Rais'd with ev'ry Grace of Art!
Oh! cou'd I but make thee love me,
As thy Charms my Heart have moy'd,
None cou'd e'er be blest above me,
None cou'd e'er be more belov'd.

SONG XV.

En'rous Wine and a Friend in whom I can confide,
And a cleanly bright Girl I wou'd have for my
Bride:
I'll keep a Brace of Geldings,

An eafy Pad to please my Spouse, Kind Fate, what more I ask, Ne'er to want my dear Flask, And in friendly Bumpers ever briskly carouse,

SONG XVI.

OW happy are we when the Wind is abaft,
And the Boatfwain he pipes, haul both our Sheets

[16]

Steady, steady, says the Master, it blows a fresh Gale,

Butif

000

000

But

Nev

We'll foon reach our Port, Boys, if the Wind doth not fail.

Then drink about Tom, altho' the Ship rowl, We'll save our rich Liquor, by slinging our Bowl.

SONG XVII.

C LD Chiron thus preach'd to his Pupil,

I'll tell you, young Gentleman, what she Fates Will is.

You, my Boy, must go, The Gods will have it so, To the Siege of Troy.

Thence never to return to Greece again;
But before those Walls to be slain.
Let not your noble Courage be cast down,
But all the while you lye before the Town,
Drink ard drive Care away, drink and be merry;
You'll ne'er go the sooner to the Stygian Ferry.

SONG XVIII. In Tamerlane.

OVE gives War or Peace at Pleasure,
Fond Lovers still tormenting,
But deaf to all lamenting,
Laughs when he gives us Pain:
Displays his shining Treasure,
His Toils and Snares surround us,
No sooner does he wound us,
But leaves us to complain.

SONG XIX. In the same.

SINCE thus you flight my Pain,
Return my Heart again,
Palle, ungrateful Swain,
Or meet my Passion.

[17]

But if my Heart you prize, O do not tyrannize! O do not tyrannize! But shew Compassion.

SONG XX.

EASE, ye Rovers, cease to range Pleasure revels least in Change: Wand'ring still uneafy, still, still uneafy, Nought can fix ye, Nought can please ye, Whilst true Love, like heav'nly Joys, Never dies, and never eloys.

SONG XXI. In Arfinoe.

ELBO, if thou wilt not woe me, Prithee spare one single Kiss. In good faith, 'tis a Wrong you do me, To deny fo small a Blis. Prithee knit no more thy Brows, Prithee knit no more thy Brows, Frowns difgrace a charming Face, And but make us Pastime lose. Put on a little dimpling Smile, Pleasing Looks the Heart beguile.

SONG XXII. In the same:

Onscious Dungeon, Walls of Stone, You that echo to my Grief, If not harder than my Fate, Oh! give me fome Relief. Ere in your hollow Womb Breathless Ormondo you entomb, Shew me once the cruel Fair, Since her Eyes first gave me Doom;

From her Lips 'twill eafy come,

S O N G XXIII. In Thomyris.

O more let Sorrow pain you,
Here Love alone shall chain you,
And ev'ry Joy restore.
New Pleasure shall detain you,
No Liberty has more,

SONG XXIV. In Bonduca.

JACK thour't a Toper,
Yack thour't a Toper,
Let's have t'other Quart;
Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring,
ring, ring, ring, ring,
We're so fober, so sober, so sober,
Twere a Shame to part.

None but a Cuckold, a Cuckold,
a Cuckold, a Cuckold,
Bully'd by his Wife for coming, coming,
coming, coming, coming, coming,
coming, coming, coming late,
Fears a domedick Strife.
I'm free, I'm free, and fo are you,
fo are you, fo are you too,
Call and knock, knock boldly, knock boldly,

knock boldly, knock boldly,
The Watch cry past Two a Clock.

SONG XXV. The Cloak's Knavery.

OME buy my new Ballad,
I have't in my Wallet,
But 'twill not I fear please every Pallat;
Then mark what ensu'th,
I swear by my Youth,
That every Line in my Ballad is truth:

[19]

Ballad of Wit, a brave Ballad of Worth, is newly printed, and newly come forth. 'Twas made of a Cloak that fell out with a

Gown, That cramp'd all the Kingdom, and crippl'd the

Crown.

I'll tell you in brief, A. Story of Grief,

Thich happen'd when Cloak was Commander in Chief;

It tore Common Prayers, Imprison'd Lord Mayors,

a one Day it voted down Prelates and Players; made People perjur'd in point of Obedience, nd the Covenant did cut off the Oath of Alle-

giance.

Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down, That cramp'd all the Kingdom, and crippl'd the Crown.

It was a black Cloak, In good time be it spoke, hat kill'd many Thousands, but never struck

Stroke; With Hatchet and Rope,

The forlorn Hope,

Did join with the Devil to pull down the Pope; tet all the Sects in the City to work, and rather than fail 'twould have brought in the Turk.

Then let us endeavour, &c.

It seiz'd on the Tow'r Guns, Those sierce Demi-Gorgons,

It brought in the Bagpipes, and pull'd down the Organs;

The Pulpits did smoak, The Churches did choak,

TOF

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Clos

And our Religion was turn'd to a Cloak: It brought in Lay-Elders could not write nor rea gave a It fet Publick Faith up, and pull'd down the Cree tooku Then let us endeavour, &c.

This pious Impostor Such Fury did fofter,

It left us no Penny, nor no Pater-Noster ;

It threw to the Ground Ten Commandments down,

And fet up twice Twenty times Ten of its own: It routed the King, and Villains elected, To plunder all those whom they thought Di affested.

Then let us endeavour, &c.

To blind Feoples Eyes, This Cloak was fo wife,

It took off Ship-money, but fet up Excise ;

Men brought in their Plate,

For Reasons of State,

And gave it to Tom Trumpeter and his Mate: In Pamphlets it writ many specious Epistles, To cozen poor Wenches of Bodkins and Whiftles. Then let us endeavour, &c.

In Pulpits it moved, And was much approved, For crying out ___ Fight the Lord's Battl

> loved : It bobtail'd the Gown, Put Prelacy down,

It trod on the Mitre to reach at the Crown: And into the Field it an Army did bring, To aim at the Council, but shot at the King.

Then let us endeavour, &c.

It raised up States, Whose politick Pates,

Do now keep their Quarters on the City Gates;

To Father and Mother,
To Sifter and Brother,
zave a Commission to kill one another:
ook up Mens Horses at very low rates,
d plunder'd our Goods to secure our Estates.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

This Cloak did proceed
To a damnable Deed,
nade the best Mirror of Majesty bleed;
Tho' Cloak did not do't,
He set it on Foot,
rallying and calling his Journey-men to't:
never had come such a bloody Disaster,
Cloak had not first drawn a Sword at his
Master.

Then let us endeavour, &c.

Let's pray that the King,

Though fome of them went hence, By forrowful Sentence, his lofty long Cloak is not mov'd to Repentance,

But he and his Men,
Twenty Thousand times ten,
re plotting to do their Tricks over again :
re let this proud Cloak to Authority floop,
c DUN will provide him a Button and Loop.
Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,
That basely did sever the Head from the Crown.

And bis Parliament,
Sacred and fecular Things may confent;
So Righteoufly firm,
And Religiously free,
hat Papists and Atheists suppressed may be;
and as there's one Deity dothover-reign us,
ne Faith, and one Form, and one Church may
contain us:

We that

May b

Whil

With

Then Peace, Truth and Plenty, our Kingde lay be will crown. Crown'd And all Popish Plots, and their Plotters shi down. But a li

SONG XXVI.

E that is a cleer Cavalier Will not repine,

Although His Substance grow

So very low, That he cannot drink Wine-

Fortune is a Lass Will embrace, And foon destroy; Free-born.

In Liberty,

Singing Vive le Roi. Vertue is its own reward, Sir, And Fortune is a Whore;

There's none but Fools and Knaves regard her, Or her Power implore,

He that is a trufty Roger, And hath ferv'd his King; Altho' he be a tatter'd Soldier, Yet he will skip and fing: Whilft he that fights for Love, May in the way of Honour prove, And they that make sport of us, May come fhort of us, Fate will flatter them, And will fcatter them, Whilst the Royalty Looks upon Loyalty,

ay be successfully lown'd with a Crown at last.

at a real Honest Man,
ay be utterly undone,
y flow his Allegiance,
is Love and Obedience,
it that will raise him up,
it we weighs him up,
moor stays him up,
nd we'll praise him;
hilst the fine Courtier Dine,
ith his full bowls of Wine,
onour will make him fast.

reely let's be then, Honest Men, nd kick at Fate, We

ay live to fee
Our Loyalty
alued at a higher rate.

that bears a Word, or a Sword 'Gainst the Tbrone; r doth prophanely prate, o wrong the State,
Hath but little for his own.

· CHORUS.

That the' Plummers, Painters, and Players, Be the prosperous Men; et we'll attend our own Affairs, When we come to't agen: reachery may be fac'd with Light, And Leachery lin'd with Fur; Cuckold may be made a Knight; 'Tis Fortune de la Guerre:

00

But what is that to us Boys,
That now are honest Men;
We'll conquer and come agen,
Beat up the Drum agen,
Hey for Cavaliers,
Joy for Cavaliers,
Pray for Cavaliers;
Dub, a dub, dub,
Have at old Belzebub,
Oliver stinks for fear.

Fifth-Monarchy must down, Bullies,
And every Sect in Town:

We'll rally, and to't agen;
Give 'em the rout agen,
Charge 'em home agen,
Face to the right about, tantar ar ar a,
This is the Life of an honest Cavalier.

SONG XXVII. In Calypso.

Cupid, gentle Boy,
Restore me to the Fair,
To Love's auspicious Joy,
I'll fly from gloomy Care.

SONG XXVIII. In Love's Triumph.

AY, kind, and airy, fweet is a Lover:
Sweet is a Lover, gay, kind and airyBut when we marry,
Too foon we vary,

Courting and sporting are all over.

SONG XXIX.

IFE is chequer'd — Toil and Pleasure
Fill up all the various Measure.
See the Crew in Flannel Jerkins
Drinking, toping Flip by Ferkins;

[25]

And as they raife the Tip
To their happy Lip,
On the Deck is heard no other Sound,
But prithee Fzck, prithee Dick,
Prithee Sam, prithee Tom,
Let the Cann go round.

CHORUS.

Then hark to the Boatswain's Whistle, Whistle, Then hark to the Boatswain's Whistle, Whistle, Bustle, bustle:

My Boy, let us fir, let us toil, But let's drink all the while, For Labour's the Price of our Joys, For Labour, &cc.

Life is chequer'd — Toil and Pleasure Fill up all the various Measure: Hark the Crew in Sun-burnt Faces, Chanting Black-ey'd Susan's Graces;

S. And as they raife their Notes
Thro' their ruly Throats
On the Deck, &.c. With the Chorus as before.

Life is chequer'd — Toil and Pleasure fill up all the various Measure: Hark the Crew their Cares discarding,

With Hufflecap, or with Chuck-farthing: S. Still in merry Pin,

Let 'em lose or win; On the Deck, &c. With the Chorus as hepre.

SONG XXX.

OW brimful of Nothing's the Life of a Beau, They've Nothing to think of, they've Nothing to do; Nor Nothing to talk of, for Nothing they knows

Such, fuch is the Life of a Bran, Soc.

For Nothing they tile, but to draw the fresh Air; Spend the Morning in Nothing, but Curling their Hair,

And do Nothing all Day, but fing, saunter, and

stare:

Such, fuch is, &c.

For Nothing, at Night, at the Play-house they crowd,

To mind Nothing done there they always are proud:

But to bow, and to grin, and talk Nothing aloud:

Such, such is, &c.
For Nothing they run to th' Assembly and Ball,
And for Nothing at Cards a fair Partner they

call:
For they still must be beasted, who've - No-

thing it all: Such, fuch is, &c.

For Nothing, on Sundays, at Church they appear; For they've Nothing to hope, nor they've Nothing to fear:

They can be Nothing no where, who - No-

Such, fuch is, &c.

SONG XXXI. Hail Burgundy.

I AIL Burgundy! thon Juice divine,
Inspirer of my Song;
The Praises giv'n to other Wine,
To thee alone belong.

Of manly Wit and female Charms Thou canst the Pow'r improve: Care of its Sting thy Balm disarms, And makes us blest as Jove.

Bight Phoebus on the Parent Vines, From whence thy Curent freams,

Smiling amongst the Tendrils shines, And lavish darts his Beams. The pregnant Grapes receive his Fire, And all his Pow'r retain; With the same Warmth our Brains inspire, And lead the spightly Strain.

From thee, fair Chloe's potent Eye
New sparkling Beams receives;
Her Checks implies a rose Due

Her Cheeks imbibe a rofy Dye, New Heat her Bosom heaves. Summon'd to Love, by thy Alarms, Oh! with what nervous Heat

Worthy the Maid we fill her Arms, How oft that Love repeat?

The Stoick prone to Thought intense, Thy Softness can unbend; A chearful Cayety dispense, And make him taste a Friend. His Brow grows clear, he feels Content,

Forgets his pensive Strife,
And well concludes our Span well spent

In honest, social Life.

Ev'n Fops — those doubtful-gender things, So fond of selves and Dress, Quite lost to the Delight that springs From Sense — thy Pow'r confess.

Each foolish, puling, maudlin Face,
That dares but deeply drink,
Forgets his Cue, and stiff Grimace,
Grows free, and seems to think:

SONG XXXII. Save Women, &c.

AVE Women and Wine, there is nothing in Life
That can bribe honest Souls to endure it:

When the Heart is perplex'd, and surrounded with Care,

Dear Women and Wine only cure it. Dear Women, &c.

Come on, then, my Boys, we'll have Women and Wine.

And wifely to Purpose employ them:

He's a Fool that refuses such Bleffings divine, Whilft Vigour and Health can enjoy them.

As Women and Wine, dear Women and Wine, Whilft Vigour, &e.

Our Wine shall be old, bright and found, my dear Fack,

To heighten our amorous Fires ;

Our Girls young and found, and shall kiss with a Imack,

And shall gratify all our Defires;

The Bottles we'll crack, and the Girls we will fmack. And gratify, &c.

SONG XXXIII. I'm Cupid's, &c. 'M Cupid's Warriour, my Fair

Then quickly for the Fight prepare. Ah! why, Celinda, wou'd you fly, When I at first am sure to yield. If you th' Engagement shun, I die; Oh! take me, and I've won the Field.

SONG XXXIV. To Sylvia's, Etc.

And

O Sylvia's Charms a Captive made, I fought the wanton Cupid's Aid, Begging he'd try fome pow'rfu! Dart, To foften her relentles Heart. But all in vain; for, in her Eyes All their Artill'ry planted lyes.

[29]

Their Darts can only from her fly,
I'm fated to despair and die.
And yet 'twas but this small Request
Which granted, wou'd have made me blest.
Oh! let my Flames melt her into Desire,
Or else her Coldness quite put out my Fire.

SONG XXXV. I'm old, &c.

Y'M old Mad Tom, behold me, My Wits are quite unframed, I'm mad, I'm fure, and past all Cure, And in Hopes of being proclaimed.

I'll mount the frosty Mountains, And there I'll skin the Weather, I'll plack the Rainbow from the Sky,

And I'll splice both Ends together.

I'll mount the Pride of Marble,

And there I'll fright the Gypfies;
And I'll play at Bowls with Sun and Moon,
And win them with Eclipfes.

1 Prentice was to Vulcan, And serv'd my Macer faithful,

In making Tools for jovial Fools, But, ye Gods, ye prov'd unfaithful.

The Stars pluck'd from their Orbs too, And put them in my Budget; And if I'm not a roating Boy, Then let all the Nations judge it.

SONG XXXVI. Ye Commons, &c.

As already decreed,
As already decreed
By immutable Powers that rule us;
To repine, and to pray,
Is but Time thrown away,
And our Teachers, in fhort, do but fool us.

Вз

Then let's prove our Free-Will,
By our Drinking about,
And by quitting the Glafs, when it's Time to
give out:

3

But if Man has no Pow'r To chuse, or to shun,

"Tis no Sin to drink boldly, or Vertue to run.

If we're driv'n by Fate
Either this Way or that,
As a Carrier whips on his Horfes;
No Mortal can stray,

But must go the right Way,

Like the Stars that are bound to their Courses.

But if we've Free-Will

To go on, or stand still,

As may best serve each present Occasion:

Then pray fill the Glass, And confirm him an Ass, That depends upon Predestination.

SONG XXXVII.

WITH early Horn
Salute the Morn,
That gilds this charming Place
With chearful Gries
Bid Echo rife,

And join the jovial Chase.

The vocal Hills around

The waving Woods,

The chrystal Floods, All, all return th' enliv'ning Sound.

SONG XXXVIII. In Pyrrhus.

T I S not your Wealth, my Dear, Nor Wit, nor Shape, nor Air, Nor Beauty past Compare, Makes me a Lover: Your sweet complying Mind, Your Pride in being kind, Without the teazing Way Of pish, nay sie, nay pray, Has brought me over.

SONG XXXIX. In Apollo and Daphne.

HARK, hark, the Huntiman founds his Horn, A Call fo Musical chides the Drone,

The Clangor wakes the drowly Morn,

The loud-tongu'd Cry the Concert fill, Our Steeds with Neighing falute the Dawn,

Our Steeds with reigning fainte the Dawn, Ton, ton, &c.

We mount, and now we climb the Hill, Then swift descending we sweep the Lawn, Ton, ton, &c.

The distant Stagg our Accents hears, Our Accents fatal to him alone,

Ton, ton, &cc.

He rousing starts and wing'd with Fears,
Forsakes the Thicket to seek the Down,
Ton, ton, &cc.

Altho' Diana claims the Field, The Woods and Forests tho' all her own, Ton, ton, &c.

The Groves to Venus let her yield, Where we may follow her sportive Son,

Ton, ton, 800.

What Joy to trace the blooming Lass Thro' darksome Grotto's with Moss o'ergrown, Ton, ton, &c.

What Harmony can ours surpass,
When joining Chorus with Dove-like Moan?
Ton, ton, &co.

In various Sports the Day thus spent, Fatigu'd with Pleasures when Night comes on, Ton, ton, &cc.

Our Limbs tho' tir'd, our Hearts content, With Wine regaling, all Cares we drown. Ton, ton, &c.

SONG XL. Come let's, &c.

OM E let's drink, the time invites,
Winter and cold Weather,
For to pass away long Nighte,
And to keep good Wits together;
Better far than Cards or Dice,
Or Isaac's Ball, that quaint Device
Made up with Fan and Feather.

Of grand Actions on the Seas,
We will ne'er be jealous,
Give us Liquor that will pleafe,
And will make us braver Fellows
Than the bold Venetian Fleet,
When the Turks and they do meet,
Within the Dardanelloss.

Mahomet was no Divine,
But a senseles Widgeon,
To forbid the Use of Wine
Unto those of his Religion;
Falling sekness was his shame,
And his Throne shall have the blame,
For all his whisp'ring Pigeon.

Valentia, that famous Town, Stood the French-Men's wonder, Water it employ'd to drown, And to cut their Troops afunder, Turenne cast a helpless Look, Whilstake crastry Spaniar'ds took. La-Ferta and his Plunder.

Therefore Water we difdain,
Mankind's Adverfary;
Once it caus'd the World's whole Frame
In a Deluge to mifcarry:
Nay, the Enemies of Joy
Seek with Envy to destroy,
And murder good Canary.

Sack's the Prince's furest Guard,
If he would but try it;
No Rebellion e'er was heard,
Where the Subjects soundly ply it;
And three Constables, at moth,
Are enough to quell an Host,
That thus ditturbs our Quiet.

Drink about your full-brim Bowls, See there be no shrinking, For to quench your thirsty Souls, We of Projects are not thinking; But a Way will devise How to make our Colours rife, And our Noses rich with drinking;

Cause the Rubies to appear In their Ocient Lustre; Pottle Pots bring up the Rear, For our Forces we mist muster; Signor Gallon leads the Van, He hath taken many a Man, And drowns them on a Cluster, Sack it doth inspire the Wit,
Tho' the Brain be muddy:
Some that ne'er knew nothing, yet
By its Virtue fall to study.
He that tipples up good Sack,
Finds sound Marrow in the Back,
That's wholsome for the Belly.

All the Faculties of Man
Are enriched by this Treasure;
He that first his Bowl began,
Let him give to all his Measure:
Sack is like th Æ: Berial Fire,
Which doth kindle new Defire,
To do a Woman Pleasure.

Sack doth make the Spirit bold,
'Tis like the Muses Nettar.
Some that silent Tongues did hold,
Now can speak a learned Lecture;
By the flowing of the Tub,
They can break Alcide's Club,
And take the Crown from Hettor.

We ne'er covet to be rich
With Commerce, or with Trading;
Nor have we a zealous Itch,
Tho' guondam Means are fading:
But our Veffels and our Store,
And Wits are how to get more
Good Sack, and that's our Lading.

We that drink good Sack in Plate,
To make us blithe and jolly,
Never plot against the State,
To be punish'd for such Folly;
But the merry Glass and Pipe,
Makes our Senses quick and ripe,
And expels Melancholly.

[35]

See the Squibs, and hear the Belis,
The Fifth Day of November,
The Preacher a fad Story tells,
And with Horror doth remember,
How fome dry-brain'd Traitors wrought
Plots, that would to Ruin brought
Both King, and every Member.

We that drink have no fuch Thoughts, Blind and void of Reason, We take care to fill our Vaults,

With good Wine at every Season, And with many a chearful Cup We blow one another up,

And that's our only Treason.

SONG XLI. Hold, hold, &c.

Tom,

And hold thy Nose to the Pot Tom,

And hold thy Nofe to the Pot Tom, Tom, 'Tis thy Pot, and my Pot, And my Pot, and thy Pot,

Sing hold thy Nose to the Pot Tom, Tom.

Tis Malt will cure the Maw, Tom, And heal thy Diftempers in Autumn, Felix quem facient,

I prithee be patient,
Aliena pericula cautum.

Then hold thy Nose to the Pot Tom, Tom, Hold, hold thy Nose to the Pot Tom Tom; There's neither Parson nor Vicar,

But will tols off his Liquor, Sing hold thy Nose to the Pot Tom, Tom.

SONG XLII. I'll never be drunk again,

HEN this old Cap was new,
'Tis fince two Hundred Year,
No Malice then we knew,
But all Things plenty were:

All Friendship now decays, (Believe me, this is true) Which was not in those Days, When this old Cap was new.

The Nobles of our Land
Were much delighted then,
To have at their Command
A Crew of lufty Men,
Which by their Coats were known
Of Tawny, Red, or Blue,
With Crefts on their Sleeves shown,
When this old Cap was new.

Now Pride hath banish'd all,
Unto our Land's reproach,
When he whose Means is small,
Maintains both Horse and Coach:
Instead of an Hundred Men,
The Coach allows but two;
This was not thought on then,
When this old Cap was new.

Good Hospitality
Was cherish'd then of many:
Now poor Men starve and die,
And are not help'd by any;
For Charity waxeth cold,
And Love is found in few:
This was not in time of old,
When this old Cap was new.

Where ever you travell'd then, You might meet on the way Brave Knights and Gentlemen, Clad in their Country Gray, That courteous would appear, And kindly welcome you: No Puritans then were, When this old Cap was new. Our Ladies in those Days In civil Habit went, Broad-Cloath was then worth Praise, And gave the best Content: French Fashions then were scorn'd, Fond Fangles then none knew, Then Modelty Woman adom'd, When this old Cap was news.

A Man might then behold,
At Chrismas, in each Hall,
Good Fires to curb the Cold,
And Meat for great and small;
The Neighbours were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true,
The Poor from the Gates were not chidden,
When this old Cap was new.

Black Jacks to every Man Were fill'd with Wine and Beer, No Pewter Pot nor Can In those Days did appear: Good Cheer in a Nobleman's Honse

Was counted a feemly shew,
We wanted no Brawn nor Souse,
When this old Can mas need.

When this old Cap was new. We took not such delight

In Cups of Silver fine, None under the degree of a Knight, In Plate drunk Beer or Wine:

Now each mechanical Man

Hath a Cup-board of Plate for a fnew,

Which was a rare thing then, When this old Cap was new.

Then Bribery was unborn, No Simony Men did use, Christians did Usury scorn, Devis'd among the Jews. The Lawyers to be fee'd,
At that time hardly knew,
For Man with Man agreed,
When this old Cap was new.

No Captain then carous'd,
Nor ipent poor Soldiers Pay,
They were not so abus'd,
As they are at this Day:
Of seven Days they make Eight,
To keep from them their due;
Poor Soldiers had their Right,
When this old Cap was new.

Which made them forward still To go, altho' not prest:
And going with good Will,
Their Fortunes were the best.
Our English then in fight
Did foreign Foes subdue,
And fore'd them all to flight,

When this old Cap was new.

God fave our gracious King,
And fend him long to live,
Lord, Mifchiet on them bring,
That will not their Alms give:
But feek to rob the Poor
Of that which is their due:

This was not in time of yore,
When this old Cap was new.

SONG XLIII. Fair Cælia's, &c.

The Nymph a Goddess reigns, all that durit look, her Victims fall, Yet she unmov'd remains.
While happy Strepbon, in her Arms
Seeuge but envy'd lyes:

To him she opens all her Charms, To him unlocks, unlocks, Unlocks to him, unlocks her Joys.

So the pleas'd Moon on Laimos lay
With her Endymion;
Her Light to all the gave away,

Her Loght to all the gave away, Her Love to him, her Love to him alone.

SONG XLIV. Bacchus affift, &c.

ACCHUS affift us to fing thy great Glory, Chief of the Gods, we exult in thy Story: Wine's first Projector, Mankind's Protector, Patron to Topers,

How do we adore thee. Wine's first Projector, &c.

Filend to the Muses, and Whetstone to Venus, Herald to Pleasures, when Wine wou'd conveneus: Sorrow's Physician,

When our Condition

In worldly Cares wants a Cordial to skreen us.

Nature she smil'd, when thy Birth it was blazed. Mankind rejoic'd when thy Altars were raised:

Mirth will be flowing, Whilft the Vine's growing,

And fober Souls at our Joys be amazed.

SONG XLV.

BOLD Impudent Fuller invited a Plot, And all to difcover the Devil knows what; About a young Bantling strangely begot, Which no Body can dany.

The better to cheat both the Fools and the Wife, He Impos'd on the Nation a Hundred of Lies; That none but a Knight of the Post could device. Which no Body can dany.

B

1

He tells us he had the Honour to peep, In the Warming-pan where the Welch Infant did fleep;

And found out a Plot which was damnable deep, Which no Body can believe.

Then to the wife Senate he suddenly went, Where he told all the Lies that he then could invent,

For which he was Voted a Rogue by consent, Which no Body can deny.

And tho' he was punish'd for that his Offence, He has almost forgot it, it was so long since, Therefore the old Game he began to commence, Which no Body can deny.

Then he to the Lords his bold Letters did fend, And told the high Peers, that the Plot he could mend,

And make it as plain, as he first did pretend, Which no Body can deny.

He told them his Witnesses were mighty Men, That wou'd come to the Town, tho' the Devil knows when,

And make William Fuller once famous agen, Which no Body can deny.

The Lords they were Generous, Noble and Kind, And allowed him Freedom his 'Squires to find, The which he will do when the Devil is blind, Which no Body can deny.

So the Peers they declar'd him a feandalous Sot, And none thinks him fit to manage a Plot, If Newgate and Tyburn does fall to his Lot, There's no Body can desy.

They gave him no more time than himself did require,

To find out his Jones and the wandering 'Squire,

But the time being come, they were never the nigher,

Which no Body can deny.

The brave House of Commons next for him do fend.

To hear what the Block-heady Fool wou'd pretend.

Who humbly requests, that they wou'd him befriend,

Which no Body can deny .

One Day he declar'd they were near London Town, But the very next Day into Wales they were

flown,

Such nimble-heel'd Witneffes never known,

Which no Body can deny.

When being examin'd about his fham Plot, He answer'd as though he had minded them not, Perhaps the young Rogue bad his Leffon forgot,

Which no Body can deny,

But after some Study and impudent Tales, Ask'd for a Commission to march into Wales,

And be chain'd to a Horse, as Rogues go to Goals,

Which no Body can deny.

But seeing his Impudence still to abound,

To go fearch for the Men who were not to be found. They immediately fent him back to Fleet Pound,

Which no Body can deny.

From the Fleet to the Cart may he quickly ad. vance,

To learn the true Steps of old Oates's New Dance,

And something beside, or it is a great Chance, Which no Body can deny.

He has made it a Trade to be doing of Wrong In Swearing, and Lying, and Cheating so long For all his Life-time he's been at it ding dong, Which no Body can deny.

Kick

W

Welch Taffy he raves and crys Splutterdenails, Rate He's abused hur Highness with Lies and with Tales,

Hur will hang hur if e'er hur can catch hur it

Wales, Which no Body will deny.

S O N G XLVI. What Life, &c. He HAT Life can compare with the jolly

Town-Rake's. When in his full Swing of all Pleasure he takes ? In At Noon he gets up for a Whet and to Dine,

And Wings the fwift Hours with Mirth, Mufick and Wines

Then jogs to the Play-house and chats with the Masques.

And thence to the Rose where he takes his three

There great as a Cafar he revels when drunk, And fcours all he meets as he reels, as he reels to

his Punk. And finds the dear Girl in his Arms when he l wakes,

What Life can compare to the jolly Town-Rake's, I the jolly Town-Rake's.

He like the Great Turk has his favourite She, But the Town's his Seraglio, and still he lives

Sometimes she's a Lady, but as he must range, Black Betty, or Oyster Moll serve for a Change: As he varies his Sports his whole Life is a Feast, He thinks him that is soberest is most like a Beatt:

At Houses of Pleasure, breaks Windows and Doors. Kicks Bullies and Cullies, then lies with their

Whores:

Rare Work for the Surgeon and Midwife he makes.

What Life can compare with the jolly Town-20

Rake's.

Thus in Covent-Garden he makes his Campaigns, And no Coffee-House haunts but to settle his Brains :

He laughs at dry Mortals, and never does think, Unless ris to get the best Wenches and Drink: Le dwells in a Tavern, and lives ev'ry where, And improving his Hour, lives an Age in a Year: For as Life is uncertain, he loves to make hafte, And thus he lives longest, because he lives fast: Then leaps in the Dark, and his Exit he makes What Death can compare with the jolly Town-Rake's.

SONG XLVII. There lives, &c.

HERE lives an Ale-drap: near New-Who used to Jerk the Bum of his Wife; And the was forced to ftand on her Guard,

To keep his Clutches from her Quoiff : the poor Soul the weaker Veffel, To be reconcil'd was easily won;

He held her in fcorn,

But the crown'd him with Horn,

Without Hood or Scarf, and rough as she run.

He for a Shilling fold his Spoule, And the was very willing to go;

And left the poor Cuckold alone in the House, That he by himfelf his Horn might blow;

A Hackney Cochman he did buy her, And was not this a very good Fun; With a dirty Pinner, As I am a Sinner.

As I am a Sinner,

Without Hood or Scarf, but rough as she run.

The Woman gladly did depart,
Between three Men was handed away;
He for her Husband did care not a Fart,
He kept her one whole Night and Day:
Then honeft Judge the Coachman bought her,
And was not this most cunningly done?

Gave for her five Shilling, To take her was willing, Without Hood or Starf, &c.

The Cuckold to Judge a Letter did fend,
Whereiu he did most humbly crave;
Quoth he, I prithee, my Rival Friend,
My Spouse again I fain would have:
And if you will but let me have her,
I'll pardon what she e'er has done;
Iswear by my Maker,
Again I will take her,
Without Hood or Scarf, &cc.

He fent an old Bawd to interceed,
And to perfusade her to come back;
That he might have one of her delicate Breed,
And he would give her a ha'p'uth of Sack:
Therefore prithee now come to me,
Or elfe poor I shall be undone:

Then do not fergo me,
But prithee come to me,
Without Hood or Scarf the'

Without Hood or Scarf, the' rough, &c.

The Coachman then with much ado
Did fuffer the Bawd to take her out;
Upon the Condition that she would be true,
And let him have now and then a Bout:

Song XLVIII. Lilly Bullero.



47

A Charles

· A " and state of a soft

Song XLIX.

Song L. How blest, &.

Over our lowly Sheds all the Storm paffes, And when we die, 'tis in each other Arms : All the Day on our Herds and Flocks employing

All the Night on our Flutes, and in enjoying. All the Day, &c.

Bright Nymphs of Britain, with Graces attended. Let no: your d.ys without Pleafure expire ; Honour's but empty, and when Youth is ended.

All Men will praise you, but none will de fire : Let not Youth fly away without Contenting,

Age will come time enough for your Repenting. Let not Youth, &c.

SONG LI. Of old Soldiers, &c. F old Soldiers, the Song you would hear,

And we old Fidlers have forgot who they were; But all we remember shall come to your Ear, That we are old Soldiers of the Queen's,

And the Queen's old Soldiers. With the Old Drake, that was the next Man

To Old Franciscus, who first it began To fail through the Streights of Magellan, Like an old Soldier, &c.

That put the proud Spanish Armada to wreck, And travell'd all o'er the old World, and came back

In his old Ship laden with Gold and old Sack; Like. &c.

With an Old Cavindish that seconded him, And taught his old Sails the same Passage to fwim,

And did them therefore with Cloth of Gold trim;

Like, &c.

Like an Old Raleigh, that twice and again Sail'd over most Part of the Seas, and then Travell'd all o'er the old World with his Pen; Like, &c.

With an Old John Norris, the General, That old Gaunt, made his Fame immortal, In spite of his Foes, with no Loss at all; Like, &c.

Like old Brest Fort, an invincible Thing, When the old Queen sent him to help the French King,

Took from the proud Fox, to the World's wond'ring;

Like, &c.

Where an old front Friar, as goes the Story, Came to Push of Pike with him in vain Glory, But he was almost sent to his own Purgatory By this old Soldier, &c.

With an old Ned Norris that kept Offend, A Terror to Foe, and a Refuge to Friend, And left it impregnable to his last End; Like, &c.

That in the old unfortunate Voyage of all, March'd o'er the old Bridge, and knock'd at the Wall

Of Lisbon the Mistress of Portugal; Like, &c.

With an old Tim Norris, by the old Queen fent, Of Munsser in Ireland, Lord President, Where his Days and his Blood in her Service he spent;

Like, &c.

With an old Harry Norris in Battle wounded In his Knee, whose Leg was cut off, and he said, You have spoil'd my Dancing, and dy'd in his Bed, Like, &c. With an old Will Norris, the oldest of all, Who went voluntary, without any Call, To th' old Irifh Wars, to's Fame immortal; Like, &cc. 4

With an old Dick Wenman, the first in his Prime, That over the Walls of old Cales did climb, And there was knighted, and liv'd all his Time; Like, &c.

Like an old Nando Wenman, when Brest was o'erthrown,

Into the Air, into the Seas, with Gunpowder blown,

Xet bravely recov'ring, long after was known For an old, &c.

With an old Tom Wenman, whose bravest Delight Was in a good Caufe for his Country to fight, And dy'd in Ireland, a good old Knight, And an old, &c.

With a young Ned Wenman, so valiant and bold In the Wars of Bohemia, as with the Old, Deferves for his Valour to be enroll'd An Old. &c.

And thus of old Soldiers ye hear the Fame, But ne'er fo many of one House and Name, And all of old John Lord Viscount of Thames An old Soldier of the Queen's. And the Queen's old Soldier.

SONG LII. Virgins fo fair, &c. Irgins fo fair, at length may it prove

Your Destiny to be in Love, Pray grant me fuch a Fate : May Prudence always be my Guide, With a little, little Decency and Pride My Actions to regulate .

[52]

When first in Love I do commence, May it be with a Man of Sense, And learned Education; May all his Courtship be to me, Neither too formal, nor too free,

But wifely show his Passion.

May his Estate agree with mine,

That it may look like no Defign To bring us both to Sorrow: Grant me this that I have faid, And willingly I'd live a Maid No longer than to Morrow.

When we are wed, may we agree And neither of us angry be,

But live free from all Sorrow;
If one be cross, may the other say,
My Dear, we wont fall out to Day,
Whate'er we do to Morrow.

SONG LIII. Good your Worship, &c.

OOD your Worship cast an Eye
Upon a Soldier's Misery:
Let not these lean Cheeks, I pray,
Your Worship's Bounty from me stay:
But like a noble Friend,

Some Silver lend, And Jove shall pay you in the end; And I will pray that Fate

May make you fortunate In Heaven or in fome Earthly State. To beg I ne'er was bred, kind Sir,

Which makes me blush to keep this stir; Nor do I rove from Place to Place, For to make known my woful Case:

For I am none of those That a Roving goes, And in Rambling shew their drunken Blows; [53]

For all that they have got, Is by banging of the Pot, In wrangling who should pay their Shot.

Olympick Games I oft have feen, And in brave Battles have I been; The Cannons there aloud did roar, My Proffer high was ever more: For, out of a Bravado,

When in a Barricado,
By toffing of a Hand-Grenado,
Death cheh was very near,
When'it took away this Ear;
But yet, thank God, I'm here, I'm here.

And at the Siege of Buda, there, I was blown up into the Air, From whence I tumbled down again, And lay awhile among the flain;

Yet rather than be beat, I got upon my Feet, And made the Enemy retreat;

Myself and seven more We fought Eleven Score, The Rogues was ne'er so thrash'd before.

I have, at least a dozen times Been blown up by these roguish Mines: Twice through the S:ull have I been shot, That my Brains do boil like any Pot:

Such Dangers have I past, At first and at last, As would make your Worship fore aghast;

And there I lay for dead,
Till the Enemy was fled,
And then they carried me home to Bed.

At Push of Pike I lost this Eye, And at Birgam Siege I broke this Thigh;

C 3

At Oftend, like a warlike Lad, I laid about as I were Mad:

But little would you think, That e'er I had been,

Such a good Old Soldier of the Queen: But if Sir Francis Vere,

Were living now, and here, He would tell you how I slash'd 'em there.

The Hollanders my Fury know, For oft with them I've dealt a Blow: Then did I take a warlike Dance Quite through Spain, and into France;

And there I spent a Flood
Of very noble Blood.
Yet all would do but little good;

For now I home am come, With my Rags upon my Bum, And crave of your Worship one small Sum.

And now my Cafe you understand, Pray lend to me your helping Hand; A little thing would pleafure me,

It is not Bread and Cheefe, Nor Barley-Lees,

Or barley-Lees,
Or any fuch like Scraps as thefe;
But what I beg of you,
Is a Shilling one ortwo,
Kind Sir, your Purfe-ftrings pray undo.

SONG LIV. Andrew, &c.

A Narew and Maudlin, Rebecca and Will, Margaret and Thomas, and Jockey and Mary;

Mary;
Kate o'th' Kitchen, and Kit of the Mill,
Dick the Plow-man, and Joan of the Dairy,
To folace their Lives, and to sweeten their
Labour,

All met on a time with a Pipe and a Tabor.

[55]

Andrew was Cloathed in Shepherd's Grey;
And Will had put on his Holiday Jacket;
Beck had a Coat of Popin jay,

And Madge had a Ribbon hung down to her

Placket;

Meg and Mell in Frize, Tom and Jockey in Leather,

And fo they began all to Foot it together.

Their Heads and their Arms about them they flung, With all the Might and Force they had;

Their Legs went like Flails, and as loofely bong,

They Cudgell'd their Arses as if they were Mad:

Their Faces did shine, and their Fires did kindle; While the Maids they did trip and turn like a Spindle.

Audrew chuck'd Maudlin under the Chin, Simper she did like a Furmety Kettle;

The twang of whose Blubber-lips made such a

As if her Chaps had been made of Bell-metal:

Kate laughed heartily at the same Smack, And loud she did answer it with a Bum-crack.

At no Whitson - Ale there e'er yet had been Such Fraysters and Friskers as these Lads and Lasses;

From their Faces the Sweat ran down to be feen, But fure I am, much more from their Arfes; For had you but feen't, you then would have fwom.

You never beheld the like fince you were born.

Here they did fling, and there they did hoift, Here a hot Breath, and there went a Savour;

4

Here they did glance, and there they did gloid, Here they did simper, and there they did slaver; Here was a Hand, and their was a Placket,

Whilft, hey! their Sleeves went Flicket-aflacket.

The Dance being ended, they sweat and they stunk,

The Maidens did smirk it, the Youngsters did kils 'em;

1

Cakes and Ale flew about, they clapp'd hands and drunk,

They laugh'd and they giggl'd until they be bepift 'em ; They laid the Girls down, and gave each a green

Mantle,
While their Breasts and their Bellies went Pintle

While their Breafts and their Bellies went Pintle
a Pantle.

SONG LV. When the Kine, &c.

HRN the Kine had giv'n a Pail full,

And the Sheep came bleating home;

Doll who knew it would be healthful,

Went a walking with young Tom: Hand in hand Sir,

O'er the Land, Sir, As they walked to and fro;

Tom made jolly Love to Dolly, But was answer'd, No, no, no, no, no, no, &c.

Faith, fays Tom, the time is fitting, We shall never get the like; You can never get from Knitting, Whilst I'm digging in the Dike:

Now we're gone too,
And alone too.

No one by to see or know; Come, come, Dolly prithee shall I? Still she answer'd, No, no, no, no, &c. [57]

Fie upon you Men, quoth Dol'y,
In what Snares you'd make us fall;
You'll get nothing but the Folly,
But I shall get the Devil and all:
Tom with Sohs.

Tom with Sobs, And fome dry Bobs,

Cry'd, you're a Fool to argue fo; Come, come, Dolly, shall I? shall I? Still she answer'd, No, no, no, no, &c.

To the Tavern then he took her, Wine to Love's a Friend confest; By the Hand he often shook her,

And drank Brimmers to the best, &c.
Doll grew warm,

And thought no harm;
Till after a brisk Pint or two,
To what he faid the filly Maid

Could hardly bring out, No, no, no, no, %c.

She fwore he was the prettieft Fellow In the Country or the Town, And began to grow fo mellow,

On the Couch he laid her down; Tom came to her, For to woe her,

Thinking this the time to try:
Something past fo kind at last,

Her No was chang'd to I, I, I, I, I, I, &c.

Closely then they joyn'd their Faces, Lovers you know what I mean;

Nor could she hinder his Embraces, Love was now too far got ia;

Both now lying, Panting, dying, Calms facceed the ftormy Joy,

Tom would fain renew't again, And the consents with I, I, I, I, I, I, &c.

SONG LVI. We all to, &c.

Lall to conqu'ring Beauty bow,
Its pleafing Pow'r admire;
But I ne'er knew a Face 'till now,
That like yours could infpire.
Now I may fay, I met with one
Amazes all Mankind;
And like Men gazing on the Sun,
With too much Light am blind,

Soft as the tender moving Sighs,
When longing Lovers meet;
Like the divining Prophets wife,
And like blown Rofes fweet:
Modest, yet Gay; Reserv'd, yet Free;
Each happy Night a Bride;
A Mien like awful Majesty,
And yet no spark of Pride.

The Patriarch, to gain a Wife, Chaft, Beautiful, and Young: Serv'd fourteen Years a painful Life, And never thought 'em long. Ah! were you to reward such Cares, And Life so long couldst stay; Not sourceen, but sour hundred Years, Would seem but as one Day.

SONG LVII. Belinda's pretty, &c.

B Elinda's pretty, pretty, pleafing Form
Does my happy, happy, happy, happy
Fancy charm:
Her prittle-pattle, tittle-tattle's all engaging,
most obliging;
Whilst I'm preffing, clasping, kissing,
Oh! oh! how she does my Soul alarm!

There is such Magick in her Ryes, Such Magick in her Eyes, in her Eyes, Does my wond'ring Heart fur rize:
Her prinking, nimping, twinking, pinking,
Whish I'm courting, for transporting,
How like an Angel she panting lies, she panting lies!

SONG LVIII. Let not Love, &c.

bestow,

Soft Diftress, foft Diftress and tender Wee; I know none, no, no, none but substantial Blisses,

Eager Glances, eager Glances, folid Kiffes: I know not what the Lovers feign

Of finer Pleafure mixt with Pain;
Then prithee, prithee give me, gentle Boy,
None of thy Grief, but all, all, all, all, all, all,

all, all, all the Joy;

SONG LIX. As Amoret, &c.

As Amoret and Thyrsis lay;
As Amoret and Thyrsis lay;
Melting, melting, melting, melting the Hours
in gentle play,

Joyning, joyning, joyning Faces, mingling Kiffes.

Mingling Kiffes, mingling Kiffes, and exchanging harmless Bliffes:

He trembling cry'd with eager, eager haste, Let me, let me, let me feed, oh! oh! oh! let me, let me,

Let me, let me feed, oh! oh! oh! oh! let me, let me feed as well as tafte,

I dye, dye, dye, dye, dye, I dye, I dye, if I'm not wholly bleft.

The fearful Nymph reply'd forbear, I cannot, dare not, must not hear; Dearest Thyrsis, do not move me, Do not, do not, if you love me: O let me still, the Shepherd said, But while she fond Resistance made, The hasty Joy in struggling sted.

Vex'd at the Pleafure she had mis'd, She frown'd and blush'd, and sigh'd and kis'd, And seem'd to moan, in fullen Cooing, The sad Miscarriage of their Wooing: But vain alas! were all her Charms, For Thypsis deaf to Love's Alarms, Bassled and senseless, sir'd her Arms.

SONG LX. She met with, &c.

SHE met with a Country-man, In the middle of all the Green; And Peggy was his Delight, And good Sport was to be feen.

But ever the cry'd, brave Roger,
I'll drink a whole Glass to thee 3
But as for Juhn of the Green,
I care not a Pin for him.

Bulls and Bears, and Lions, and Dragons, And O brave Roger o' Coverly; Piggins and Wiggins, Pints and Flaggons. O brave, &c.

He took her by the middle, And taught her by the Flute; Well done brave Roger, quoth she, Thou hast not left thy old Wont, But ever she cry'd, &c. He clapp'd her upon the Buttock, And forth she let a Fart; My Belly quoth she is eased by thee, And I thank thee Roger for't.

SONG LXI Near to the Town, &c.

Ear to the Town of Windsor, upon a pleafant Green,

There liv'd a Miller's Daughter, her Age about

Eighteen;

A Skin as white as Alablaster, and a killing Eye, A round plump bonny Buttock joyn'd to a taper

Thigh: Then ah! be kind my Dear, be kinder, was the

Ditty fill,

When pretty Kate of Windsor came to the Mill.

To treat with her in private, first came a Booby

He offer'd ten broad Pieces, but she resus'd the Hire;

She faid his Corn was musty, nor should her Tolldish fill, His Measure too so scanty, she fear'd 'twould

burn her Mill.

Then ah! be kind, &c.

Soon after came a Lawyer, as he the Circuit

He swore he'd cheat her Landlord, and she should pay no Rent;

He question'd the Fee simple; but him she plainly told,

I'll keep in spight of Law Tricks, mine own dear Copy hold. Then ah! be kind, &c. The next came on a Trooper, that did of Fighting prate, Till the pull'd out his Piffol, and knock'd him

o'er the Pate,

I hate, she cry'd, a Hector, a Drone without a Sting, For if you must be Fighting, Friend, go do it

for the King. Then ab ! be kind, &c.

A late discarded Courtier, would next her favour win,

He offer'd her a Thousand when e'er King James came in ;

She laugh'd at that extreamly, and faid that it was too fmall,

For if he e'er comes in again, you'll get the Devil and all.

Then ab! be kind, &c.

Next came a strutting Sailor that was of Mates Degree,

He bragg'd much of his Valour in the late Fight at Sea ;

She told him his Bravado's but lamely did appear, For if you had flood to'r, you Rogues, the

French had ne'er came here.

Toen ab! bs kind, &c.

A Shopkeeper of London then open'd his Love-Cafe,

He told her he was famous for Penning an Addrefs;

She told City-wildom was known by their Af-

Guild-Hall was full of Wit too in choice of Sh'riffs and Mayors.

Then ab! be kind, &c.

Next came a fmug Physician upon a pacing Mare, But fhe declar'd fhe lik'd him much worfe than

any there;

He was fo us'd to Gliffers, she told him to his Face,

He always would be bobbing his Pipe at the wrong Place.

Then ab! be kind, &c.

The Parson of the Town then did next his Flame reveal.

She made him fecond Mourning, and cover'd him with Meal;

The Man of God flood fretting, fhe bid him not be vext,

'Twill serve you for a Surplice to Cant in Sunday next. Then ah! be kind, &c.

Now if you'd know the Reason she was to them

unkind. There was a brisk young Farmer that taught her ftill to grind;

She knew him for a Workman that had the ready Skill.

To open well her Water-gate, and best supply her Mill.

Then ah! be kind, my Dear, be kinder was the Ditty Still, When tretty Kate of Windfor came to the Mill,

SONG LXII. I am a lufty, &c.

Am a lufty lively Lad, Now come to One and Twenty, My Father left me all he had, Both Gold and Silver plenty:

Now he's in Grave, I will be brave, The Ladies shall adore me; I'll court and kifs, what hurt's in this, My Dad did so before me.

My Father was a thrifty Sir, Till Soul and Body fundred, Some fay he was an Ufurer, For thirty in the Hundred:

He scrapt and scratcht, she pincht and patcht,

That in her Body bore me; But I'll let fly, good caufe why, My Father was born before me.

My Daddy has his Duty done, In getting fo much Treasure, I'll be as dutiful a Son,

For spending it in Pleasure; Five Pound a Quart shall chear my Heart,

Such Nectar will restore me, But I'll let fly, good cause why, My Father was born before me.

My Grandine liv'd at Washington, My Grandsire delv'd in Ditches,

The Son of old John Thrashington, Whose Lantern Leather Breeches, Cry'd, whither go ye? whither go ye?

Tho' Men do now adore me, They ne'er did fee my Pedigree, Nor who was born before me.

My Grandfire firiv'd, and wiv'd, and thriv'd,
'Till he did Riches gather,

And when he had much Wealth atchiev'd,
Oh, then he got my Father:

Of happy Memory, cry I, That e'er his Mother bore him, I ne'er had been worth one Penny,

Had I been born before him.

To Free-school, Cambridge, and Grays-Inn, My gray-coat Grandsize put him,

Till to forget he did begin

The Leathern Breech, that got him; One dealt in Straw, the other in Law, The one did ditch and delve it,

My Father store of Sattin wore, My Grandsire Beggars Velvet.

So I get Wealth, what care I if My Grandfire were a Sawyer,

My Father prov'd to be a chief, And subtile, learned Lawyer:

By Cook's R. ports, and Tricks in Courts, He did with Treasure store me, That I may say, Heavens bless the Day,

My Father was born before me.

Some fay of late, a Merchant that
Had gotten flore of Riches,

In's Dining-Room hung up his Hat, His Staff, and Leathern Breeches:

His Stati, and Leathern breeches:
His Stockings gartred up with Straw,
E're Providence did flore him,

His Son was Sheriff of London, cause His Father was born before him.

So many Blades now rant in Silk, And put on Scarlet Cloathing, At first did spring from Butter-milk, Their Ancestors worth nothing;

Old Adam, and our Grandam Eve,
By Digging and by Spinning,

Did to all Kings and Princes give Their radical Beginning

My Father to get my Estate, Tho' selfish, yet was slavish, I'll spend it at another rate,

And be as lewdly lavish ;

Th

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From Mad-men, Fools, and Knaves he did Litigiously receive it; If so he did, Justice forbid, But I to such should leave it.

At Play-houses, and Tennis Court,
I'll prove a nobler Fellow.
I'll court my Doxies to the Sport
Of O brave Functionello:
I'll drink and drab, I'll dice and stab,

No Hector shall out-roar me;
If Teachers tell me Tales of Hell,
My Father is gone before me.

Our aged Counfellors would have
Us live by Rule and Reason,
'Cause they are marching to their Grave,
And Pleasure's out of Season:
I'll learn to dance the Mode of France,
That Ladies may adore me;
My thrifty Dad no Pleasure had

Tho' he was born before me.

I'll to the Court, where Venus Sport
Doth revel it in Plenty,

I'll deal with all, both great and small,
From twelve to five and twenty;
In Play-houses I'll spend my Days,
For they're hung round with Plackets,
Ladies make room, behold I come,
Have at your knocking Jackets.

SONG LXIII. Of a noble Race was Shinkin.

EAR all you Friends to Knighthood,
A Tale will saife your Wonder,
How Caitiff vile,
By baseft Wile,
An hardy Knight did plunder.

How from this British Worthy This Knave, a Pox light on hur! Did once purloin The only Sign And Badge he had of Honour.

Oh! had you seen our Hero!
No Knight could could e'er look biggers.
Unless his Size
My Song belyes,
Than M—n of Tredegar.

A Ribbon grac'd his Shoulder, A Star shone on his Breast, Sir, With smart Toupee, Fort bien poudré, And Cockade on his Crest, Sir.

This Ribbon held a Bauble, Which his kind Stars decreed him; With which he'd play, Both Night and Day, 'Twould do you good to fee him.

Tho' I a Bauble call it,
It must not thus be slighted;
'Twas one of the Toys,
Bob gave to his Boys,
When first the Chits were Knighted.

Hur was the Flow'r of Knighthood, You ne'er faw fuch a gay Thing; But English Rogue, Confound the Dog, Was rob hur of hur Play thing.

Rouze up, ye brave Knights Errant, Ne'er give this Csitif Quarter, Ye Nights of the Toah, Or Knights of the Poft, Or Thiftle, Bath, or Garter, Learn hence ye courtly Lordlings, Who hear this fatal Story; On how flight Strings Depend those Things, Whereon ye hang your Glory.

SONG LXIV. Farewel the, &c.

R Arewel the Town's ungrateful Noise, Harry, Strife, that damps all Joys, Where Reason proud Ambition blinds, Frenzy of unquiet Minds,

Ease and Pleasure,
Bless with Leisure,
In sweet Groves my Choice shall be,

Calia smiling,

Time beguiling, Dear Content's a World to me.

Late manag'd Peace does nought avail, Lawyers bawl, and Parfons rail, A Friend against a Friend must be, And darling Brothers disagree;

Yet their Stories,
Whiggs and Tores,
Both would change did Gain appear,
Both would change did Gain appear:
Charming Graces

In a Place is Of a thousand Pounds a Year.

Great Pan has left his foreign Powers,
Where Peace fat smiling crown'd with Flowers,
To govern Albian's stubborn Flocks,
Whose Heatts are harder than their Rocks;

He that's Royal Loves all Loyal Hearts like mine from Treason free,
Peace when lasting,
Love ne'er wasting,
[5 a World to him and me.

Oh! State and Glory unconfin'd, Thou burning Fever of the Mind, I, midst the Grandeur thou dost bear, In Content more blest appear;

Flowers when firinging,
Birds when finging,
In my Rural Shade I fee,

Plots ne'er making, Heart ne'er aking, Dear Content's a World to me.

SONG LXV. Groves, &c.

Roves and Woods, high Rocks and Mountrains, brings and Floods, clear Brooks and Fountains, birds and Beafts that range with Pleasure,

Hear, hear the Charm of my Voice,
wake hafte and appear to dance a gay Measure,
And Phubus please with Nature and Art's valu'd

Treasure,

Haft and fee that no Sluggard refuses:
Flora delightful as blushing Aurora,
To banish the Pest of Pandora,
I summon thy Jessamine and Roses,
Ye pretry young Nymphs with your Posses,
Come away when I sing and play,

No Creature in Nature,
Be late here, but wait here,
From Vulcan's hot Bellows,
Air Neptune and Tellus,
The Thrushes from Bushes,
And Psickets from Thickets,

Come whisk it and frisk it, And skip it and trip it, In Honour of Love and the Muses.

SONG LVI. The old Wife, &c.

"HE aid Wife she sent to the Miller her Daughter,

To grind he Grift quickly, and fo return back, The Miller fo work'd it, that in eight Months

Her Belly was fill'd as full as her Sack;

Young Robin so pleas'd her, that when she came home,

She gap'd like a stuck Pigg, and starr'd like a Mome,

She hoyden'd, she scamper'd, she hollow'd and hoop'd,

And all the Day long, This, this was her Song, Was ever Maiden to lericompoop'd?

Oh Nelly, cry'd Celie, thy Cloths are all mealy, Both Backfide and Belly are rumpled all o'er, You moap now and flabber, why what a pox ails ye?

I'll go to the Miller, and know all, ye Whore: She went, and the Miller did griading so ply, She came cutting Capers a Foot and half high, She waddled, she stradled, she hollow'd and whoop'd,

> And all the Day long This, this was her Song.

Hoy, were ever two Sisters so lericompoop'd?

Then Mary o'th' Dairy, a third of the Number, Wou'd fain know the Cause they so jigg'd it about,

The Miller her Wishes long would not incumber But in the old manner the Secret found out, Thus Celie and Nelly, and Mary the mild, Were just about Harvett-Time all big with Child. They dane'd in the Hay, they hallow'd and whoop'd,

> And all the Day long, This, this was her Song,

Hoy, were ever three Sifters to lericompoop'd?

And when they were big they did stare at each other,

And crying, Oh Sifters! what shall we now do ? For all our young Bantlings we have but one Fa-

And they in one Month will all come to Town too:

O why did we run in fuch hast to the Mill, To Robin, who always the Toll Dish would fill, He bump'd up our Bellics, then hallow'd and

whoop'd, And all the Day long,

This, this was their Song, Hoy, were ever three Sisters so lericompoop'd?

SONG LXVII. Musing I late.

M Using I late On Windfor Tarras sat;

And hot, and weary, Heard a merry Am'rous Couple chat;

Words as they go, The Nymph foon made me know, And tother was,

Tho' gay in Dress, A bland'ring Country Beau.

He had shown her all
The Lodgings, great and small;
The Tower, the Bower,
The Green, the Queen,

And fam'd St. George's Hali:
Laftly brought her here,
To court her for his Dear;
To Wed and Bed,
And fwore he bad
A thouland Pound a Year.

Money, the Crew
Of Sots, think all must do;
And now this Fool,
Unicarn'd at School,
It feems believes so too:
But the rare Girl,
More worth than Gold or Pearl,
We rabby got

Was nobly got, And brought, and taught, To flight the fordid World.

She then brisk and gay,
That lov'd a tuneful Lay,
In hafte pull'd out
Her little Flute,
And bad him Sing or Play;
He both Arts defy'd,
And fhe as quickly cry'd;
Who learnt no way
To Sing nor Say,
Shou'd ne'er make her a Bride.

SONG LXVIII. Hark the, &c.

ARK the thund'ring Cannons roar,
Echoing from the German Shore,
And the joyful News comes o'er;
The Turks are all confounded?
Lorrain comes, they run, they run,
Charge your Horse thro' the grand half Moon,
We'll Quarter give to none,
Since Stavemberg is wounded.

[73]

Close your Rank, and each brave Soul Take a lufty flowing Bowl, A grand Carouse to the Royal-Pole, The Empire's brave Defender, No Man leave his Post by stealth To plunder the Grand Visier's Wealth, But drink a Helmet full to th' Health Of the second Alexander.

Mahomet was a fober Dog, A Small-beer, drowzy, feafeles Rogue, The Juice of the Grape so much in vogue, To forbid to those adore him;

Had he but allow'd the Vine,

Given 'em leave to carouse in Wine, The Turk had safely past the Rhine, And conquer'd all before him.

With dull Tex they fought in vain, Hopeles Victory to obtain, Where fprightly Wine fills ev'ry Vein, Success must needs attend him; Our Brains (like our Cannons) warm, With often firing feel no harm, While the fober sot flies the Alarm, No Laurel can befriend him.

Christians thus with Conquest crown'd, Conquest with the Glass goes round, Weak Costee can't keep its Ground.
Against the Force of Claret:
Whith we give them thus the Foil, and the Pagan Troops recoil,

And the Pagan Troops recoil, The Valiant Poles divide the Spoil, And in brisk Nestar share it.

nfidels are now o'ercome, but the most Christian Turk's at home, by Vatching the Fate of Christendom, But all his Hopes are shallow; Since the Poles bave led the Dance, Let English Cafar now advance, And if he fends a Fleet to France, He's a Whig that will not follow.

SONG LXIX. In January last, &c.

I N January last, on Munnonday at Morn,
As I along the Fields did pass to view the
Winter's Corn;

I leaked me behind, and I saw come over the

Knough,

Yan glenting in an Apron with a bonny brent Brow.

I bid gud Morrow fair Maid, and she right courteouslic, Bekt low and sine, kind Sir, she said, gud Day

agan to ye;

I spear'd o' her, fair Maid quo' I, how far intend

ye now? Quo'fhe, I mean a Mile or twa, to yonder bonny Brow-

Fair Maid, I'm weel contented to have fike Company, For I am ganging out the Gate that ya intend

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I

tabe; When we had walk'd a Mile or twa, Ize faid to

her, my Doe,
May I not dight your Apron fine, kiss your bonny Brow.

Nea, gud Sir, you are far misteen, for I am nean

I hope ya ha more Breeding then to dight a Womans Cloaths;

For I've a better chosen than any sike as you, Who boldly may my Apron dight, and kiss ma bonny Brow. Na, if ya are contracted, I have ne mair to fay, Rather than be rejected, I will give o'er the Play; And I will chose yen o' me own that shall not on me rew,

Will boldly let me dight her Apron, kifs her bonny Brow.

Donay Drow.

Sir, Ize see ya are proud-hearted, and leath to be said nay,

You need not tail ha started, for aught that Ize ded fay;

You know Women for Modestie, ne at the first time boo,

But, gif we like your Company, we are as kind as you.

SONG LXX. My dear Cock, &c.

My Darling, my Honey,
My Darling, my Honey,
My pretty (weet Boy:
Before I do Rock thee

With fost Lul-la-by; Give me thy sweet Lips To kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss,

Thy Charming high Fore-head, Thy Eyes too like Sloes;

Thy fine Dimple Chin, And thy tight Roman Nofe: With fome pretty Marks

That lie under thy Cloaths; Sure thou'l't be a rare one, To Kifs, kifs, &c.

To make thee grow quickly, I'll do what I can: I'll feed thee, I'll froak thee, I'll make thee a Man:

D:

Ab! then how the Laffes, Moll, Betty and Nan; By thee will run Mad, To Kifs, kifs, &c.

And when in due Season My Billy shall Wed; And lead a young Lady

From Church to the Bed: A welfare the losing

Of her Maiden-tfead,
If Billy come near her,
To Kis, kis, &c.

Then welfare high Fore-head, And Eyes black as Sloes; And welfare the Dimple, And welfare the Nofe: And all pretty Marks,

That lie under the Cloaths; For none is more hopeful To Kifs, kifs, &c.

SONG LXXI. Virgins, if e'er, &c.

V Irgins, if e'er at length it prove
My Destiny to be, to be in Love,
Pray with me such a Fate:
May Wit and Prudence be my Guide,
And may a little decent Pride

My Actions regulate. Virgins, if e'er I am in Love, Pray wish me such a Fate.

Such Stateliness I mean, as may
Keep nauseous Fools and Fops, and Fops away,
But still oblige the Wise:
That may secure my Modesty,
And Guardian to my Honour be,
When Passion does arise.
Virgins, if e'er I am in Love, &

[77]

When first a Lover I commence, May it be with a Man, a Man of Sense, And learned Education: May all his Courtship easy be, Neither too formal nor too free, But wifely shew his Passion. Virgins, &.c.

May his Estate agree with mine, That nothing look like a Defign, To bring us into Sorrow: Grant me all this that I have faid, And willingly I'll live a Maid No longer than to Morrow. Virgins, if e'er I am in Love, Pray wish me fuch a l'ate.

SONG LXXII. Packington's Pound:

ET Wine turn a Spark, and Ale huff like a Hettor,

Let Pluto drink Coffee, and Jove his rich Nestar. Neither Cyder nor Sherry, Metheglin nor Perry,

Shall more make me drunk, which the Vulgar call merry:

These Drinks o'er my Fancy no more shall prevail, But I'll take a full Sup at the merry Milk-pail.

In Praise of a Dairy I purpose to fing, But all things in order first, God fave the King;

That ev'ry May-day, And the Queen I may fay, Has many fair Dairy-Maids, all fine and gay : Affilt me fair Damfels, to finish this Theme, And inspire my Fancy with Stawberries and Cream.

D 3

The first of fair Dairy-Maids if you'll believe, Was Adam's own Wife, your Great-Grand-mother Eve;

She milk'd many a Cow,

As well she knew how,
Tho' Butter was then not so cheap as 'tis now;
She hoarded no Butter nor Cheese on a Shelf,
For the Butter and Cheese in those Days made it
felf.

In that Age or Time there was no damn'd Money,

Yet the Children of Ifrael fed upon Milk and Honey;

No Queen you could fee Of the highest Degree,

But would milk the Brown Cow with the meanest fhe:

Their Lambs gave them Cloathing, their Cows gave them Meat,

In a plentiful Peace all their Joys were compleat.

But now of the making of Cheese we shall treat, That Nurser of Subjects, bold Britain's chief Meat;

When they first begin it, To see how the Rennet

Begets the first Curd, you wou'd wonder what's in it:

Then from the blue Whey, when they put the Curd by,

They look just like Amber, or Clouds in the Sky.

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Your Turkey Sherbet and Arabian Tea, Is Dish-water-stuff to a Dish of new Whey;

For it cools Head and Brains, Ill Vapours it dreins,

And tho' your Guts rumble 'twill ne'er hurt your Brains, Court Ladies i'th' Morning will drink a whole Pottle:

And fend out their Pages with Tankard and Bottle.

Thou Daughter of Milk, and Mother of Butter, Sweet Cream, thy due Praises how shall I now utter?

For when at the best,

A thing's well express'd, We are apt to teply, that's the Cream of the Jest: Had I been a Mouse, I believe in my Soul, I had long fince been Drowned in a Cream-bowl.

The Elixir of Milk, the Dutchman's Delight, By motion and tumbling thou bringest to light; But Oh! the soft Stream,

That remains of the Cream,

Old Morpheus no'er tafted fo sweet in a Dream: It removes all Obstructions, depresses the Spleen, And makes an old Bawd like a Wench of sifteen.

Amongst the rare Virtues that Milk does produce: A thousand more Dainties are daily in use;

For a Pudding I'll tell ye, E re it goes in the Belly,

Must have both good Milk, and the Cream and the Jelly:

For dainty fine Pudding without Cream, or Milk, Is like a Citizen's Wife without Sattin or Silk,

In the Virtue of Milk there's more to be mufter'd,

The charming Delights of Cheefe-Cakes and Cuftard;

For the Tottenham Court,

You can have no sport,
Unless you give Custards and good Cheese Cakes
for't:

[80] And what's Jack Pudding that makes us to laugh,

Unless he hath got a great Custard to quaff.

Both Pancakes and Fritters of Milk have good frore.

But a Devonshire Wite-pot requires much more; No State you can think.

Tho' you Study and Wink,

From the lufty Sack-poffet to poor Poffet-drink; But Milk's the Ingredient, tho' Sack's ne'er the worfe.

For 'tis Sack makes the Man, tho' Milk makes the Nurse.

But now I shall treat of a Dish that is cool, A rich clouted Cream, or a Goofeberry Fool; A Lady I heard tell,

Not far off did dwell,

Made her Husband a Fool, and yet pleas'd him full well:

Give thanks to the Dairy then every Lad,

That from good natur'd Women fuch Fools may be had.

When the Damfel has got the Cows Teat in her-Hand.

How the merrily fings, while fmiling I fland; Then with a Pleasure I rub.

Yet impatient I ferub,

When I think of the Bleffing of a Syllabub: Oh Dairy-Maids, Milk-Maids, fuch Blifs ne'er

oppofe, If e'er you'll be hap; y, I speak under the Rose.

This Role was a Maiden once of your Profession, Till the Rake and the Syade had taken Poffeffi-

At length it was faid, That one Mr. Ed-mond, Did both dig and fow in her Parfley Bed:

But the Fool for his Labour deserves not a Russia, For grafting a Thiftle upon a Rofe-Bufh.

Now Milk-maids take warning by this Maiden's Fall.

Keep what is your own, and then you keep all: Mind well your Milk-pan. And ne'er touch a Man,

And you'll fill be a Maid, let him do what he

I am your well-wisher, then listen to my Word, And give no more Milk than the Cow can afford.

SONG LXXIII. There lately, &c. HERE lately was a Maiden fair, With ruddy Checks and Nut. brown hair,

Who up to Town did trudge, Sir; This pretty Maid, whose Name was Kate, Met here a hard unlucky Fate, As you anon shall judge, Sir.

A little ere it did grow dark, She needs must walk into the Park, The Gentry for to fee, Sir; Where foon the met a Footman gay That Stopp'd her fliort, and made her stay, To fit down under Tree, Sir.

This Footman fwore he was a Lord, Which foon made Katy to accord, And grant him his full Will, Sir; She kiss'd his Lordship o'er and o'er, And open'd all her Country Store, And let him take his fill, Sir,

But when she heard one call out Feba, Up rofe her Spark, and ftrait was gone To Trot before the Chair, Sir; Which made this Damfel all alone To figh and fob, and make great Moan, And shed full many a Tear, Sir.

Quoth file, if these be London Tricks, God fend me down among it my Dicks, That live on Dunsmore Heath, Sir; If ever I come here again, Or e'er believe one Man in Ten, May the De'ill come stop my Breath, Sir.

SONG LXXIV. In the pleasant, &c.

N the pleasant Month of May, When the merry, merry Birds began to sing: And the Blossoms fresh and gay

Usher'd in the welcome Spring;

When the long cold Winter's gone,
And the bright enticing Moon,
In the Evening fweetly shore:

When the bonny Men and Maids tript it on the Grafs; At a jolly Country Fair,

When the Nymphs in the best appear;
We restor'd to be free, with a Fiddle and a She,
E'ery Shepherd and his Lass.

In the middle of the Sport.

When the Fiddle went brisk, and the Glass went round.

And the pretty gay Nymphs for Court, With their merry Feet beat the Ground; Little Cupid arm'd unfeen,

With a Bow and Dart stole in,
With a conquiring Air and Mien,
And empty'd his Bow thro' the Nymphs and the
Swains;

E'ery Shepherd and his Mate, Soon felt their pleasing Fate, Song LXXV. One Night, &c

Song LXXVI. My dear Heart, B.

(82)

Song LixxvII. To the Brook, &c

Soing LXXVIII. When the Rose, L.c

Song Laxix. As, in a sun-sline, Bri

So took my Pipe and 'gan to play The jolly Shepherds Roundelay: And trust me, trust me, &c.

All in the felf-same shady Grove, Youthful dylvia chanc'd to rove, And, by its Echo led, drew near, My rural Oaten Reed to hear; But surely, surely, all she meant, &c.

I held her by the glowing Hand, She fomething feem'd to understand; Her swelling Sighs, her melting Look, That fomething too, too plainly spoke: But trust me, but trust me, &c.

SONG LXXX. Let the Waiter, &c.

ET the Waiter bring clean Glasses,
With a fresh Supply of Wine;
For I see by all your Faces,
In my Wishes you will join.

It is not the Charms of Beauty
Which I purpose to proclaim;
We a white will leave that Duty,
For a more prevailing Theme.

To the Health I'm now proposing, Let's have one full Glass at least; No one here can think't imposing, 'Tis the Founder of our Feast.

SONG LXXXI. The Jockey, &c.

THO' Jockey so'd me long, he met Dissain, His tender Sighs and Tears were spent in vain,

Give o'er, faid I, give o'er Your filly fond Amour, I'll ne'er, ne'er, ne'er more comply; At last he forc'd a Ki's, Which I took not amis, And fince I've known the Bliss, I'll ne'er deny.

My Jockey he had fike a Man-like Face, And often did appear to me with muckle Grace,

Tho' I cry'd fockey fie, "

Your Suit I must deny, I'll ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er yield, not I. With that he was amaz'd, He kis'd my Hand and gaz'd,

Which fo much Passion rais'd,

I did comply.

When Jockey faw me yield, he me embrac'd, And clasp'd his folded Arms about my Waste, My dear, said he, to you,

I'll ever be true,

And ne'er, ne'er ne'er ne'er you deceive, But will for ever love you, And prize none above you,

From you I'llnever remove,

You may believe.

Then when you court a Lass that's coy, Who hears your Love, yet seems to shuns its Joy, If you press her to do so,

Never mind her no, no, no,

But truit her Eyes:

For Coynels gives Denial,

When she wishes for the Tryal,

Tho' she swears you shan't come night all, I am fure she lies

SONG LXXXII. Gilderoy, &c.

I deroy was a bonny Boy,
Had Rofes tull his Shoon,
His Stockings made of the finest Silk,
His Garters hanging down:

It were a comely fight to fee, He were fo trim a Boy, He was my Joy and Heart's Delight, My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! fike Charming Eyne he had, A Breath as sweet as Rose, He never wore a Highland Plad,

But costly silken Cloaths, He gain'd the Love of Ladies gay,

There's none to him was coy;
Ay, was is me, ife mourn this Day,
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
Both in one Town together,
Not passing seven Years ago,
Since one did love each other:

Our Daddies and our Mammies both Were cloath'd with muckle Joy,

To think upon the Bridal Day 'Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that Love of mine, Gued faith Ise freely bought, A Wedding-sark of Holland fine,

With filken Flowers wrought, And he gave me a Wedding Ring, Which I received with Joy,

No Lad or Lasses e'er could fing, Like me and Gilderoy.

In muckle Joy we fpent our Time, Till we were both fixteen, Then gently fie did lay me down,

Among the Leaves fo green.

When he had done what he could do,
He rose and gang'd his way,

But ever fince I lov'd the Man, My handsome Gilderoy. While we did both together play, He kis'd me o'er and o'er; Gued Faith it was as blithe a Day As e'er I saw before; He fill'd my Heart in ev'ry Vein With Love and mickle Joy, But when shall I behold again Mine own sweet Gilderoy?

'Tis pity Men should e'er be hang'd
That take up Women's Geer,
Or for their pissering Sheep or Calf,
Or stealing Cow or Mare.
Had not our Laws been made so strict,
Is'd never had lost my Joy,
Who was my Love and Heart's Delight,
My handsome Gilderoy.

'Cause Gilderoy had done amis,
Must he be punish'd then?
What kind of Cruelty is this,
To hang such handsome Men!
The Flower of the Soottish Land,
A sweet and lovely Boy:
He likewise had a Lady's Hand,
My handsome Gilderoy.

At Leith they took my Gilderoy,
And there God wot they bang'd him,
Carry'd him to fair Edinburgh,
And there God wot they hang'd him:
They hang'd him up above the reft,
He was fo trim a Boy,
My only Love and Heart's Delight,
My handfome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his Breath, In Cyprus he was laid, Then for my dearest, after Death, A Funcial I made: Over his Grave a Marble-Stone I fixed for my Joy, Now I am left to weep alone For my dear Gilderoy.

SONG LXXXIII. Come found, &c.

O M E found up your Trumpets and beat up your Drums,
And lee's go to Sea with a valiant good Cheer
In fearch of a mighty vast Navy of Ships,
The like has not been for this sifty long Year,
Raderer, tandorer, tandore.

The Queen she provided a Navy of Ships, With sweet flying Streamers so glorious to see, Rich Top and Top gallants, Captains and Lieutenants,

Some forty, some fifty Brass Pieces and three,
Raderer two, &c.

They had not fail'd past a Week on the Seas, Not passing a Week and Days two or three, But they were aware of the proud Emperor, Both him and all his proud Company, Raderer two, &c.

When he beheld our powerful Elect,
Saying, Who's this that is failing to me,
If he be a King that weareth a Crown,
Yet am I a better Man than he,
Radster two, &c.

It is not a King, nor Lord of a Crown,
Which now to the Seas with his Navy is come.
But the young Earl of Effex, the Queen's Lieutenant,

Who fears no Foes in Chriftendom, Raderer two, &c. Oh! Is that young Lord then come to the Seas.
Then let's tack about, and be fleering away,
Give me, Royal Father, this Navy of Ships,
And I will go fight with young Effex to Day,
Radorer two, &c.

Oh! then bespoke the Emperor's Son,
As shey were tacking and steering away,
Give me, Royal Father, this Navy of Ships,
And I will go fight with young Effex to Day.
Raderer two, &c.

Take them with all my Heart, loving Son, Most of them are of a Capital Size, But should he do as his Father has done, Farewel thine Honour, and mine likewife.

Raderer two, &c.

With Canons hot, and thund'ring Shot,
Thee two Gallants fought on the Main,
And as it was young Esfex's Lot,
The Emperor's Son by him was ta'en.
Raderer two, &cc.

Give me my Son, the Emperor cry'd,
Which thou hast proffer'd to set him free,
And I'll give thee three Keys of Gold,
The one shall be of High Germany.
Raderer, trop, &c.

I care not for thy three Keys of Gold,
Which thou halt profer'd to fet him free,
But thy Son he shall to England fail,
And go before the Queen with me,
Raderer two, &c.

Then have I Fifty gnod Ships of the best, As good as ever were sent to the Sea, And ere my Son into England shallfall, They shall go all for good Company, Raderer two, &cc. They had not fought this famous Battle,
They had not fought it Hoers were three,
Ere some lost Legs, and some lost Arms,
And some lay tumbling in the Sea,
Raderer two, &ce-

Efex he got this Battle likewife,

Tho' twas the fliarpest that ever was seen,

Home he return'd with a wonderful Prize,

And brought the Emperor's Son to the Queen,

Raderer two, &c.

Oh! then bespoke the Prentices a'l,
Living in London both proper and tall,
In a kind Letter sent strait to the Queen,
For Esex's sake they would sight all,
Raderer two, tandorer to;
Raderer, tandorer, tando re.

SONG LXXXIV. God prosper long our Noble King.

N Tyburn Road, a Man there liv'd A just and honest Life, And there he might have lived still, If so had pleas'd his Wife.

But she to vicious Ways inclin'd,
A Life most wicked led.
With Taylors and with Tinkers tgo,
She ost desil'd his Bed.

Full twice-a-day to Church he went, And so devout would be, ure never was a Saint on Earth, If that no Saint was he.

This vex'd his Wife unto the Heart, She was of Wrath to full, That finding no Hole in his Coat, She pick'd one in his Skull. But then her Heart 'gan to relent, And griev'd she was full fore, That Quarter to him for to give, She cut him into Four.

All in the dark and dead of Night,
These Quarters she convey d,
And in a Ditch at Marybone
His Marrow-bones she laid.

His Head at Westminster she threw
All in the Thames so wide;
Says the, my Dear, the Wind sets fai

Says she, my Dear, the Wind sets fair, And you may have the Tide.

Bnt Heav'n, whose Pow'r no Limit knows, On Earth, or on the Main, Soon caus'd this Head for to be thrown Upon the Land again.

This Head being found, the Justices
Their Heads together laid,
And all agreed there must have been

Some Body to this Head.

But fince no Body could be found,
High mounted on a Shelf,
There is not to the this Head to be

They e'en fet up this Head to be & A Witness for itself.

Next, that it no Self-murder was,
The Case itself explairs.
For no Man could cut off his Head,
And throw it in the Thames.

Ere many Days had gone and past,
The Deed at length was known,
And Kath'rine she confest'd, at last,
The Fast to be her own.

God prosper long our noble King,
Our Lives and Safeties all,
And grant that we may take Advice
By Kath'rine Hays's Fall.

SONG LXXXV. Ye Gods, &c.

Y E Gods, ye gave to me a Wife,
Out of your wonted Favour,
To be the Comfort of my Life,
And I was glad to have her.

But if your Providence divine,
For greater Bliss design her,
To obey her Will at any time,
I am ready to resign her.

SONG LXXXVI. Chevy-Chase.

A Certain Presbyterian Pair
Were wedded t'other Day,
And when in Bed the Lambs were laid,
Their Pastor came 10 pray.

But first, he bad each Guest depart, Nor facred Rites profane; For carnal Eyes such Mysteries Gan never entertain.

Then with a puritanick Air Unto the Lord he pray'd;

That he would please to grant Increase
To that same Man and Maid:

And that the Husband-Man might drefs "
Full well the Vine his Wife;
And like a Vine, she still might twine
About him all her Life,

Sack-posses then he gave them both, And said, with lifted Eyes, Bleft of the Lord! with one Accord, Begin your Enterprize.

The Bridegroom then drew near his Spoole, T'apply prolifick Balm; And while they firove in mutual Love, The Parlon fung a Pfalm. SONG LXXXVII. From France, &c.

ROM France, from Spain, from Rome I come.

come,
And from all Parts of Christendom;
For to cure all strange Diseases,
Come take Physick he that pleases:
Come ye broken Maids that scatter,
And can never hold your Water.

I can teach you it to keep; And other things are very meet, As groaning backward in your Sleep.

Come an ugly dirty Whore,
That is at least Threescore or more;
Whose Face and Nose stands all awry,
As if you'd fear to pass by her by:
1 can make her Plump and Young,
Lusty, lively, and also strong;

Hone A, Active, fit to Wed, And can recal her Maiden-head, All this is done as soon as said.

If any Man has got a Wife,
That makes him weary of his Life,
With Scolding, Yoleing in the Houfe,
As tho' the Devil was turned loofe:
Let him but repair to me,
I can cure her prefently.

With one Pill I'll make her civil, And rid her Husband of that Evil, Or fend her headlong to the Devil.

The Pox, the Palfey, and the Gour, Pains within, and Aches without; There is no Disease but I Can find a present Remedy: Broken Legs and Arms, I'm sure, Are the easiest Wounds I cure; [97]

Nay, more than that I will maintain, Break your Neck, I'll fet it again, Or ask you nothing for my Pain.

Or if any Man has not
The Heart to fight against the Scot;
I'll put him in one, if he be willing,
Shall make him fight and ne'er fear killing;
Or any that has been dead,
Seven long Years and buried;
I can him to Life reftore
And make him as sound as he was before.

And make him as found as he was before Else let him never trust me more.

If any Man defire to live
A Thousand Ages, let him give
Me a Thousand Pounds, and I
Will warrant him Life, until he die;
Nay more, I'll teach him a better Trick,
Shall keep him well, if he ne'er be fick;
But if I no Money see,
And he with Diseases troubled be,
Than he may thank himself, not me.

SONG LXXXVIII. Undone! &c.

Ndone! undone! the Lawyers are,
They wander about the Town;
And cannot find the Way to Wessimsher,
Now Charing Cross is down:
At the End of the Strand they make a Stand,
Swearing they are at a loss;
And chasing say, that's not the Way,
They must go by Charing-Cress.

The Parliament to Vote it down, Conceived very fitting; For fear't fhould fall and kill 'em all, I'th' House as they were fitting: [98]

They were inform'd had fuch a Pioz, Which made 'em fo hard-hearted; To give express Command, ir should Be taken down and carted.

Men talk of Plots, this might be worse, For any thing I know;

Than that Tomkins and Chaloner, Was hang'd for long ago;

Themselves strangely defended; So dill they do discover Plots, Before they be intended.

For neither Man, Woman, nor Child, Will fay I am confident;

They ever heard it speak one Word, Against the Parliament:

T' had Letters about it some say, Or esse it had been freed; Fore-God I'll take my Oath that it Could neither Write, nor Read.

The Committee faid, verily To Popery 'twas bent;

For aught I know it might be so, For to the Church it never went:

What with Excise, and other Loss, The Kingdom doth begin

To think you'll leave 'em ne'er a Cross Withour Door, nor within.

Methinks the Common-Council should, Of it have taken Pity; Cause, good old Cross, it always stood

So ftrongly to the City; Since Crofles you fo much difdain,

Faith if I was as you;

For fear the King should rule again,
I'd pull down Tyburn too,

2/2000 [99] 7 3

SONG LXXXIX. Now that, &c.

O W that Love's Holiday is come, And Madge the Maid hath swept the Room,

And trimm'd her Spit and Pot;
Awake my merry Muse and sing,
The Revels and that other thing.

The Revels and that other thing, That must not be forgot.

As the gray Morning dawn'd, 'tis faid.

Clarinda broke out of her Bed,
Like Cynthia in her Pride,

Where all the Maiden Lights that were Compris'd within our Hemisphere,
Attended at her Side.

But wot you then, with nuch ado, They dreft'd the Bride from Top to Toe! And brought her from the Chamber; Deck'd in her Robes, and Garments gay,

Deck'd in her Robes, and Garments gay, More fumptuous than the live-long Day, Or Stars infhrin'd in Amber.

The sparkling Bullies of her Eyes, Like two Eclipsed Suns did rife,

Beneath her Chrystal Brow; To shew, like shofe thrange Accidents, Some sudden changeable Events, Were like to hap below.

Her Cheeks bestreak'd with white and red, Like pretty Tell-tales of the Bed,

Prefag'd the bluft'ring Night, With his encircling Arms and Shado, Refolv'd to fwallow and invade, And skreen her Virgin Light,

run gereen ner angin -

Her Lips, those Threads and Scarlet die, Wherein Love's Charms and Quiver lie, Legions of Sweets did crown,

Which finilingly did feem to fay,
O crop me! crop me! whilft you may,
Anon they're not mine own.

Her Breasts, those melting Alps of Snow; On whose fair Hills in open show, The God of Love lay knapping; Like swelling Butts of lively Wine, Upon their Ivory Tilts did shine,

To wait the lucky tapping. Her Waste, that tender Type of Man, Was but a small and single Span,

Yet I dare fafely swear, He that whole thousands has in Fee, Would forfeit all, so he might be Lord of the Mannor there.

But now before I pass the Line, Pray, Reader, give me leave to dine, And pause here in the middle;

The Bridegroom and the Parson knock, With all the Hymeneal Flock,

The Plum-cake and the Fiddle. Whenas the Priest Clarinda sees,

He far'd, as't had been half his Fees,

To gaze upon her Face:
And if the Spirit did not move,
His Countenance was far above
Each Sianer in the Place.

With mickle stir he joyn'd their Hands, And hamper'd them in Marsiage Bands, As fast as fast may be: Where still methinks, methinks I hear, That feeret Sigh in ev'ry Ear,

Once Love, remember me,

[101]

Which done, the Cook he knockt amain, And up the Dishes in a Train

Came smoaking, two and two: With that they wip'd their Mouths and fat. Some fell to quaffing, fome to prate, Av. marry, and welcome too.

In Pairs they thus impail'd the Meat,

Roger and Margaret, and Thomas and Kate, Ralph and Befs, Andrew and Maudlin,

And Valentine, eke with Sybil fo fweet,

Whose Cheeks on each side of her Snuffers did meet,

As round and as plump as a Codling.

When at the last they had fetched their Frees, And mired their Stomachs quite up to their Knees

In Claret and good Cheer; Then, then began the merry Din,

For as it was they were all on the pin,

O! what kiffing and clipping was there.

But as Luck would have it, the Parfon faid Grace, And to frisking and dancing they shoffled apace, Each Lad took his Lass by the Fift.

And when he had fqueez'd her, and gam'd her,

until

The Fat of her Face ran down like a Mill. He toll'd for the rest of the Grift.

In Sweat and in Doft having wasted the Day, They enter'd upon the last A& of the Play, The Bride to her Bed was convey'd.

Where Knee-deep each Hand fell down to the

Ground,

And in feeking the Garter much Pleasure was found;

'Twould have made a Man's Arm have ftray'd.

E 3



[102]

This Clutter o'er, Clarinda lay
Half bedded, like the peeping Day,
Behind Olymfus Cap:
Whilf at her Head each twittering Girl
The fatal Stocking quick did whirl,
To know the lucky Hap.

The Bridegroom in at last did rustle,
All disappointed in the Bustle,
The Maidens had shav'd his Breechess
But let us not complain, 'tis well,
In such a Storm, I can you tell,
He sav'd his other Stitches:

And now he bounc'd into the Bed, Even just as if a Man had said, Fair Lady have at all; Where twisted at the Hug they lay, Like Venus and the sprightly Boy, O! who wou'd fear the Fall?

Thus both with Love's fweet Taper fired,
And thousand balmy Kissestired,
They could not wait the rest;
But out the Folk and Candles sled,
And to't they went, and what they did,
There lies the Cream o'th' Jest.

SONG XC. My Father was born before me,

F all the Recreations which
Attend on Human Nature;
There's none that is of fo high a Pitch,
Or is of such a Stature;
As is the subtle Angler's Life,
In all Mens Approbation:
For Anglers Tricks do daily mix
In every Corporation.

Whilst Eve and Adam liv'd in Love, And had no cause of Jangling; The Devil did the Waters move, The Serpent went to Angling;

He bairs his Hook, with Godlike Look, Thought he this will entangle her;

By this all ye may plainly fee, That the Devil was first an Angler,

Physicians, Lawyers, and Divines, Are all most neat Entanglers;

Are all most near Entanglers; And he that looks sine, will in fine,

That most of them are Anglers: Whilst grave Divines do Fish for Souls, Physicians like Curmudgeons;

They bait with Health, we Fish for Wealth, And Lawyers Fish for Gudgeons.

Upon the Exchange 'twixt Twelve and One, Meets many a neat Entangler; 'Mongs Merchant-Men, there's not one in ten,

But what is a cunning Angler:

For like the Fishes in the Brook, Brother doth swallow Brother; There's a Golden Bait hangs at the Hook,

And they Fish for one another.

A Shop-keeper I next prefer,

A Shop-keeper I next prefer, He're formal Man in Black, Sir, He throws his Angle ev'ry where, And cries, what is't you lack, Sir:

Fine Silk, or Stuffs, Cravats, or Cuffs, But if a Courtier prove th' Entangler,

My Citizen he must look to't then, Or the Fish will catch the Angler.

But there's no fueb Angling as a Wench, Stark naked in the Water; She'll make you leave both Trout, and Tench, And throw your felf in after:

E 4

Your Hook and Line the will confine, Thus tangled is the Entangler; And this I fear bath fpoil'd the Gear Of many a Jovial Angler.

But if you'll Trowl for a Scriv'ner's Soul, Cast in a Rich young Gallant; To take a Courtier by the Pole, Throw in a Golden Talent: But yet I fear the Draught will ne'er Compound for half the Charge on't ; But if you'll catch the Devil at ftretch, You must bait him with a Sergeant.

Thus I have made my Anglers Trade To Gand above Defiance ; For like the Mathematick Art, It runs through every Science: If with my Angling Song I can To Mirth and Pleafure feize you : I'll bait my Hook with Wit again, And Angle still to please you.

SONG XCI. In a Humour, &c.

N a Humour I was late, As many good Fellows be; To think of no Matters of State, But feek for good Company: That best contented me. I travell'd up and down ;

No Company I could find; Till I came to the Sight of the Crown: My Hostels was fick of the Mumps,

The Maid was ill at eafe, The Tapster was drunk in his Dumps; They were all of one Difeafe,

Says Old Simon the King.

[105]

Confidering in my Mind,
And thus I began to think;
If a Man be full to the Throat,
And cannot take off his Drink,
And if his Drink will not down,
He may hang himfelf for Shame;
So may the Tapfter at the Crown,
Whereupon this Reason I frame;
Drink will make a Man Drunk,
And Drunk will make a Man Dry;
Dry will make a Man Sick
And Sick will make a Man Die,
Says Old Simon the King.

If a Man should be drunk to Night, And laid in his Grave to Morrow: Will you or any Man say,

That he dy'd of Care or Sorrow?
Then hang up Sorrow and Care,
"Tis able to kill a Cat,
And he shot will drink all Nicke

And he that will drink all Night, Is never afraid of that! For drinking will make a Man quaff,

Quaffing will make a Man fing; Singing will make a Man laugh, And laughing long Life doth bring, Says Old Simon the King.

If a Puritan Skinker cry,
Dear Brother it is a Sin,
To drink unlefs you be dry,
Then traight this Tale I begin.
A Puritan left his Cann,
And took him to his Jugg,
And there he play'd the Man,
As long as he could tugg:
But when that he was fpy d,
What did he fwear or rail;

No, no truly, dear Brother he cry'd, Indeed all Flesh is frail, Says Old Simon the King.

So Fellows, if you'll be drunk,
Of Frailty it is a Sin,
Or for to keep a Pank,
Or play at In an In:
For Drink and Dice and Drabs,
Are all of one Condition,
And will breed Want and Scabs,
In fpite of the Phyfician:
Who fo fears every Grafs,
Must never pifs in a Meadow.
And he that loves a Pot and a Lafs,
Must never cry oh! my Head oh!
Says Old Simon the King.

SONG XCII. Now listen a while, &c.

OW listen a while, and I will tell,
Of the Gelding of the Devil of Hell;
And Dick the Baker of Mansfield Town,
To Manchefter Market he was bound,
And under a Grove of Willows clear,
This Baker tid on with a merry Cheer:
Beneath the Willows there was a Hill,
And there he met the Devil of Hell.

Baker, quoth the Devil, tell me that, How came thy Horfe so fair and fat? In troth, quoth the Baker, and by my fay, Because his Stones were cut away: For he that will have a Gelding free, Both fair and lufty he must be: Oh! quoth the Devil, and saist thou so, Thou shalt geld me before thou do'st go.

Go tie thy Horse unto a Tree, And with thy Knife come and geld me;

In We or by and hen lith and where







[109]

And therefore, Baker, I stand in do but That all thy Bowels will fall out; Therefore Baker, hie thee away, And in this place no longer stay.

SONG XCIII. Chloris, now, &c.

Any ntor's Sheep are gone aftray;
And all the Joy he took to fee
His pretty Lambs run after thee,
Is gone, is gone, and he alone,
Sings nothing now but wellady (welladay)

His Oaten Pipe that in thy praife, Was wont to play fuch Roundelays, Is thrown away, and not a Swain Dares pipe, or fing, within his Plain; 'Tis Death for any one to fay One Word to him, but welladay.

The May-pole where thy little Peet, So roundly did in Measures meet, Is broken down, and no Content Comes near Amyntor fince you went. All that I ever heard him fay.

All that I ever heard him fay, Was Chloris, Chloris, welladay.

Upon those Banks you us'd to tread, He ever fince hath laid his Head: And whisper'd there such pining Woe, As not a blade of Grass will grow: O Chloris! Chloris! come away, And hear Amyptor's Welladay.

SONG XCIV. Have you e'er, &c.

AVE you e'er feen the Morning Sun From fair Aurora's bosom run? Or have you feen on Flora's Bed, The Essences of white and red? Then you may boaft, for you have feen My Fairer Chioris, Beauty's Queen.

Have you e'er pleas'd your skilful Ears With the fweet Mufick of the Spheres? Have you e'er hear'd the Syrens fing. Or Orpheus play to Hell's black King? If so, be happy and rejoyce, For thou halt heard my Chlori, Voice Have you e'er Imelt what Chymick Skill From Rose or Amber doth diffill? Have you been near that Sacrifice The Phanix makes before the dies? Then you can tell (I do prefume) My Chloris is the World's Perfume. Have you e'er tasted what the Bee

Steals from each fragrant Flow'r or Tree? Or did vou ever tafte that Meat. Which Poets fay the Gods did eat ? O then I will no longer doubt

But you have found my Chloris out.

SONG XCV. Thus all our, &c. HUS all our Lives long we're frolick and

And instead of Court Revels we merrily play At Trap, and Keitles, and Barley-break run, At Goff, and at Stool-ball, and when we have done

These innocent Sports, we laugh and lie down, And to each pretty Lass we give a green Gown.

We teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry, The Patridge, Hare, the Pheasant our Quarry, The nimble Squirrels, with Cudgel we chafe, And the little pretty Lark, betray with a Glass: And when we have done, we laugh and lie down.

And to each pretty Lass we give a green Gown.

About the May-pole we dance all around. And with Garlands of Pinks and Rofes are crown'd;

Our little kind Tribute we merrily pay. To the gay Lad, and bright Lady oth' May:

And when we have done, &c.

With our delicate Nymphs we Kifs and we Toy, What others but dream of, we daily enjoy ; With our Sweet-hearts we dally fo, long till we find.

Their pretty Eyes fay their Hearts are grown kind :

And when we have done, we laugh and lie down, And to each pretty Lass we give a green Gozon.

SONG XCVI. Come fill, &c.

OM E fill up the Bowl with the Liquor that fine is, And much more Divine is.

Than now a-days Wine is, with all their Arts,

None here can controul: The Vintner despi fing, tho' Brandy be rifing, 'Tis Punch that must chear the Heart :

The Lovers complaining, 'twill cure in a trice, And Calia disdaining, shall cease to be nice, Come fill up the Bowl, &c.

Thus foon you'll discover the Cheat of each Lover.

When free from all Care you'll quickly find, As Nature intended 'em, willing and kind: Come fill up the Bowl, &c.

SONG XCVII. Philander, &c.

Hilander and Sylvia, a gentle foft Pair, Whose Bus'ness was Loving, and Kiffing their Care;

In a fweet-finelling Grove went fmiling along,
'Till the Youth gave a vent to his Heart with
his Tongue:

Ah Sylvia! faid he, (and figh'd when he fooke) Your cruel Refolves will you never revoke? No never, she faid, how never!he cry'd,

"Tis the Damn'd that shall only that Sentence abide.

She turn'd her about to look all around, Then blush'd, and her pretty Eyescast on the Ground:

She kifs'd his warm Cheeks, then play'd with his Neck,

And urg'd that his Reason his Passion would check:

Ah Philander! she faid, 'tis a dangerous Bliss, Ah! never ask more, and I'll give thee a Kiss; How never? he cry'd, then shiver'd all o'er, No never, she faid, then tripp'd to a Bower:

She stopp'd at the Wicket, he cry'd let me in, She answer'd, I wou'd if it were not a Sin; Heav'n sees, and the Gods will chastise the poor Head

Of Philander for this; straight trembling he faid,

Heav'n fees, I confess, but no Tell-tales are there,

She kiss'd him and cry'd, you're an Atheist, my Dear;

And shou'd you prove false, I should never endure:

How never? he cry'd, and fraight down he threw her.

Her delicate Body he clasp'd in his Arms, He kis'd her, he pres'd her, heap'd Charms upon Charms; He cry'd shall I now? no never, she said, Your Will you shall never enjoy till I'm dead: Then as if she were dead, she slept and lay still, Yet even in Death bequeath'd him a Smile: Which embolden'd the Youth his Chaims to ap-

Which he bore still about him to cure those that

die.

SONG XCVIII. Your Hay it is, &c.

OUR Hay it is mow'd, and your Corn is reap'd, Your Barns will be full, and your Hovels heap'd;

Come, my Boys come,
Come, my Boys come,

And merrily roar our Harvest home:

Harvest home,

And merrily roar our Harvest home, Come, my Boys come, &cc.

We ha' cheated the Parson, we'll cheat him agen,

For why should a Blockhead ha' One in Ten; One in Ten, One in Ten,

For why should a Blockhead ba' One in Ten. One in Ten, &c.

For prating too long, like a Book-learnt Sot,
'Till Pudding and Dumpling are burnt to Pots
Burnt to Pot,
Burnt to Pot,

Till Pudding and Dumpling are burnt to Pot, Burnt to Pot, &c.

We'll tols off our Ale till we cannot fland, And hey for the Honour of old England, [114]

Old England, Old England,

And hey for the Monour of old England, Old England, &co.

SONG XCIX. Would you be, &c.

Ould you be a Man in Fastion?

Would you lead a Life Divine?

Take a little Dram of Passion, (a little Dram

of Pathon)

In a lufty Dofe of Wine,

If the Nymph has no Compathon,

Vain it is to figh and groan:

Vain it is to figh and groan: Love was but put in for Fashion, Wine will do the Work alone.

SONG C. The the Pride, &c.

Hough the Pride of my Passion fair Sylvia

betrays,

And frowns at the Love I impart;
Though kindly her Eyes twift amorous Rays,
To tye a more fortunate Heart:
Yet her Charms are so great, I'll be bold in my

Pain,

His Hearr is too tender,
Too tender, that's struck with Disdain.
Still my Heart is so just to my passionate Eyes,

It dissolves with Delight while I gaze:
And he that loves on, though Sylvia denies,
His Love but his Duty obeys:

I no more can refrain her Neglecks to pursue,
Than the Force, the Force
Of her Beauty can cease to subdue.

SONG CI. Why am I, &c.

Must a ruin'd Love pursue;
Other Passions yield to Nature,
Mine there's nothing can subdue:

[115]

Not the Glory of possessing Monarch Wishes gave me Ease, More and more the mighty Blessings Did my raging Pains encrease.

Nor could Jealousie relieve me, Tho' it ever waited near;

Cloath'd in gawdy Pow'r to grieve me, Still the Monster would appear:

That, nor Time, nor Absence neither, Nor Despair removes my Pain;

I endure them all together, Yet my Torments still remain.

Had alone her matchless Beauty Set my amorous Heart on Fire,

Age last would do its Duty, Fuer ceasing, Flames expire.

But her Mind's immortal Graces; Makes my Love immortal too;

Nature ne'er created Faces

Can the Charms of Souls undo.

And to make my Loss the greater, She laments it as her own; Could she scorn me, I might hate her,

But alas! she shews me none: Then since Fortune is my Ruin,

In Retirement I'll complain; And in rage for my undoing,

Ne'er come in its Pow'r again.

SONG CII. A Wife I do, &c.

Wife I do hate, For either she's False, or she's Jealous; But give me a Mate,

Who nothing will ask us, or tell us: She stands at no Terms,

Nor chaffers by way of Indenture:
Or loves for the Farms,

But takes the kind Man at a Venture.

If all prove not right,
Without an Act, Process or Warning,
From Wife for a Night,
You may be divored the next Motning.
Where Parents are Slaves,
Their Brats can't be any other;
Great Wits and great Braves
Have always a Punk to their Mother.

SONG CIII. Glide swiftly on, &c.

Lide fwiftly on, thou Silver Stream,
Purfue the Lad I love:
In gentle Mormurs tell my Flame,
And try his Heart to move.

So may thy Banks be always green,
Thy Channel never day:
If e'er thy Spring be failing feen,
My Tears shall that fupply.
May gilded Carps thy Surface skim,
In place of useles Weeds;
May painted Flow're adorn thy Brim,

And Knots of bended Reeds.

SONG CIV. When Love, &c.

WHEN Love and Youth cannot make
Way,

Nor with the Fair avail, To bend to Cupid's gentle Sway, What Ars can then prevail?

I'll tell you, Strephon, a Rescipt
Of a most sovieign Pow'r:
If you the Stubborn wou'd defeat,
Let drop a Golden Show'r.

This Method try'd enamour'd Jove, Before he could obtain The cold, regardless Danae's Love,

Or conquer her Difdain.

[117]

By Cupid's felf I have been told, He never wounds a Hezrt, So deep, as when he tips with Gold The fatal piercing Dart.

SONG CV. Who, to win, &c.,

HO, to win aWoman's Favour,

Wou'd follicit long in vain?

Who, to gain a Montent's Pleafure,

Wou'd endure an Age of Pain?

Idle Toying,
Ne'er enjoying;
Pleas'd with being,
Fond of Ruin,

Made a Martyr of Disdain.

Give me, Love, the beauteous Rover, Whom a gen'ral Passion warms;

Fondly bleffing ev'ry Lover, Frankly proff'ring all her Charms:

Never flying,
Still complying
'Train'd to please you,
Glad to ease you,
Circled in her Snowy Arms.

SONG CVI. Domestick Bird, &c.

Omestick Bird, whom wint'ry Blasts
To seek for human Aid compel;
To me for Warmth and Shelter fly,
Welcome beneath my Roof to dwell.
Supplies thy Hunger to relieve
I'll daily at my Window lay,
Assured that daily those Supplies
With grateful Song thou wilt repay.

Soon as the new returning Spring
Shall call thee forth to Woods and Groves,
Freely revisit then the Scene
Which Notes so sweet as thine approves.

But if another Winter's Frost Shall bring me back my Guest again, Again with Musick come prepar'd, Thy friendly Host to entertain.

The facred Pow'r of Harmony,
In this irs best Effect appears;
That Friendship in its strictest Bond
It both egages and endears.
In Musicks's ravishing Delight,
You feather'd Flocks with Men agree;
Of all the animated World
The only Harmonists are we.

Why do you fix your Eyes on me?
Why do your spreading Blushes rise?
Oh! tell me what is your Design,
Say, do you love me, or despise?
If you despise me, wherefore turn
You not your Eyes from me away;
And if you do with Passion burn,
To speak it, why shou'd you delay?

Do not my Looks declare my Heart
To pity thee foo much inclin'd?
But shou'd you scorn me, use no Art,
To bear my Fase I stand resign'd.
My Love, as yet a lambent Fire,
By Kindness fann'd, may soon increase;
Or damp'd with Coldness will expire,
And seave both you and me at Ease.

SONG CVII. On dear, &c.

N dear Zelinda's Charms I gaze,
And deink Destruction from her Ryc.
In those bright Orbs Love gaily plays,
And laughing bids his Arrows fly:
He wounds without ceasing,

The Pain is yet pleasing;

So fweet is the Anguish, I love and I languish; And when from my Charmer, methinks I could die

And when &c.

With Venus, when on Ida's Grove,
For Charms Zelinda may compare:
She looks and moves the Queen of Love,
As fair her face, divine her Air.
Bright Youth and good Nature

Light up ev'ry Feature.
With Wit all inviting
She's gay and delighting,

Inviting, delighting; O Cupid! affift me my Charmer to move, O Cupid! &c.

SONG CVIII. Will you credit, &c.
W1 L L you credit a Mifer, 'tis Gold makes
us Wife,

The Blifs of his Life, the Joy of his Eyes: And ask a fond Lover, where Wifdom he places, To be fure in his Miftrefs, her Charms and her Graces.

But let the free Lad speak the Joy of his Soul, 'Tis a sparkling Glass, and a smiling full Bowle

The Miser is wretched, unhappy and poor; He suffers great Want in the midst of full Store: The Lover's disconsolate, mopish and sad For that which when gain'd will soon make him mad.

The Miser's a Fool, and the Lover's an Ass, And he only's Wise, who adores the full Glass.

Let the Miser then hug up his ill-gotten Pelf, And to feed empty Bags, may he starve his own felf: Let the Lover still languish 'twixt Hope and Despair,

And doat on a Face as inconftant as fair. But still may his Bliss be as great as his Soul, Who pays no Devoir but to Wine and the Bowl.

SONG CIX. The wounded Deer, &c.

HE wounded Deer flies swift away,
The bearded Arrow in his Side.
Still vainly hoping that he may

Escape unspy'd mix'd with the Herd.

But oh! the Moment that they fee
The streaming Blood flow from his Wound,
They shun him in his Misery,

And leave him dying on the Ground.

Thus the poor Nymph, who, fore diftrest,
Has gaz'd her Liberty away,
To all the World becomes a Jest,

And falls of fland'rous Tongues the Prey. SONG CX. Dear Colin, &c.

E A R Colin, prevent my warm Blushes, Since how can I speak without Pain; My Eyes have oft told my Wishes, Oh! can't you their Meaning explain!

My Paffion wou'd lofe by Expression, And you too might cruelly blame; Then don't you expect a Confession Of what is too tender to name.

Of what is too tender to name.

Since yours is the Province of speaking,
Why shou'd you expect it from me?
Our Wishes shou'd be in our Keeping,
Till you rell us what they shou'd be:
Then quickly why don't you discover,
Did your Heart seel such Tortures as mine,

I need not tell over and over What I in my Bosom confine, SONG CXI. As I walk'd, &c.

S I walk'd in the Woods one Ev'ning of lates A Lass was deploring her haples Estate: In a languishing Posture, poor Maid she appears, All fwell'd with her Sighs, and blubber'd with her Tears :

She cry'd and she sobb'd, and I found it was

For a little of that which Harry gave Doll.

At last she broke out, O Wretched, she said, Will no Youth come fuccour a languishing Maid?

With what he with Ease and Pleasure may give, Without which alas, poor I cannot live! Shall I never leave Sighing, and Crying, and

call

For a little of that which Harry gave Doll. At first when I saw a young Man in the place, My Colour would fade, and then flush in my

Face : My Breath it grew short, and I shiver'd all o'er.

My Breast never popp'd up and down so before: I fearce knew for what, but now I find it was all.

For a little of that which Harry gave Doll.

SONG CXII. How sweetly smells, &c.

JOW fweetly fmells the Simmer green! Sweet tafte the Peach and Cherry; Painting and Order please our Een, And Claret make us merry :

But finest Colours, Fruits and Flowers, And Wine, tho' I be thirsty, Lofe a' their Charms and weaker Powers, Compar'd with those of Christy.

[122]

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry Park, No nat'ral Beauty wanting,

How lightfome is't to hear the Lark, And Birds in Confort chanting?

But if my Christy tunes her Voice, I'm rapt in Admiration;

My Thoughts with Extasses rejoice,
And drap the hale Creation.

Whene'er she finiles a kindly Glance, I take the happy Omen,

And aften mint to make Advance, Hoping she'll prove a Woman:

But, dubious of my ain Defert, My Sentiments I Imother; With fecret Sighs I vex my Heart,

For fear she love another.

Thus fang blate Edie by a Burn, His Christy did o'er-hear him;

She daughtna let her Lover mourn,
But ere he wift drew near him.
She fpake her Favour with a Look,

She tpake her Pavour with a Look,
Which left nae room to doubt her;
He wifely this white Minute took,
And flang his Arms about her,

My christy! — Witness, bonny Stream, Sic Joys frae Tears arising,

I wish this may na be a Dream;
O Love the maist surprising!
Time was too precious now for Tauk;

This point of a' his Wishes He wadna with set Speeches bank, But war'd it a' on Kisses.

SONG CXIII. I wish my Love, &co
Lovely Maid! how dear's thy Pow'r?
At once I love, at once adore:
With Wonder are my Thoughts posses,
While fostest 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 piere'd by Love before. In thee I've treafor'd up my Joy, Thou can't give Blifs, or Blifs deftroy: And thus I've bound myfelf to Love, While Blifs or Mifery 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 fome discontented Shade That wanders where its Body's laid, Mournful I'd roam with hollow Glare, For ever exil'd from my Fair.

SONG CXIV. The Kirk wad led, &c.

T IS I have feven braw new Gowns, And ither feven better to mak, And yet for a' my new Gowns, My Wooer has turn'd his Back, Befides I have feven Milk-ky, And Sandy he has but three; And yet for a' my good Ky,

The Laddie winna ha'e me.,
My Dady's a Delver of Dikes,
My Mither can card and fpin,
and I am a fine fodgel Lafs,
And the Siller comes linkin in

The Siller 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 faft to the Door I rin,
To fee gin ony young Spark
Will light and venture but 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 Prayers,
I pray'd but anesi' the Year,
I wish'd for a handsome young Lad,
And a Lad with muckle Gear.
When I was at my neist Prayers,
I pray but now and than,
I fash'd na my Head about Gear,
If I got a handsome young Man.

Now when I'm at my last Prayers, 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! what'll I do? That sic a braw Lassie as I Shou'd die for a Woer I trow.

SONG CXV. Lucky Nansy, &c.

WHILE Fops in foit İtalian Verse, Ilk fair ane's Een and Breast rehearse, While Sangs abound and Scene is scarce, These Lines I have indited: [125]

But neither Darts nor Arrows here, Venus nor Cupid shall appear, And yet with these sine Sounds I swear, The Maidens are delighted,

I was an telling you,
Lucky Nanfy, lucky Nanfy,
Auld Springs wad ding the new,
But we wad never trom me.

Nor Snaw with Crimfon will I mix,
To fpread upon my Laffie's Cheeks;
And fyne the unmeaning Name prefix,
Miranda, Chloe, or Phillis.
I'll fetch nae Simile frae Jove,
My Height of Extafy to prove,

Nor fighing, - thus - prefent my Love With Rofes eek and Lilies.

I was ay telling you, &c.

But stay, — I had amaist forgot My Mistres, and my Sang to boor, And that's an unco' Faut I wat: But Nanly, 'tis nae matter, Ye see I clink my Verse wi' Rhime, And ken ye, that atones the Crime; Forby, how sweet my Numbers chime, And slide away like Water.

I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken, my reverend fonfy Fair, Thy runkled Cheeks and lyars Hair, Thy haff-shut Een and hodling Air, Are a' my Passion's Fewel.

Nae skyring Gowk, my Dear, can fee, Or Love, or Grace, or Heaven in thee; Yet thou has Charms anew for me, Then fmile, and be na cruel.

Leez me on thy snawy Pew, Lucky Nansy, lucky Nansy, [126]

Dryest Wood will eithest lows And Nanfy sae will ye now.

Troth I have fung the Sang to you, Which ne'er anither Bard wad do; Hear then my chaitable Vow, Dear venerable Nanfy.

But if the World my Paffion wrang,

But if the World my Passion wrang And say, ye only live in Sang, Ken I despite a sland ring Tongue, And sing to please my Fancy. Leex me on thy, &c.

SONG CXVI. The Meal, &c.

THE Meal was dear short syne,
We buck!'d us a' the gither;
And Maggie was in her Prime,
When Willie made Courtship till her:
Twa Pistols charg'd begues,
To gie the courting Shot;
And syne came ben the Lafs
Wi' Swats drawn frae the Butt.
He sirst speed at the Guidman,
And syne at Giles the Mither,
And ye wad gi's a bit Land,
Wee'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My Daughter ye shall hae, I'll gi' you her by the Hand; But I'll part wi' my Wife by my sae, Or I part wi' my Land Your Tocher it sall be good. There's nane sall hae its maik, 'The Lass bound in her Snood, And Crummie who kens her Stakes With an auld Bedden o' claiths Was left me by my Mither. They're jet black o'er wi' Flaes, Ke may cuddle in them the gither.

Ye speak right well, Guidman, But ye maun mend your Hand, And think o' Modesty, Gin ye'll not quat your Land: We are but young, ye ken, And now we're gawn the gither. A House is butt and benn, And Crummie will want her Fother. The Bairns are coming on, And they'll cry, O their Mither! We have nouther Pot nor Pan, But four bare Legs the gither.

Your Tocher's be good enough, For that ye need na fear, Twa good Stilts to the Pleugh, And ye your fell mann fteer: Ye shall hae twa good Pocks That anes were o' the Tweel, The t'ane to had the Grots, The ither to had the Meal: With ane auld Kist made of Wands, And that fall be your Coffer, Wi' aiken Woody-bands, Aud that may had your Tocher.

Confider well, Guidman,
We hae but borrow'd Gear,
The Horse that I ride on
Is Sandy Wilson's Mare:
The Sadle's nane of my ain,
An thae's but borrowed Boors,
And whan that I gae hame;
I-maun tak to my Coots:
The Cloak is Geordy Watt's,
That gars me look sae crouse;
Come fill us a Cogue of Swats,
We'll make nae mair toom ruse.

I like you well, young Lad, For telling me fae plain. I married when little I had O' Gear that wa's my ain. But fin that things are fae. The Bride the maun come furth. Tho' a' the Gear fhe'll ha'e. It'll be but little worth. A Bargain it maun be, Fy cry on Giles the Mither: Content am I, quo' fhe, E'en gar the Hiffie come hither. The Bride she gade till her Bed, The Bridegroom he came till her: The Fidler crap in at the fit, An they cudl'd it a' the gither.

SONG CXVII. Vain, Belinda, &c.

Vain are all your artful Smiles, While, like a Bully, you invite, And decline th' approaching Fight.

Various are the little Arts Which you use to conquer Hearts: By empty Threats he wou'd affright, And you by empty Hopes invite.

Cowards may by him be brav'd, Fops may be by you enflav'd: Then, wou'd he vanquish, or you bind, He must be brave, and you be kind.

SONG CXVIII. Blest with my, &c.

But from my Treasure 'tis nought but Pain:
Fondly loving
Constant moving,

Sweetly flowing, Smiles bestowing, by then, Sylvia, fly to your Lover,

With Joy then, Sylvia, fly to your Lover,
You'll there discover

How much you reign.

If then you find my Soul fincere,
Why shou'd you fly me, what can you fear?

SONG CXIX. Oh! Calia, &c.

H! Calia, recal thy loft Hours.
And Duty and Reason obey;
Despise Love, and all those fails Pow'rs,
That first gave young Strephon the Sway.

Believe me, the Swain is a Rover, Nor conflant to any can be; Then prithee discard such a Lover, And once more resolve to be free.

SONG CXX. What can, &c.

WHAT can affinage the Pain Man feels,
When bufy Cares diffurb his Breaft;
And modest Sense his Want conceals,
With thousand Thoughts that bar his Rest.

Can Wine one gloomy Thought remove? Can Titles, Wealth, or Mirth give Ease? Can Womens Charms, or Thoughts of Love Recal his Soul, or Mind to Peace?

No, no, they're trifling Pleafures all, The Rich enjoy them but a Day; Within their Breaft they deign to call, Ne'er reft, but vanish soon away,

Content alone can make us fing, When wanton Fortune is unkind; That fets a Wretch above a King, And quiets ev'ry ruffled Mind,

SONG CXXI. Chaste Lucretia, &c.

Haste Lucretia, when you left me, You of all things dear bereft me; Tho' I shew'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:

Noify Grieving Is Deceiving,

Empty Veffels make most Sound.

Had I Words that cou'd reveal it, Yet I wifely wou'd conceal it; Tho' the Question be but fair; Grief and Merits

Love and Spirits, Always lofe by taking Air.

Guardian Angels still defend you, And surprizing Joys attend you; Whilst I'm like the Winter Sun: Faintly shining,

And declining,
Till thy charming Spring return.

SONG CXXII. Gentle God, &c.

Entle God of pleafing Pains,
God of Love and foothing Joys,
Fly where Flora matchless reigns:
Tell her Strephon loving dyes.
On her cold and snowy Breast
Let thy silken Pinions rest.
In melting Whispers, moving Sounds,
Softest Wishes, gentle Sighs,

[131]

Tell her, she resistles wounds
With the Lightning of her Eyes:
Sweet'y pleading, Pity move,
Pleasing painful God of Love!

Whilft for me you're fondly fuing, Gentle God of Love beware, Left you meet your own Undoing, Flora's fo divinely fair. What, if she thyself disarms, She has more than Psyche's Charms!

SONG CXXIII. Cupid God, &c.

Upid, God of gay Desires,
Hymen, with thy facred Fires
Smiling Zephyrs hafte away,
Grace this happy, happy Day.

Loves and Graces all attend All ye Nuptial Pow'rs befriend, Make them your peculiar Care, Blefs the Hero, blefs the Fair.

SONG CXXIV. In Alcina, &c.

I R D of May,
Leave the Spray,
Fly to the Grove,
Wake my Love,
O there the Dove
Slumb'ring lies.
Watble an Air
Till the Fair
Patition with her Eves.

Speaks a Pathon with her Eyes.

But if my Grief
Finds no Relief,
Whifper her, that Thryfis dies,
Bird of May,
Keep the Spray,

Keep the Spray;
Bird of May,
Chlve fmiles, my Soul's all gay,
Chloe fmiles, my Soul's all gay.

SONG CXXV. Too long, &c.

O O long, thou Tyrant, Love, I've borne Bellinda's unrelenting Scorn, Who boalts her guarded Breatt, Oh! level now thy keeneft Dart, That, in her cold obdurate Heart

Thy Pow'r may be confest.

The Pray'r's too just to be deny'd
Behold, 'tis done, the God reply'd;

The Shaft has piere'd her home;

Thy Pain now feeling in her own,

She sighing cries in piteous Moan,

Come, Philander, come.

3 ONG CXXVI. When Chloe, &c.

HEN Chloe fair begins her Song, In Raptures motionless I gaze; Thus cou'd Istand, thus all Day long Lost in a giddy, sweet Amaze.

So when th' inchanting Syren fings, Th' allured Mariner is wreck'd: Thus whirling Gulphs Attention bring, And overwhelm what they attract.

Those very Sounds, that sweetly flow, That soft, that lovely, tender Breath, Do Pity, Joy, Compassion show; And who cou'd e'er believe it Death!

SONG CXXVII. Guardian Angels, &c.

Uardian Angels, now protest me,
Send to me the Swain I love:
Guid, with thy Bow direct me,
kielp me, all ye Pow'rs above.

Bear him my Sighs, ye gentle Breezes, Tell him I love and I despair. Tell him, for him I grieve, Say, 'tis for him I live; O may the Shepherd be sincere!

Thro' the shady Grove I'll wander, Silent as the Bird of Night: Near the Brink of yonder Fountain, First Leander bless'd my Sight; Witness, ye Groves, and Falls of Water,

Echo's repeat the Vows he swore, Can he forget me, Will he neglect me, Shall I never see him more?

Does he love, and yet forfake me, To admire a Nymph more fair? If 'is fo. I'll wear the Willow

If 'tis fo, I'll wear the Willow, And efteem the happy Pair. Some lonely Cave I'll make my Dwelling, No'er more the Cares of Life purfue:

The Lark and Philomel
Only shall hear me tell
What bids me bid the World adieu.

SONG CXXVIII. Ye gentle, &c.

E gentle Gales, that fan the Air,
And wanton in the shady Grove;
Oh! whifeer to my absent Fair,
My secret Pain, and endless Love:
And, in the sultry Heat of Day,
When she does seek some cool Retreat;

Throw spicy Odours in her Way, And scatter Roses at her Feet: That when she sees their Colours sade.

And all their Pride neglected lye; Let that instruct the charming Maid, That Sweets not timely gather'd dies And when the lays her down to Reft, Let fome auspicious Vision shew, Who 'tis that loves Camilla best, And what for her I'd undergo.

SONG CXXIX. 'Tis Masonry, &c.

I S Masony unites Mankind
To gen'rous Actions forms the Soul;
In friendly Converse all conjoin'd,
One Spirit animates the Whole.

Where'er aspiring Domes arile,
Wherever facred Altars stand,
Those Altars blaze unto the Skies,
Those Domes proclaim the Mason's Hand-

As Passions rough the Soul disguise, Till Science cultivares the Mind: So the rude Stone unshapen lyes, Till by the Mason's Art resn'd.

Tho' ftill our chief Concern and Care Be to deferve a Brother's Name: Yet ever mindful of the Fair, Their kindest Influence we claim.

Let Wretches at our Manhood rail;
But they who once our Order prove,
Will own, that we who build fo well,
With equal Energy can love,

Sing, Brethren then, the Craft divine (Best Band of Social Joy and Mirth) With Choral Sound, and chearful Wine, Proclaim its Virtues o'er the Earth!

SONG CXXX. Colin's Complaint.

POND Echo, forbeat thy light Strain,
And heedfully hear a loft Maid!
Go tell the false Ear of the Swain,
How deeply his Vows have betray'd:

Go tell him what Sorrows I bear; See yet if his Heart feel my Woe; "Tis now he must heal my Despair, Or Death will make Pity too slow.

SONG CXXXI. No more, &cc.

O more shall Buds on Branches spring,
Nor Wiolets paint the Grove;
Nor warbling Birds delight to sing,
If I forfake my Love;
The Sun shall cease to spread his Light.

The Sun shall cease to spread his Light, And Stars their Orbits leave; And fair Creation sink in Night, When I my Dear deceive.

SONG CXXXII. My jolly, &c.

Thy Pimples are glorious, and add to thy Grace; Proclaim thee a merry brave Rattle in Drink; Not one of those Fools who've Leifere to think.

To Bacchus out Master lets fill up the Bowl, He is the Director of each quasting Soul; Commands the brave Tiplers, and governs the Vine.

His Influence only can make our Fronts shine.

Then booze away, Topers, your Glasses turn down,

He that tipples the most, our Prince we will crown.

Then booze away, &c.

SONG CXXXIII. Cupid and, &c;

Upid and Venus one Day strove
To warm Amyntor's Heart,
And give him all the Joys of Love,
The Joys without the Smart.

Say Venus then, let ev'ry Maid Bestow a fav'rite Grace: No, Mamma, Cupid smiling said, Let's shew him Calia's b'ace.

SONG CXXXIV. Long from, &c.

ONG from the Force of Beauty's Charms, Long have I wander'd free; Endut'd no Grief, felt no Alarms, Referv'd to fall by thee.

Thou fair one, thou alone canst move
This Passion in my Breast;
Thou, thou alone canst teach me Love,
O teach me to be blest.

In Safety thus from all Alarms
The roving Turtle flies,
Till fome unerring Hand conveys
The Shaft by which he dies.

SONG CXXXV. The Nymph that, &c.

E Nymphs and ye Swains, from the Groves and the Plains,

Attend my Complaints, and give Ear to my

No Lover in Story, or ancient or new, E'er suffer'd so much from a Passion so true.

The Nymph I adore, neither cruel nor kind, To Love feems averfe, to my Friendship inclin'd:

She smiles when I'm gay, when I sigh she looks grave,

She admits me her Friend, but disowns me her Slave.

I tell her I'm dying, she asks what I ail? I fall at her Feet, but alas! 'twon't avail: [137]

She wonders why trembling I figh and com-

And piry's my Case, while she laughs at my

Pain.

A Bosom so frozen what Lover can bear!
Then say, O ye Pow'rs! shall I hope or despair?
Or sly to a warmer, and kinder than she,
Who'll soon case my Pains, and as soon set me
free.

SONG CXXXVI. Foolish Woman, &c.

Colifh Woman, fly Mens Charms, Fly their Cringing, fly their Arms, For, shou'd you, by chance, comply, 'Tis not they, but you must die. Men with Pleasure soon are cloy'd, And forsake you when enjoy'd, Strive their winning Arts to shun, If you slight them, they're undone. When that you them over pow'r, Reserve yourself until the Hour Of the Matrimonial Noose, Then false Men you may abuse.

SONG CXXXVII. Wanton Cupid, &c.

Anton Cupid, cease to hover
Thus around the smiling Fair;
You exclude a faithful Lover
With your too officious Care.
Whisp'ring Breezes, haste, begone
To some remoter filent Grove,
And leave Alexis here alone
To tell a thousand Tales of Love.
How I'm charm'd with e'ery Feature,
That adorns her loyely Face!

How she's ev'ry thing that Nature Can e'er give with ev'ry Grace. If fhe listens to my Story,
And for me have equal Love;
I'll not envy human Glory,
But be blest as those above.

SONG CXXXVIII. Come, take, &c.

OME, take your Glass, the Northern
Lass,

So prettily advis'd,

I drank her Health and really was Agreeably fupriz'd.

Her Shape so neat, her Voice so sweet, Her Air and Mien so free; The Syren charm'd me from my Meat,

But take your Drink, said stre.

If from the North such Beauty comes,
How is it that I feel

Within my Breaft that glowing Flame No Tongue can e'er reveal.

Tho' cold and raw the North-wind blow, All Summer's on her Breaft; Her Skin was like the driv'n Snow.

der Skin was like the driv'n Sno But Sun-shine all the rest.

Her Heart may Southern Climates melt,
Tho' frozen now it feems;
That for with Pain he equal felt.

That Joy with Pain be equal felt,
And balanc'd in Extremes.

Then like our capiel Wine the'll of

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.

SONG CXXXIX. Blink over, &c.

Leave Kindred and Friends, fweet Bestys.

Affur'd thy Servant is fteddy

To Love, to Honour, and thee.

The Gifts of Nature and Fortune, May fly by Chance, as they came; They're Grounds the Destinies sport on, But Vertue is ever the same.

Altho' my Fancy were roving, Thy Charms fo heavenly appear,

That other Beauties disproving,
I'd worship thine only, my Dear.
And shou'd Life's Sorrows embitter

The Pleasure we promis'd our Loves, To share them together is fitter,

To share them together is sitter,
Than moan assunder, like Doves.

Oh! were I but once so bleffed,
To grasp my Love in my Arms!
By thee to be grasp'd! and kissed!

And live on thy Heaven of Charms!
I'd laugh at Fortune's Caprices,

Shou'd Fortune capricious prove; Tho' Death shou'd tear me to pieces, I'd die a Martyr to Love.

SONG CXL. Women are wanton, &c.

Women are wanton, yet cunningly coy;

Lafcivious, yet crafty, to make us obey:

When once they have Noos'd us, triumphant they ride.

And trample down Man, that was made for their Guide.

Cho But let them remember their Grannum Eve's Fate,

Lest they smart for their Folly, repenting too late.

This Creature was made a Helm-meet for the Man, And so he approved her, deny it who can; But furely poor Adam was foundly afleep,

Whilst out of his Side this dear Bleffing did creep.

Cho. But let them remember, &c.

Old Painters did form them resembling the Snail, Their House on their Backs was, and in it their Tail, [140]

Implying that Modesty keeps something in, Tho' now they'll expose all from Tail up to Cho. But let them remember, &c. [Chin.

S O N G CXLI. Mary Scot.

WAS Summer, and the Day was fair, Refolv'd a while to fly from Care, Beguiling Thought, forgetting Sorrow, I wander'd o'er the Braes of Tarrow; Till then despising Beauty's Power, I kept my Heart, my own secure: But Cupid's Art did there deceive me, And Mary's Charms do now enslave me.

Will cruel Love no Bribe receive?
No Ranfom take for Mary's Slave?
Her Frowns of Reft and Hope deprive me:
Her lovely Smiles like Light revive me.
No Bondage may with mine compare,
Since first I saw this charming Fair:
This beauteous Flower, this Rose of Tarrow,
In Nature's Gardens has no Marrow.

Had I of Heaven but one Request,
Id ask to ly in Mary's Breast;
There would I live or die with Pleasure,
Nor spare this World one Moment's Leisure;
Despising Kings and all that's Great,
I'd foile at Courts and Courtiers Fate:
My Joy complete in such a Marrow,
I'd dwell with her, and live on Tarrow.

Bot the' fuch Blifs I ne'er fhould gain, Cont nted fill I'll wear my Chain, In hopes my faithful Heart may move her; For leaving Life I'll always love her. What Doubts diffract a Lover's Mind? That Breaft, all Softmes, must prove kind; And she shall yet become my Marrow, The lovely beauteous Rose of Tarrow.

[141]

SONG CXLII. While some, &c.

Hile some for Pleasure pawn their Health?
'Twint Lais and the Baggio,
I'll save myself, and without stealth
Kis and Carefs my Namy-O.
She bids more fair t'engage a Jove
Than Loda did for Danae-O:
Were I to paint the Queen of Love,
None else should fit but Namy-O.

How joyfully my Spirits rife,
When dancing fine moves finely--O,
I guefs what Heaven is by her Eyes,
Which sparkle so divinely--O.
Attend my Yow, ye Gods, while I
Breathe in the blest Britannia,
None's Happiness I shaller.y,
As long's ye grant me Nanny-O.

CHORUS.

My bony, bony Nanny-O.

My levely charming Nanny-O,

I care not the World knew

How dearly I love Nanny-O.

SONG CXLIII. Leave me, &cc.

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EAVE me, Shepherd, leave me,
Give o'er your artful Wiles;
Ev'ry Look deceives me,
And ev'ry Word beguiles.
If I yield, you will fly,

I must repent and mourn: Shepherd 'tis too foon to try; What 'tis to be forlorn.

Why are you purfuing
To urge me to my Fate,
To contrive my Ruin,
And prove yourfelf ingrave.

[142]

If I yield, you will fly, I must repent and mourn. Still I can't forbear to try, What 'tis to be forlorn.

Joys which Lovers borrow,
Some few sweet Moments make;
Years of Grief and Sorrow
They in Exchange must take.
It is a Madness to be wise,
When Cupid bends his Bow;

Evry Sense then open lyes
To entertain the Foe.

SONG CXLIV. With Arts, &c.
W 1TH Arts oft practis'd and admired,
A youthful Swain by Love inspired,
Long time pursu'd a Fair.

Her Coldness equal to his Love, Repuls'd his Hope, his Fears improve, And added to his Care.

With Sighs and Tears, in vain he tries, But deaf to all his Pray'rs, she flies As fast as he pursues. To which he answers in Disfasin,

By trying to augment her Pain, Your self the Conquest lose.

'Tis true, I love you, cruel Maid, But Love with Love shou'd be repaid, To make our Bliss compleat. Since I've requested, you've deny'd,

My Love as well as yours, is try'd, And I with Ease retreat.

SONG CXLV. If all that, &c.

F all that I love is her Face,
From looking I fure can refrain;
In others her Likeness may trace,
Or Absence may cure all my Pain.

This faid, from her Charms I tetir'd, Nor knew I till then how I lov'd: Whom prefent my Paffion admir'd, In Absence my Reason approv'd.

Ah why shou'd I hope for Relief, Where all that I see is Disdain; No Pity in her for my Grief, No Merit in me ty complain.

Nor yet do I Fortune upbraid,
Tho' robb'd of my Freedom and Ease,
Still proud of the Choice I have made,
Tho' hopeless it ever can please,

SONG CXLVI. Since Drinking, &c.

SINCE Drinking has Pow'r for to give us Relief,
Come fill up the Bowl; and a Pox on all Grief.
If we find that wou'r do, we'll have such another,
And so we'll proceed from one Bowl to the other:

Till, like Sons of Apollo, we'll make our Wit foar,
Or, in Homage to Baschus, fall down on the

Or, in Homage to Baschus, fall down on the Floor.

Apollo and Bacchus were both merry Souls,
They each of them lov'd for to tols off their
Bowls,

Then let's try to shew our selves Men of Merit, By toasting those Gods in a Bowl of good Clarer. And then we shall all be deserving of Praise: But the Man that drinks most shall go off with the Bays.

SONG CXLVII. The Blind Boy, &c.

Say, what is that thing call'd Light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy ?
What are the Bleffings of the Sight!
Tell your poor blind Boy.

You talk of wond rous things you fee, You fay the Sun shines bright: I feel him warm; but how can he Then make it Day or Night?

My Day or Night myfelf I make, Whene'er I wake, or play; And cou'd I ever keep awake, With me 'twere 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 Chear of Mind destroy; Whilst thus I sing, I am a King, Altho' a poor blind Boy!

SONG CXLVIII. Know, &c.

NOW, I shan't envy him whoe'er he be That stands upon the Battlements of State:

Stand there who will for me,
1'd rather be Secure than Great.
In being fo high, the Pleafures are but small,
But long's the Ruine, if I chance to fall.

Let me in some sweet Shade secured lye,
Happy in Leisure and Obscurity.
Whilst others place their Joys
In Popularity and Noise,
Let my soft Minutes glide obscurely on
Like subterranean Streams, unheard, and unknown.

Then when my Days are all in Silence paft.
A good plain Countryman I die at laft.

[145]

Death cannot chuse but be To him a mighty Misery, Who to the World was popularly known, And dies a Stranger to himself alone.

SONG CXLIX.

Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn?

The Presence could ease me.

Thy Presence cou'd ease me,
When neathing 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 Lav'rocks are finging, And Primrofes springing; nane of them pleases my Eye or t

let nane of them pleases my Eye or my Ear, When throw the Wood, Laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forfaken, fome spare no to tell:
I'm fash'd wi' their Scorning,

Hair'd wi' their Scorning,
Baith Ev'ning and Morning;
Their Jeering gaes aft to my Heart wi' a knell,
When throw the Wood, Laddie, I wander my
fell,

"hen stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away, But, quick as an Arrow, Haste here to thy Marrow,

Tha's living in Langour, till that happy Day, Then throw the Wood, Laddie, we'll dance, fing and play.

SONG CL.

Hould auld Acquaintance be forgot,
Tho' they return with Scars?
hele are the Noble Hero's Lot,
Obtain'd in glorious Wars:

Welcome, my Varo, to my Breaft, Thy Arms about me twine, And make me once again as bleft, As I was lang fyne.

Methinks asound us, on each Bough, A thousand Capids play, Whilst thro' the Groves I walk with you, Each Object makes me gay: Since your Keturn, the Sun and Moon

Since your Return, the Sun and Moon
With brighter Beams do shine,
Streams murmur foft Notes while they run;

Streams murmur foft Notes while they re As they did lang fyne. Despise the Court and Din of State;

Despite 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 such in Love, upon my Arms
Let your brave Head incline,
We'll please ourselves with mutual Charms?

As we did lang fyne.

O'er Moor and Dale, with your gay Friend.

You may pursue the Chace, And, after a blyth 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 sweet Air,
And Songs of generous 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 facred Shrine;
Where she good Priest the Couple bless,
And put them out of Pine.

[147]

SONG CLI. Wherever I am, &c. Herever I am, and whatever I do, - My Phillis is fill in my Mind: When angry I mean not to Phillis to go, My Feet of themselves the Way find. Unknown to myself I am just at her Door,

And when I wou'd rail; I can bring out no more Than Phillis the fair and unkind.

When Phillis I fee, my Heart bounds in my Breaft. And the Love I wou'd stifle is shown :

But afleep, or awake, I am never at reft. When from my Eyes Phillis is gone. Sometimes a lad Dream deludes my fadMind; But alas! when I wake, and no Phillis I find,

How I figh to myself all alone!

Shou'd a King be my Rival in her I adore, He flion'd offer his Treafure in vain : O let me alone to be happy and poor! And give me my Phillis again. Let Phillis be mine, and for ever be kind,

I cou'd to a Defart with her be confin'd, And envy no Monarch his Reign.

Alas! I discover too much of my Love, And fhe too well knows her own Pow'rs She makes me each Day a Martyrdom prove, And makes me grow jealous each Hour.

But let me each Minute torment my poor Mind, I had rather love Phillis both false and unkind, Than ever be freed from her Pow'r.

SONG CLII. Alexis, bow, &c.

A Lexis, how artless a Lover, How bashful and filly you grow! In my Eyes can you never discover, I mean Yes, when I often fay No.

When you pine and you whine out your Passion, And only intreat for a Kifs, To be coy and deny, is the Fashion, Alexis shou'd ravish the Bliss.

In Love, as in War, 'tis but Reason
To make some Defence for the Town;
To furrender without it, were Treason,
Besore that the Out-works were won.

If I frown, 'tis my Blushes to cover,
'Tis for Honour and Modesty fake;
He is but a pitiful Lover
Who is foil'd by a single Attack.

But when we by Force are o'erpower'd,
The best and the bravest must yield;
I am not to be won by a Coward,
Who hardly dares enter the Field.

SONG CLIII. Whilft Strephon, &c.

WHILST Strephon on fair Chloe hung, And gently woo'd, and sweetly sung; The Nymph, in a disdainful Air Thus smiling, mock'd the Shepherd's Care.

Swain, I know, that you discover In my Form a thousand Charms; Can you point me out a Lover Worthy my encireling Arms?

Boy, no more approach my Beauty, Till you equal Merit boaft; To adore me is a Duty, Thousands witness to their Cost. Stung to the Heart, the red'ning Swain On the vain Maid retorts again.

Foolish Creature, Did each Feature Bloom beyond the Pride of Nature; Artful feigning,
Coy disdaining,
Vain Coquet, destroys them all:
Go over-bearing,
Proud, ensharing;
Lay a thousand Fops despairing:
Then complying,

Then complying, Sighing, dying,

To some Fool a Victim fall,

Nymphs, like you, whilft they're deceiving, Angels all in Front appear;

But the Sot their Arts believing, Finds the Devil in the Rear.

SONG CLIV. Address to a Bottle.

Ouldst thou give me a Pleasure, Like the Mistress of my Heart, I'd drink beyond all Measure,

And from thee never start.

A Pleasure so alluring
I never cou'd refrain.

Till Life not worth enduring, In a Tun I'd drown my Pain.

But fince there's no comparing
With Raptures she can give,
Whose Extasy (past bearing)
I scarce can taste, and live.

To brighter Joys refigning, I'll quit thy sparkling Charms, And die without repining,

To be bury'd in her Arms.

SONG CLV. Ab! stay ye, &c.

A H! stay ye wanton Gales, and lend A friendly Moment to my Tale; To the dear Nymph my Sorrows send, In tend'rest Sighs that can prevail. [150]

In fecret Murmurs, Oh! convey What Love fuggelts in fad Diffrefs, And let her know, that evry way She flights the Swain she ought to blefs,

Or, if the Winds refuse to bear
The Voice of Love to the deer Maid;
Some pitying God then lend an Ear,
And guard my Heart from be'ng betray'd.
Propitious Heav'n! direct my Steps
To the bleft Mansion where my Dear

Each Days she wakes, each Night she sleeps, With Pity may my Passion hear. Within her downy Arms embrac'd I'd glut with Joys beyond Compare;

I'd glut with Joys beyond Compare My Lips feal'd to her fragrant Breaft, O'erflowing Blessings let me share: Or shou'd the Deities resuse Immediate Aid to my Request, Her let me not for ever lose, But soon or late let me be bless.

In pleafing Dreams, let tender Love Invade her Sleep, and let her know, O Cupid, and Almighty Jove! How much for her I undergo. On her lov'd Bosom, Night and Day, Where Interruption knows no Rest; There let me breathe my Soul away, And bid Adieu to human Race.

SONG CLVI. Why do my Looks, &c. 1

Why do my Looks my Thoughts betray,
And fudden Blufhes in me fly!
Why do I figh, and faint away,
Since what I love wou'd have me die,

Cou'd I but once on him prevail
To mingle with his Joy my Smart,

[151]

That he might feel what now I ail, But I'm too young to shew such Art.

Attractive Cupid, be my Care, And look with Pity on my Flame:

O break the Chains that now I wear, Or bind Anintor in the fame!

Haste to thy Mother, tell my Grief, To help a harmless injur'd Maid, That she may quickly send Relief, And save a Heart that is betray'd.

SONG CLVII. Once fair, &c.

NCE fair Serena panting lay, With Thoughts of Love opprest; Hoping that Slumber might allay The Fever in her Breast. Her sieeping Sense at last was eaught,

And Slumber foon made known,
The Transports she enjoy'd in Thought,
She waking durft not own.

Smiling she lay with longing Arms, Grasping the sleeting Air;

Melting with thousand am'rous Charms Fancy cou'd e'er declare:

Her Swain surpriz'd so hear her Tongue, And all her Love repeat,

Straight to her Armslike Light'ning flew, Her Wishes to compleat.

The Maid asham'd to be thus caught, Sigh'd, blush'd, and strove to rise; Accusing that her Swain was nought,

Her Vertue to surprize:
Shè vow'd by all the Gods above,
Her Scorn she wou'd not hide;

But melting with rapturous Love, The Nymph forgot to chide.

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[152]

SONG CLVIII. How wretched, &c.

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The

O W wretched is a Maiden's Fate,
When Love invades her Heart;
In fecret she deplores her State,

Nor dares reveal the Smart, If Love a Shepherd's Breast engage,

No nicer Forms restrain:

He wooes, he fighs, and Sighs affuage The agonizing Pain.

We born to love, and be belov'd, A Fate like Echo's try:

Ah! worse; for when we're strongest mov'd, We hesitate and die.

Then point out, Love, the happy way
To make our Wishes known;
Our Hearts uncensur'd to display,
And all thy Rigour own.

SONG CLIX. Love's a gentle, &c.

O V E's a gentle, gen'rous Paffion, Source of all fublime Delights; Which with mutual Inclinations Two fond Hearts in one unites.

What are Tirles, Pomp, or Riches, If compar'd with true Content; That false Joy which now bewitches, When obtain'd, we may repent.

Lawless Passions bring Vexation, But a chaste and constant Love Is a glorious Emulation Of the blissful State above.

SONG CLX. Whilf Calia's, &c..
W Hilft Calia's Eyes my Heart subdue,
I list'ning blest her tuneful Tongue;
But, doom'd my Ruine to pursue,
I sigh'd, and begg'd the fatal Song,

I figh'd, &c.

[153]

The heav'nly Sounds my Senfe oppres'd,
My flute'ring Heart forgot to beat:
The Sighs forsook my heaving Breast,
I sunk, and fainted at her Feet.
I sunk, &g.

She fmil'd to see her Conquest sure, Whilst I insensibly revive: Ye Swains, ne'er wonder at the Cure, 'Tis in her Arms alone I live.

SONG CLXI. 'Twas when the, &c.

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 mount'd;
All who had felt the Passion.

All who had felt the Passion, A Sigh for Sigh return'd.

O Friends, your Plaints give over, Your kind Concern forbear; Shou'd Chloe but discover

For me you'd flied a Tear: Her Eyes flie'd arm with Vengeance, Your Friendship soon subdue;

Too late you'd ask Forgiveness, And for her Mercy sue.

Her Chains such Force discover, Resistance is in vain; Spite of your felf, you'll 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. [154]

But oh! one more deferving
Has thaw'd her frozen Breaft,
Her Heart to him devoting,
She's cold to all the reft;
Their Love with Joy abounding,
(The Thought dutrasts my Brain)
O cruel Maid! then (wooning
He fell upon the Plain.

SONG CLXII. Happy the, &c.

Appy the youthful Swain,
That feels no Love-fick Smart,
But without Crief or Pain
Can win a Virgin's Heart.
Happy beyond expressing
Is he who can obtain
That most transporting Blessing.
Which others seek in vain.
Love, and the Graces smiling
In all his Actions meet;
Cupia, the Fair begulling,

In an in Sections meet;

Cupid, the Fair beguiling,

Still makes his Conquest (weet;

Love is I is only Treasure,

Beaury's his only Gain;

Ever he finds the Pleasure,

But never feels the Pain.

SONG CLXIII. Whilft endless, &c.
W Hilft endless Tears and Sighs declare
Thy flighted Love, and broken Heart;
The little Warblers of the Air
In thy foft Sorrew seem to share,
And plaintive Notes like Sighs impart.
The Rose, that late adorn'd thy Brow,
And near thee glow'd with brighter Grace;

Andev'ry Flow'r that bloom'd but now, Their fragrant Beauties pensive bow, Sweet drooping Copies of thy Face.

[155]

The God of Love, ev'n he thy Foe, Unstrings his Bow, neglects his Dart; And foften'd with Louis's Woe, Does all his cruel Wiles forego, And filent, weeps his fatal Art.

SONG CLXIV. Beneath a shady, &c.

Eneath a shady Willow,
Hard by a purling Stream;
A mosty Bank my Pillow,
I fancy'd in a Dleam,
That I the charming Phillis
Did eagerly embrace:
Her Breaft as white as Lilies,
And Rosamonda's Face.

What Extasses of Pleasure
She gave, to tell's in vain,
When with the hidden Treasure
She bles'd her am'rous Swain:
Cou'd nought our Joys discover,
And I my Dream believe;
Iso cou'd sleep for ever,
And Till be so deceiv'd.

But when I wak'd, deluded, And found all but a Dream; I fain wou'd have eluded The melancholy Theme

The melancholy Theme.
Ye Gods! there's no enduring
So exquisite a Pain:

The Wound is past all curing, That Cupid gave the Swain.

SONG CLXV. Charming Chloe, &t.

Harming Chloe, look with Pity
On your faithful Love-fick Swain.
Hear, oh! hear his doleful Ditty,
And relieve his nighty Pain,

Find you Musick in his Sighing?
Can you see him in Distress?
Wishing, trembling panting, dying,
Yet afford no kind Redress!

Strephon mov'd by lawless Passion
For no Favours rudely sues;
All his Flame is out of Fashion,
Ancient Honour for him wooss,
Love for Love's the Swain's Ambition,
But if that is deem'd too great;
Pity, pity his Condition,
Say, at least, you do not hate.

Shou'd you, fonder of a Rover, Practis'd in the Art of Guile, Slight fo true and kind a Lover, Chloe, might not Strephon smile? Yes, well pleas'd at thy undoing, Vulgar Lovers might upbraid; Strephon, conscious of thy Ruine, Soon would be a filent Shade.

SONG CLXVI. Damon, &c.

Intending to foap him the next time he try'd.

But alas! he's determin'd to ask me no more,
And now makes his Suit to the fam'd Leannre.

Yet why shou'd I grieve? for I am well assur'd, Had he lov'd me, he ne'er wou'd have ta'en the first Word:

The word;
Tho' he fawns and he cringes, I'll venture to fay.
That Man is a Fool that will take the first Nay,
Had his Love been sincere, and he really in Pain,
He then wou'd have ask'd me again and again;
But adieu; let him go; for I never will vex.
Swain that's in earnest allows for our Scx.

SONG CLXVII. Beauty and, &c.

R Eauty and Wit, illustrious Maid, Bright as to you belong, Charm all Mankind without the Aid Of foft melodious Song.

Why will you add, enchanting Fair,
The Magick of your Voice;
By which in us you cause Despair,
Yet make our Fate our Choice.

In vain to tempt Laertes' Heiz Their Songs the Syrems try'd; But cou'd their Notes with thine compare, He mult have heard, and dy'd.

Sing on, bright Maid, repeat each Strain, Tho' in each Strain's a Dart; We die by Pleasure, not by Pain, While thus you pierce the Heart.

SONG CLXVIII. Why is your, &c.

HY is your faithful Slave disdain'd?
By gentle Arts my Heart you gain'd,
Oh, keep it by the same!
For ever shall my Passion last,
If you will make me once possest
Of what I dare not name.

Tho' charming are your Wit and Face, 'Tis not alone to hear and gaze,

That will suffice my Flame; Love's Infancy on Hopes may live, But you to mine full grown must give Of what I dare not name.

When I behold your Lips, your Eyes, Those snowy Breasts that fall and rise, Fanning my raging Flame; That Shape formade to be imbrac'd, What would I give I might but tafte Of what I dare not name!

In Coorts I never wish to rife, Both Wealth and Honour I despise, And that vain Breath call'd Fame; By Love I hope no Crowns to gain, 'Tis something more I would obtain, 'Tis that I dare not name.

SONG CLXIX. Sabina, &c.

S Abina in the dead of Night,
In refilefs Slumbers withing lay,
Cynthia was Bawd, and her clear Light
To loofe Defires did lead the way:
Iftepp'd to her Bed-fide with bended Knee,

And fure Sabina faw, And fure Sabina faw,

And fure Sabina faw, I'm fure she saw, but would not see.

I drew the Curtains of the Lawn, Which did her whiter Body keep;

But still the nearer I was drawn,
Methought the faster she did sleep;
I call'd Savina softly in her Ear,

And fure Sabina heard, but would not hear,

Thus, as some Midnight Thief, (when all Are wrapp'd into a Lethargy)

Silently creeps from Wall to Wall, To fearch for hidden Treasury:

So mov'd my busie Hand from Head to Heel, And sure Sabina felt, and would not feel.

Thus I ev'n by a Wish enjoy,
And she without a Blush receives;
As by Diffembling most are coy,
She by Diffembling freely gives:

[159]

For you may fafely fay, nay fwear it too. Sabina fhe did hear, Sabina fhe did fee, Sabina the did feel. She did hear, fee, feel, figh, kifs and do.

SONG CLXX. Young Thyrsis, &c.

Oung Thyrsis, once the folliest Swain That ever charm'd the litt'ning Plain, Attentive to his Glee : While Nymphs around the Rover throng,

He tun'd his Pipe, and all his Song Was, F'aime la Liberté.

Bight Chloe, ev'ry Shepherd's Care, And Flavia, fairest of the Fair, Are now no longer free:

Coy Delia felt unusual Pain,

All grieve to hear the Shepherd's Strain. Was F'aime la Liberté.

The Youth, by Inclination fway'd, A fofter Tune had often play'd To ev'ry charming She: None fear Delusion from his Tongue,

For all he faid, and all he fung Was, J'aime la Liberté.

The treach'rous Boy thus play'd his Part In Triumph o'er each female Heart; Oh! who fo bleft as he?

Who had each Nymph a Mother made, While all he fung, and all he faid, Was, F'aime la Liberté.

SONG CLXXI. Linco found, &c.

Inco found Damon lying In Tears upon the Plain; And laughing at his C. ying, Encreas'd poor Damon's Pain. Cries Damon, Mortal, fly me, Or by the Pow'r divine, Cries Linco, don't defy me, And shews a Flask of Wine.

This—foolish pining Lover
Will teach thee how to Storm,
Thy Gaiety recover,
And make the Maid grow warm?
Come prithee, Damon, try it,
'Tis sov'reign, prithee do;
Damon cou'd not deny it,

Soon Damon felt the Liquor, His Cheeks grew rofy red. Then Linco fill'd out quicker, 'Twas out, they went to Bed. Next Morning, Damon straying, To breathe the fragrant Air, He heard poor Dolia praying A last and servent Pray'r.

He drank full Bumpers too.

Yes, yes, I must implore him, Damon the kind, the true, Ye Gods, she cry'd, restore him, Else Love and Life adieu.
On Linco's Humour thinking, He spring into her Arms; And fir'd with last Night's Drinking, Wou'd revel in her Charms.

The Maid deep Crimfon bluffing, Reclin'd her Head, and figh'd; Whilft eager Damon fluffing, Love's strongest Efforts try'd; Ah! whicher am I flying! Her fault'sing Tongue exprest; Then classing, panting, fighing, They murmur'd all the reft,

S O N G CLXXII. A Lass that, &c.

A Lass that was loaden with Care,
Sat heavily under a Thorn;
I litten'd a while for to hear,
And thus she began for to mourn.
So merry as we twa have been:
So happyas we twa have been!
O my Heart is like to despair,
When I shipk of the Dear we have form

When I think of the Days we have feen!

When you, my dear Shepherd, was there,
The Birds did melodioully fing;
And the cold nipping Winter did wear
A Face that resembled the Spring.
Our Flocks seeding close by his Side,
As he gently pressed my Hand,
I had the wide World in my Pride,

And cou'd all its Glory withstand,
My Dear, he wou'd oft to me say,

What makes you hard-hearted to me?

What makes you hard-hearted to me?

Or why do you thus turn away

From him who is dying for thee?

But now he is far from my Sight,

Perhaps new Advice may approve;

Which makes me lament Day and Night,
That ever I granted him Love.

At the Eve, when the rest of the Folk Were merrily scated to spin, I sat myself under his Oak, And I heavily sighed for him.

SONG CLXXIII. The smiling, &c.

HE fmiling Morn, the breathing Springs Invite the tuneful Bids to fing; 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 foft Raptures waste the Day Among the Birks of Endermay.

For foon the Winter will appear; At this thy lively Bloom will fade, As that must blast each verdant Shade. Our Taste of Pleasure then is o'er; The seather'd Songsters love no more; And when they droop, and we decay, Adien the Birks of Endermay.

SONG CLXXIV. Come, fair, &c.

OME, fair Nymphs, to this weet Grove, Constant Swain make haste away, And behold my charming Love

Rejoice with me this happy Day.
Sylvia, at length, has chang'd her Mind,
She Pity shews, no more Disdain:

Never flying, Nor denying,

Her Heart to me she has resign'd. I no more shall sigh in vain, My faithful Vows she now will hear;

Joys delighting, Charms inviting In fair Sylvia do appear.

SONG CLXXV. False the &c.

ALSE tho' she be to me and Love,
I'll ne'er pursue Revenge;
For still the Charmer I approve,
Tho' I deplore her Change.

In Hours of Bliss we oft have met, They cou'd not always last; And tho' the present I regret, I'm grateful for the past. SONG CLXXVI. Sigh no more, &c.

SIGH no more, my lovely Celia: Why ah! why those mournful Sighs? Where ah! where's the beauteous Lustre Once adorn'd those brilliant Eyes?

See how briny Floods o'crwhelm them, Breaking on the blufting Shore; And like Summer's Dew on Lilies, Decks the Bofom I adore.

The Flow'r's that form'd by Nature drooping, Yet their fragrant Odours rife; And my Colia, tho' she's weeping, Hath those Charms she can't disguise.

SONG CLXXVII. When charming, &c.,

WHEN charming Chioe gently walks,
Or fweetly finiles, or gaily talks;
No Goddefs can with her compare,
So fweet her Look, fo foft her Air.

In whom so many Charms are plac'd, Is with a Mind as nobly grac'd: With sparkling Wit and solid Senses: And soft persuasive Eloquence.

In framing her divinely fair, Nature employ'd her utmoit Care, That we in Chloe's Form shou'd find A Venus with Minerva's Mind.

SONG CLXXVIII. How can I, &c.

OW can I well describe the Joy,
When first I set my Eyes
On her who only cou'd employ
My Thought in great Surprize!

[164]

Charming Face, Love exciting ; Comely Grace, All delighting;

Who can look on one fo tair, And not the Force of Love declare!

But when I labour'd to address

The Tenour of my Suit ;

Fear did my fault'ring Speech oppress, And I continu'd mute:

But my Smart more abounded ; Capid's Dart has me wounded. And I longer can't conceal The Anguish for your sake I feel.

Ket, if you difregard my Pain, I bid this World adieu :

For all my Hopes of Life are vain, If not fustain'd by you. With Difdain do not grieve me, See my Pain, and relieve me. Sure you can't feverely treat

A Lover dying at your Feet. Pity and Love shou'd, in the Fair,

Inseparably join, To extricate from Despais Such am'rous Hearts as mine.

> Sweet Replies, Kind Behaviour Pleasing Eyes. Gentle Favour,

Are what Lovers must implore, Or elfe they can exist no more,

S O N G CLXXIX. To thee, &c.

O thee, O gentle Sleep alone Is owing all our Peace; Fy thee our Joys are heighten'd fhown, By thee our Sorrows cease.

The Nymph whose Hand, by Fraud or Force, Some Tyrant has posses '4'; By thee obtaining a Divorce, In her own Choice is hieft.

Oh! stay; Aspasia bids thee stay, The sadly weeping Fair Conjures thee not to lose in Day The Object of her Care.

To grafp whose pleasing Form the sought, That Motion chas'd her Sleep; Thus by ou.selves are oftenest wrought The Griefs for which we weep.

SONG CLXXX. As Celadon, &c.

As Celadon once from his Cottage did fray, To court his dear Jugg on a Hillock of Hay;

What aukward Confusion oppress'd the poor Swain,

When thus he deliver'd his Passion in Pain.

O Joy of my Heart, and Delight of my Eyes, Sweet Jugg, 'tis for thee faithful Celadon dies, My Pipe I've forfaken, tho' reckon'd so sweet, And sleeping or waking thy Name I repeat.

When Swains to an Alehouse by Force do me lugg,

Instead of a Pitcher, I call for a Jugg; And sure you can't chide at repeating your Name.

When the Nightingale every Night does the fame.

Sweet Jugg he a hundred times o'er does repeat, Which makes People say, that his Voice is so sweet. Ah! why do'ft thou laugh at my forrowful Tale, Too well I'm affur'd that my Words won't prevail: 01:

På e

Un

For Roger the Thatcher possessies thy Breast, As he at our last Harvest Supper confest. I own it, fays Jugg, he has gotten my Heart, His long cuiling Hair looks so pretty and smare. His Eyes are so black, and his Cheeks are so red, They prevail more with me than all you have said;

Tho' you court me, and kiss me, and do what you can,

Twill fignify nothing, for Roger's the Man. SONG CLXXXI. See Phillis, Esc.

S E E, Phillis, yonder Bower
With e'ery beauteous Flower,
And twining Green array'd:
Sweet Jonquils, Daffadillies,
Carnations, Rofes, Lilies,
Invite us to the Shade.

There clasping thee, my Treasure, In Extasy 'bove Measure,

I'll on your Bosom lye, While you're with Looks expiring, My blissul Death desiring,

My Soul with Joy shall fly. With balmy melting Kisses I'll crown my dying Blisses,

Whilst you in Pity cry; My Love, I'll not be cruel, But in this am'rous Duel

We'll both together die.

SONG CLXXXII. O greedy, &c. Greedy Midas, I've been told,
That what you touch'd, you turn'd to Gold:

O had I but a Pow'r like thine, 1'd turn whate'er I touch to Wine. I'd turn, 876.

Each purling Stream shou'd feel my Force; Each Fish my fatal Power mourn; Each Fish, &c. And wond'ring at the mighty Change,

And wond'ring, &c.
Shou'd in their native Regions burn.

Shou'd in, &c.

Nor shou'd there any dare t' approach Unto my mantling, sparkling Shrine, Unto my, &c. But first shou'd pay their Votes to me, But first, &c.

And file me only God of Wine,

And file, &c.

SONG CLXXXIII. As Chloe, &c.

A S Chloe o'er the Meadow paft,
I view'd the lovely Maid;
She turn'd and blush'd, renew'd her Haste;
And sear'd by me to be embrac'd:
My Eyes my Wish betray'd.

I trembling felt the tifing Flame, The chatming Nymph pursu'd 3 Daphne was not so bright a Game, Tho' Great Apollo's darling Dame, Nor with such Charms endu'd.

I follow'd close, the Fair still stew Along the graffy Plain; The Grafs, at length, my Rival grew, And catch'd my Chloe by the Shoe, Her Speed was then in vain. But oh! as tott'ring down she fell, What did the Fall reveal! Such Limbs Description cannot tell, Such Charms were never in the Mall, Nor Smock did e'er conceal.

She shriek'd; I turn'd my ravish'd Eyes, And burning with Desire, I help'd the Queen of Love to rise,

She eneck'd her Anger and Surprize, And faid, Rash Youth, retire-

Be gone, and boast what you have seen, It shan't avail you much; I know you like my Form and Mien; Yet since so insolent they've been,

Those Parts you ne'er shall touch. Too levely fair one, I confess

The Swain whom you will deign to bles, Might figh an Age away,

In Expectation of the Joy,
When you no longer cold or coy
Shall all his Pains allay.

Indulgent Heav'n has made thy Form So foft, so perfect, and so warm, Who gazes must adore:

Who gazes muft adore:
But I so long in vain have try'd,
To move thy Heart, that Seat of Pride,
That here I give it o'er.

But now, proud Fair, a Cure I've found, I'll be no longer tamely bound

In hopeless Flames to burn.
Vain Maid, I've shaken off my Chain,
By Winea Conquest 1 obtain,
And triumph in my Tarn.

SONG CLXXXIV. The Coquet.

Rowds of Coxcombs that deluding,
Cringing, chatt'ring,
Ogling, flatt'ring,

[169]

By Coquetting, and by Pruding, All are Victims to my Art.

While at Will the Fools I'm leading, They for Favours interceding, With vain Hopes and Fancies feeding, Still untouch'd I keep my Heart.

Each imagines he shall gain me, Thinks I prize him, Who despise him; All their Wiles shall ne'er obtain me, Born to basse all Mankind,

Like the Winds and Waves still changing, Never constant, ever ranging, Cupid from my Heart estranging,

That's as cold as he is blind.

That's, &c.

SONG CLXXXV. Beneath, &c.

Beneath a Myrtle Shade,
Which Love for none but Lovers made,
I stept, and straight my Love before me brought
Phillis the Object of my waking Thought:
Undrest she came, my Flames to meet,
Whilst Love strew'd Flow'rs beneath her Feet,
So prest by her, became, became more sweet.

From the bright Vision's Head,
At careless Veil of Lawn was loosely spread;
From her white Temples, sell her shaded Hair,
Like cloudy Sun-shine, not too brown or fair:
Her Hands, her Lips, did Love inspire,
Her ev'ry Grace, my Heart did fire,
But most her Eyes, which languish'd with Desire.

Ah! charming Fair, faid I, How long can you my Blifs and yours deny;

H

By Nature and by Love, this lovely Shade, Was for Revenge of fuff'ring Lovers made: Silence and Shades with Love agree, Both fhelter you, and favour me, You cannot blufh, because I cannot see. No, let me dye, fhe faid, Rather than lofe the spotless Name of Maide Faintly fhe spoke me-thought, for all the while She bid me not believe her, with a Smile: Then dye, faid I, the ftill deny'd, And is it thus, thus, thus fhe cry'd, You use a harmles Maid? and so she dy'd. I wak'd, and straight I knew, I lov'd fo well, it made my Dream prove true & Fancy the kinder Miftress of the two, Fancy had done what Phillis would not do: Ah! cruel Nymph, cease your Disdain, While I can dream, you fcorn in vain,

SONG CLXXXVI. Methinks, &c.

Afleep, or waking you must ease my Pain.

With Phillis and Chloris in every Song;
By Fools who at once can both Love and De-

And will never leave calling them Cruel and

Which justly provokes me in Rhime to express
The Truth that I know of my Bonny black Befsi

This Bess of my Heart, this Bess of my Soul, Has a Skin white as Milk, but Hair black as a Coal;

She's plump, yet with Ease you may fpan round her Waste,

(

But her round swelling Thighs can scarce be em-

[171]

Her Belly is foft, not a Word of the rest, But I know what I mean, when I drink to the Best.

The Plow-man, and Squire, the erranter Clown, At home she subdu'd in her Paragon Gown, But now she adorns the Boxes and Pit,

And the proudest Town Gallants are forc'd to

submit :

All Hearts fall a leaping wherever she comes, And beat Day and Night, like my Lord _____'s Drums;

But to those who have had my dear Bess in their Arms,

She's gentle and knows how to foften her Charms; And to every Beauty can add a new Grace, Having learn'd how to life, and trip in her Pace: And with Head on one fide, and a languishing Eye.

To Kill us with looking, as if she would Dye.

SONG CLXXXVII. Adieu to, &c.

A Dieu to the Pleasures and Follies of Love, For a Passion more noble my Fancy does move;

My Shepherd is dead, and I live to proclaim, In forrowful Notes my Amintas his Name: The Wood-Nymphs reply when they hear me complain.

Thou never shalt fee thy Amintas again; For Death has befriended him, Fate has defended him,

None, none alive is so happy a Swain.

You Shepherds and Nymphs, that have dane'd to his Lays,

Come help me to fing forth Amintas his Praifes

H 2

No Swain for the Garland, durft with him dispute, So sweet were his Notes, while he sang to his Lute:

Then come to his Grave, and your kindness pursue, To Weave him a Garland, with Cypress and Yew:

For Life hath forfaken him, Death hath overtaken him, No Swain again will be ever fo true.

Then leave me alone to my wretched Estate, I lost him too soon, and I lov'd him too late; You Echo's, and Fountains, my Witnessers How deeply I sigh for the Loss of my Love: And now of our Pan, whom we chiefly adore, This Favour I never will cease to implore;

That now I may go above, And there enjoy my Love, Then, then I never will part with him more.

SONG CLXXXVIII. Pastora's, &c.

Aftora's Beauties when unblown,
Ere yet the tender Bud did cleave,
To my more early Love were known,
Their fatal Power I did perceive:
How often in the Dead of Night,
When all the World lay huft'd in Slee

When all the World lay hufh'd in Sleep; Have I thought this my chief Delight, To figh for you, for you to weep,

Upon my Heart, whose Leaves of White No Letter yet did ever stain:
Fate (whom none can controul) did write,
The fair Passora here must reign:
Her Eyes those darling Suns shall prove
Thy Love to be of noblest Race;
Which took its Flight so far above

All Human things, on her to gaze.

[173]

How can you then a Love defpife, A Love that was infus'd by you? You gave Breath to its infant Sighs, And all its Griefs that did enfue: The Pow'r you have to wound I feel, How long shall I of that complain? Now shew the Pow'r you have to heal, And take away the tott'ring Pain.

SONG CLXXXIX. Hail to the, &c.

Ail to the Myrtle Shade,
All hail to the Nymphs of the Field:
Kings will not here invade,
Tho' Vertue all Freedom yield,
Beauty here opens her Arms,
To foften the languifhing Mind;
And Phillis unlocks her Charms:
Ah Phillis 1 ah! why so kind?

Phillis, the Soul of Love,
The Joy of Neighbouring Swains:
Phillis that crowns the Grove,
And Phillis that gilds the Plains:
Phillis that ne'er had the Skill
To paint, or to patch, or be fine;
Yet Phillis, whose Eyes can kill,
Whom Nature has made Divine.

Phillis, whose charming Tongue Makes Labour and Pain a Delight ? Phillis that makes the Day young, And shortens the live-long Night: Phillis, whose Lips like May, Still laugh at the Sweets they bring, Where Love never knew Decay, But sets with eternal Spring.

SONG CXC. Chloris, in native, &c.

Hloris, in native Purple bright,
The Violet of Beamy springs;
She spreads her opining Sweets to Sight,
And ravishes with warbling Strings.
Fair Charmer of our Eyes and Ears,
Cecilia sure has Heav'n forsook;
She brings soft Musick from the Spheres,
And bears an Angel in her Look.

SONG CXCI. Ye Purple-blooming, &c.

E Purple-blooming Roses,
Whom Love in Wreaths disposes;
Why guard ye so your Treasures,
And grudge the Boy his Pleasures?
So mix'd with Sweet and Soure,
Life's not unlike the Flow'r:
Its Sweets unplucht will languish,
And gather'd 'tis with Anguish,
And gather'd 'tis with Anguish.
Then, lovely Boy, bring hither
The Chaplet, ere it wither;
Steep'd in the various Juices
The cluster'd Vine produces.
This, tound my moisten'd Tresses,
The Use of Life expresses;
Wine blunts the Thorn of Sorrow, S.
Our Rose may fade to morrow. S.

SONG CXCII. Fair Sally, &c.

A I R Sally lov'd a bonny Seaman,
With Tears the fent him out to roam;
Young Thomas lov'd no other Woman,
But left his Heart with her at Home.
She view'd the Sea from off the Hill,
And while the turn'd the Spinning Wheel,
Sung of her bonny Seamaa.

[175]

The Winds grew loud, and she grew paler,
To see the Weathercock turn round;
When lo! she spy'd her bonny Sailor
Come singing o'er the fallow Ground:
With nimble Haste he leap'd the Style,
And Saily met him with a Smile,
And hugg'd her bonny Sailor.

Fast round the Waste he took his Sally,
Bur first around his Mouth wip'd he;
Like home-bred Spark, he could not dally,
But kis'd and pres'd her with a Glee;
Thro' Winds and Waves, and dashing Kain,
Cry'd he, thy Tom's return'd again,
And brings a Heart for Sally.

Welcome, she cry'd, my constant Thomas,
Tho' out of Sight, ne'er out of Mind;
Our Hearts tho' Seas have parted from us,
Yet they my Thoughts did leave behind.
So much my Thoughts took Tommy's Part,
That Time, nor Absence from my Heart
Cou'd drive my constant Thomas.

This Knife, the Gift of lovely Sally,
I fill have kept for dearfake:
A thousand times, in am'rous Folly,
Thy Name I've carv'd upon the Deck.
Again this happy Pledge returns,
To tell how truly Thomas burns;
How truly burns for Sally.

This Thimble didft thou give to Sally,
Whilft this I see, I think of you;
Then why does Tom stand, shall I, shall I?
While yonder Steeple's in our View:
Tom never to Occasion blind,
Now took her in the coming Mind,
And went to Church with Sally.

SONG CXCIII. Little Flea, &c.

Ittle Flea, why so bloody-thirfty?
Thou'ft drunk, till it has almost burst thee.
Thour't now too full of Pride, I warrant
To stir a Step on Strephon's Errand.

Yet, prithee, sweet sincere Backbiter, To Chloe go, that false Delighter; S. Go hide thy self within her Bodice, And make her own she is no Goddess. S.

Tell her the Shafts of Cupid's Quiver So from her Eyes have piere'd my Liver; S. And when she holds thee 'twinkt her Fingers, Say thus your Love-sick Strephon lingers. S.

SONG CXCIV. 'Tis thee I love.

I I S thee I love,
I'll conftant prove;
You are the Charmer of my Heart;
Dearest believe me,
I'll ne'er deceive thee,
From Ch'oe bright I ne'er can park.

Be kind as fair.
Oh! be not fevere,
But shew Compassion on your Swain;
You'll ne'er repent it,
No ne'er relent it,
Dear Creature, dear Creature, now ease my Pair.

SONG CXCV. Clarinda, &c.

Larinda, hear my Moan, My Boon do not deny; If you'll not be my own, Your Martyr I must die. [177]

Remember, that my Love
To you is ever true:
I can't my Passion move,
It's fix'd till Death on you.
If you my Life will fave,
Receive me in your Arms;
Or fink me in my Grave
A Victim to your Charms.
But when I'm dead and gone,
Let this then he your Guide;
Engrave it on my Tomb.

For you I liv'd and dy'd.

SONG CXCVI. Dear charming, &cc.

BAR charming Beauty, you're my Pleasfure,

'Tis you alone that I adore;
Grant me your Love, my only Treasure,
And all my Care will now be o'er.
Ah! do not fly me, my dear Jewel,
Left you kill your faithful Slave:
You ne'er was known yet to be cruel,
To destroy what you can fave.

Had I ne'er feen you, charming Phillis,
Such Torture I ne'er shou'd have known;
But thank my Stars, if that your Will is,
To smile, and ever be my own;
No greater Blessing I'll desire

Than your matchless Charms, my Fair:

For you are all that I admire,
And all I love, and all I fear.

SONG CXCVII. Glide gently on, &c.,

C LIDE gently on, thou murm'ring Brook,
And footh my tender Grief;

"Twas here the faral Wound I took,
"Tis here I feek Relief.

4 5

With Sylvio on this verdant Shore
I fondly fat reclin'd;
Believ'd the charming things he swore,
Too credulously kind.

Too credulously, &c.

While thus he faid. This purling Stream
Back to its Spring shall slow,
O Passorella, ere my Flame
The least Decays shall know.
Ye conscious Waves roll back again,
Back to your chrystal Head;
The fasse, ungrateful, perjur'd Swain

The false, ungrateful, perjur'd Śwain Has broke the Vows he made. Has broke, &c.

Has broke, &c.

Perhaps some fairer Shepherdess
His faithless Breast has warm'd,
And those kind Vows, and soft Address;
Her guitless Heart has charm'd.
But tell the Nymph, thou gentle Stream,
If e'er she visits thee;
The treach'rous Youth has vow'd the same,
Yet broke his Faith with me,
Yet broke, &c.

SONG CXCVIII. To the God, &c.

O the God of Wine,
My Song and my Defign
With a grateful Spirit will I raife.
'Tis my Heart's Delight,
To give him ev'ry Night,
And to Carrol merrily his Praife.
Monarch Bacchus, gay and young,
Free to fave us,
And relieve us,
When the World goes wrong,

Sound his Name, Raife it high, Sing his Fame To the Sky,

Till the wife World join in our Song.

Shou'd a Mortal dare
His merry Subjects fneer,
Let him dread the Fate decreed.
A new Law well weigh'd
The drinking Court has made,
And to Justice thus they'll proceed,

Set the Rebel to the Bar,
That the Traitor,
Bound in Fetter,

May his Sentence hear. Let the Rogue, In a String.

In a String, Like a Dog, Take a Swing,

Or be drown'd in Rot-get Small-beer.

ISONG CXCIX. He's a, &c.

E's a Man, ev'ry Inch, I affure you,
Stout, vig'rous, active, and tall;
There's none can from Danger secure you,
Like brave, gallant Moor of Moor-ball.
No Giant or Knight ever quell'd him,
He fills all their Hearts with Alarms.

No Virgin yet ever beheld him, But wish'd herself clasp'd in his Arms, But wish'd, &c.

SONG CC. How can you, &c.

HOW can you lovely Nancy, thus cruelly flight

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 on, must end in Despair.

If you meant thus to torture, O why did your Eyes

Once express fo much Softness, and sweetly surprize:

By their Luftre inflam'd, I cou'd not believe, As they had fuch mild Influence, they e'er wou'd deceive.

But alas! like the Pilgrim bewilder'd in Night; Who perceives a false Splendor at Distance invite: Overjoy'd he haftes on, pursues it, and dies; A like Ruine attends me, if away Nanoy flies.

O forget not the Raptures you felt in my Arms, When you call'd me dear Angel, and unveil'd all your Charms:

When you vow'd lasting Love, and swore with

That in my fond Embraces was center'd all Blifs.

Fairest, but most obdurate, consider that Woe will, like Sickness neglected, more desperate grow:

That your Heart may relent, I implose the kind Pow'rs,

Since I'm constant as your Sex, be not fickle as ours.

SONG CCI. If the Glasses, &c.

F the Glasses they are empty, Fill again, my Soul's adry: Sure such Wine as this will tempt ye To carouse in Sympathy. Thirsty Souls, like Plants aspiring, Moissure ever are desiring. Thus careffing Nature's Bleffing, We'll the fober World defy.

See the Bottle, how its Beauty. Smiles in ev'ry ruby Face;

We to Bacchus owe a Duty,

Drink, brave Heroes, drink apace. Cou'd the Globe be fill'd with Claret, Souls like mine wou'd never spare it:

Ever drinking, Void of thinking,

We'd the happy Hours embrace.

SONG CCII. What dire, &c.

For Spain has caught him by the Throat,

Far, far away he's forc'd to thay

Killing, thrilling, Thrilling, killing: Ruin'd, loft, and quite undone, Charming Farinelli's gone.

Our Tears had scarcely ceas'd to flow, That Senesino needs wou'd go, When strait a heavier Loss we know, Dear Farinelli's kidnapt too.

Farinelli, Senesino, Senesino, Farinelli, Ruin'd, lost, and quite undone, Both the Warblers, both are flown.

O cruel Spain! will nought fuffice, Will nought redeem the lovely Prize: Take all our Ships, take all our Men, So we enjoy but him again.

O fend him straight, our Nobles wait! O fend him quick, we all are fick, Ruin'd! Lords and Commons all, From St. James's to Guildhall.

SONG CCIII. Sooner than I'll, &c,

Ooner than I'll my Love forego,
And lose the Man I prize;
I'll bravely combat ev'ry Woe,
Or fall a Sacrifice.

Nor Bolts nor Bars shall me controul, I Death and Danger dare: S. Restraint but fires the active Soul, S. And urges sierce Despair, S.

The Window now shall be my Gate, I'll either fall or siye; Before I'll live with him I hate, S. For him I love, I'll die. S.

SONG CCIV. Return, return, &c.

R Eturn, return, my lovely Nymph,
For Summer's Pleasures now will fade:
The trembling Leaves begin to drop,
All Nature seems as if decay'd.

Th' harmonious Nightingale's retir'd, Th' Approach of wint'ry Nights to mourn; The Lark forgets to mount the Sky; Ah! lovely Calia, quick return,

The blushing Rose's Charms decay, The Lily droops its lovely Head: Sweet winding Thames begins to swell, And visit th' unfrequented Mead.

The Shepherd's Pipe neglected lyes,
The Vallies now no more delight:
Soft pleasing Scenes of Country Life
Have taken too their annual Flight.

SONG CCV. Ranging the Plain, &c.

Anging the Plain one Summer's Night,
To pass a vacant Hour,
I fortunately chanc'd to light
On lovely Phillis Bow'r;
The Nymph adorn'd with thousand Charms.

In expection fat,

To meet those Joys in Strephon's Arms, Which Tongue cannot relate.

Upon her Hand she lean'd her Head, Her Breaft did gently rife; That e'ry Lover might have read Her Wishes in her Eyes: At e'ery Breath that mov'd the Trees,

She suddenly would start; A Cold on all her Body seiz'd, A Trembling on her Heart.

But he that knew how well she lov'd, Beyond his Hour had stay'd; And both with Fear and Anger mov'd

The melancholy Maid: Ye Gods, she said, how oft he swore, He would be here by One;

But now alas! 'tis Six and more, And yet he is not come.

SONG CCVI. He that is, &c.

E that is refolv'd to Wed,
And be by the Nose by Woman led,
Let him confider't well ere he be sped;
For that lewd Infrument, a Wise,
If that she be inclin'd to Strife,
Will find a Man shrill Musick all his Lise,
Will find a Man, &c.

If he approach her when she's vext,
Nearer than the Parson does his Text,
He's sure to have enough of what comes next;
And by our Grammar Rules we see,
Two different Genders can't agree,
Nor without Solecisms connected be,
Nor without, &c.

Yet this by none can be deny'd,
That Wedlock, or 'tis much bely'd,
Is a good School, in which Man's Vertue's try'd;
And this Convenience Woman brings,
That when her angry Mood begins,
The Husband never wants a Sight of's Sine,
The Husband never, &c.

If he by chance offend the least,
His Penance shall be well enereast,
She'll make him keep a Vigil without Feast;
And when's Confession he is framing,
She will not fail to make's Examen,
He has nothing else to do but say Amen.
He has nothing, &cc.

SONG CCVII. Believe me Jenny, &c.

B Elieve me Fenny, for I tell you true,
These Sighs, these Sobs, these Tears, are
all for you;

Can you mistrustful of my Passion prove,
When ev'ry Action thus proclaims my Love?
Is't not enough, you cruel Fair,

To flight my Love, neglett my Pain?
At leaft, that rigid Sentence spare;
Nor say that I first caus'd you to Disdain.

No, no, these silly Stories won't fussice, Fate speaks me better in your lovely Eyes; Let not Difficulation, baser Art, Stifle the busic Passion of your Heart; Yet, let the Candor of your Mind Now with your Beauty equal prove; Which I believe ne'er yet defign'd The Death of me, and Murder of my Love,

SONG CCVIII. Ye happy Swains, &c.

E happy Swains, whose Nymphs are kind,
Teach me the Art of Love:
That I the like Success may find,
My Shepherdes to mone.

My Shepherdess to move:
Long have I strove to win her Heart,

But yet alas! in vain; For the still acts one cruel Part Of Rigour and Disdain.

Whilst in my Breast a Flame most pure Consumes my Life away; Ten thousand Tortures I endure, Languishing Night and Day: Yet she regardless of my Grief,

Looks on her dying Slave; And unconcern'd, yields no Relief,

To heal the Wound she gave. What is my Crime, oh rigid Fate?

I'm punish'd so severe;
Tell me, that I may expiate
With a repenting Tear:

But if you have refolv'd, that I No Mercy shall obtain; Let her persist in Tyranny,

And cure by Death my Pain.

SONG CCIX. As May in, &c.

A S May in all her Youthful Drefs,
My Love so gay did once appear;
A Spring of Charms dwelt on her Face,
And Roses did inhabit there:

Thus while th' Enjoyment was but young, Each Night new Pleafures did create; Harmonious Words dropp'd from her Tongue, And Cupid on her Forchead fate.

But as the Sun to West declines,
The Eastern Sky does colder grow;
And all its blushing Looks resigns,
To th' pale-fac'd Moon that rules below:
While Love was eager, brisk, and warm,
My Chloe then was kind and gay;
But when by time I lost the Charm,
Her Smiles like Autumn dropp'd away.

SONG CCX. Weep all ye, &c.

EEP all ye Nymphs, your Floods u bind,
For Strephon's now no more;
Your Treffes fpread before the Wind,
And leave the hated Shore:
See, fee upon the craggy Rocks,
Each Goddefs stript appears;
They beat their Breafts, and rend their Lock:

The God of Love, that fatal Hour, When this poor Youth was born, Had fworn by Styx to fhew his Powez, He'd kill a Man e'er Mom:
For Strephon's Breaft he aim'd his Dart, And watch'd him as he came; He cry'd, and fhot him thro' the Heart, Thy Blood shall quench my Flame.

And swell the Sea with Tears.

On Stella's Lap he laid his Head, And looking in her Eyes; He cry'd, Remember when I'm Dead, That I deserv'd the Prize: hen down his Tears like Rivers ran, He figh'd, you love, 'tis true; ou love perhaps a better Man, But ah! he loves not you.

ONG CCXI. Your Gamester, &c. YOUR Gamester, provok'd by his Loss may forswear,

nd rail against Play, yet can never forbear; eluded with Hopes, what is lost may be won, Passion plays on, 'till at last he's undone.

o I, who have often declaim'd the fond Pain of those fatal Wounds, which Love gets by Dif-

educ'd by the Charms of your Looks, am drawn in,

Fo expose my poor Heart to those Dangersagen, lariff, I live on the Hopes of my Love, Which flatters me fo, that you kinder will prove; in some lucky Minute I hope to enjoy thee, and rout all your Forces in Arms to destroy me-

Ay Fortune I hope is referv'd for this Cast, To make me a Saver for all my Life past? Se lucky this once, Dice! 'tis all I implore, 'll gladly tye up then, and tempt you no more.

SONG CCXII. Fairest Work, &c.

Airest Work of happy Nature,
Sweet without diffembling Art;
ind in ev'ry tender Feature,
Cruel only in a Heart:
View the Beauties of the Morning,
Where no fullen Clouds appear;
Graces there are less adorning,

Than below, when Calia's there.

Ev'ry Tuneful Breaft confesses, Sounds by you improve their Power; Ev'ry Tongue in soft Addresses

Humbly tells us his Amour: Such a Tribute, lovely Blessing, Faithful Strephon ne'er denies;

Such a Treasure in possessing, All the Bills of Love supplies.

Yet I fee by ev'ry Tryal, Feeble Hopes my Flames pursue; Ever finding a Denial,

Where my foftest Love was true: But my Heart knows no retreating, No Decay can case my Pain;

Love allows of no defeating, Tho' the Prize is fought in vain.

For if e'er my Calia's Treasure Must her Virgin Sweets resign; Love shall show with equal Measure, And I'll boldly call her mine:

And I'll boldly call her mine:
"Till her Panting, Wedding Lover,
Grown uneafy by my Claim;
Leaves me freely to discover
Golden Coasts without a Name.

SONG CCXIII. Little Britain.

Rikons, where is your great Magnanimity
Where's your boafted Courage flown?
Quite perverted to Pufillanimity,
Scarce to call your selves your own.

What your Ancestors won so vistoriously, Crown'd with Conquest in the Field; You'd relinquish; and O most ingloriously To Oppression tamely yield.

Freedom now for her Flight makes Preparative, See her wesping quit the Shore; [189]

Britain's Loss will be then past Comparative, Never to behold her more.

Gracious God! to affift, exurgitate, Stretch forth thy vindifitive Hand; Make Oppressions their Plunder regorgitate, And preserve a sinking Land.

SONG CCXIV. I love, I doat, &c.

Love, I doat, I rave with Pain, No Quiet in my Mind; Tho' ne'er cou'd be a happier Swain, Were Sylvia lefs unkind: For when, as long her Chain I've worn,

I ask Relief from Smart; She only gives me Looks of Scorn, Alas! 'twill break my Heart.

My Rivals rich in worldly Store,
May offer Heaps of Gold:
But furely I a Heav'n adore,
Too precious to be fold.
Can Sylvita fuch a Coxcomb prize
For Wealth, and not Defert,
And my poor Sighs and Tears despite?

Alas! my Heart will break.

When, like fome wanting, hovering Dove,
I for my Blis contend;

And plead the Cause of eager Love, She coldly calls me Friend.

Ah! Sylvia, thus in vain you frive To act a healing Part:

'Twill keep but ling'ring Pain alive, Alas! and break my Heart.

When on my lonely pensive Bed I lay me down to rest, In hopes to calm my raging Head, And cool my burning Breast; Her Cruelty all Eafe denies. With fome fad Dream I ftart : All drown'd in Tears I find my Eyes, And breaking feel my Heart!

Then rising, thro' the Path I rove That leads me where she dwells a Where to the fenfelels Waves my Love Its mournful Story tells. With fighs I dew and kifs the Door.

Till Morning bids depart ; Then vent ten thousand Sighs and more, Alas ! 'twill break my Heart.

But Silvia, when this Conquest's won, And I am gone, and cold; Renounce the cruel Deed you've done. Nor Glory when 'tis told : For ev'ry lovely gen'rous Maid Will take my injur'd Part ; And curfe thee, Sylvia, I'm afraid, For breaking my poor Heart !

SONG CCXV. The FRENCI COMEDY. A BALLAD. B T. T. T -- - SHEND, Fellow of th Roasting Society. Tune, When ft was brought before my Lord Mayor With a chow chow cherry chow, &

ALSE Britons, who Favour the Mea fures of France, Fal lal da dee, & Come here and we'll teach you a brave Englis Dance, With a chow chow, cherry chow, &c

England's Rights were begun to be held ver! Fal lal, &c cheap; But her Genius, you'll find, is not quite afleep

With a chew, &c

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There was a fine Farce in the Hay - market Fal lal, &ce. Dragonns on the Stage, and a Quorum in the

Pit. With a chorn, &cc.

Ye dread Sons of Thunder, now high exalt your Notes, Fal lal, &c.

Nor let a French Harlequin be ramm'd down your Throats. With a chow, &c.

For Mufquets or Mittimus we care not a Straw, Fal lal. &cc. Such Menaces as thefe shall ne'er keep us in

With a chow, &c. A we.

There came a wife L-d in a terrible Rage. Fal lal. &cc. Who fwore that any Three of the Mob he'd

engage. With a chown &ce.

But soon he fell into a pitiful Fear, Fal lal, &c. He retracted his Words, and fneak'd off in his Chair. With a chew, &c.

Then to each honest Heart, that fung, hooted, Fal lal, &c. or his'd, Or afted by Cudgel, Sword, Dagger, or Fift;

With a chow, &c.

To all that flung Pippins, Pottatoes, or Peafe, Fal lal, &c.

(May Britons for ever prove fuch Souls as these) With a chow, &c.

To the Youth in the Gallery, whom no one can Fal lal, &c. tell.

Who confounded the French with his little Merry With a chow, &co Bell.

Since of all those within Doors we can have no Fal lai, &c. doubt,

Then to ev'ry merry Hand that was aiding with-With a chow, &co Dut.

[192]

The Scene it is ended, the Affair is knock'd o'th' Head, Fal lal, &c.
The Strollers, the Soldiers, the fusices are fled.
With a chow, &c.;

Thro' Back Doors and Windows they privately fout, Fal lal, &c.
The Franch ne'er before were so put to the Rout.

The French ne'er before were to put to the Rout.
With a chow, &c.

Now, Scotchmen, no more of your Porteous's prate. Fal lal, &c.
Or boast of preferving your Nether Bow Gate.
With a chow, &c.

SONG CCXVI. Did you not, &c.

She. I D you not promife me when you lay by me,
That you would marry me, can you deny

me?

He. If I did promise thee, 'twas but to try thee,

Call up your Witnesses, else I desie thee. She. Ah, who would trust you Men that swear,

She. Ah, who would trust you Men that swear, and vow so, Born only to deceive, how can you do so?

He. If we can swear and lye, you can diffemble,
And then to hear the Lye, would make one
tremble.

She. Had I not lov'd, you had found a Denial, My tender Heart, alas! was but too real; He. Real I know you were, I've often try'd ye,

Real to forty more Lovers besides me. She. If thousands lov'd me, where was my Trans-

She. If thousands lov'd me, where was my Trans-

You were the only He, e'er got Possession?

He. Thou could'st talk prettily, ere thou could'st
go, Child;

[193]

But I'm too old and wife to be fham'd fo, Child.

She. Tho' y'are so cruel you'll never believe me, Yet do but take the Child, all I forgive thee.

He. Send your Kid home to me, I will take care on't,

If't has the Mother's Gifts, 'twill prove a rare one.

SONG CCXVII. The Black-Bird.

ROOM, room room for a Rover, Yonder Town's fo hot;

a Country Lover
Blefs my Freedom got:
This Celettial Weather
Such Enjoyment gives,

We like Birds flock hither, Browzing on green Leaves:

Some who late fate fcowling, Publick Cheats to mend;

Study now with Bowling, Each to Cheat his Friend:

Whill on the Hawthorn Tree, Terry rerry, rerry, rerry, rerry, fings the Black-Birds
Ob what a World have we!

In the Eaftern Regions,
Cannibals abound;
Eas'd of all Religions,
Man does Man confound c
Bet our worfer Natives,
Here Church-Rules obey;
Yet like barb'rous Caiuffs,

Gorge up more than they: In the Town, hot Follies Fools to Faction draw; Nonsense, Noise and Malice,
Passes too for Law:
Whi st on the, &c.

The old Game's again on Trial, As our Church men guess; Some write We most Loyal,

Yet mean nothing less:
Ev'ry Factious Teazer
Proudly Votes his Will;
Praise be then to Casar.

Who sits Patient still: Chane'ry wants a Ruler, Justice Scales to guide;

S ts want a Cooler, Who like Jehu Ride: Whilst on the, &c.

Give me then a Bottle, Musidora by; Wine that warms the Noddle, Does all Cares defy: Sol has enter'd Aries,

Summer Sweets do fall; Picafures new and various,

Let's enjoy 'em all;
So adieu, State Janglers,
Our whole Winter's Curle;
Farewel to Law Wranglers,
That to plague the Purfe;

Hark in the, &c.

SONG CCXVIII. To the fame Tune.

Hilft Content is wanting
In the World below;
We in Freedom chanting,
Life's true Pleafure know:
Cloy'd with Care and Duty
To fuperiour Sway,

They ne'er fee the Beauty Of one happy Day: Profit's Golden Follies. Half the Globe infest; Faction, Pride, and Malice. Governs all the reft:

Whilft in eternal Day; Terry, rerry, rerry, rerry, Hey, Terry, rerry, Sings the Black-Bird, Ah! what a World bave they?

Giant-limb'd Ambition, Like a Tyrant reigns; Forming new Division Hourly in their Brains: Sometimes Peace enjoying, Some they a League begin; But one Monarch's dying Breaks e'm all again : Then the grave State-menders For Religion fight; Tho' the hot Pretenders Never had a Doit : Whilft here in lasting Day ; Terry, &c.

Warriors all are Princes, When their Aid they want : Armies for Defences. Present Pay they grant : But the Work once ended. They the Chiefs difown; Who in haste disbanded, Loudly are cry'd down : Thus uncur'd they nourish, Whimfey's worse Disease; Whether lofe or flourish, Never are at Eafe: Whilft here in lasting Day, Terry, &c. The fat Pamper'd City,
Grumbling at the Tax;
Think to ftint, 'tis pity,
Bellies or their Backs:
The rich Country Booby,
Brooding o'er his Ground;

Brooding o'er his Ground; Low'rs, and wond'rous moody, Grudges four in the Pound:

Gofpel Fermentation banters all our Souls;

And to fire the Nation, Black-coats blow the Coals: Woilft here in lasting Day,

Terry, terry, terry, terry, fings the Black-Bird, Oh! what a World have they.

SONG CCXIX. Strike up, &c:

Trike up drowsie Gut-scrapers;
Gallants be ready,
Each with his Lady;
Foot it about,
'Till the Night be run out,

Let no ones Humour pall: Brisk Lads now cut your Capers;

Put your Legs to't, And shew you can do't; Frisk, frisk it away 'Till Break of Day,

And hey for Richmond Ball!
Fortune-Biters,
Hags, Bum-fighters,
Nymphs of the Woods,
And flale City Goods;
Ye Cherubins,
And Seraphins,
Ye Caravans.

And Haradans, In Order all advance: [197]

Twickenham Loobies,
Thiftleworth Boobies,
Wits of the Town,
And Beaus that have none;
Ye Jacobites as sharp as Pins,
Ye Monsieurs, and ye Sooterkins,
I'll teach you all the Dance.

The DANCE.

Cast off Tom behind Fohnny, Do the same Nanny, Eyes are upon ye; Trip it between Little Dickie and Fean. And fet in the Second Row: Then, east back you must too, And up the first Row ; Nimbly thrust thro'; Then, then turn about. To the left, or you're out, And meet with your Love below. Pals, then crofs, Then Fack's pretty Lafs, Then turn her about, about and about; And Fack, if you can do fo too With Betty, whilft the time is true, We'll all your Ear commend: Still there's more To lead all four : Two by Nancy Stand, And give her your Hand, Then cast her quickly down below, And meet her in the fecond Row; The Dance is at an end.

SONG CCXX. Valiant Jockie, &c.

Aliant Jockie's march'd away,
To fight the Foc with brave Mackay;
Leaving me, poor Soul, forlorn,
To curie the Hour when I was born;
But, I've sworn Ise follow too,
And dearest Jockie's Fate pursue;
Near him be to guard his precious Life,
Never Soot had such a Loyal Wife:

Sword Ife wear,

Ife cut my Hair, Tann my Cheeks, that once were thought so fair; In Souldier's Weed,

To him I'll speed, Never sick a Trooper cross'd the Tweed.

Trumpet found to Victory,
Ife kill (my felf) the next Dundee;
Love, and Fate, and Rage, do all agree,
To do fome glorious Deed by me:
Great Bellonz, take my part,
Fame and Glory, charm my Heart;
That for Love, and bonny Scotland's Good,
Some brave Action may deferve my Blood.
Nought shall appear,

Of Female Fear,
Fighting by his Side, I love so dear;
All the North shall own,

There ne'er was known Such a sprightly Lass, this thousand Year.

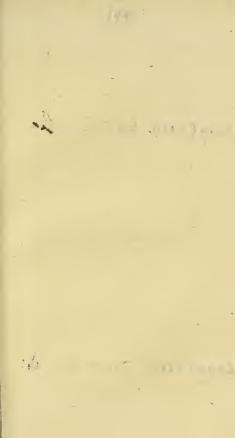
SONG CCXXI. Great Alexander's, &c.

REAT Alexander's Horse,

Bucephalus by Name;

That long has been enrolled

Within the Books of Fame:



Bong C.C.XXII. Her Eyes, See

Song CCXXIII. THERE Was, &:



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Song CCXXIV. Tellmeno, &c

1702 S. My CERD . 20 To 120, Carry

Song CLXXV. Wealth &

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Song CEXXVI. The Fortune, Cre.

The work was to get &

Song CEXXVII. He himself, &c

Song CEXXXIII. Why so, & 4

Song CEAXIX. A Whiq &.

Songlexxx. The bonny Christchurch Bello. Song CEXXXI. Belinda's, &c

songecand. Happy the, &c.

Song CCXXXIII. Fre Amerillio, Sic.

song cexxxiv. Caelia, that, &.

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Song CEXXXV. Three merty, 25

12/01 and the state of t But if there be, we need not care, A Nose of Wax our Statutes are. Invention now is barren grown, The Matter's out, the Nose is blown.

SONG CCXXXVI. Still I'm, &c.

Still the's giving, I requiring;
Yet each Gift I think too small,
Still the more I am presented,
Still the less I am contented;
Tho' she vows she has given me all.

Can Drufila give no more?
Has she lavisht'd all her Store?
Must my Hopes to Nothing fall?
Oh you know not half your Treasure;
Give me more, give over Measure,
Yet you can never, never give me all.

SONG CCXXXVII. The Fire, &c.

THE Fire of Love in Youthful Blood,
Like what is kindled in Bruss Wood,
But for a Moment burns;
Yet in that Moment makes a mighty Noise,
It crackles, and to Vapours turns,
And soon it self, it self destroys,
And soon it self, it felf destroys.

But when crept into Aged Veins, It flowly burns, and long remains, And with a fullen Heat, Like Fire in Logs, it glows and warms 'er

Like Fire in Logs, it glows and warms em long. And the the Flame be not fo great, Yet is the Heat, the Heat as strong, Yet is the Heat, the Heat as strong. SONG CCXXXVIII. One Sunday, &c. NE Sunday after Mass, Dormet and his

Lafs,

To the Green Wood did pafe, All alone, all alone, all alone, all alone; He ask'd for one Pogue, she call'd him a Rogue, And struck him with her Brogue. Oh hone! Oh hone! Oh hone!

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Said he, my dear Joy, why will you be Coy.

Let us Play, let us Toy,

All alone, all alone, all alone; If I were too Mild, you are fo very Wild, You will get me with Shild,

Ob bone! Ob bone! Ob bone!

He brib'd her with Sloes, and brib'd her with Nuts.

Then a Thorn prick'd her Foot, Halla lu, halla lu, halla lu;

Let me pull it out, You'll hurt me, I doubt, And make me to fliout,

Halla lu, balla lu, balla lus

SONG CCXXXIX. Bless Mortals, &c.

B Less Mortals, bless the clearing Light, That flows from Calia's Eyes, For never did a Star fo bright

In Beauty's Heav'n rife :

And whilft a Crown's uneafy Weight, And all the mighty Toils of State, She foftens with her Charms, Blefs, blefs the happy Monarch in her Arms.

Who lives that does not yield to Love, And oft his Joys renew; And yet how few in Kings approve, What they themselves pursue.

The murm'ring Crowd themselves afford The pleasures they deny their Lord, Tho' Love is Empire's Dower, To recompence the Slavery of Power,

SONG CCXL. Young Phaon, &c.

Y Oung Phaon strove the Bliss to taste,
But Sappho still deny'd;
She struggl'd long, the Youth at last
Lay panting by her side.
Useless he lay, Love would not wait,
Till they could both agree,
They idly languish'd in Debate,
When they should Active be.

At last, come ruin me, she cry'd, And then there fell a Tear: I'll in my Breast my Blushies hide,

Do all that Virgins fear.

O, that Age cou'd Love's Rites perform,
We make Old Men obey;

They court us long, Youth does but storm, And plunder and away.

SONG CCXLI. As fair Olinda, & a

A Sfair Olinda fitting was
Eeneath a finady Tree;
Much Love I did profess to her,
And fite the like to me:
But when I kis'd her lovely Lips,
And press her to be kind:
She cry'd, Oh no, but I remember,
Womens Words are Wind.

Ihugg'd her till her Breath grew fhort, Then farther did intrude; She feratch'd and firuggi'd modefily, And told me I was rude: [214]

I begg'd her pardon Twenty times, And fome Concern did feign; But like a bold prefumptuous Sinner, Did the like again.

Did the like again,
At laft I did by Dalliance raife,
The pretty Nymph's defire;
Our Inclinations equal were,
And mutual was our Fire:
Then in the height of Joy she cry'd,
Oh! I'm undone I fear;
Oh! kill me, stick me, stick me,
Kill me, kill me quite my dear.

SONG CCXLII. The the Pride, &c.

THO' the Pride of my Passion fair Sylvia berrays,

And frowns at the Love I Impart;
Tho' kindly her Eyes twift numerous Rays,
To tye a poor fortunate Heart:
Xet her Charms are fo great, I'll be bold in my

Yet her Charms are so great, I'll be bold in my Pain, His Heart is too tender too tender, that's struck

His Heart is too tender, too tender, that's struck with Distain.

Still my Heart is so just to my passionate Eyes, It dissolves with Delight while I gaze; And he that loves on, tho 'Sylvia denies, His Love but his Duty obeys:

I no more can refrain her Neglests to pursue,
Than the Force, the Force
Of her Beauty can cease to subdue.

SONG CCXLIII. Blandufia! &c.

B. Landusia! Nymph of this fair Spring,
Appear, while we your Vertues sing;
While swelling Notes dorraise your Name,
And flowing Numbers spread your Fame.

See! round your Wells we thronging stand, Now gentle wave your Sacred Wand, And rouch the yielding Mountain's Brow, And let your healing Waters slow.

They cure the thinking Matron's Spleen, The longing Virgin's fickly Geeen; Cool the good Fellow's glowing Veins, And purge a raving Poet's Brains,

You mingle with 'em pureft Air, Which freams from Hills that touch the Sky: That fpacious Valley yield the Fair, Which feeds the vaft luxurious Eve.

The greatest Dainties here we see!
Delicious Villa's sweetest Groves;
Each thing in full Maturity,
Which courts the Eye, or Fancy moves.

With what Varieries the bright,
The noble Thames regales the Sight!
over'd with Barks which Plenty brings,
The Sweets of Zephyr's laden Wings.

His gliding by Elystan Fields, In frequent Twines strange Pleasure yields ; And those so near fair watry Plains, Where ride such royal Fleets of Swains.

Two Chiefs I've feen with pleafing Pain, A long and bloody Fight maintain; Ruffled and under Sail like Jove, Stemming the stronger Tide of Love.

SONG CCXLIV. To all young, &c.

To all young Men that love to Wooe,
To Kifs and Dance, and Tumble too;
Draw near and Counfel take of me,
Your faithful Pilot I will be:

[216]

Kifs who you pleafe, Joan, Kate, or Mary, Bur still this Counsel with you carry, Never Marry.

Court not a Country Lady, she Knows not how to value thee; She hath no am'rous Passion, but What Tray, or Quando has for Slut. To Lick, to Whine, to Frisk, to Cover, She'll suffer thee, or any other

Thus to Love her.

Her Daughter she's now come to Town,
In a rich Linfey Woolfey Gown;
About her Neck a valued Prize,
A Necklace made of Whitings Eyes:
With List for Garters bove her Knee,
And Bruath that smells of Fermity
's not for thee.

Of Widows Witchcrafts have a Care, For if they catch you in their Snare; You must as daily Labourers do, Bestill a shoving with your Plow, If any rest you do require, They then deceive you of your Hire,

And retire

The Maiden Ladies of the Town, Are scarcely worth your throwing down! For when you have possession got Of Venus? Mark, or Honey-pot: There's such a stir with marry me, That one would half foreswear to see

Any fhe.

If that thy Fancy do desire
A glorious out-side, rich Attire;
Come to the Court, and there you'll find
Enough of such to please your Mind:
But it you get too near their Lap,
You're sure to meet with the Mishap,
Call'd a Clap.

[217]

With greafy painted Faces dreft, With butter'd Hair, and fucus'd Breaft ; . Tongues with Diffimulation tipt, Lips which a Million have them fipp'd : There's nothing got by fuch as thefe, But Achs in Shoulders, Pains in Knees For your Fees.

In fine, if thou delight'st to be Concern'd in Woman's Company, Make it the Study of thy Life, To find a rich, young, handsome Wife: That can with much Diferer on be Dear to her Husband, kind to thee.

Secretly.

In fuch a Miftress, there's the Blifs, Ten Thousand Joys wrapt in a Kiss; And in th' Embraces of her Waist A Million more of Pleafures tafte: Who e'er would Marry that could be Bleft with fuch Opportunity?

Never me.

SONG CCXLV. Singing charms, &c.

Inging charms the Bleft above: Angels fing, and Saints approves All we below of Heav'n can know, Is that they both fing and Love.

Mira bath an Angel's Air; Sweet her Notes, her Face as fair. Vaffals and Kings

Feel when fhe fings Charms of warbling Beauty near. Savage Nature conquer'd lyes,

All is Wonder and Surprize; Souls expiring, Hearts a firing

By her charming Notes and Eye.

Let the Viol and the Harp Hang and moulder till they warp; Let Flute and Lyre In Dust expire, Shatter'd by a Vocal Sharp.

SONG CCXLVI. Pretty Armida, &c.

Retty Armida will be kind,
When at her Feet you profitate lie;
No cruel Look was e'er defign'd,
To dwell within her charming Eye:
Gaze on her Face, and every Part,
That is exposed to your View;
You'll presently conclude her Heart
To be so fost, 'twill yield to you.

But first 'tis sit you try your Skill,
You may not think that without Pain,
And some Attendance on her Will,
So rich a Prize you shall obtain:
Wooers like Angling-men, must wait
Womens Time, and give them play,
'Till she has swallow'd well the Bait,
Before she will become their Prev.

What the' Armida's Looks be kind,
And you read Yielding in her Eyes;
Yet you alas! may quickly find,
Those Charms do nought but tantalize:
Her Heart may not so easy be
As you imagine, but may prove

As you imagine, but may prove As hard as Adamant to thee, And Proof against the Darts of Love.

Your Skill, and all the Art you have, Make Trial of, Sir, if you please; Tell her, you are her Captive Slave, And beg of her Relief and Ease:

[219]

But she'll not bear you, for she spies, That underneath your gilded Bair A crafty Hook inclosed lies, So from your Angle she'll retreat.

SONG CCXLVII. Man, (Man, &c.

MAN, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made, And the Woman made for Man; As the Spur is for the Jade, As the Scabbard for the Blade,

As for digging is the Spade, As for Liquor is the Can,

So Man, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made, And the Woman made for Man.

As the Scepter's to be sway'd, As for Night's the Serenade, As for Pudding is the Pan, And to cool us is the Fan,

So Man, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made, And the Woman made for Man.

Be she Widow, Wife or Maid,
Be she wanton, be she stay'd,
Be she well, or ill array'd,
Whore, Bawd, or Hatridan,
Yet Man, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
And the Woman made for Man.

SONG CCXLVIII. Take not a, &c.

A K E not a Woman's Anger ill,
But let this be your Comfort still,
This be your Comfort still,
That if one won't another will:
Tho' she that's foolish does deny,
She, she that is Wifer will comply,

And if 'tis but a Woman what care I, What care I, what care I, If 'tis but a Woman what care I.

Then who'd be damn'd, to swear untrue, And Sigh, and Weep, and Whine, and Wooe, As all our simple Concombs do; All Women love it, and tho' this Does sullenly forbid the Bliss, Try but the next you cannot mis.

SONG CCXLIX. Since there's, &c.
SINGE there's fo small Diffrence 'twixt
drowning and drinking,
We'll ripple and pray too, like Mariners sink-

ing; Whilft they drink Salt-Water, we'll pledge 'em

in Wive, And pay our Devotion at Bacchus's Shrine: Oh! Bacchus, great Bacchus, for ever defend us, And plentiful Store of good Burgundy fend us.

From cens'ring the State, and what passes above, From a Sorfeit of Cabbage, from Law-suits and Love:

From medling with Swords, and fuch dangerous things,

And handling of Guns in defiance of Kings:

From riding a Jade that will flart at a Feather, Or ending a Journey with Loss of much Leather, From the Folly of dying for Grief or Despair, With our Heads in the Water, or Heels in the Air:

Oh! Bacchus, &.c.

From a Ulurer's Gripe, and from every Man, That holdly pretends to do more than he can; Song CCL. Sir Eglamore, &:

. 1 2211.

314

Song Cell. If youwill, &:

Teeth yellow as Box Half out with the Pox, Her Breath fweet as Socks, Or the Scent of a Fox: Lips swarthy and dun, With a Mouth like a Gun, And her Twattle does run As swift as the Sun,

Hair lousse with Nits, She still hauks and spits: And hems up great Bits: And hems up great Bits: She has long unpar'd Nails, Hands cover dwith Scales, She's still full of Ails, And to sink never fails.

Her Back has a Hill, You may plant a Wind-mill, And the Farts of this Gill Would the Sails well trill; I've taken my fill, Of the fufty old Gill, Which she took to ill, That I laid down my Quill.

SONG CCLII. Go tell Amintor, &c.

O tell Amintor, gentle Swain,
I would not die, nor dare complain;
Thy tuneful Voice with Numbers join,
Thy Voice will more prevail than mine:
For Souls oppres'd and drown'd with Grief,
The Gods ordain'd this kind Relief;
That Musick should in Sounds convey
What dying Lovers dare not say.
A Sigh or Tear perhaps she'd give,
But Love and Pity cannot live;

Tell her that Hearts for Hearts were made. And Love with Love is only paid: Tell her my Pains fo fast encrease. That foon they will be past Redress: For ah! the Wretch that speechless lies, Attends but Death to close his Eyes.

SONG CCLIII. Fancelia's Heart, &c.

Ancelia's Heart is still the same, Hard and cold as Winter's Morning, Tho' my Love is ever burning; Yet no Frowns or Smiles can ever Melt her Ice, or cool my Fever, Melt her Ice, or cool my Fever.

So long I talk and think of Love. All the Groves and Streams can name her All the Nymphs and Echo's blame her. If the keeps her cruel Fashion, Nought but Death can eafe my Paffion.

Of all the Charms that Lovers have, All the Sighs, the Groans, the Anguish, All the Looks with which I languish ; Moves not her to any Feeling, Beauty takes Delight in Killing.

SONG CCLIV. All my paft, &c.

LL my past Life is mine no more, The flying Hours are gone, Like transitory Dreams giv'n o'er, Whose Images are kept in Store, By Memory alone ...

Whatever is to come is not, How can it then be mine? The present Moment's all my Lot. And that as fast as it is got, Phillis is only thine.

[225]

Then talk not of Inconstancy, False Hearts and broken Vows; If I by Miracle can be This long-liv'd Minute true to thee, It's all that Heav'n allows.

SONG CCLV. When I fee, &c.

With Lucinda's Charms oppreft;
When I fee his Pain and Anguish,
Pity moves my tender Breast:
Sighs so soft, and Tears so moving,
Who can see and hold from Loving?
Sighs so soft, &c.

Strephon's plain and humble Nature
Mov'd me first to hear his Tale:
Strephon's Truth by ev'ry Creature,
Is proclaim'd through all the Vale:
There's not a Nymph that wou'd not chuse him,
Why should I alone refuse him?
There's not, &c.

SONG CCLVI. In vain fe, &co.

N vain the frowns, in vain the tries
The Dates of her disdainful Eyes;
She still is charming, still is sais,
And must love, tho I despair:
Nor can I of my Fate complain, or her Disdain,
Who would not die, to be so sweetly slain!

Like those who Magick-Spells employ, At distance wound and those destroy; She kills with her severe Disdain, And absent I endure the Pain; But spare, O spare your cruel Art; the fatal Dare Stabs your own Image in your Lover's Heart, SONG CCLVII. Lovely Laurinda! &c.

Ovely Laurinda! blame not me,
If on your beauteous Looks I gaze;
How can I help it, when I fee
Something to charming in your Face!
That like a bright unclouded Sky,
When in the Air the Sun-beams play;
It ravishes my wandring Eye,
And warms me with a pleasing Ray.

SONG CCLVIII. Dermot lov'd, &c.

Ermot lov'd Sheela well, and strove her
Heart to gain,
No mortal Tongue can tell Dermot's great Pain;
And still he cry'd Sheela gra, Sheela joy, Sheela

joy, Still he cry'd Sheela joy, wilt thou be mine?

I have Six Sheep my Joy, Ten Goats and Twenty Swine,

All dees I'll give to dee if doul't be mine; And fill he cry'd Sheela gra, Sheela joy, Sheela, ioy,

Still he cry'd Sheela joy, wilt thou be mine?

I have Potattoes, and good bonny Clabber too; Ruscam and Cream, joy, wherewith you may slabber you.

Arra take me den, Sheela joy, Sheela joy, Sheela joy,

Take me then, Sheela joy, and make me thine. Arra speak to me, Sheela joy, what makes thy

Mouth fo,

If you will be wid me, fqueeze my great
Thumb: dumb.

Arra squeeze it dear Sheela joy, Sheela joy, Sheela

Squeeze it hard Sheela gra, till the Blood come.

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[227]

SONG CCLIX. Poor Cleonice, &c.

POOR Cleonice thy Garlands tear From off thy Widow'd Brows And bind thy loofe difhevell'd Hair With Yew and Cypress now : And fince the Gods decreed his Years Shou'd have fo short a Date; Let thy fad Eyes pay Seas of Tears In Tribute to his Fate.

The Trees a duller Green have worn Since that dear Swain is gone; The render Flocks their Pasture mourn.

And bleat a fadder Moan : The Birds that did frequent thefe Groves,

To happy Mansions fly -And all that once fmil'd on our Loves.

Now from to bid me dye.

SONG CCLX. Spare, mighty, &c.

PARE, mighty Love, O spare a Slave, That at thy Feet for Mercy lyes : What would thy cruel Godhead have, See how he bleeds, fee how he dyes!

Upon a noble Conquest go, And for thy Glory and my Peace, O make the scornful Calia know The Pains she now regardless fees. Omake, &c.

Dye all thy Arrows in my Tears, And fubtly poifon fo each Dart ; That spite of all those Arms she wears, The Point at last may reach her Heart: Revenge, revenge the Wounds I bear, And make our Fortunes fo agree, That I may find that Cure from her,

Which she may need as much from me;

That I may, &c.

S O N G CCLXI. If ever you, &cc.

T F ever you mean to be kind,
To me the Favour, the Favour allow;
For fear that to Morrow should alter my Mind,
Oh! let me now, now, now.
If in Hand then a Guinea you'll give,
And swear by this kind Embrace;
That another to Morrow, as you hope to live,
Oh! then I will strait unlace:
For why should we two disagree,
Since we have, we have Opportunity?

SONG CCLXII. Since Cælia, & ...

SINCE Calia only has the Art, And only the can captivate, And wanton in my Breaft; All other Pleafures I despife, Than what are from my Calia's Eyes, In her alone I'm blest.

Whene'er she smiles, new Life she gives, And happy, happy who receives From her Inchanting Breath; Then prithee Calia, smile once more, Since I no longer must adore, For when you frown 'tis Death.

SONG CCLXIII. Chloe found, &c.

HLOE found Love for his Psyche in Tears, She play'd with his Dart, and smil'd at his Fears;

Till feeling at length the Poison it keeps, Cupid he smiles, and Chloe she weeps: Till feeling at length the Poison it keeps, Cupid he smiles, and Chloe she weeps. Cupid he smiles, and Chloe she weeps. S O N G CCLXIV. Come, come, &c.

OM E, come ye Nymphs,
Come ye Nymphs, and ev'ry Swain,
Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,
Galatea leaves the Main,
To revive us, to revive us, to revive us, on the

To revive us, to revive us, to revive us on the Plain;

Côme, come, come, come ye Nymphs, Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain, Côme ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain, Galatea leaves the Main, To revive us on the Plain, Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain.

SONG CCLXV. If I bear, &c.

F I hear Orinda swear,
She cures my Jealous Smart;
If I hear Orinda Swear,
She cures my Jealous Smart;
The Treachery becomes the Fair,
And doubly Fires my Heart;
The Treachery becomes the Fair,

And doubly Fires my Heart. Beauty's Strength and Treasure In Falshood still remain;

In Falliood Itili remain;
She gives the greateft Pleafure,
That gives the greateft Pain;
That gives the greateft Pain:
She gives the greateft Pleafure,
That gives the greateft Pleafure,

She gives the greatest Pleasure, She gives the greatest Pleasure, That gives the greatest Pain, That gives the greatest Pain. SONG CCLXVI. Some brag of, &c.

Some cry up their Calia, and bright Amaryllis.
Thus Poets and Lovers their Mistresses dub,
And Goddesses seam'd from the Wash-bowl and

Tub;
But away with these Fistions, and counterfeit

But away w Folly:

There's a thousand more Charms in the Name of my Delly.

I cannot describe you her Beauty and Wit, Like Manna to each she's a relishing Bir; She alone by Enjoyment the more does prevail, And fill with fresh Pleasures does hoist up your Sail:

Nay, had you a Sorfeit but took of all others, One Look from my Dolly your Stomach recovers?

S O N G CCLXVII. Oh! how, &c.

H! how you protest and solemnly swear,
Look humble, and sawn like an Ass;
I'm pleas'd, I must own, whenever I see
A Lover that's brought to this pass.

Keep, keep further off, you're naughty I fear, I yow I will never, will never, will never yield to't;

You ask me in vain; for never I fwear, I never, no never, I never, no never, I never, no never will do't.

For when the Deed's done, how quickly you go,
No more of the Lover remains,

In haste you depart, whate'er we can do, And stubbornly throw off your Chains: Defift then in time, ler's hear on't no more, I vow I will never yield to't; You promise in vain, in vain you adore, For I will never, no never do't.

SONG CCLXVIII. Hark! now, &c.

HARK! now the Drums bear up again,
For all true Soldiers Gentlemen,
Then let us lift, and march, I fay,
Over the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills and o'er the Main,
To Flanders, Portugal and Spain,
Queen Anne commands, and we'll obey,
Over the Hills and far away.

All Gentlemen that have a Mind,
To ferve the Queen that's good and kind;
Come lift and enter into Pay,
Then o'er the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

Here's Forty Shillings on the Drum, For shofe that Volunteers do come, With Shirts, and Cloaths, and prefent Pay, When o'er the Hills and far away; Over the Hills, &cc.

Hear that brave Boys, and let us go, Or elfe we shall be prest, you know; Then list and enter into Yay, And o'er the Hills and far away; Over the Hills, &c.

The Constables they search about, To find such brisk young Fellows our; Then let's be Volunteers, I say, Over the Hills and far away; Over the Hills, &c.

Since now the French so low are brought, And Wealth and Honout's to be got, [232]

Who then behind wou'd fneaking flay ? When o'er the Hills and far away; Over the Hills, &c.

No more from Sound of Drum retreat, While Marlborough and Gallway beat The French and Spaniards every Day, When over the Hills and far away; Over the Hills, &cc.

He that is forc'd to go to fight,
Will never get true Honour by't,
While Volunteers shall win the Day,
When o'er the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

What the our Friends our Absence mourn, We all with Honour shall return; And then we'll sing both Night and Day, Over the Hills and sar away; Over the Hills, &c.

The Prentice Tom he may refuse To wipe his angry Master's Shoes; For then he's free to sing and play, Over the Hills and far away; Over the Hills, &c.

Over Rivers, Bogs and Springs, We all shall live as great as Kings, And Plunder get both Night and Day, When over the Hills and far away, Over the Hills, &c.

We then shall lead more happy Lives, By getting rid of Brats and Wives, That seed and ery both Night and Day, When o'et the Hills and far away: Over the Hills, &c.

Come on then, Boys, and you shall see, We every one shall Captains be, To Whore and rant as well as they, When over the Hills and far away: Over the Hills, &c.

For if we go, 'tis One to Ten, But we return all Gentlemen, All Gentlemen as well as they, When o'er the Hills and far away: Over the Hills, &c.

SONG CCLXIX. Jilting is in, &c.

Jilting is in fuch a Fashion,
And such a Fame
Runs o'er the Nation,
There's never a Dame
Of highest Rank, or of Name,
Sir, but will stoop to your Caresses,
If you do but put home your Addresses;
It's for that she Paints, and she Patches,
All she hopes to secure is her Name, Sir.

But when you find the Love-fit comes upon her, Never trust much to her Honour: Tho' she may very high stand on't, Yet when her Love is Ascendant.

Her Vertue's quite out of Doors:
High Breeding, rank Feeding,
With lazy Lives leading,
In Ease and soft Pleasures,
And taking loose Measures,
With Play-house Diversions,
And Midnight Excursions,
With Balls Masquerading,
And Nights Serenading,
Debauch the Sex into Whores, Sira

SONG CCLXX. Farewel, &c.

Farewel, ungrateful Traytor,
Farewel my perjur'd Swain:
Let never injur'd Creature
Believe a Man again:
The Pleafure of poffetting
Surpaffes all expressing,
But Joy's too short a Blessing,
And Love too long a Pain:
But Joy's too long a Blessing,
And Love too long a Pain.

'Tis easie to deceive us,
In pity of your Pain;
But when we love, you leave us
To rail at you in vain:
Before we have descry'd it;
There is no Bliss beside it;
But she that once has try'd it,

Will never love again.

The Passion you presented,
Was only to obtain;
But when the Charm is ended,

The Charmer you difdain: Your Love by ours we measure, 'Till we have lost our Treasure; But dying is a Pleasure, When living is a Pain.

SONG CCLXXI. You I love, &c.

OU I love by all that's true,
More than all things here below;
With a Paffion far more great,
Than e'er Creature loved yet:
And yet fill you cry forbear,
Leve no mere, or Love not here.

Bid the Mifer leave his Ore, Bid the Wretched figh no more, Bid the Old be Young again, Bid the Nun not think or Man: Sylvia thus when you can do, Bid me then not think on you.

Love's not a thing of Choice, but Fate, What makes me Love, that makes you Hate: Sylvia you do what you will, Ease or Cure, Torment or Kill: Be Kind or Cruel, Fasse or True, Love I must, and none but you.

S O N G CCLXXII. Let's be, &c.

E T's be merry, blith and jolly,
Stupid Dulness is a Folly;
'Tis the Spring that doth invite us,
Hark, the chirping Birds delight us:
Let us dance and raife our Voices,
Every Creature now rejoices;
Airy Blafts and fpringing Flowers,
Verdant Coverings, pleafant Showers:
Each plays his Part to compleat this our Joy,
And can we be fo dull as to deny?

Here's no foolish surly Lover,
That his Passion will discover;
No conceited soppish Creature,
That is proud of Cloaths or Feature:
All things here serene and free are,
They're not Wise, are not as we are,
Who acknowledge Heaven's Blessings
In our innocent Caressings:
Then let us Sing, let us Dance, let us Play,
'Tis the Time is allow'd, 'tis the Month of
May.

[236]

SONG CCLXXIII. No, Phillis, &c.

O, Phillis, the' you've all the Charms
Ambitious Woman can defire;
All Beauty, Wit, and Youth that warms,
Or fets our foolish Hearts on fire:
Yet you may practife all your Arts,
In vain to make a Slave of me;
You ne'er shall re-engage my Heart,
Revolted from your Tyranny:
Tou ne'er shall re-engage my Heart,
Revolted from your Tyranny.

When first I saw these dang'rous Eyes,
They did om Liberty betray;
But when I knew your Cruelties,
I snatch'd my simple Heart away:
Now I defy your Smiles to win
My resolute Heart, no Pow'r th'ave got:
Tho' once I suck'd their Poison in,
Your Rigour prov'd an Antidore.

SONG CCLXXIV. As unconcern'd, &c.

As unconcern'd and free as Air,
I did retain my Liberty;
Laugh'd at the Fetters of the Fair,
And fcorn'd a beauteous Slave to be:
'Till your bright Eyes furpriz'd my Heart,
And first inform'd me how to Love;
Then Pleafure did invade each Part,
Yet to conceal my Flame 1 strove,

As Indians at a distance pay
Their awful Reverence to the Sun;
And date not 'till he'll bles the Day,
Seem to have any thing begun:
Thus I rest, 'till your Smiles invite,
My Looks and Thoughts I do constrain;
And tremble to express Delight,
Unless you please to ease my Pain.

SONG CCLXXV. Carle and the King come.

W Hen we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely;
Raptures will reward our Pain.
And Lofs refult in Gain, Phely,

Long the Sport of Fortune driv'n, To Despair our Thoughts were giv'n, Our Odds will all be ev'n, Phely, When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Now in dreary diffant Groves,
Tho' we moan like Turtle-doves,
Suffering best our Virtue proves,
And will enhance our Loves, Phely,
Whan we reet again, Phely, Gro.

Joy will come in a Surprize,

'Till its happy Hour arife;

Temper well your love-fick Sighs,

For Hope becomes the wife, Phely,

When we meet again, Phely,

When we meet again, Phely,

Raptures will reward our Pain,

And Lofs result in Gain, Phely.

SONG CCLXXVI. Black-ey'd Susan.

The Pow'rs! was Damon then so blest,
To fall to charming Delia's Share;
Delia, the beauteous Maid, possest
Of all that's fost, and all that's fair?
Here cease thy Bounty, O indulgent Heav'n,
I ask no more, for all my Wish is given.

I came, and Delia smiling show'd, She smil'd, and show'd the happy Name 5 With rising Joy my Heart o'erstow'd, I felt and bleft the new-born Flame. May fostest Pleasures ceaseless round her move, May all her Nights be Joy, and Days be Love.

She drew the Treasure from her Breast, That Breast where Love and Graces play, O Name beyond Expression bless! Thus lodg'd with all that's fair and gay.

To be so lodg'd! the Thought is Extasy, Who would not wish in Paradise to lyc?

SONG CCLXXVII. Hallow Ev'n.

That beauteous Heav'n cre while ferene? Whence do thefe Storms and Tempefts flow? Or what this Guft of Passion mean? And must then Mankind lose that Light, Which in thine Eyes was wont to skine, And lye obscur'd in endless Night For each poor filly Speech of mine?

Dear Child, how can I wrong thy Name, Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all Hands,
That could ill Tongues abuse thy Fame,
Thy Beauty can make large Amends:
Or if I durk profanely try
Thy Beauty's pow'rful Charms t'upbraid,
Thy Virtue well might give the Lie,
Nor call thy Beauty to its Aid.

For Venus every Heart t'ensnare, With all her Charms has deckt thy Face, And Pallas with unusual Care. Bids Wisdom heighten ev'ry Grace, Who can the double Pain endure? Or who must not resign the Field To thee, celestial Maid, secure With Capid's Bow and Pallas' Shield?

If then ro thee such Pow'r is given, Let not a Wretch in Torment live, [239]

But smile, and learn to copy Heav'n, Since we must sin, ere it forgive. Yet pitying Heav'n not only does Forgive th' Offender and th' Offence, But even itself, appeas'd, bestows As the Reward of Penicence.

SONG CCLXXVIII. A Pedlar, &c.

A Pedlar proud, as I heard rell,
He came into a Town:
With certain Wares he had to fell,
Which he cry'd up and down:
At first of all he did begin
With Ribbonds, or Laces, Points, or Pins,
Gartering, Girdling, Tape, or Filleting,
Maids any Cunny-skins.

I have of your fine perfumed Gloves,
And made of the best Doe-skin;
Such as young Men do give their Loves,
When they their Favour win:
Besides he had many a prettier Thing
Than Ribbonds, &cc.

I have of your fine Necklaces, As ever you did behold; And of your Silk Handkerchiefs, That are lac'd round with Gold: Besides he had many a prettier Thing Than Ribbonds, &c.

Good Fellow, says one, and smiling sat, Your Measure does somewhar pinch; Beside you measure at that rate, It wants above an Inch: And then he shew'd her a prettier Thing Than Ribbonds, &c.

The Lady was pleased with what she had seens And vow'd and did protest;

Unless he'd shew it her once again, She never shou'd be at rest: With that he shew'd her her his prettier Thing Than Ribbonds, &cc.

With that the Pedlar began to huff, And faid his Measure was good, If that she pleased to try his Stuff, And take it whils it stood: And than he gave her a pretrier Thing Than Ribbonds, &c.

Good Fellow, faid she, when you come again, Pray bring good store of your Ware; And for new Customers do not sing, For I'll take all and to spare: With that she hugg'd his prettier Thing Than Ribbonds, or Laces, Points, or Pins, Gartering, Girdling, Tape, or Filleting, Maids any Cunny skins.

SONG CCLXXIX. Augustus, &c.

A Ugustus crown'd with Majesty,
His weighty Cares removing;
Reheld this World, but nought could fpy,
Worth Royal Thought, but Loving:
A Synod of the Geds appear,

And vote their Sacred Sense: That none but the divinest Fair Should bless the greatest Prince.

Sophronia their Command obeys,
Sophronia their chief-Bleffing;
With dove-like Innocence, her Face
Was fweet beyond experfing:
A Time commanding Beauty unif,
While the World lafts, be fine;
And when the World is shook to Duft,
The Sun will cease to thine.

I cannot blame thee: Were I Lord Of all the Wealth those Breasts afford, I'd be a Miser 100, nor give An Alms to keep a God alive. Oh Smile not thus, my lovely Fair, On these cold Looks that lifeless Airs Prize him whose Bosom glows with Fire, With eager Love and fost Delire.

"Tis true thy Charms, O powerful Maid!
To Life can bring the fileut Shade:
Thou can'th furpais the Painter's Art,
And real Warmth and Flames impart.
But oh! it ne'er can love like me,
I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:
Then, Charmer, grant my fond Requeft,
Say thou canst love, and make me blest.

SONG CCLXXX. Pain'd with, &c.

P Ain'd with her flighting Jamie's Love, Bell dropt a Tear—Bell dropt a Tear, The Gods defcended from above, Well pleas'd to hear—Well pleas'd to hear, They heard the Praifes of the Youth From her own Tongue—from her own Tongue, Who now converted was to Truth, And thus she sung—and thus she sung.

Bleft Days when our ingenious Sex,
More frank and kind — more frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd Adorers vex;
But spoke their Mind — but spoke their Mind.
Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
Wou'd he return — wou'd he return,
She ne'er again wou'd give him Care,
Or cause him mourn — or cause him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee deferring Swain, Yet still thought shame, - yet still thought shame, When he my yielding Heart did gain, To own my Flame — to own my Flame? Why took I pleafure to torment, And seem too coy — and seem too coy? Which makes me now alas! lament My slighted Joy — my slighted Joy.

Ye Fair, while Beauty's in its Spring,
Own your Defire — own your Defire,
While Love's young Power with his foft Wing
Fans up the Fire — fans up the Fire.
O do not with a filly Pride,
Or low Defign — or low Defign,
Refuse to be a happy Bride,
But answer plain — but answer plain.

Thus the fair Mourner wail'd her Crime, With flowing Eyes — with flowing Eyes. Glad Jamie heard her all the Time, With sweet Surprize — with sweet Surprize. Some God had led him to the Grove; His Mind unchang'd — his Mind unchang'd, Flew to her Arms, and cry'd, my Love, I am reveng'd — I am reveng'd!

SONG CCLXXXI. As from a, &c.

A S from a Rock past all Relief,
The shipwreckt Colin spying
Nis 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 Surprize:
New Life springs up, he lift his Eyes
With Joy, and waits her Motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
I fcorn'd was, and deferted,
Low with Despair my Spirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted:

[243]

Thus droopt I, till diviner Grace I found in Peggy's Mind and Face; Ingratitude appear'd then base, Vertue more engaging.

Then now fince happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying;
Let Beauty yield to manly Wit,
We lofe ourfelves in flaying:
I'll hafte 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 outsline them.

SONG CCLXXXII. The for, &c.

HO' for feven Years and mair, Honour shou'd reave me,

To Fields where Cannons rair, thou need na

grieve thee:

For deep in my Spirits thy Sweets are indented; And Love shall preserve ay what Love has imprinted.

Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee, Gang the Warld as it will, dearest, believe mes

NELLY.
O Jonny! I'm jealous when'er ye discover
My Sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose Rover.

And nought i' the Warld wad vex my Heart fairer,

If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer. Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me! A' the lang Night and Day, if you deceive me.

JONNY.

My Nelly, let never sie Fancies oppress ye, For, while my Blood's warm, I'll kindly carels ye: Your blooming saft Beauties first beeted Love's Fire.

Your Vertue and Wit make it ay flame the higher-Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee, Gang the Warld as it will, dearest, believe me,

NELLY.

Then, Jonny, I frankly this Minute allow ye To think me your Mistrifs, for Love gars me trow ye,

And gin ye prove fause, to ye'r sell be it said

then,

Ye'll win but sma' Honour to wrang a kind Maiden. Reave me, reave me, Heavens! it wad reave me

Of my rest Night and Day, if ye deceive me.

Bid Iceshogles hammer red Gauds on the Studdy. And fair Simmer Mornings nae mair appear rud-

dy:
Bid Britons think ae gate and when they obey ye,
But never till that Time, believe I'll betray ye.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
The Starns fhall gang Withershins ere I deceive
thee.

SONG CCLXXXIII. My Deary, &c.

OVE 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. [245]

Thy Beauties did fuch 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 filent Day.

I ne'er can so much Vertue 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 fuch Sweets impart, Must all the World engage.

Twas this that like the Morning Sun Gave Joy and Life to me;

And when it's destin'd Day is done, With Peggy let me die.

We Pow'rs that smile on vertuous Love, And in such Pleasure share; You who it's 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.

SONG CCLXXXIV. Sweet Sir, &cc.

S Weet Sir, for your Courtesse,
When ye come by the Bass then,
For the Leove ye bear to me,
Buy me a Keeking-glass then,
Keek into thee Draw-well,
Janet, Janet;

And there ye'll fee ye'r bonny fell, My Jo Janct.

Keeking in the Draw-well clear,
What if I shou'd fa' in,
Syne a' my Kin will fay and swear,
I drown'd my felf for Sin.
Had the better be the Brae,
Janet, Janet;
Had the better be the Brae,
My fo Janet.

Good Sir, for your Courtefie,
Coming through Aberdeen then,
For the Love ye bear to me,
Buy me a Pair of Shoon then.
Clout the auld, the new are dear,
Janet, Janet;
As Pair may gaen ye baff a Year,
My 70 Janet.

But what if dancing on the Green,
And skipping like a Mawking,
If they shou'd fee my clouted Shoon,
Of me they will be tauking,
Dance ay laigh, and late at E'en,
Janet, Janet,
Syne a' thir Fants will no be feen,
My 76 Janet.

Kind Sir, for your Courtefy,
When ye gae to the Crofs then,
For the Love ye bear to me,
Buy me a Pacing Horfe then.
Pace upo' your Spinning-wheel.
Janet, Janet,
Pace upo' your Spinning-wheel,
My To Janet.

My Spinning-wheel is auld and fliff, The Rock o't winna fland, Sis, [247]

To keep the Temper-pin in tiff, Employs aft my Hand, Sir. Make the best o't that ye can, Janet, Janet; But like it never wale a Man, My Jo Janet.

SON G CCLXXXV. John Anderson.

HAT means this Niceness now of late, Since Time that Truth does prove? Such Distance may consist with State, But never will with Love.

Tis either Cunning or Disdain That does such ways allow; The first is base, the last is vain: May neither happen you.

For if it be to draw me on,
You over-act your Part;
And if it be to have me gone,
You need not haff that Art:
For if you chance a Look to cast,
That feems to be a Frown,
I'll give you all the Love that's past,
The rest shall be my own.

SONG CCLXXXVI. Come kifs, &c.

PEGGT.

Y Jockie blyth for what thou has done,
There is nae Help nor Mending;
For thou has jogg'd me out of Tune,
For a'thy fair pretending.
My Mither fees a Ghange on me,
For my Complexion dafties,
And this, alas! has been with thee
Sae late amang the Rafties.

[248]

JOCKIE.
My Peggy what Pre faid I'll do,
To free thee frae her Scouling;
Come then and let us buckle to,
Nae langer let's be fooling:
For her Content I'll inftant wed,
Singe thy Complexion daffies;
And then we'll try a Feather-bed,
'Tis fafter than the Raffies.

P E G G T.
Then Jockie fince thy Love's fo true,
Let Mither feoul, I'm eafy:
Sae long's I live I ne'er shall rue
For what I've done to please thee.
And there's my Hand I's ne'er complain:
O! well's me on the Rashes;
Whene'er thou like I'll do't again,
And a feg for a' their Clashes.

SONG CCLXXXVII. The young Laird and Edinburgh KATY.

OW wat ye wha I met yestreen, Coming down the Street, my Jo? My Mistrifs in her Tartan Screen, Fow bony, braw and sweet, my Jo. My Dear, quoth I, thanks to the Night, That never wisht a Lover ill, Since ye're out of your Mither's Sight, Let's take a Wank up to the Hill.

O Katy, wiltu gang wi' me,
And leave the dinfome Town a while;
The Bloffom's fprouting frac the Tree,
And a' the Summer's gawn to fimile:
The Mavis, Nightingale and Lark,
The bleeting Lambs and whifiling Hynd,
In ilka Dale, Green, Shaw and Park,
Will nourish Health, and glad ye'r Mind.

[249]

Soon as the clear Goodman of Day Bends his Morning Draught of Dew, We'll gae to fome Burn-ade, and play, And gather Flowers to busk ye'r Brow. We'll pou the Daides on the Green, The lucken Gowans frac the Bog: Between Hands, now and then we'll lean, And foort upo' the velvet Fog.

There's up into a pleafant Glen,
A wee piece free my feather's Tower,
A canny, faft and flow'ry Den,
Which circling Birks have form'd a Bower:
Whene'er the oun grows high and warm,
Well to the cauler Shade remove,
There will I lock thee in mine Arm,
And love and kifs, and kifs and and love.

SONG CCLXXXVIII. KATY's Answer.

M Y Mither's ay glowran o'er me,
Tho' she did the same before me;
I canna get Leave
To look to my Love,
Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take ye'r Offer, Sweet Sir. but I'll tine my Tocher; Then, Sandy, ye'll fret, And wyte ye'r poor Kate, Whene'er ye keek in your toom Coffer,

For the my Father has plenty Of Siller and Plenishing dainty, Yet he's unco sweer To twin wi' his Gear; And sae we had need to be tenty. [250]

Tutor my Parents wi' Caution,
Be wylie in ilka Motion;
Brag well o' ye'r Land,
And there's my leal Hand,
Win them, I'll be at your Devotion.

SONG CCLXXXIX. Lavia, &c.

AVI A would, but dare not venture,
Fear fo much o'er-rules her Pafilon;
Chloe fuffers all to enter,
Subjects Fame to Inclination:
Neither's Method I admire,
Either is in Love displeasing;
Chloe's Fondness gluts Desire,

Calix by a wifer Measure,
In one faithful Swain's Embraces;
Pays a private Debt to Pleasure,
Yet for Chaft in publick passes:
Fair ones follow Calia's Notion,
Free from Fear and Censure wholly;
Love, but let it be with Caution,
For Extreams are Shame or Folly.

Lavia's Cowardife is teazing.

SONG CCXC. A worthy London, &c.

Worthy London Prentice
Came to his Love by Night;
The Candles they were lighted,
The Moon did fhine so bright:
He knocked at the Door,
To ease him of his Pain;
She rose and let him in Love,
And went to Bed again.

He went into her Chamber, Where his true Love did lyes She quickly gave Confent, For to have his Company: [251]

She quickly gave Confent,
The Neighbours peeping out;
So take away your Hand, Love,
Let's blow the Candle out.

I would not for a Crown, Love, My Miftrefs should it know; I'll in my Smock step down, Love, And I'll out the Candle blow: The Streets they are so nigh, And the People walk about;

And the People walk about; Some may peep in and fpy, Love, Let's blow the Candle out.

My Master and my Mistress
Upon the Bed do lye,
Enjoying one another,
Why should not you and I?
My Master kiss'd my Mistress,
Without any Fear or Doubt;
And we'll kiss one another,
Let's blow the Candle out.

I prithee speak more softly
Of what we have to do;
Lest that our Noise and Talking
Should make our Pleasure rue:
For kissing one another
Will make no evil Rout;

Then let us now be filent, And blow the Candle out.

But yet he must be doing,
He could no longer stay:
She strove to blow the Candle out,
And push'd his Hand away:
The young Man was so hasty,
To lay his Arms about;
But she cry'd, I pray, Love,
Let's blow the Candle out.

As this young Couple sported,
The Maiden she did blow;
But how the Candle went out,
Alas! I do not know;
Said she, I fear not now, Sir,
My Master or my Dame:
And what this Couple did, Sir,
Alas! I dare not name.

SONG CCLCI. Lady sweet, &c.

ADY sweet, now do not frown, Nor in Anger call me Clown, For your Servaut Joan may prove Like your felf, as deep in Love; And as absolute a Bit, Man's sweet liquorish Tooth to fit.

Man's fweet liquorish Tooth to sit.

The Smock alone the difference makes,

Cause yours is spun of liner Flax.

What avails the Name of Madam? Came not all from Father Adam? Where does one exceed the other? Was not Eve our common Mother? Then what odds 'twixt you and Joan? Truly in my Judgment, none.

The Smock, &c.

Ladies are but Blood and Bone, Skin and Sinews, so is Joan; Joan's a Piece for a Man to bore With his Wimble, your's no more. Then what odds, &c.

It is not your flaunting Tires Are the cause of Men's Desires; They're other Darts which Lusts pursue; Those Joan has as well as you. Then, &c.

What care we for Glorious Lights, Women are used in the Nights; And in Night in Women-kind; Kings and Clowns like Sport do find. Then, &c.

Were there two in Bed together, There's not a Pin to chuse 'twirt either, Both have Eyes, and both have Lips; Both have Thighs, and both have Hips; Then, &c.

When your Hands put out the Candle, And you at last begin to handle, Then you go about to do What you should be done unto. Then, &c.

Who can but in Conscience say, Fie, sie, for shame away, away, Putting Finger in the Eye, Till you have a fresh Supply.

Then, &c.

SONG CCXCII. When I was, &c.

When I was in the low Country;
When I was in the low Country;
What Slices of Pudding and Pieces of Bread,
My Mother gave me when I was in need.

My Mother she kill'd a good fat Hog, She made such Puddings would choak a Dog; And I shall ne'er forget 'till that I dee, What Lumps of Pudding my Mother gave me.

She hung them up upon a Pin, The Fat run out, and the Maggots crept in; If you won't believe me you may go and see, What Lumps, Gro.

And every Day my Mother would crys Come stuff your Belly, Girl, until you die;

[254]

'Twould make you to laugh if you were to fee What Lumps, &c.

I no fooner at Night was got into Bed, But the all in Kindness would come with speed; She gave me such Parcels I thought I should die With cating of Pudding, &c.

At last I rambled abroad and then, I met in my Frolick an honest Man; Quoth he, my dear Philli, I'll give unto thee Such a Pudding you never did see.

Said 1, honest Man, I thank thee most kind, And as he told me indeed I did find; He gave me a Lump which did so agree, One Bit was worth all my Mother gave me.

SONG CCXCIII. A Taylor, &c.

Taylor good Lord, in the Time of Vacation, When Cabbage was scarce, and when Pocket

was low,
For the Sale of good Liquor pretended a Passion
To one that fold Ale in a Cuckoldly Row:

Now a Loufe made him itch;

Here a Scratch, there a Stitch, And fing Cucumber, Cucumber ho.

One Day she came up, when at Work in his Garret,

To tell what he ow'd, that his Score he might know;

Says he, it is all very right I declare it, Says she, then I hope you will pay ere I go? Now a Louse, &c

Says Prick-Loufe, my Jewel, I love you most dearly,

My Breast every Minute still hotter does glow, Ay, only says she, for the Juice of my Barley, And other good Drink in my Cellar belows Now a Loufe made him Itch. Here a Scratch, there a Stitch. And fing Cucumber, Cucumber ho.

Says he, you miftake, 'tis for fomething that's better.

Which I dare not name, and you care not to flow;

Says fhe, I'm afraid you are given to flatter. What is it you mean, and pray where does it grow ?

Now a Loufe, &c.

Says he, 'tis a Thing that has never a Handle, Tis hid in the dark, and it lies pretty low;

Said she, then I fear that you must have a Candle. Or elfe the wrong way you may happen to go:

Now a Lonfe, &c. Says he, was it darker than ever was Charcoal. Tho' I never was there, yet the Way do I

know : Says fhe, if it be fuch a terrible dark Hole,

Don't offer to grope out your way to it fo: Now a Louie, Enc. Says he, you shall fee I will quickly be at it, For this is, oh this is the way that I'll go;

Says she, do not tousle me fo, for I hate it, I vow by and by you will make me cry oh:

So they both went to work,

Now a Kils, then a Jirk, And fing Cucumber, Cucumber ho.

The Taylor arose when the Business was over, Sayshe, you will rub out the Score ere you go Says she, I shall not pay so dear for a Lover,

I'm not fuch a Fool I would have you know Now a Loufe made him Itch,

Here a Scratch, there a Stitch,

And fing Cucumber, Cucumber ho.

SONG CCXCIV. Dear Catholick, &c. EAR Catholick Brother, are you come from the Wars. So lame of your Foots, and your Face full of

Scars:

To fee your poor Shela, who with great Grief

was fill'd. For you my dear Joy, when I think you were killid.

With a Fa, la, la.

O my Shoul, my dear Shela! I'm glad you fee

For if I were dead now, I could not fee thee; The Cuts in my Body, and the Scars in my Face. I got them in Fighting for Her Majesty's Grace.

But oh my dear Shela! dost thou now love me? So well as you did, ere I went to the Sea ; By Cri-and St. Pa-my dear Joy I do, And we shall be Marry'd to Morrow just now.

I'll make a Cabin for my Dearest to keep off the Cold,

And I have a Guinea of yellow red Gold; To make Three halfs of it I think will be beft. Give Two to my Shela, and the Tird to the Prieft.

Old Philemy my Father was Fourscore Years old.

And tho' he be dead, he'll be glad to be told, That we Two are Married, my Dear, spare no Coft.

But fend him fome Letter upon the laft Poft.

SONG CCXCV. Poor Sawney, &c.

OOR Sawney had marry'd a Wife, And he knew not what to do with her; For the'd ear more Baley-bread,

Then he knew how to give her:

[257]

We'll all fup together, we'll all fup, &c.
We'll make no more Beds than one,
'Till Jove fends warmer Weather.
We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,
We'll make no more Beds than one,
'Till Jove fends warmer Weather.

We'll put the Sheep's-head in the Pot, The Wooll and the Horns together;

And we will make Broth of thar,

And we'll all sup together, We'll all sup together, We'll all sup together, we'll all sup together, We'll make no more Beds than one, 'Till Jove sends warmer Weather, We'll all lig together, &c.

The Wooll shall thicken the Broth, The Horns shall serve for Bread,

By this you may understand

The Vertue that's in a Sheep's head:
And we'll all sup together, we'll all sup together;
We'll make no more Beds than one,
'Till Jove sends warmer Weather,
And we'll all lig together, Sec.
Some shall lig at the Head,

And some shall lig at the Feet,

Mis Cuddy wou'd lig in the Middle,
Because she'd have all the Sheet:
We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,
We'll make no more Beds than one,
'Till Jove sends warmer Weather,
And we'll all lig together, &c.
Miss Cuddy got up in the Loft,

And Sawney wou'd fain have been at her,

Miss Cuddy fell down in her Smock,

And made the Glass Windows to clatter: We'll all lig together. we'll all lig together, We'll make no more Beds than one, 'Till Jove sends warmer Weather, We'll all lig together, &c. The Bride she went to Bed, The Bridegroom followed after, The Fidler crept in at the Feet, And they all ligg'd together, We'll all lig together, &c.

SONG CCXCVI. There's is my Thumb, &c

Y sweetest May, let Love incline thee, T'accept a Heart which he designs thee; And, as your conftant Slave, regard it. Syne for its Faithfulness reward it, "Tis proof a fhot to Birth or Money, But yields to what is fweet and bony ; Receive it then with a Kifs and a Smily, There's my Thumb it will ne'er beguile ye. How tempting sweet these Lips of thine are, Thy Bosom white, and Legs fae fine are, That when in Pools I fee thee clean em ; They carry away my Heart between 'em. I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin, O gin I had thee on a Mountain; Tho' Kith and Kin and a' shou'd revile thee. There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee. Alane through flow'ry Hows I dander, Tenting my Flocks lest they shou'd wander, Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll dawt thee gaylie, And gi'e my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee. Omy dear Laffie, it is but Daffin, To had thy Woer up ay niff naffin. That na, na, na, I hate it most vilely. O fay, yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

SONG CCXCVII. For the Love of Jean.

Jockie said to Jeany, Jeany, wile thou do't? Ne'er a sir, quo Jeany, sor my Tocher-good, For my Tocher-good, I winna marry thee. E'ens ye like, quo' Junny, ye may let it be. [,259]

I ha' Gowd and Gear, I ha' Land enough, I ha' feven 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 ha' 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 Jockie, gin ye winna tell, Ye shall be the Lad, I'll be the Lass my sell. Ye're a bony Lad, and I'm a Lassie free, Ye're welcomer to take me, than to let me be.

SONG CCXCVIII. Peggy, I must love thee.

Beneath a Beech's grateful Shade,
Young Colin lay complaining;
He figh'd, and feem'd to love a Maid,
Without Hopes of obtaining:
For thus the Swain indulg'd his Grief,
Tho' Pity cannot move thee,
Tho'thy hard Heart gives no Relief,
Yet Peggy I must love thee.

Say, Peggy, what has Colin done,
That thus you cruelly use him?
If love's a Fault, 'tis that alone
For which you should excuse him:
'Twas thy dear felf first rais'd this Flame,
This Fire by which I languish;
'Tis thou alone can quench the same,
And cool its scorching Anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive Plain, Where every Maid invites me; For thee, sole Cause of all my Pain, For thee that only slights me: This Love that fires my faithful Heart By all but thee's commended. Oh! would thou act so good a Part, My Grief might soon be ended.

That beauteous Breaft fo foft to feel, Seem'd Tenderness all over, Yet it defends thy Heart like Steel, 'Gainst thy despairing Lover. Alas! tho' it should ne'er relent, Nor Collin's Care e're move thee, Yet fill Life's larest Breath is spent, My Peggy, I must love thee,

SONG CCXCIX. Tibby Fowler in

TIBBT has a Store of Charms,
Her genty Shape our Fancy warms;
How strangely ean her sma' white Arms
Fetter the Lad who looks but at her?
Frae'er Ancle to her slender Waist,
These Sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her;
Her rofy Cheek, and rising Breast,
Gar anc's Mouth gush bowt fu' o' Water.

NELLI's gawly, faft and gay,
Fresh as the lucken Flowers in May;
Ilk ane that sees her, cries, Ab hey
She's bonny! O I wonder at her.
The Dimples of her Chin and Cheek,
And Limbs sae plump, invite to dawt her
Her Lips sae sweet, and Skin sae steck,
Gar mony Mouths beside mine Water.

Now strike my Finger in a Bore,
My Wyson with the Maiden shore,
Gin I cantell whilk I am for,
When these twa Stars appear thegither,
O Love! why dost thou gi'e thy Fires
Sae large, while we're oblig'd to neither?

[261]]

Our fracious Souls immense Desires, And ay be in a hankerin Swither.

TIBBY's Shape and Airs are fine, And Nelly's Beauties are divine: But fince they canna baith be mine, Ye Gods, give car to my Petition, Provide a good Lad for the tane, But let it be with this Provision,

I get the other to my lane, In Prospect plane and Fruition.

SONG CCC. Up in the Aira
OW the Sun's gane out o' Sight,
Beet the Ingle, and fnuff the Light:
In Glens the Fairies skip and dance,
And Witches wallop o'er to France,
Up in the Air
On my bonny grey Mare,

And I see her yet, and I see her yet.

Up in, &c.

The Wind's drifting Hail and Sna', O'er frozen Hags, like a Foot-ba'; Nae Starns keek through the Azure Slit, 'Tis cauld, and mirk as ony Pit.

The Man i' the Moon
Is caroufing aboon;
D' ye fee, d' ye fee, d' ye fee him yet &
The Man, &c.

Take your Glass to clear your Een,
'Tis the Elixir heals the Spleen,
Baith Wit and Mirth it will inspire,
And gently puffs the Lover's Fire.

Up in the Air It drives away Care; Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye Lads,

Up in, &c.

[262]

Steek the Doors, keep out the Froft; Come Willie, gie's about ye'r Toft: Til't Lads, and lit it out, And let us ha'e a blythfome Bout. Up wi't there, there.

Dinna cheat, but drink fair: Huzza, huzza, and huzza, Lads, yet. Ub wi't. &c.

SONG CCCI. Where shall our Goodman sy.

H E.

HERE wad bonny Anne ly?

Alane nae mair ye maun ly;

Wad ye a Goodman try?

Is that the thing ye're laking?

SHE.

Can a Lass fae young as I Venture on the bridal Tie, Syne down with a Goodman ly? I'm flee'd he keep me wauking.

HE.

Never judge until ye try, Mak me your Goodman, I Shanna hinder you to ly, And fleep till ye be weary.

SHE.

What if I shou'd wauking ly, When the Hoboys are gawn by, Will ye tent me when I cry, My Dear, I'm faint and iry?

HE.

In my Bosom thou shall ly, When thou wankrife art or dry, Healthy Cordial standing by, Shall presently revive these To your Will I then comply, Join us, Prieft, and let me try How I'll wi' a Goodman ly Wha can a Cordial give me.

SONG CCCII. Ew-bughts Marion.

VIII ye go to the Ew-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the Sheep wi' me;
The Sun-shines sweet, my Marion,
But use haff see sweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonny Lass, And the Blyth blinks in her Eye; And fain wad I marry Marion, Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's Gowd in your Garters, Marion, And Silk on your white Haufs-bane;

Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion At E'en when I come hame.

There's braw Lads in Earnflaw, Marion, Wha gape, and glowr with their Eye

At Kirk when they fee my Marion 3
But none of them lo'es like me.

I've nine Milk-ews, my Marion, A Cow and a brawny Quey, I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion, Just on her Bridal Day;

And ye's get a green fey Apron, And Wastcoat of the London Brown, And wow but ye will be vap'ring, Whene'er ye gang to the Town.

Un young and frout, my Marion; l'Nane dances like me on the Green 5 And gin ye forfake me Marion, l'il e'en gae draw up wi' Jean : Sae put on your Pearlins, Marion, And Kyrtle of the Cramafie; And foon as my Chin has nae Hair on, I shall come West, and see ye.

SONG CCCIII. The blythsome Bridal.

Fy let us a' to the Bridal,
For there will be liking there;
For Jookie's to be married to Maggie,
The Lafs wi' the gowden Hair.
And there will be Lang-kail and Pottage,
And Bannocks of Barley-meal;
And there will be good fawt Herring,
To reliss a' to the Bridal, &c.

And there will be Sawney the Sutor, And Will wi' the meikle Mow; And there will be Tam the Blutter, With Andrew the Tinkler, I trow; And there will be bow'd-legged Robbie, With thumble's Katie's Goodman; And there will be blue-cheeked Dowbie, And Lawie the Laird of the Land.

And there will be Sow-libber Patie,
And plucky-fac'd Wat i' the Mill,
Capper-nos'd Francie and Gibbie,
That wins in the How of the Hill;

Fy let us, &cc.

And there will be Alaster Sibbie,
Wha in with black Bessy did mool,
With snivelling Lilly and Tibby,
The Lass that stands aft on the Stool.
Fy let us, &cc.

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie, And cort him gray breeks to his Arfe, Wha after was hangit for stealing, Great Mercy it happen'd nae warse: And there will gleed Geordy Janners,'
And Kirsh with the Lily white Leg,
Wha gade to the South for Manners,
And bang'd-up her Wame in Mons-megFy let us, &c.

And there will be Juden Macklawrie, And blinkin daft Barbara Mackleg, Wi' flae-lugged fharny-fac'd Lawrie, And flangy-mou'd halucket Meg. And there will be happer-ars'd Nanfy, And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by Name, Muck Madie, and fat-hippit Grify, The Lafs wh' the gowden Wame.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Girn-again-Gibbie,
With his glakit Wife Jenny Bell,
And misle-shun'd Mungo Mackapie,
The Lad that was Skipper himsel.
There Lads and Lasses in Pearlings
Will feast in the Heart of the Ha',
On Sybows, and Rifarts, and Carlings,
That are baith sodden and raw.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Fadges and Brachen, With furth of good Cabbooks of Skate, Powfowdy, and Drammock, and Crowdy, And caller Nowt-feet in a Plate. And there will be Partans and Buckies.

And Whytens and Speldings enew, With finged Sheeps-heads, and a Haggies, And Scadlips to fup till ye fpew.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd milk Kebbucks, And Sowens, and Farles, and Baps, With Swats, and well feraped Paunches, And Brandy in Stoups and in Caps: And there will be Meal-kail and Caftocks. With Skink to fup till ye rive, And Roalts to roalt on a Branders Of Flowks that were taken alive.

Fy let us, &ce. Scrapt Haddocks, Wilks, Dolfe and Tangle. And a Mill of good Snifhing to prie; When weary with easing and drinking.

We'll rife up and dance till we die. Then fy let us a' to the Bridal, For there will be Lilting there, For Jockie's to be married to Maggie. The Lass wi' the gowden Hair.

SONG CCCIV. The Highland Laddie.

HE Lawland-lads think they are fines But O they're vain and idly gawdy! How much unlike that gracefu' Mien,

And manly Looks of my Highland Laddie ? O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie, My handsome charming Highland Laddie; May Heaven still guard, and Love reward Our Lawland Lass and her Highland Laddies

If I were free at will to chuse

To be the wealthieft Lawland Lady. I'd take young Donald without Trews. With bonnet Blew, and belted Plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

The brawest Beau in Borrows-town. In a' his Airs, with Art made ready, Compar'd to him, he's but a Clown; He's finer far in's Tartan Plaidy. a my bonny, &c.

O'er benty Hill with him I'll run, And leave my Lawland-kin and Dady. Frae Winter's Cauld, and Summer's Sun, He'll fereen me with his Highland Plaidy.

@ my bonny, &cc.

[267]

A painted Room, and filken Bed, May please a Lawland Laird and Lady; But I can kis, and be as glad Behind a Bush in's Highland Plaidy. O my bonny, &c.

Few Compliments between us pass, I ca' him my dear Highland Laddee, And he ca's me his Lawland Lass, Syne rows me in beneath his Plaidys O my bonny, &c.

Nac 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 Laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

S O N G CCCV. Allan-Water.

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 fet 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 they 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 rifing 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,

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 Charas 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.

SONG CCCVI. Patie and Peggy.

PATIE.

B Y the delicious Warmness of thy Mouth, And rowing Eye, which smiling tells the Truth,

I guess my Lasse, that as well as I, You're made for Love, and why should ye deny? P E G G Y.

. But ken ye, Lad, gin we confess o'er foon, Ye think us cheap, and syne the Wooing's dones The Maiden that o'er quickly tines her Pow'r, Like unripe Fruit, will taste but hard and sowr.

PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the Tree, Their Sweetnefs they may tine, and fae may yee Red-cheeked you completally ripe appear, And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang haff Year.

PEGGY.

T

Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa' Into my Patie's Arms for good and a': But flint your Wifnes to this frank Embrace, And mint pae father till we've got the Grace,

[269]

O charming Armsfu'! hence, ye Cares, away, I'll kifs my Treasure a' the live lang Day:
A' Night I'll dream my Kisses o'er again,
'Till that Day come that ye'll be a' my Ain.

Chorus.

Sun, gallop down the Wesslin Skies, Gang son to Bed, and quickly rise; O lash your Steeds, p. st. Time a way, And hasse about our Bridal Day:
And if ye're weavy'd, honest Light, Sleep gin ye like a Week that Night.

SONG CCCVII. Woe's my Heart, &c.

WITH broken Words, and down-cast Eyes,
Poor Colin spoke bis Passion tender;
And, parting with his Grify, cries,
Ab! 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 fore'd to go; It breaks my Heart that we should sunder.

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 oblige to funders

The Image of thy graceful Air, And Beauty which invites our Wonder, Thy lively Wit, and Prudence rare, Shall still be present, tho'we sunder.

Dear Nymph, believe thy Swain in this, You'll ne'er engage a Heart that's kinder; Then feal a Promife with a Kifs, Always to love me, tho' we funder. Ye Gods, take Care of my my dear Lafs, That as I leave her I may find her: When that bieft Time shall come to pass, We'll meet again, and never funder.

SONG CCCVIII. To ___ in Mourning.

H! 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 less graceful, or more kind, And cool this Fever of my Mind, Caus'd by the Boy fevere and blind ; Wounded I figh for thee; While hardly dare I hope to rife To fuch a Height by Hymen's Ties,

To lay me down where Helen lies, And with thy Charms be free.

Then must I hide my Love, and die, When fuch a fovereign Cure is by ; No; fhe can love, and I'll go try, Whate'er my Fate may be,

Which foon 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.

SONG CCCIX. Rantin roaring Willie MART! thy Graces and Glances, Thy Smiles fo inchantingly gay, And Thoughts fo divinely harmonious, Clear Wit and good Humour display.

But fay not thoul't imitate Angels Ought farrer, tho' fcarcely, ah me! Can be found equalizing thy Merit,

A Match among & Mortals for thee.

Thy many fair Beauties shed Fires
May warm up Ten Thousand to Love,
Who despairing, may sly 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 looks the poor Beggar on Treafure, And shipwreck'd on Landskips 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 loves, nor expects, to be free; Thy Beauties are Fetters delightful, Thy Slavery's a Pleasure to me.

SONG CCCX. This is no mine, &c.

THIS is no 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 Mistrifs of his Fire-fide,
Mine ain House I'll like to guide,
And please me with the trigging o't.

Then farewel to my Father's House, I gang where Love invites me; The stricted Duty this allows, When Love with Humour 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 paudent 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.

SONG CCCXI. Fint a Crum, &c.

Eturn hameward, my Heart, again, And bide where thou was wont to beg: Thou art a Fool to fuffer Pain For Love of ane that loves not thee: My Heart, let be sie Fantasie. Love only where thou haft good Caufe;

Since foorn and fiking ne'er agree, The fint a Crum of thee fhe faws.

To what Effect should thou be Thrall? Be happy in thine ain free Will.

My Heart, be never beaftial, But ken wha does thee good or ill: At hame with me then tarry still,

And fee wha can best play their Paws. And let the Filly fling her Fill, For fint a Crum of thee fhe faws,

Tho' fhe be fair, I will not fenzie, She's of a Kind with mony mae; For why, they are a felon Menzie

That seemeth good, and are not sae. My Heart, take neither Sturt nor Woe For Meg, for Marjory, or Mause, But be thou blyth, and let her gae,

For fint a Crum of thee fhe faws. Remember how that Medea

Wild for a Sight of Fason yied, Remember how young Creffida Left Troilus for Diomedes

[273]

Remember Helen, as we read, Brought Troy from Blifs unto bair Waws: Then let her gae where she may fpeed, For fint a Crum of thee she faws,

Because she faid I took it ill,

For her Depart my Heart was fair,
But was beguild; gae where she will,

Beshrew the Heart that first takes Care;
But he thou merry late and air.

But be thon merry late and air, This is the final End and Claufe, And let her Feed and Fooly fair, For fint a Crum of thee she faws.

Ne'er dunt again within my Breast, Ne'er let her Slights thy Courage spill, Nor gie a Sob, altho' she sneest, She's sairest paid that gets her Will. She gecks as gif I mean'd her ill, When she glaicks paughty in her Braws;

When the glaicks paughty in her Braws, Now let her fuirt and fyke her fill, For fint a Crum of thee she faws.

SONG CCCXII. Sae merry as we, &c.

OW Phwbas advances on high.
Nee Footfteps of Winter are feen;
The Birds carrol fweet in the Sky,
And Lambkins dance Reels on the Green.
Thro' Plantings, by Eurnies fac clear,
We wander for Pleafure and Health,
Where Buddings and Bloffoms appear,

Giving Prospects of Joy and Wealth.
View ilka gay Scene all around,
That are and that promise to be;
Yet in them a' nathing is found,
Sae perset Eliza as thee.
Thy Een the clear Fountains excel,

Thy Locks they out-rival the Grove;

[274]

When Zephyrs those pleasingly swell, Ilk Wave makes a Captive to Love.

The Rofes and Lilies combin'd,

And Flowers of maift delicate Hue,

By thy Cheek and dear Breafts are out-shin'd, Their Tinctures are naithing sae true. What can we compare with thy Voice?

And what with thy Humour fac fweet?
Nac Musick can bless with sic Joys;

Sure Angels are just fae complete.

Fair Blossom of ilka Delight,

Whose Beauties ten thousand out-shine; Thy Sweets shall be lasting and bright,

Being mixt with fae many divine.

Ye Pow'rs who have given sic Charms To Eliza, your Image below,

O fave her frae all humane Harms! And make her Hours happily flow.

SONG CCCXIII. My Dady forbad, &c.

WHEN I think on my Lad,

For now he is far frae me.
My Dady was barsh,
My Minny was warse,

That gart him gae yout the Sea, Without an Estate,

That made him look blate

And yet a brave Lad is he.

Gin fafe he come hame,
In spite of my Dame,

He'll ever be welcome to me.

Love speers nae Advice Of Parents o'er wise,

That have but ae Bairn like me, That looks upon Cash, As naithing but Trash,

That shackles what shou'd be free,

[275]

And tho' my dear Lad Nor ae Penny had, Since Qualities better has he; Abeit I'm an Heirefs, I think it but fair is, To love him, fince he loves me.

Then my dear Jamie,
To thy kind Jeanie,
Haste, haste thee in o'er the Sea,
To her wha can find

Without a blyth Sight of thee.
Tho' my Dady forbad,
And my Minny forbad,

Forbidden I will not be;

For fince thou alone

My Favour haft won,

Nane else shall e'er get it for me.

Yet then I'll not grieve,
Or without their Leave

Gi'e my Hand as a Wife to thee: Be content with a Heart, That can never defert.

That can never defert,

Till they cease to oppose or be,
My Parents may prove
Yet Friends to our Love,
When our sim Resolves they see;

Then I with Pleasure,
Will yield up my Treasure,
And a' that Love orders to thee.

SONG CCCXIV. Steer her up, &c.

But gin fhe fhe winna tak a Man, E'en let her tak her Will, Jo. Pray thee, Lad, leave filly thinking, Cast thy Cares of Love away; Let's our Sorrows drown in Drinking, 'Tis Dassin langer to delay.

See that shining Glass of Claret,
How invitingly it looks?

Take it aff, and let's have mair o't,
Pox on Fighting, Trade and BooksLet's have Pleasure while we're able,
Bring us in the meikle Bowl,
Plac't on the middle of the Table,
And let Wind and weather growl,

Call the Drawer, let him fill it

Call the Drawer, let him fill it Fou, as ever it can hold:
O tak tent ye dinna fpill it,
'Tis mair precious far than Gold.
By you've drunk a dozen Bumpers,
Bacchus will begin to prove,
Spite of Venns and her Mumpers,
Drinking better is than Love.

SONG CCCXV. Clout the Caldron.

AVE you any Pots or Pans,
Or any broken Chandlers?
I am a Tinkler to my Trade,
And newly come frae Flanders,
As scant of Siller as of Grace,
Disbanded, we've a Bad-run;
Gartell the Lady of the Place,
I'm come to clout her Caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have Wark for me, I'll do't to your Contentment, And dinna care a fingle Flie For any Man's Refentment; For, Lady fair, tho' I appear To every and a Tinker, [277]

Yet to your fell I'm bauld to tell,
I am a gentle Jinker.
Fa advie, didle, didle, &cc.

Love Jupiter into a Swan
Turn'd, for his lovely Leda;
He like a Bull o'er Meadowsran,
To carry aff Europa.

To carry aff Europa.

Then may not I, as well as he.

To cheat your Argos Blinker, And win your Love, like mighty fove, Thus hide me in a Tinkler.

Fa adrie, didle, didle, &cc.

Sir, ye appear a cunning Man, But this fine Plot you'll fail in, For there is neither Pot nor Pan Of mine you'll drive a Nail in.

Or mine you'll drive a Nail in.

Then bind your Budget on your Back,
And Nails up in your Apron,
For I've a Tinkler under Tack

That's us'd to clout my Caldron.

Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c...

SONG CCCXVI. The Malt-man, &c.

HE Malt-man comes on Munday,
He craves wonder fair,
Crics, Dame, come gi'e me my Siller,
Or Malt ye fall ne'er get mair.
I took him into the Pantry,
And gave him fome good Cock-broo,
Syne paid him upon a Gantree,

As Hostler Wives should do.

When Malt-men come for Siller,
And Gaugers with Wands o'er soon,
Wives, tak them a' down to the Cellar,

And clear them as I have done.
This bewith, when Cunzie is fearty,
Will keep them frac making ding.

[278]

The Knack I warn'd frac an auld Aunty, The fnackeft of a' my Kin.

The Malt man is right cunning,
But I can be as fice;
And he may crack of his Winning,
When he clears fcores with me:
For come when he likes, I'm ready;
But if frac hame I be,
Let him wait on our kind Lady,
She'll answer a Bill for me.

SONG CCCXVII. Bessy's Haggies.

B ESST's Beauties shine sae bright,
Were her many Vertues sewer,
She wad ever give Delight,
And in Transport make me view her.
Bonny Bessy, thee alane
Love 1, naithing else about thee;

With thy Comeline's I'm tane, And langer cannot live without thee.

BESSY's Bosom's fast and warm,
Milk-white Fingers still employ'd,
He who takes her to his Arm,
Of her Sweets san ne'er be eloy'd,
My dear Besty, when the Roses
Leave thy Cheek, as thou grows aulder,
Vertue, which thy Mind discloses.

Vertue, which thy Mind difcloses,
Will keep Love frae growing caulder.
BESSY's Tocher is but feanty,

Yet her Face and Soul discovers
These inchanting Sweets in plenty
Must intice a thousand Lovers.
It's not Money, but a Woman
Of a Temper kind and easy,
That gives Happiness uncommon,
Petted things can nought but teeze ye,

SONG CCCXVIII. Omnia vincit Amor.

Which Flora had adorned In Raiment fair; now every thing The Rage of Winter foomed:
I caft mine Eye, and did efpy A Youth, who made great Clamour; And drawing nigh, I heard him cry, Ah! Omnia vincit Amor.

S I went forth to view the Spring

Upon his Breast he lay along, Hard by a murm'ring River, And mournfully his doleful Song With Sighs he did deliver,

With Sighs he did deliver, Ah! Jeany's Face and comely Grace, Her Locks that shin'd like Lammer, With burning Rays have cut my Days;

For omnia vincit Amor.

Her glancy Een like Comets fleen, The Morning Sun out-shining,

Have caught my Heart in Cupid's Net, And make me die with Pining. Durst I complain, Nature's to blame,

So curiously to frame her, Whose Beauties rare make me with Caze Cry, omnia vincit Amor.

Ye chrystal Streams that swiftly glide, Be Pattners of my Mourning! Ye fragrant Fields and Meadows wide, Condemn her for her scorning:

Let every Tree a Witness be,
How justly I may blame her;

Ye chanting Birds note these my Words,
Ah! omnia vincit Amor.

Had she been kind as she was fair, She long had been admir'd, And been ador'd for Vertues rare, Wh' of Life now makes me tir'd. Thus faid, his Breath begun to fail, He could not speak, but stammer; He figh'd full fore, and faid no more, But omnia vincit Amor.

When I observed him near to Death,
I run in halte to save him;
But quickly he resigned his Breath,
So deep the Wound Love gave him.
Now for her Sake this Vow I'll make,
My Tongue shall ay defame her,
While on his Herse I'll write this Varse,
Ah! omnia vinois Amor.

Straight I consider'd in my Mind
Upon the Matter rightly,
And found, the Cupid he be blind,
He proves in Pith most mighty.
For warkke Mars, nor thund ring Jove;
And Vulcan with his Hammer,
Did ever prove the Slaves of Love,
For omnia vicit Amor.

Hence we may fee th' Effects of Love, Which Gods and Men keep under, That nothing can his Bonds remove, Or Torments break afunder:

Nor Wife, nor Fool, need go to School, To learn this from his Grammar; His Heart's the Book where he's to look, For omnia vincit Amor.

SONG CCCXIX. The auld Wife, &c.

There was a Wife won'd in a Glen, And she had Daughters nine or ten, That sought the House baith but and ben, To find their Mam a sniftning. The auld Wife beyont the Fire, The auld Wife aniest the Fire, The auld Wife aboon the Fire, She died for lack of fnishing.

Her Mill into some Hole had fawn, Whatrecks, quoth fhe, let it be gawn, For I maun ha'e a young Goodman Shall furnish me with snishing.

The auld Wife, &c.

Her eldest Dochter said right bauld, Fy, Mother, mind that now ye're auld, And if ye with a Yonker wald,

He'll waste away your snishing.

The auld Wife, &c.

The youngest Dochter ga'e a Shout, O Mother Dear! your Teeth's is a' out, Befides haff blind, you have the Gout, Your Mill can had nae fnishing. The auld Wife, &c.

Ye lied, ye Limmers, cries auld Mump For I ha'e baith a Tooth and Stump, And will nae langer live in dump,

By wanting of my fnishing. The auld Wife, &c.

Thole, ye, fays Peg, that pawky Slut, Mother, if you can crack a Nut, Then we will a' consent to it.

That you shall have a snishing. The auld Wife, &c.

The auld ane did agree to that, And they a Piftol Bullet gat; She powerfully began to crack, To won herfell a fnifhing, The auld Wife, &c.

Braw Sport it was to fee her chow't, And 'tween her Gums fae squeez and row't, While frae her Jaws the Slaver flow'd;

And ay fhe curs'd poor Stumpy. The auld Wife, &c.

At last she ga'e a desperate Squeez, Which brak the lang Tooth by the Neez, And syne poor Stumpy was at ease, But she tint hopes of snishing.

The auld Wife, &c.

She of the Task began to tire, And frac her Dochters did retire, Syne lean'd her down ayont the Fire, And died for lack of fnishing. The auld Wife, &c.

Ye auld Wives notice well this Truth, Affoon as ye're past Mark of Mouth, Ne'er do what's only fit for Youth,

And leave aff Thoughts of faithing: Else like this Wife beyont the Fire, Per Bairns against you will confire; Nor will ye get, unless ye hire A young Man with your fulfning.

Note, Snishing in its literal Meaning is Snuff made of Tobacco; but in this Song it means fometimes Contentment, a Husband, Love, Money, &c.

SONG CCCXX. I'll never love, &c.

Y Dear and only Love, I pray,
That little World of thee
Be govern'd by no other Sway,
But pureft Monarchy:
For if Confusion have a part,
Which virtuous Souls abbor,
I'll call a Synod in my Heart,
And never love thes more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My Thoughts did evermore difdain
A Rival on my Throne.
He either fears his Fate too much,
Or his Deferts are small,
Who dares not put it to the Touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still, And always give the Law, And have each Subject to my Will, And all to stand in awe: But 'gainst my Batteries if I find Thou storm, or vex me fore,

As if thou fet me as a Blind, I'll never love thee more.

And in the Empire of thy Heart,
Where I should folely be,
If others do pretend a Part,
Or dare to share with me:
Or Committees if thou erest,
Or go on such a Score,
I'll smiling mock at thy Neglest,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithlefs Action stain
Thy Love and constant Word,
I'll make thee famous by my Pen,
And glorious by my Sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble Ways,
As ne'er was known before;

I'll deck and crown thy Head with Bays, And love thee more and more.

SONG CCCXXI. The Black Bird.

PON a fair Morning for foft Recreation, I heard a fair Lady was making her Moan, With fighing and fobing, and fad Lamentation, Saying, my Black-Bird most Royal is flown. My Thoughts they deceive me,

Reflections do grieve me, And I am o'erburthen'd with sad Misery; Yet if Death should blind me,

As true Love inclines me,

My Black-Bird I'll feck out, wherever he be.

Once in 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 feek out my Blak-Bird 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 soul or fair Weather.

Once in the Spring to feek out my Love. He's all my Heart's Treasure,

My Joy and my Pleasure;

And justly (my Love) my Heart follows thee, Who are constant and kind, And courageous of Mind.

All Blics on my Black Bird, wherever he be.

In Eng' -, d my Black-Bird and I were together,
Where he was fill noble, and generous of
Heart.

Ah! woe to the time that first he went thither, Alas! he was forc'd soon thence to depart.

In Scotland he's deem'd And highly esteem'd,

In England he feemerh a Stranger to bes

Yet his Fame shall remain In France and in Spain. All Bliss to my Black Bird, wherever he be-

All Blis to my Black Bird, wherever he be,

What if the Fowler my Black Bird has taken, Then fighing and fobbing will be all my Tune; But it he is sate, I'll not be forsaken,

And hope yet to fee him in May or in June.

For him through the Fire,

Through Mud and through Mire,

I'll go; for I love him to fuch a Degree, Who is conftant and kind, And noble of Mind,

Deferving all Bleffings wherever he be.

It is not the Ocean can fright me with Danger, Nor tho' like a Pilgrim I wander forlorn, it may meet with Friendship of one is a Stranger, More than of one that in Eritain is born.

> I pray Heaven so spacious, To Britain be gracious,

The fome there be odious to both him and mes
Yet Joy and Renown,
And Lawrels shall crown

My Black Bird with Honour wherever he be.

SONG CCCXXII. Take your auld Cloak about you.

N Winter when the Rain rain'd caul'd,
And Eyoft and Snaw on ilka Hill,
And Boyeas, with his Blafts fae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our Ky to kill:
Then Bell my Wife, wha loves nae Strife,
She faid to me right haftily,
Get up, Goodman, fave Cromie's Life,
And rak your auld Cloak aboutye.

My Cromie is an useful Cow, And she is come of a good Kyne;

[286]

Aft has the wet the Bairn's mou,
And I am laith that the should tyne;
Get up, Goodman, it is fou time,
The Sun shines in the Lift fae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious End,
Go tak your auld Cloak about ye.
My Cloak was ancs a good gray Cloak,
When it was fitting for ony Wear;
But now it's feantly worth a Groat,
For I have worn't this thirty Year;
Ites's Great the Great that we have won

For I have worn't this thirty 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 Trews they cost but haff a Crown; He faid they were a Groat o'er dear, And call'd the Taylor Thief and Loon.

He was the King that wore a Crown, And thou the Man of laigh Degree, 'Tis Pride puts a' the Country down, Sae tak thy auld Cloak about thee.

Every Land has its ain Laugh,
Ilk kind of Corn it has its Hool,
I think the Warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka Wife her Man wad rule;
Do ye not fee Rob, Jock and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly,
While I fit hurklen in the Afe;
I'll have a new Cloak about me:

Goodman I wate 'tis thirty Years,
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we have had between us twa,
Of Lads and bonny Laifes ten:
Now they are Women grown and Men,
I wish and pray well may they be;

And if you prove a good Husband, E'en tak your auld Cloak about yes 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; tho' 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 and Cloak about me.

SONG CCCXXIII. Jocky blyth and gag.

SWIFT, Sandy, Toung, and Gay
Are ftill my Heart's Delight,
Ifing their Sangs by Day,
And read their Tales at Night.

nd read their Tales at Night.
If frae their Books I be,
'Tis Dulness then with me;
But when these Stars appear,
Iokes, Smiles, and Wir shine clear.

Swift with uncommon Stile, And Wir that flows with Eafe, Instruct us with a Smile,

And never fails to pleafe.
Bright Sandy greatly lings
Of Heroes, Gods and Kings:
He well deferves the Bays,
And ev'ry Briton's Praile.

While thus our Homer shines, Toung, with Horatian Flame, Corrects these false Designs

We push in Love of Fame.

Blyth Gay in pawky Strains

Makes Villains, Clowns and Swaine

Reprove, with biting Leer,

Those in a higher Sphere.

Swift, Sandy, Toung, and Gay,
Long may you give Delight;
Let all the Dunces bray,
You're far above their Spites.

Such, from a Malice four, Write Nonsense, lame and poor, Which never can succeed, For, who the Trash will read?

SONG CCCXXIV. The Mill. Mill-O.

B Eneath a green Shade I fand a fair Maid, Was fleeping found and still ______; A' lowan wi' Love, my Fancy did rove Around her with good Will -- O: Her Bosom I preft ; but, funk in her Reft, She ftirdna my Joy to fpill - O:

While kindly the flept, close to her I crept, And kifs'd, and kifs'd her my fill - O.

Oblig'd by Command in Flanders to land, T'employ my Courage and Skill - O, Frae'er quietly I staw, hoist Sails and awa. For Wind blew fair on the Bill - O. Twa Years brought me hame, where loud frai37

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A

fing Fame Tald me with a Voice right shrill - O, My Lass, like a Fool, had mounted the Stool,

Nor kend wha had done her the ill - O. Mair fond of her Charms, with my Son in her Arms,

I ferlying speer'd how she fell - O. Wi' the Tear in her Eye, quoth fhe, let me die, Sweet Sir, gin I can teil - O.

Love gave the Command, I took her by the Hand, And bad her a Fears expel - O,

And nae mair look wan, for I was the Man Wha had done her the Deed my fell - O.

My bonny fweet Lass on the gowany Grass, Beneath the Shilling-hill - O, If I did Offence, l'ie make ye Amends

Before I leave Peggy's Mill ___ O.

[289]

O the Mill, Mill—O, and the Kill, Kill—O, And the cogging of the Wheel—O; The Sack and the Sieve, a' that ye maun leave,

And round with a Sodger reel - 0.

SONG CCCXXV. Cælia, charming, &c.

£ L1 A, charming Calia, hear me,
Liften to a Lover's Vow.

Smile thou lovely Nymph and chear me, Let no Frown deform thy Brow, Let no Frown deform thy Brow.

Tell me is't a Crime to love you, Whom the Gods have made so fair,

Let my Sighs and Prayers move you, And reward a Love fincere.

Tis not, 'tis not wild Defire,
But the foftest Pains of Love,
Cherish then a noble Fire.

And the generous Flame improve.

Lovely Calia, I adore you, Kindly ease a Lover's Smart; I ne'er lov'd a Maid before you,

You alone poffels my Heart.

Think, my Dear, how frail is Beauty,
Think how long your Charms can last a

To employ them is your Duty, Time is ne'er recall'd when past.

SONG CCCXXVI. The auld Goodman.

A TE in the Evening forth I went, A little before the Sun gade down, And there I chane'd by Accident,

A Man and his Wife was fawn in a Strife,
I canna well tell ye how it began;

But ay she wail'd her wretched Life,

And cry'd ever, alake me auld Goodman

N

Н Е.

The auld Goodman that thou tells of,
The Country kens where he was born,
Was but a filly poor Vagabond,
And tika ane leugh him to from;
For he did frend, and make an End
Of Gear that his Fore-fathers wan,
He part the Poor Rand frag the Door.

He gart the Poor stand frae the Door, Sae tell nae mair of thy auld Goodman.

S H E.

My Heart alake, is liken to break
When I think on my winfome John,
His blinkan Eye and Gate fac free,
Was naithing like thee, thou dofend Drone.
His roue Face and flaxen Hair,
And a Skin as white as ony Swan,
Was large and tall, and comely withall,
And thou'lt never be like my auld Goodman.

Why dost thou pleen? I thee maintain,

For Meal and Mawt thou difna want; But thy wild Bees I canna pleafe, Now when our Gear gins to grow feant. Of Houshold-stuff thou hast enough, Thou wants for neither Pot. nor Pan; Of sicklike Ware he left thee bare,

Sae tell nae mair of thy auld Goodman,

Yes I may tell, and feet my fell,
To thick on their blyth Days I had,
When he and I together lay
In Arms into a well-made Bed.
But now I figh, and may be fad,
Thy Courage is cauld, thy Colour wan,
Thou falds thy Feet, and fa's alleep,
And thou'it ne'er be like my auld Goodman.

Then coming was the Night fae dark, And gane was a' the Light of Day; The Carle was fear'd to mis his Mark, And therefore wad nae langer stay. Then up he gat, and he ran his Way, I trow the Wife the Day she wan, And ay the O'erword of the Fray Was ever, alake my auld Goodman.

SONG CCCXXVII. Lass with a Lump of Land.

The me a Lafs with a Lump of Land,
And we for Life shall gang thegither,
Tho' daft or wife, I'll never demand,
Or black or fair it makfina whether.
I'm aff with Wit, and Beauty will fade,
And Blood alone is no worth a Shilling,
But she that's rich, her Market's made,
For ilka Charm about her is killing.

For ilka Charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a Lass with a Lump of Land,

And in my Bosom I'll hug my Treasure:

Gin I had anes her Gear in my Hand,

Should Love turn dowf, it will find Pleasure.

Laugh on wha likes, but there's my Hand,

I hate with Poortish, the' bonny, to meddle, Unless they bring Cash, or a Lump of Land, They'se never get me to dance to their Fiddle.

There's meikle good Love in Bands and Bags, And Siller and Gowd's a fweet Complexion; But Beauty and Wit, and Vertue in Rags, Have tint the Art of gaining Affection:

Love tips his Arrows with Woods and Parks, And Caeles and Riggs, and Muirs and Meadows,

And naithing can catch our modern Sparks, But well-tocher'd Lasses or joynter'd Widows. SONG CCCXXVIII. The young Lafs contra auld Man.

HE Carle he came o'er the Croft,
And his Beard new shaven,
He look'd at me, as he'd been daft,
The Carle trows that I wad hae him.
Howt awa, I winna hae him!
Na forfooth, I winna hae him!
For a his Beard new shaven,
Ne'er a bit will I hae him.

A Siller Broach he gae me niest, To fasten on my Curtchea nooked, I wor'd a wi upon my Breast; But soon alake! the Tongue o't crooked; And sae may his, I winna hae him,

Na forfooth, I winna hae him! An twice a Bairn's, a Lass's Jest; Sae ony Fool for me may hae him.

The Carle has nae Fault but ane,
For he has Land and Dollars plenty;
Eut was me for him! Skin and Bane
Is no for a plump Lafs of Twenty.
Howt awa, I winna hae him,
Na forfooth, I winna hae him,

What fignifies his dirty Riggs,
And Cash without a Man with them.
But shou'd my canker'd Dady gar

Me take him 'gainst my Inclination,
I warn the Fumbler to beware,
That Antlers dinna claim their Station.

That Antlers dinna claim their Statio.
Howt awa, I winna hae him!
Na forfooth, I winna hae him!
I'm flee'd to crack the haly Band,
Sac Lawty fays, I shou'd na hae him.

[293]

SONG CCCXXIX. Gillikranky.

Onfess thy Love, fair blushing Maid, For fince thine Eye's confenting, Thy fafter Thoughts are a' betray'd, And Nasays no worth tenting. Why aims thou to oppose thy Mind,

With Words thy Wish denying? Since Nature made thee to be kind, Reason allows complying.

Nature and Reason's joint Consent Make Love a facred Bleffing, Then happily that Time is fpent,

That's war'd on kind carefling. Come then my Katie to my Arms, I'll be nae mair a Rover;

But find out Heaven in a' thy Charms, And prove a faithful Lover.

SHE. What you defign by Nature's Law. Is fleeting Inclination, That Willy-Wisp bewilds us a' By its Infatuation.

When that goes out, Careffes tire, And Love's nae mair in feafon, Syne weakly we blaw up the Fire With all our boafted Reafon.

The Beauties of inferior Cast May ftart this just Reflection; But Charms like thine maun always laft, Where Wit has the Protection.

Vertue and Wit, like April Rays, Make Beauty rife the fweeter;

The langer then on thee I gaze, My Love will grow compleater.

SONG CCCXXX. Lady Anne Bothwel's Lament.

B Alow, my Boy, ly still and sleep,
It grieves me fore to hear thee weep;
If thou'lt be filent, I'll be glad,
Thy Mourning makes my Heart full sad.
Balow, my Boy, thy Mother's Joy,
Thy Father bred me great Annoy,
Balow my Boy, ly fill and sleep,
It grieves me sore to bear thee weep.

Balow, my Darling, sleep a while,
And when thou wak'st then sweetly smile;
But smile not as thy Father did,
To cozen Maids, nay God forbid;
For in thine Eye his Look I see,
The tempting Look that ruin'd me,
Balow, my Boy, &cc.

When he began to court my Love, And with his fugar'd Words to move, His tempting Face and flat'ring Chear, In time to me did not appear; But now I fee that cruel he Cares neither for his Babe nor me. Balow, my Boy, &c.

Farewell, farewell, thou faifest Youth,
That ever kist a Woman's Mouth,
Let never any after me
Submit unto thy Courtefy:
For, if they do, O! cruel thou
Wilt her Abuse, and care not how.
Balow, my Boy, &cc.

I was too cred'lous at the first, To yield thee all a Maiden durst, Thou swore for ever true to prove, Thy Faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy Love; But quick as Thought the Change is wrought, Thy Love's no more, thy Promise nought. Balow, my Boy, &cc.

I wish I were a Maid again,
From young Men's Flattery I'd refrain,
For now unto my Grief I find
They all are perjur'd and unkind:
Bewitching Charms bred all my Harms,
Witness my Babe lies in my Arms.
Balvov, my Boy, &c.

I take my Fate from bad to worfe,
That I must needs be now a Nusse,
And lull my young Son on my Lap,
From me sweet Orphan take the Pap.
Balow, my Child, thy Mother mild
Shall wail as from all Blifs exil'd.
Balow, my Boy, &c.

Balow, my Boy, weep not for me, Whose greatest Grief's for wronging thee; Nor pity her deserved Smart, Who can blame none but her fond Heamt; For, too soon trusting latest finds With fairest Tongues are falsest Minds. Balow, my Boy, &cc.

Balow, my Boy, thy Father's fled, When he the thriftles Son has play'd, Of Yows and Oaths, forgetful he Prefer'd the Wars to thee and me. But now perhaps thy Curse and mine Make him eat Acorns with the Swine. Balow, my Boy, &c.

But curse not him, perhaps now he, Stung with Remorse, is blessing thee: Perhaps at Death; for who can tell Whether the Judge of Heaven and Hell, By fome proud Fee has firuck the Blow, And laid the dear Deceiver low. Balow, my Boy, &c.

I wish I were into the Bounds,
Where he lies smother'd in his Wounds,
Repeating as he pants for Air,
My Name, whom once he call'd his FairNo Woman's yet so fiercely set,
But she'll forgive, tho' not forget.
Baleus, my Boy, &c.

If Linen lacks, for my Love's fake,
Then quickly to him would I make
My Smock once for his Body meet,
And wrap him in that Winding-sheet.
Ah me! how happy had I been,
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.
Balow, my Boy, &c.

Balow, my Boy, I'll weep for thee;
Too foon, atake, thou'lt weep for me;
Thy Griefs are growing to a Sum,
God grant thee Patience when they come;
Born to fustain thy Mother's Shame,
A haplefs Fate, a Bastard's Name.
Balow, my Boy, ly still and sleep,
It grieves me fore to bear thee weep.

SONG CCCXXXI. John Ochiltree.

Onest Man John Ochiltree;
Mine ain auld John Ochiltree,
Wilt thou come o'er the Moor to me,
And dance as thou was wont to do.
Alake, alake I I wont to do!
Ohon, Ohon! I wort to do!
Now wont to do's away free me,
Frae filly auld John Ochiltree.

297

Honest Man John Ochiltree Mine ain auld John Ochiltree. Come anes out o'er the Moor to me. And do but what thou dow to do. Alake, alake! I dow to do! Walaways! I dow to do!

To whost and hirple o'er my Tree. My bony Moor-powt is a' I may do.

Walaways John Ochiltree,

For mony a time I tell'd to thee. Thou rade fea fast by Sea and Land, And wadna keep a Bridle-hand;

Thou'd tine the Beaft, thy fell wad die. My filly auld John Ochiltree.

Come to my Arms, my bony thing, And chear me up to bear thee fing;

And tell me o'er a' we hae done, For Thoughts maun now my Life fullain.

Gae thy ways John Ochiltree e

Hae done! it has nae fa'r wi' me. I'll fet the Beaft in throw the Land, She'll may be fa' in a better Hand.

Even fit thou there, and think thy fill, For I'll do as I wont to do ftill.

SONG CCCXXXII. Jenny beguil'd

the Webster.

The auld Chorus.

Up-stairs, down-Stairs, Timber-Stairs fear me. I'm laith to lye a' Night my lane, And Johny's Bed fae near me.

Mither dear, I 'gin to fear, Tho' I'm baith good and bony, I winna keep; for in my Sleep I start and dream of Jobny.

When Johny then comes down the Glen, To woo me, dinna hinder; But with Content gi' your Confent; For we twa ne'er can finder.

Better to marry, than miscarry;
For shame and Skaith's the Clink o't;
To thole the Dool, to mount the Stool,
I downa bide to think o't;

Sae while 'tis time, I'll shun the Crime,
That gars poor Epps gae whinging,
With Hainches fow, and Een sae blew,
To a' the Bedrals bindging.

Had Eppy's Apron bidden down,
The Kirk had ne'er a kend it;
But when the Word's gane thro' the Town,
Alake! how can the mend it.

Now Tam mann face the Minister, And she mann mount the Pillar; And that's the way that they mann gae, For poor Folk has na Siller.

Now ha'd ye'r Tongue, my Daughter young; Reply'd the kindly Mither, ' Get Johny's Hand in haly Band,

Sync wap ye'r Wealth together. I'm o' the Mind, if he be kind, Ye'll do your part difereetly; And prove a Wife, will gar his Life And Barrel run right (weetly.

SONG CCCXXXIII. What ye what I met yestreen, &c.

F all the Birds, whose tuneful Throats
Do welcome in the verdant Spring,
I far prefer the Sciviling's Notes,
And think the does most (weetly fing.

Nor Thrush, nor Linnet, nor the Bird, Brought from the far Canary Coast, Nor can the Nightingale afford Such Melody as she can boast.

When Phubus fouthward darts his Fires, And on our Plains he looks askance, The Nightingale with him retires, My Stirling makes my Blood to dance. In spite of Hyem's nipping Frost, Whether the Day be dark or clear, Shall I not to her Health entoast, Who makes it Summer all the Year?

Then by thyself, my lovely Bird,
I'll froke thy Back, and kis thy Breast;
And if you'll take my honest Word,
As facred as before the Priest,
I'll bring thee where I will devise
Such various ways to pleasure thee,
The Velvet-sog thou will despise,
When on the Downy-bills with me.

SONG CCCXXXIV. I'll never

NE Day I heard Mary fay,
How shall I leave thee?
Stay, dearest Adonis, stay,
Why wilt thou grieve me?
Alas! my fond Heart will break,
If thou should leave me.
I'll live and die for thy sake;
Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, fay,
Has Mary deceiv'd thee?
Did e'er her young Heart betray
New Love, that has griev'd thee;
My confant Mind ne'er shall stray,
Thou may believe me,

I'll love the Lad Night and Day, And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming Youth, What can relieve thee?

Can Mary thy Anguish sooth?
This Breast shall receive thee.

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 fad, I'll never leave thee.

Where would my Adonis fly?
Why does be grieve me?

Alas! my poor Heart will die, If I should leave thee.

SONG CCCXXXV. Lefly's March.

Arch, march, — do ye na march! Stand to your Arms, my Lads, Fight in good Order. Front about ye Musketeers all, Till ye come to the English Border.

Stand till't, and fight like Men, True Gospel to maintain.

The Parliament blyth to fee us a coming,
When to the Kirk we come,
We'll purge it ilka Room,

Frae Popish Relicks and a' fic Innovations,
That a' the Warld may see,
There's name i' the right but we,
Of the auld Scottish Nation.
Fenny shall wear the Hood,
Focky the Sark of God;

[301]

And the Kift of Whiftles,
That make fic a cleiro,
Our Pipers braw
Shall hae them a',
Whate'er come on it.
Busk up your Plaids, my Lads,
Cock up your Bonnets.

March, march, &c.

SONG CCCXXXVI. I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.

H E.

Dieu for a while my native green Plains,

My nearest Relations, and neighbouring

Swains.

Dear Nelly frac 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.

I E.

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.

S H E.

Sm Tortune may ferve where Love has the

Then Johny be counsell'd na langer to stray, For while thou proves 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 Distinguour to me. 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 naithing propitious e'er smile upon me.

SONG CCCXXXVII. Busk ye, &c.

Busk ye, busk ye, my bony Bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bony Marrow;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bony Bride,
Busk and go to the Braes of Yarrow;
There will we foort and gather Dew.

Dancing while Lav'rocks fing the Morning;
There learn frae Turtles to prove true;
O Bell ne'er vex me with thy Scorning.

To westlin Breezes Flora yields,

And when the Beams are kindly warming, Blythness appears o'er all the Fields, And Nature looks mair fresh and charming,

Learn frac the Burns that trace the Mead, Tho' on their Banks the Rofes bloffom,

Wet hastylie they flow to Tweed, And pour their Sweetness in his Bosom,

Hast ye, hast ye, my bony Bell,
Hast to my Arms, and there I'll guard thee,
With free Consent my Fears repel,
I'll with my Love and Care reward thee.

Thus fang I faftly to my Fair,
Wha rais'd my Hopes with kind relenting.

O Queen of Smiles, I ask nae mair, Since now my bony Bell's confenting.

SONG CCCXXXVIII. Corn Riggs, &c.

Y Patie is a Lover gay,
His Mind is never muddy,
His Breaft is sweeter than new Hay,
His Face is fair and ruddy.

[303]

His Shape is handsome, middle Size; He's stately in his wawking; The Shining of his Een surprize; 'Tis Heaven to hear him tawking.

Last Night I met him on a Bawk,

Where yellow Corn was growing,
There mony a kindly Word he spak,

That fet my Heart a glowing. He kis'd, and vow'd he wad be mins,

And loo'd me best of ony; That gars me like to sing sinsyne;

That gars me like to fing tinlynes
O Corn Riggs are bony.

Let Maidens of a filly Mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting,

Since we for yielding are defign'd,
We chast'ly should be granting;
Then I'll comply, and mary Pate.

Then I'll comply, and mary Pate,
And fyne my Cockernony

He's free to touzle air or late, Where Corn Riggs are bony.

SONG CCCXXXIX. Cromlet's Lilt,

And my poor Heart betray'd

To fad Despair,

Into fome Wilderness, My Grief I will express, And thy Hard-heartedness, O cruel Fair.

Have I not graven our Loves
On every Tree:

In yonder spreading Groves,
Tho' false thou be:

Was not a folemn Oath
Plighted betwixt us both,
Thou thy Faith, I my Troth,
Constant to be?

[304]

Some gloomy Place I'll find, Some doleful Shade,

Where neither Sun nor Wind E'er Entrance had:

Into that hollow Cave, There will I figh and rave, Because thou do'ft behave

So faithleffly.

Wild Fruit shall be my Meat,
I'll drink the Spring,

Cold Earth shall be my Seat:
For Covering

I'll have the starry Sky My Head to canopy, Until my Soul on hy

Shall spread its Wing.

I'll have no Funeral Fire, Nor Tears for me:

No Grave do I defire,

Nor Obsequies:
The courteous Red-breast he
With Leaves will cover me,
And fing my Elegy,

With doleful Voice.

And when a Ghost I am,

I'll visit thec:
O thou deceitful Dame,

Whose Cruelty Has kill'd the kindest Heart

That e'er felt Cupid's Dart, And never can desert,

From loving thee.

SONG CCCXL. We'll a' to Kelfo go.

N. I'll awa to bony Tweed-fide,
And fee my Deary come throw,

And he shall be mine Gif fae he incline

For I hate to lead Apes below.

[305]

While young and fair, I'll make it my Care, To secure myself in a Jo;

I'm no fic a Fool
To let my Blood cool,

And fyne gae lead Apes below.

Few Words, bony Lad, Will eithly perswade,

Tho' blushing, I dastly say no, Gae on with your Strain, And doubt not to gain,

For I hate to lead Apes below.

Unty'd to a Man, Do whate'er we can,

We never can thrive or dow:

Then I will do well,

Do better wha will,

And let them lead Apes be'ow.

Our Time is precious, Gods are gracious,

That Beauties upon us bestow;
'Tis not to be thought,
We got them for nought,

Or to be fet up for Show.

'Tis carried by Votes, Come kilt up ye're Coats,

And let us to Edinburgh go,

Where fleethat's Bony
May catch a Johny,
And never lead Apes below.

SONG CCCXLI. Montrose's Lines.

Tofs and tumble thro' the Night,
And wish th' approaching Day,
Thinking when Darkness yields to Light,
I'll banish Care away:

[306]

But when the glorious Sun doth rife,
Mad chear all Nature round,
All Thought of Pleafure in me dies
My Cares do still abound.

My tortur'd and uneasy Mind Bereaves me of my Rest;

My Thoughts are to all Pleasure blind,

With Care I'm ftill opprest:
But had I ber within my Breast,
Who gives me to much Pain

Who gives me so much Pain, My raptur'd Soul would be at rest,
And softest Joys regain.

I'd not envy the God of War, Bless'd with fair Venus' Charms,

Nor yet the thund'ring Jupiter, In fair Alemena's Arms:

Paris with Helen's Beauty bleft, Wou'd be a Jeft to me;

If of her Charms I were possest, and Thrice happier I wou'd be. 11 off ball

But fince the Gods do not ordain mod? Such happy Fate for me, orbant and I dare not gainft their Will repine,

Who rule my. Destiny.
With sprightly Wine I'll drown my Care,

And cheriff up my Soul; Mene'er I think on my loft Fair, a value
I'll drown her in the Bowley has code

SONG CCCXIII. Some in the, &c.

SOME in the Town go betimes to the Downs,
To purfue the fearful Hare;
Some in the Dark love to hunt in a Park,
For to chase all the Deer that are there:
Some love to fee the Falcon to flee,
With a joyful rise against the Air;

But all my Delight is a Conny in the Night,
When she turns up her silver Hair!

[307]

When the is befet with a Bow, Gun, or Net, And finding no shelter for to cover ber; She falls down flat, or in a Tuft docs fquat,

'Till fhe lets the Hunter get over her:

With her Breaft fie does butt, and fhe bobs up her Scut.

When the Bullets fly close by her Ear;

She ftrives not to efcape, but the murips like an And the turns up. &c.

The Ferret he goes in, through flaggs thick and thin.

Whilft Mettle purfueth his Chafe ;

The Cunny she shows play, and in the best of her way,

Like a Cat she does spit in his Face :

Tho' fhe lies in the Duft, fhe fears not his Neft. With her full bound up, Sir, Career;

With the Strength that the thows, the gapes at the Nose, with the

And fhe turns up, &c. 191 45

The Sport is fo good, that in Town or in Wood, In a Hedge, or a Ditc', you may do it;

In Kitchen or in Hall, in a Barn or in a Stall. Or wherever you please you may go toit;

So pleafing it is that you can hardly mifs Of fo rich Game in all our Shire;

For they love fo to play, that by Night or by Day, They will turn up sheir Silver Hair.

SONG CCCXLIII. Leader-baughs.

HE Morn was fair, faft was the Air, All Nature's Sweets were Springing; The Buds did bow with Silver Dew,

Ten thousand Birds were finging:

When on the Bent, with biyth Content, Young Famie lang his Marrow, Nac bonnier Lass e'er tred the Grass

On Leader haughs and Tarrow.

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 bless my bonny Marrow: If her dear Smile my Doubts beguil

If her dear Smile my Doubts beguile, My Mind shall ken nae Sorrow.

Wet the' she's fair, and has full Share Of every Charm inchanting,

Each Good turns ill, and foon will kill Poor me, if Love be wanting.

O bonny Lass! have but the Grace
To think, ere ye gae furder,
Your Jovs maun flit, if ye commit

Your Joys maun flit, if ye commit The crying Sin of Munder.

My wanding Ghaist will ne'er get rest, And Night and Day affright yes, But if you're kind, with joyful Mind I'll study to delight ye.

Our Years around with Love thus crowned, From all things Joys 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.

SONG CCCXLVI. Cowdon-knows.

WHEN Summer comes, the Swains on Tweed
Sing their successful Loves,

[309]

Around the Ews and Lambkins feed, And Musick fills the Groves.

But my lov'd Song is then the Broom So fair on Cowdon-knows; For fure fo fweet, fo foft a Bloom Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten Reed, And won my yielding Heart; No Shapherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed Could play with half fuch Art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde, The Hills and Dales all round, Of Leader-haughs and Leader-side, Oh! how I bless'd the Sound.

Yet more delightful is the Broom So fair on Cowdon-knows; For fure fo fresh, so bright a Bloom Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Teviot Bracs fo green and gay May with this Broom compare, Not Tarrow Banks in flowry May, Nor the Bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowdon-knows, My peaceful happy Home, Where I was wont to milk my Ews At Even among the Broom.

Ye Powers that haunt the Woods and Plaina Where Tweed with Teviot flows, Convey me to the best of Swains, And my lov'd Cowdon-knows.

SONG CCCXLV. The Widow, &c.

THE Widow can bake, and the Widow can brew,
The Widow can shape, and the Widow can sew,

And mony brave Things the Widow can do;
Then have at the Widow my Laddie.
With Courage attack her baith early and late,
To kifs her and clap her ye mauna be blate;
Speak well and do better, for that's the best
Gate

To win a young Widow, my Laddie.

The Widow she's youthfu', and never a Hair The War of the wearing, and has a good Skair Of every thing lovely; she's wirry and fair, And has a rich Jointure, my Laddie. What cou'd ye wish better your Pleasure to

Grown.

Than a Widow, the boniest Toast in the Town, With naithing, but draw in your Stool, and sie down,

And sport with the Widow, my Laddie?

Then till'er and kill'er with Courtefie dead, Tho' stark Love and Kindness be all ye can plead, Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed

With a bonny gay Widow, my Laddie.
Strike Iron while 'tis het; if ye'd have it to wald,
For Fortune any favours the active and bauld,
But ruins the Woer that's thowless and cauld,
Unfit for the Widow, my Laddie.

SONG CCCXLVI. Ladies, why, &c.

Adies, why doth Love torment you?

Cannot I yo. Grief remove?

Is there none that can content you

With the fweet Delights of Love?

O No, no, ro, no: O No, no, no, no, no, no,
no, no.

Beauty in a perfect Measure. Hath the Love and Wish of all: [311]

Dear, then shall I wait the Pleasure
That commands my Heart and all?
O No, &cc.

If I grieve, and you can eafe me, Will you be so siercely bent,

Having wherewithal to please me, Must I fill be discontent? O No, &c.

If I am your faithful Servant, And my Love does fliil remain; Will you think it ill deferved, To be favour'd for my Pain?

0 No, &c.

If I should then but crave a Favour, Which your Lips invite me to; Will you think it ill Behaviour Thus to steal a Kiss or two? O No. &c.

All-amazing Beauty's Wonder, May I prefume your Breaft to touch? Or to feel a little under, Will you think I do too much?

0 No, &c.

Once more, faireft, let me try ye,
Now my Wish is folly sped,
If all Night I would lie by ye,
Shall I be refus'd your Bed?
O No, no, no, no, no, O No, no, no, no,
no, no, no, no, o No, no, no, no,

SONG CCCXLVII. Had away from me, Donald.

Come away, come away,
Come away wi' me Jenny;
Sic Frowns I canna bear frae ane
Whafe Smiles anes ravish'd me, Jenny:

[312]

Fo

If

If you'll be kind, you'll never find
That ought fall alter me, Jenny;
For you're the Miftris of my Mind,
Whate'er you think of me, Jenny,
First when your Sweets enflay'd my H

First when your Sweets enslav'd my Heart, You seem'd to favour me, Jenny;

But now, alas! you aft a Part
That speaks Unconstancy, Jenny.
Unconstancy is sic a Vice,

'Tis not befitting thee, Jenny; It fuits not with your Vertue nice To carry fae to me, Jenny.

SONG CCCXLVIII O bad away, &

had away, had away,
Had away frac me, Donald;
Your Heart is made o'er large for ane,
It is not meet for me, Donald:
Some fickle Mishifs you may find

Will jilt as fast as thee, Donald;
To ilka Swain she will prove kind,
And nae less kind to thee, Donald.

But I've a Heart that's naithing such,
'Tis fill'd with Honesty, Donald;
I'll ne'er love mony, I'll love much,

Therefore nae mair, with Art, pretend Your Heart is chain'd to mine, Donald; For Words of Falshood 1'll defend,

A roving Love like thine, Donald. First when you courted, I must own I frankly favour'd you, Donald; Apparent Worth and fair Renown

Made me believe you true. Dona'd.
Ilk Vertue then feem'd to adom.
The Man esteem'd by me, Donald;
But now the Mask fallen aff, I forn

To wate a. Thought on thee, Donald.

[313]

And now, for ever, had away,
Had away from me, Donald;
Gae feek a Heart that's like your ain,
And come nae mair to me, Donald;
For I'll referve my fell for ane
For ane that's liker me, Donald;
If sie a ane I canna sind.

I'll ne'er loo Man, nor thee, Donald.

Donald.

Then I'm thy Man, and false Report Has only tald a Lie, Jenny; To try thy Truth, and make us Sport, The Tale was rais'd by me, Jenny.

JENNY.

When this ye prove, and still can love, Then come away to me, Donald; I'm well content, ne'er to repent That I have smil'd on thee, Donald.

SONG CCCXLIX. Todlen butt, and Tolden ben.

HEN I've Sampence under my Thumb,
Then I get Credit in ilka Town;
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by;
O! Poverty parts good Company.
Todlen bame, todlen hame.

Coudna my Love come todlen bame.

Fair-fa' the Goodwife, and fend her good Sale, She gi'es us white Bannocks to drink her Ale, Syne if that her Tippony chance to be fma', We'll tak a good Scour o't, and ca't awa'.

Todlen hame, todlen hame, As round as a Neep come todlen hame.

My Kimmer and I lay down to sleep, And twa Pint-stoups at our Bed's-feet;

L

And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry; What think ye of my wee Kimmer and I? Todlen butt, and todlen ben, Sxe round as my Love comes todlen hame.

Leez me on Liquor, my todlen Dow, Ye're ay fae good-humour'd when weeting your

Mou; When fober fae four, ye'll fight with a Flee,

That 'tis a blyth Sight to the Bairns and me, When todlen hame, todlen hame, When round as a Neep ye come todlen hame.

SONG CCCL. Widow are ye wawkin?

Wha's that at my Chamber-door?
"I'air Widow are ye wawkin?"
Auld Carle, your Suite give o'er,
Your Love lyes a' in tawking.
Gi'e me the Lad that's young and tight,
Sweet like an April Meadow;

Tis sic as he can bless the Sight And Bosom of a Widow.

"O Widow, wilt thou let me in,
"I'm pawky, wife and thrifty,
"And come of a right gentle Kin;
"I'm little mair than fifty."
Daft Carle dir your Mouth,

What fignifies how pawky,

Or gentle born ye be, bot Youth,

In Love you're but a Gawky.

Then, Widow, let these Guineas speak, That pow'rfully plead clinkan,

"And if they fail my Mouth I'll fleek,
"And nae mair Love will think on."
These court indeed. I many confess.

These court indeed, I maun confess,
I think they make you young, Sir,
And ten times better can express

Affection, than your Tongue, Sie

SONG CCCLI. The glancing of ber Apron.

Y Jeany and I have toil'd
The live lang Simm Jay,
'Till we amaift were spoil'd
At making of the Hay:
Her Kurchy was of Holland clear,
Ty'd on her bony Brow,
I whisper'd something in her Ear;
But what's that to you?

But what's that to you?

Her Stockings were of Kerfy green.

As tight as ony Silk:

O fic a Leg was never feen,

Her Skin was white as Milk; Her Hair was black as ane cou'd wish And sweet, sweet was her Mou, O! Jeany daintylie can kis; But what's that you?

The Rose and Lily baith combine, To make my Jeany fair, There is nae Bennison like mine,

I have amaift nae Care; Only I fear my Jeany's Face, May cause mae Men to rew,

And that may gar me fay, alas! But what's that to you?

Conceal thy Beauties, if thou can,
Hide that sweet Face of thine,
That I may only be the Man
Enjoys these Looks divine.

O! do not proffitute, my Dear, Wonders to common View, And I with faithful Heart shall swear; For ever to be true. King Solomon had Wives anew, And mony a Concubine; But I enjoy a Blefs mair true, His Joys were fhort of mine; And Jeany's happier than they, She feldom wants her Due, All Debts of Love to her I pay, And what's that to you?

SONG CCCLII. Rob's Jock.

OB's fock came to woo our fenny;
On ac Feast-Day when we were fou;
She brankit fast, and made her bonny,
And said, fock, come ye here to woo?
She burnist her baith Breast and Brou,
And made her cleer as ony Clock;
Then spak her Dame, and said, I trou

Ye come till woo our Jenny, Jock.

Jock said, forsuith, I yern su' fain,
To luk my Head, and sit down by you:
Then spak her Minny, and said again,
My Bairn has Tocher enough to gie you.
Tchie! qo Jenny, kiek, kiek, I see you:
Minny, yon Man maks but a Mock.
Deil hae the — su leis me o' you,
I come to woo your Jenny, qo Jock.

My Bairn has Tocher of her awin;
A Gue, a Gryce, a Cock and Hen,
A Stirk, a Staig, and Acre fawin,
Bakbread and a Bannock-stane;
A Pig, a Pot, and a Kirn there-ben,
A Kame but and a Kaming-stock;
With Coags and Luggies nine or ten:
Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock?

A Wecht, a Peet-creel and a Cradle, A pair of Clips, a Graip, a Flail, [317]

An Ark, an Ambry, and a Ladie, A Milfie, and a Sowen-Pale. A roufty Whittle to theer the Kail, And a Timber-mell the Bear to knock. Twa Shelfs made of an auld Fir-dale:

Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock?

A Furm, a Furlet, and a Peck. A Rock, a Reel, and a Wheel-band. A Tub, a Barrow, and a Seck, A Spurtil-braid, and an Elwand. Then fock took Jenny he the Hand, And cry'd, a Feaft! and flew a Cock, And made a Brydal upo' Land. Now I have got your Fenny, go Fock.

Now Dame, I have your Doughter marri'd, And tho' ye mak it ne'er fae tough, I let you wit she's nae miscarri'd, Its well kend I have Gear enough: Ane auld gawd Gloyd fell owre a Heugh, A. Spade, a Speet, a Spur, a Sock; Withouten Owfen I have a Pleugh:

May that no fer your fenny, qo fock?

A treen Truncher, a Ram-horn Spoon, Twa Buits of barkit Blafint Leather, A' Graith that ganes to coble Shoon, And a Trawcruck to twyne a Teather. Twa Croks that moup among the Heather, A pair of Branks, and a Fetter Lock, A teugh Purfe made of a Swine's Blather, To had your Tocher, Jenny, qo Jock.

Good Elding for our Winter Fire, A Cod of Caff wad fill a Cradle, A Rake of Iron to clat the Bire, A Deuk about the Dubs to padle The Pannel of an auld Led-fadle, And Rob my Eem hecht me a Stock,

Twa lufty Lips to lick a Ladle, May thir no gane your Jenny, qo Jock?

A pair of Hames and Brechom fine,
And without Bitts a Bridle-renzie,
A Sark made of the Linkome-twine,
A gay green Cloke that will not flenzie;
Mair yet in flore — I needna fenzie,
Five hundred Flaes, a fendy Flock;
And are not that a wakrife Menzie,
To gat to Bed with flessin and flock?

To gae to Bed with Jenny and Jock?

Tak thir for my part of the Feaft,
 It is well known I am weel bodin:

Ye need not fay my part is leaft,
 Wer they as meikle as they'r lodin.
 The Wife speed gin the Kail was sodin,
 When we have done, tak hame the Brok;
 The Roft was teugh as Raploch Hodin,
 With which they seafted Jenny and Jock.

SONG CCCLIII. A Rock and a wee

Have a green Purse and a wee pickle Gowd, A bonny piece Land and Planting on't, It fattensmy Flocks, and my Barns it has flow'd; But the best thing of a's yet wanting ou't:

And gi'e me Delight;
To bless me, and kiss me,
And comfort my Sight,

With Beauty by Day, and Kindness by Night, And nae mair my lane gang sauntring on't.

My Chrifty she's charming and good as she's fair; Her Een and her Mouth are inchanting sweet, She smiles me on Fire, her Frowns gi'e Despair; I love while my Heart gase panting wi's. [319]

Thou Fairest, and Dearest, Delight of my Mind, Whose gracious Embraces By Heaven were defign'd,

For happieft Transports, and Bletles refin'd, Nae langer Delay thy granting fweet,

For thee, bonny Christy, my Shepherds and Hynds

Shall carefully make the Years Dainties thine: Thus freed frae laigh Care, while Love fills our Minds.

Our Days shall with Pleasure and Plenty Shine. Then hear me, and chear me. With smiling Confent.

Believe me, and give me No Cause to lament.

Since I ne'er can be happy, till thou fay, content, I'm pleas'd with my Jamie, and he shall be mine.

SONG CCCLIV. Saw ye Jenny, &c.

A W ye Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles, Saw ye Jenny Nettles,

Coming frae the Market: Bag and Baggage on her Back, Her Fee and Bountith in her Lap;

Bag and Baggage on her Back; And a Babie in her Oxter.

I met ayont the Kairny, Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles, Singing till her Bairny, Robin Rattles' Baftard ;

To flee the Dool upo' the Stool, And ilka ane that mocks her, She round about feeks Robin out. To Stap it in his Oxter.

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[320]

Fy. fy! Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle; Fy, fy! Robin Rattle, Use Jenny Nettles kindly: Score out the Blame, and flum the Shame.

And without mair debate o't,
Take hame your Wain, mak fenny fain,
The leel and leefome Gate o't.

S O N G CCCLV. Jocky's fon, &c.

Jocky's fou, Jenny fain, Jenny was nae ill to gain, She was couthy, he was kind, And thus the Wooer tell'd his Mind,

Jenny I'll nae mair be nice, Gi'e me Love at ony Ptice; I winna prig for Red or Whyt, Love alone can gi'e Delyt.

Others Seek they kenna what, In Looks, in Carriage, and a' that ; Give me Love, for her I court: Love in Love makes a' the Sport?

Colours mingl'd unco fine, Common Motives lang finfyne, Never can engage my Love, Until my Fancy first approve.

It is na Meat but Appetite That makes our eating a Delyt; Beauty is at both Decelt; Fancy only kens nae Cheat.

SONG CCCLVI. Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

HEN Phochus bright the azure Skies
With golden Rays englightneth,
He makes all Nature's Beauties rife.
Herbs, Trees and Flowg's he quickneth:

Amongst all those he makes his Choice, And with Delignt goes thorow, With radiant Beams and Silver Streams, O'er Leader Haughs and Tarrow.

When Aries the Day and Night In equal length divideth, Auld froity Saturn takes his Flight,

Nae langer he abideth :

Then Flora Queen, with Mantle green, Casts aff her former Sorrow, And Vows to dwell with Ceres fell,

In Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Pan playing on his aiten Reed,

And Shepherds him attending,
Do here refort their Flocks to feed,
The Hills and Haughs commending;
With Cur and Kent upon the Bent,
Sing to the Sun, good Morrow,

And fwear nae Fields mair Pleasures yield, Than Leader Haughs and Tarrow.

An House their Stands on Leader fide, Surmounting my descriving, With Rooms sae rare, and Windows fair,

Like Dedalus' contriving:
Men passing by, do aften cry,
In footh it bath nae Marrow;
It stands as sweet on Leader Side,

As Newark does on Yarrow.

A Mile below wha lifts to ride,
They'll hear the Mavis finging;
Into-St. Leonard's Banks file ill bide,
Sweet Birks her Head o'er-hinging:
The Lintwhite loud, and Progra proud,
With tuneful Throats and narrow,

Into St Leonard's Banks they fing, As sweetly as in Tarrow.

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The Lapwing lifteth o'er the Lec, With nimble Wing the sporteth, But Vows she'll see far frae the Tree Where Philomel resorteth:

By break of Day, the Lark can fay,
I'll bid you a good Morrow,
I'll freek my Wing, and mounting fing,

O'e. Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Park, Wantan-waws, and Woden-cleugh.

The East and Western Mainses,
The Wood of Lauder's fair enough,
The Corns are good in Blainshes,
Where Aits are fine, and said be kind,
That if ye search all thorow
Mearns, Buchan, Mar, nane better are
Than Leader Haughs and Tarrow.

In Burn Mill-bog and Woitslade Shaws,
The fearful Hare she haunteth,

Brig-hangh and Braidwoodsheel she knaws, And Chapel-wood frequenteth: Yet when she irks, to Kaidsly Birks, She rins, and sighs for Sorrow,

That she shou'd leave sweet Leader Haughs, And cannot win to Yarrow.

What sweeter Musick wad ye hear,
Than Hounds and Beigles crying?
The stated Harrins hard with Fear,
Upon her Speed relying.
But yet her Strength, it fails at length.

But yet her Strength, it fails at length,
Nae Beilding can the borrow
In Sorrel's Fields, Cleckman or Hag's
And fighs to be in Tarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spoty, Shag; With Sight and Scent pursue her, Till ah! her Pith begins to slagt Nac Cunning can rescue hex. O'er Dub and Dike, o'er Seugh and Syke. She'll rin the Fields all thorow, Tile fail'd fice fa's in Leader Haughs, And bids farewel to Tarrew.

Sing Exflinton and Cowdenknows, Where Homes had and commanding; And Drygrange with the Milkwhite Ews, 'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing:

The Bird that fices throw Reedpath Trees, And Gledfwood Banksilk Morrow, May chant and fing, fweet Leader Hanghs

And bonny Howins of Yarrow.

But Minstrel Burn cannot asswage His Grief, while Life endureth, To see the Changes of this Age, That steering Time procureth; For mony a Place stands in hard Case,

For mony a Place stands in hard Case, Where blyth Fowk hend nac Som w, With Homes that dwelt on Leader Side, And Scots, that dwelt on Tarrow.

SONG CCCLVII. Greenwood-tree.

Arewel the World, and mortal Cares,
The ravifin a Strephon cry'd,
As full of Joy and tender Tears
He lay by Phillis' Side:
Let others toil for Wealth and Fame,
Whilft now one I hought of mine
At any other Blifs shall aim,
But those dear Arms of thine!

Still let me gaze on those bright Eyes,
And hear thy charming Tongue,
I nothing ask to swell my Joys,
But thus to feel 'em long.
In close Embraces let us lie,
And spend our Lives to come,
Then let us both together die,
And be each other's Tomb.

SONG CCCLVIII. Bless'd as the, &c.

Thers false Tongues can you believe, Yet not my truer speaking Eyes? Mens Tongues Love teaches to deceive, But with his Looks no Lover lies.

The less I boast my real Flame, The more my Passion Truth bespeaks; Not what the Tongue, but Eyes proclaim, Love's Insidel a Convert makes.

For Lovers, like professing Friends, Are more believ'd, the less they say; Who more our artful Speeches minds, Than Looks, does her own Faith betray.

Believe not my loud Rivals then, Whilft they to thee fuch Love profess, True Love is, like true Courage, seen, But more as we pretend to'tless.

SONG CCCLIX. Had I the world, &c.

DUrsuing Beauty, Men descry
The distant Shore, and long to prove,
(Still richer in Variety)
The Treasure of the Land of Love,

We Women, like weak Indians, fland Inviting, from our golden Coaft,

The wand'ring Rovers to our Land: But she, who trades with em, is lost.

With humble Vows they first begin, Stealing, unseen, into the Heart; But by Possession settled in, They quickly ast another Part.

For Beads and Baubles we refign, In Ignorance, our fining Store; Difcover Nature's richest Mine, An d yet the Tyrants will have more,

[325]

Be wife, be wife and do not fry,
How he can court, or you be won;
For Love is bur Difcovery,
When that is made, the Pleasure's done.

SONG CCCLX. Dying Swan:

W HEN Cynthia faw Bath/heba's Charms In wanton Colopes dreft, Those Lips, those killing Eyes, those Arms, I dare not name the rest!

The blushing, envious, angry Maid,
Observ'd with various Passions tost,
To ev'ry vulgar Eye betray'd
The Beauties she alone could boost.

A fatal Weapon forth file drew,
To check the curious Painter's Pride,
To veil those Charms she only knew,
Those Beauties only she could hide.

Tis well, enamour'd Damon cry'd, E'en let the paultry Copy fall, By you the Lofs is well fupply'd, In you we find th' Original.

SONG CCCLXI. Stay, Shepherd, &c.

HEN Molly smiles beneath her Cow,
I feel my Heart I can't tell how;
When Molly is on Sunday drest;
On Sundays I can take no rest.
What can I do on Working-days?
I leave my Work on her to gaze:
What shall I say? At Sermons I
Forget the Text when Molly's by.
Good Master Curate, teach me how
To mind your Preaching and my Plough;
And if for this you'!! raife a Spell,
A good fat Goose shall thank you well.

SONG CCCLXII. The Soger Laddie:

Y Soger Laddie
Is over the Sea,
And he will bring Gold
And Money to me;
And when he comes hame,
He'll make me a Lady,
My Bleffing gang with
My Soger Laddie.

My doughty Laddie
Is handfome and brave,
And can as a Soger
And Lover behave;
True to his Country,
To Love he is steady,

There's few to compare
With my Soger Laddie.
Shield him ye Angels,

Frac Death in Alarms,
Return him with Lawrels
To my langing Arms,
Syne frac all my Care
Ye'll pleafantly free me.

When back to my Wishes My Soger ye gi'e me.

O foon may his Honours
Bloom fair on his Brow;
As quickly they must,
If he get his due:
For in noble Actions
His Courage is ready,
Which makes me delight
In my Soger Laddie,

SONG CCCLXIII. The Cock Laird.

A Cock Laird fou cadgie,
With Jenny did meet,
He haws'd, he kits'd her,
And ca'd her his Sweet.
Wilt thou gae alang
Wi' me, Jenny, Jenny?
Thouse be my ain Lemmane,

To Fenny, quoth he.

If I gae alang wi'ye, Ye maunna fail, To feast me with Caddels And good Hacket-kail. The Deel's in your Nicety, Faury, quoth be.

Jenny, quoth he, Mayna Bannocks of Bear-meal Be as good for thee?

And I maun hae Pinners,
With Pearling fer round,
A Skirt of Puddy,
And a Waftoott of Broun,
Awa with fick Vanities,

For Kurchis and Kirtles
Are fitter for thee.

My Lairdship can yield me As meikle a Year, As had us in Potrage And good knockit Beer: But having nac Tenants, O Jenny, Jenny,

To buy ought I ne'er have A Penny quoth he. The Borrowstoun Merchants
Will fell ye on tick,
For we mann hae braw things,
Abeit they foud break.

Abeit they foud break. When broken, frae Care The Fools are fet free,

When we make them Lairds
In the Abbey, quoth she.

SONG CCCLXIV. A Country, &c.

A Country Bumpkin that Trees did grub, A Vicar that us'd the Pulpit to drub, And two or three more o'er a Stoop of Arong Bub,

Late met on a Jolly Occasion.
No ill Contrivance to cheat or to rob,
But each in his turn, to speak a dry Bob,

As drunk as five Lords, and as poor as Job,
Thus fettl'd the State of the Nation.

Farmer. Oh Neighbour, Neighbour, what Times

How long will't be e'er we shall have Peace, My Coat's out at Elbows, my Breeches at Knees, Oh, England, thou art a sweet Nation.

The Monsteur goes on in his former way,
The Troops are ready without their Pay,
To stare on each other in Battle Array.

Oh, England, thou are a sweet Nation:

Vicar. The Mob have been to Religion true, Pull'd down the Red, and fet up the Blue: They have done their best, give the Devil his due,

With a Protestant active Endeavour, Lawyer. And what no Nation before did dare, The Coin is chang'd in a time of War, Which shews we have Bullion enough and to spare.

Oh, would it may prove fo for ever-

Citizen. And tho' Bank Bills we've discounted found. And that for a Hundred, we've got but five

Pound. 'Tis mill'd, and it's pretty, it shines, and it's round.

Oh, England, thou art a sweet Nation. The Clippers Trading is at an end,

I wish it may our Condition mend,

They've no Coin to clip now, nor we none to

fpend. Oh, England, thou art a sweet Nation.

Courtier. The King his Taxes no Friend can grutch,

Tho' Jacobites bawl that we lavish too much ; That all runs away to the French and the Dutch,

And nothing is left more to drein Boys,

Citiz. But let us look within our Doors.

How Backs and Bellies exhauft our Stores, Let's take up our Wives, and let's take down our Whores.

We've enough for another Campaign Boys.

Courtier. Tho' Cits cry out that they are undone.

A Cuckold's Profit can ne'er be gone;

Their Wives are well rigg'd, and gold Laces stil

Oh, England, thou art a sweet Nation. Lawyer. Tho' Goldsmith's break too, and shut up Door,

'Tis more to cheat ye, than want of Ore, For Rogues will be Rogues, whether wealthy or

roor, Oh, England, thou art a sweet Nation. Citizen. Great Joy will come from the Cheques

Board. When true Effects all our Tallies afford, Court. And all our new Medals come out of their Hoard.

That, that will be great Confolation

Vicar. When each Man's Purse to our Party leans,

And Senates study right Ways and Means,
Farmer. And large Sums of Gold come from
Bishops and Deans.

Then, then will be time Reformation.

Lawyer. Tho' foreign Gamesters our Ruin plot, And in our Tables perceive a Blot,

We'll win the Game afterwards, with a why not.
Oh, England, thou art a fweet Nation.
Poor Britain's Troubles then foon relieve,

And in our stead make our Enemies grieve,
The Peace will be settl'd, the Muses will live.
Oh, England, thou art asweet Nation.

SONG CCCLXV. Within an, &c.

Ithin an Arbour of Delight, As sweet as Bowers Elystan, Where famous Sidney us'd to write,

I lately had a Vision; Methought beneath a Golden State, The Turns of Chance obeying, Six of the World's most noted great,

At Piquette were a Playing.

The first two were the brave Eugene, With Vendo/me Battle waging, The nexta Nymph, who to be Queen, Her Monstear was engaging:

The Fieur de lis old Maintenon, With fanctified Carero; And next above the scarlet Don, Queen Anne, and Gallick Nere. [331]

The Game between the Martial Braves
Was held in different Cafes,
The Frenchman got Quatorae of Knaves,

But Prince Eugene four Aces: And the the tother's eldest Hand Gave Hopes to make a Jest on't,

Yet now the Point who foonest gain'd, Could only get the best on't.

From them I turn'd mine Eyes to fee
The Churchman and the Lady,

And found her pleas'd to high Degree, Her Fortune had been fleady;

The Saints that cramin'd the Spanish Purle, She bop'd would all oblige her,

For he had but a little Terfe, . When the produc'd Quint-Major.

But now betwirt the King and Queen
An Empire was depending,

Within whose mighty Gan e was seen The Art of State-contending:

The Monsieur had three Kingsto win't, And was o'er Europe roaming,

But her Full Point, Quatorze and Quint, Won all, and left him foaming.

SONG CCCLXVI. Altho' I be, &c.

A Ltho' I be but a Country Lafs, Yet a lofty Mind I bear — O, And think my felf as good as those

That rich Apparel wear — O. Altho' my Gown be hame-fpun gray, My Skin it is as faft — O,

As them that Satin Weeds do wear, And carry their Heads aloft — O.

What tho' I keep my Father's Sheep? The thing that must be done - O,

With Garlands of the finest Flowers, To shade me frae the Sun - O.

17030

When they are feeding pleasantly,
Where Grass and Flow'rs do spring — Q,
Then on a a flowrie Banck at Noon,
I set me down and sing — O.

My Paifly Piggy. cork'd with Sage,
Contains my Drink but thin — O:
No Wines do e'er my Brain enrage,
Or tempt my Mind to fin — O,
My Country Cords, and wooden Spoon,
A think them unco fine — O,
And on a flowry Banck, at Noon,
I fet me down and dine — O.

Altho' my Parents cannot raife
Great Bags of thining Gold — O,
Like them whafe Daughters, now a Days,
Like Swine are bought and fold — O,
Yet my fair Body it shall keep
An honest Heart within — O,
And for twice fifty thousand Crowns,
I value not a Prin — O.

I use nae Gums upon my Hair,
Nor Chsins about my Neck — O,
Nor shining Rings upon my Hands,
My Fingers straight to deck — O;
But for that Lad to me shall fa'
And I have Grace to Wed — O;
I'll keep a Jewel worth them a'
I mean my Maidenhead — O;

O canny Fortune give to me
The Man I dearly love — O,
Tho' we want Gear, I dinna case,
My Hands I can improve — O.
Expeding for a Eleffing ftill,
Defeending from above — O,
Then we'll embrace and sweetly kifs,
Rejeating Tales of Love — Q.

[333]

SONG CCCLXVII. Waly, Waly, gin Love be bonny.

Waly, waly up the Banck,
And waly, waly down the Brae;
And waly, waly yon Burn-fide,
Where I and my Love wont to gae.
I thought it was a trufty Tree.

I thought it was a trufty Tree, But first it bow'd, and syne it brak, Sae my true Love did lightly me.

O waly, waly, but Love be bonny,
A little Time while it is new,
But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like the Morning Dew.
O wherefore shou'd I busk my Head?
Or wherefore shou'd I kame my Hair?
For my true Love has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat shall be my Bed,
The Sheets shall ne'er be syl'd by me,
Saint Anton's Well shall be my Drink,
Since my true Love has forfaken me.
Martinmas Wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green Leaves of 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 mee.
When we came in by Glasgow Town,
We were a comely Sight to see;
My Love was cled in the black Velvet,
And I my fell in Cramasic.

But had I wist before I kis'd, That Love had been sae ill to win, [334]

I'd lock'd my Heart in a Cafe of Gold, And pinn'd it with a Silver Pin. Oh, oh! if my young Babe were born, And fet upon the Nurse's Knee, And I my sell were dead and gane, For a Maid again I'll never be.

SONG CCCLXVIII. Oh! what, &c

H! what a Plague is Love,
I cannot bearit;
She will unconftant prove,
I greatly fear it;
It fo torments my Mind,
That my Heart faileth;
She wavers with the Wind,
As a Ship faileth;
Pleafe-her the best I may,
She loves ftill to gainfay,
Alack, and well a Day!

Phillada flouts me

At the Fair t'other Day,
As she pass'd by me,
She look'd another Way,
And wou'd not spy me.
I woo'd her for to dine,
But cou'd not get her,
Dick had her to the Vine,
He might intreat her.
With Daniel she did dance,
On me she wou'd not glance;
Oh thrice unhappy Chance!

Phillada flouts me.

Fair Maid, he not so coy, Do not distain me; I am my Mother's Joy; Sweet, entertain me, [335]

I shall have, when she dies, All things that's fitting; Her Poultry, and her Bees, And her Goose sitting; A Pair of Mattress Beds, A Barrel full of Shreds: And yet, for all these Goods,

Phillada flouts me.

often heard her fay,
That she lov'd Poss;
in the last Month of May
I gave her Roses,
Cowllips, and Gilly-slowers,
And the sweet Lilly,
got to deck the Bowers
Of my dear Philly,
he did them all disdain,
and threw them back again;
Therefore 'tis slat, and plain,

Phillada flouts mes

A Thou shalt eat Curds and Cream All the Year lasting, and drink the chrystal Stream, Pleasant in tasting: wigg Whey, until you burst, Eat Bramble-berries, ye-lid, and Pastry Crust, Pears, Plumbs, and Cherries; by Garments shall be thin, sade of a Weather's Skin; set all's not worth a Pin.

Phillada flouts mei

th Which Way foe'er I go, She still torments me; and whatfoe'er I do, Nothing contents me: [336]

I fade, and pine away
With Grief and Sorrow;
I fall quite to Decay,
Like any Shadow;
I fhall be dead, I fear,
Within a thousand Year,
And all because my dear

Phillada flouts me

Fair Maiden, have a Care,
And in Time take me;
I can have those as fair,
If you forsake me.
There's Dell, the Dairy-maid,
Smil'd on me lately,
And wanton Winnisped
Favours me greatly;
One throws Milk on my Cloaths,
T' other plays with my Nose;
What pretry Toys are those!

Phillada flouts med

She has a Cloth of mine,
Wrought with blue Coventry,
Which she keeps as a Sign
Of my Fidelity:
But if she frowns on me,
She shall ne'erwear it.
I'll give it my Maid Joan,
And she shall teat it.
Since 'twill no better be,
I'll bear it patiently;
Yet, all the World may see

Fhillada flouts me

SON G CCCLXIX. The Answer.

H! where's the Plague in Love,
That you can't bear it?
If Men wou'd constant prove,
They need not fear it.

[337]

Young Maidens, foft and kind, Are most in Danger; Men waver with the Wind, Each Man's a Ranger; Their Falshood makes us know, That two Strings to our Bow Is best, I find it so:

Barnaby doubts me.

'Tis I that shou'd despair,
'Tis you that slight me.
What tho' when at the Fair
Dick did invite me;
Tho' Daniel with me dane'd,
You may believe me,
I often on thee glane'd,
I'd not deceive thee;
I saw thee look awry,
I knew the Reason why,
I can see with one Eye,

Bainaby doubts me-

Thou young and filly Boy,
Do I diffain thee?
Because thou'rt Mother's Joy,
I'd entertain thee;
Yet, wish I not her Death,
For ought she'd leave thee,
Nor, when Time stops her Bleath,
Will I deceive thee.
What care I for her Geese,

What care I for her Geele, Or Beds of carded Fleece? Since this quite breaks my Peace,

Barnaby doubts me.

What tho' when I did fay
That I lov'd Posses,
You, in the Month of May,
Brought me sweet Roses?

You never shew'd the Thing
That most wou'd please me;
A gay Gold Wedding-Ring
Wou'd soon have eas'd me.
I should not with Disdain
Have thrown it back again;
I think 'tis slat, and plain,

Barnaby doubts me.

Talk not of Curds and Cream, Pears, Plumbs, and Cherries, Mor of the chryftal Stream, Or Bramble-berries: Moft furely you forgee Our wonted Frisking, The Cock'ril on the Spit,

And the Pork Grisking; With more that might be faid, When I got Dame to Bed; Yet, oh! unhappy Maid,

Barnaby doubts me

You fay, whate'er you do,
Nothing contents thee;
I pray it may be fo,
Whilft thou torment'ft me:
I pine, and figh, all Night,
And wifh for Morrow,
I can have no Delight,
I'm full of Sorrow.
Oh iff dye, I fear,
Within a thousand Year,
My Ghost will make't appear,
Ba

Barnaby doubts me

I knit thy worsted Hose,
To save the Penny,
But wou'd not spor thy Cloaths,
Like idle Winny:

[339]

Yet wanton Winnifred
You like much better;
Or Doll, the Dairy-maid,
If you cou'd get her,
Ungrateful Barnaly,
How can'ft thou threaten me?
But I knew how 'twould be,

Barnaby doubts me.

The Cloth I have of thine, Wrought with blue Coventry, Which thou gav'ft as a Sign

Of thy Fidelity, I'll give it back again, To thee as Token, That by a perjur'd Swain

My sad Heart's broken.
Oh! Barnaby, unkind,
Thou'lt quite distract my Mind,
Too late, alas! I find.

Barnaby doubts me.

SONG CCCLXX. All the, &c.

A L L the World's in Strife and Hurry, And the Lord knows when 'twill cease; Some for Interest some for Glory, Tho' their Tongues run all of Peace:

ince the High-Church then and Low, Make our daily Mifchie's grow, And the Great, who fit at the Helm in doubt, Are not fure, how quickly they may turn out:

How bless'd is the happy he, Who from Town, and the Fastion that is there, is free:

For Love and no ill Ends, Treats his Neighbours and his Friends? He shall ever, in the book of Game, Fix with Honour a glorious Name.

P 2

He that was the High Purfe-bearer,
At his Levy no Crowds you fee;
He that was the Grand Caufe-hearer,
Now no longer makes Decree:
Nay, to prove her Wavering evil,
And that Fortine is the Devil;
The Hero leading our Arms abroad,
Whom they late did celebrate like a God,
Scarce has any to drink his Health,
If a Friend does not kindly pur it round by
Steelth:

A Whig is out o' Grace, And a Tory in his Place: Riddles all, and fomething is amifs. What a whimfical World is this!

SONG CCCLXXI. Tune, Sally, &c.

Am in truth
A country Youth,
Unused to London Fashions:
Ye: Virtue guides,
And still presides

O'er all my Steps and Pailions.
No courtly Leer,
But all fineere,

No Bribe shall ever blind me;
If you can like
A Yorkshire Tike,

An honest Man you'll find me.

Tho' Envy's Tongue With Slander hung, Does oft bely our Country; No Men on Earth Boaft greater Worth,

Our Northern Breeze
With us agrees,

And does for Business sit us; In publick Cares, In Love's Affairs, With Honour we acquit us. To any Shire or Nation, He gains most Praise,

Who best displays
A generous Education:

While Rancour rolls
In narrow Souls,

By narrow views discerning; The truly Wise Will only prize

Good Manners, Senfe, and Learning.

S O N G CCCLXXII. The Goffips.

At Nine in the Morning full foon;

And they were refolv'd for a Whet, To keep their sweet Voices in Tune. Away to the Tavern they went a

Here Joan I vow and protest,
That I have a Crown yet unspent,

' Come ler's have a Cup of the best.
And I have another, perhaps,

A Piece of the very same sort,
Why should we sit thrumming of Caps,

* Come, Drawer, and fill us a Quart!
And let it be Liquor of Life,

Canary, or sparkling Wine!
For Iam a buxom young Wife,

And I love to go gallant and fine.

The Drawer as blythe as a Bird Came skipping with Cap in his Hand, Dear Ladies, I give you my Word,

The best shall be at your Command ;

A Quart of Canary he drew, Foan fill'd up a Glafs and begun, Here Goffip's a Bumper to you, I'll pledge you, Girl, were it a Tun?

And, pray Goffip, did'nt you hear The common Report of the Town, A 'Squire of Five Hundred a Year

A 'Squire of Five Flundred a Year
 Is marry'd to Doll of the Crown:
 A draggle-tail'd Slut, on my Word,

Her Cloaths hanging ragged and foul;
In troth he would fain have a Bird,
That would give a Groat for an Owl;

And the had a Sifter laft Year,

Whose Name they call'd galloping Peg,
She'd take up a Straw with her Ear,
I warrant her right as my Leg!

A Brewer he got her with Child,
But e'en let them brew as they bake;
I knew she was wanton and wild,

* But I'll neither meddle nor make.

Nor I, Gossip Joan, by my troth,

Tho' nevertheless I've been told,
She stole seven Yards of Broad Cloth,
A Ring and a Locket of Gold;

A Smock and a new Pair of Shoes,
A flourishing Madam was she;
But Margery told me the News,

And it ne'er shall go further for me.

We were at a Goffiping Club,
 Where we had a cheruping Cup,
 Of good humming Liquor-ftrong Bub!
 Your Husband's Name there it was up,

For bearing a powerful Sway,
All Neighbours his Valour have seen;
For he is a C-kold they say,

Ar

· A Constable, Goilip, I mean.

[343]

Dear Gossip, a Slip of the Tongue No Harm was intended in Mind :

Chance Words they will mingle among
Our others, we commonly find.

I hope you won't take it amis

No, no, that were Folly in us;
And if we perhaps get a Kifs,

Pray what are our Husbands the worfe?

SONG CCCLXXIII. Eterick Banks.

HEN first those blooming Charms I spy'd,
That finiling play on Annie's Face,

Her Hair without affected Pride,
Her Shape, her Mien, and every Grace;
My Heart and every Pulfe beat fast,
In Hurry all my Spirits mov'd,
I felt new Motions in my Breast,
The more I gaz'd, the more I lov'd!

But when her Mirth, and lively Senfe With Pleafure I attentive heard, Her chearful Wit and Innocence, In every Thought and Word appear'd! Those lovely Beauties of her Mind A noble lasting Joy impart, Excite a Passion more resin'd, And doubly captivate my Heart.

When Annie's Presence I enjoy, A pleasing Warmth within me glows, No cloudy Cares my Blifs annoy, My Soul with Love and Joy o'erslows? So when the glorious God of Day Dispels the gloomy Shades of Night, Nature reviving, all looks gay, And welcomes the returning Light! Oh would my Charmer make me bleft!
And yield to cafe her Lover's Pain,
My Fears all gone, my Soul at reft,
Then Love and Joy should ever reign;
Each gentle Hour, with fresh Delight,
Wou'd pass away in mutual Love,
In Peace we'd spend the Day and Night,
And emulate the Bleft above!

SONG CCCLXXIV. Love inviting Reason.

HEN innocent Pastime our Pleasure did

Upon a green Meadow, or under a Tree; Ere Annie became a fine Lady in Town, How lovely and loving and bony was she?

Rouze up thy Reason, my beautifus Annie, Let ne'er a new Whim ding thy Fancy a-jee: O! as thou art bony be faithfus and canny, And favour thy Famie wha doats upon thee.

Does the Death of a Lintwhite give Annie the Spleen?

Can Lap-dogs and Monkies draw Tears fra these Een,

That look with Indiff'rence on poor dying

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Rouze up thy Reason, my beautifu' Annie,
And dinna preser a Paroquet to me;
O! as thou art bony, be prudent and canny.

And think on thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Ah! Shou'd a new Manteau, or Flanders-lace

Ah! shou'd a new Manteau, or Flanders-lace Head,

Or yet a wee Cottie, the never fac fine, Gar thee grow forge fu', and let his Heart bleed, That ares had some Hope of purchasing thine? Shall a Paris Edition of new-fangl'd Sawny, Tho' gilt o'er wi' Laces and Fringes he be, By adoring himself, be admir'd by fair Annie, And aim at these Benisons promis'd to me?

Rouze up thy Reason, my beautifu' Annie, And never prefer a light Dancer to me;

O! as thou art bony be conftant and canny, Love only thy Famie wha doats upon thee.

Q! think, my dear Charmer, on ilka fweet Hour,

That flade away faftly between thee and me. Ere Squirrels, or Beaus, or Fopp'ry had Power To rival my Love and impose upon thee.

Rouze up thy Reason, my beautifu' Annie, And let thy Defires be a' center'd in me ; O! as thou art bony be faithfu' and canny. And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

SONG CCCLXXV. An old, &c.

N old Baboon, of rueful Mien, Having long time a Courtier been, And many Revolutions feen, Amafs'd up Wealth great Store. This Magnet draws him many Friends, Whom, Courtier-like, he condescends To promise what he ne'er intends,

They, in Return, his Levee grace, Some praise his Wit, his Shape, his Face, In hopes to gain fome pretty Place; But mark, how Fate devis'd!

An Order came from Court one Day, To take his ill-got Wealth away ; And like the Feather-borrowing Jaya Divested, he's despis'd.

Or never thinks on more.

SONG CCCLXXVI. Remember, &c.

Emember ye Whiggs what was formerly done, Remember your Mischiefs in Forty and One ;

When Friend oppos'd Friend, and Father the

Son,

Then, then the Old Caufe went rarely on; The Cap far aloft, and low was the Crown. The Rabble got up, and the Nobles went down:

Lay Elders in Tubs, Rul'd Bifhops in Robes, Who mourn'd the fad Fate. And dreadful Difafter Of their Royal Master, By Rebels betray'd.

Then London be wife, and baffle their Power, And let them play the old Game no more; Ha g, hang up the Shr-ffs thoje Baboons in Power. Those popular Thieves, those Rats of the Tower; Whose canting Tale the Rabble believes in a burry, And never forry, merrily they ftill go on ; Fie for Shame, we're too tame, fince they claim The Combat, Tantara rara, tan tararara, Dub, a dub, a let the Drum beat, the strong Militia Guards the Throne.

When Faction poffeffes the popular Voice, The Cause is supply'd still with Nonsense and Noife.

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And Tony, their Speaker, the Rabble leads on, He knows if we profper that he must run; Carolina must be his next Station of Ease, And London be rid of her worft Difeafe's

From Plots and from Spies, From Treason and Lies, We shall ever be free : And the Law shall be able

To punish a Rebel, As cunning as he:

Then London, &c.

Rebellion ne'er wanted a Loyal Pretence, These Villains swear all's for the Good of their Prince:

Oppose our Elections, to shew what they dare, And losing their Charter, Arrest the Lord Mayor; Fool Je-ks was the first o' the Cuckoldly Crew.

With Ell-s and Jea-kyll and Hub-land the few; Fam'd Sparks of the Town,

Fam'd Sparks of the Town For Wealth and Renown, Give the Devil his Due, And fuch as we fear,

Had their Sovereign been there, Had Arrested him too:

Then London, &c.

SONG CCCLXXVII. I fing not, &c.

I Sing not old Jason, who travell'd thro' Greece,
To kiss the fair Maids, and possess the rich
Fleece;

Nor fing I Aneas, who, led by his Mother, Got rid of one Wife, and went far for another, Derry down, down, bey derry down.

Nor him who thro' Afia and Europe did roam, Ulyffes by Name, who ne'er cry'd to go home; But rather defir'd to fee Cities and Men, Than return to his Farms, and converse with old Pen.

Hang Honer and Virgil, their Meaning to feek, A Man must have pok'd in the Latin and Greek; Those who love our own Tongue, we have reason to hope,

Have read them translated by Dryden and Pope.

But I fing Exploits that have lately been done By two British Heroes, call'd Matthew and John; And how they rid friendly from fine London Town.

Fair Effex to fee, and a Place they call'd DOWN.

Now crethey went out, you may rightly suppose, How much they discours'd both in Prudence and Profe:

For before this great Journey was throughly con-

certen

Full often they met, and as often they parted.

And thus Matthew faid, look you here, my Friend John,

I fairly have travell'd Years thirry and one; And tho' I still carry'd my Sovereign's Warrants, I only have gone upon other Folks Errands.

And now in this Journey of Life, I would have A Place where to bait, 'twixt the Court and the Grave;

Where joyful to live, not unwilling to die Gadzooks, I have just such a Place in my Eye.

There are Gardens fo stately, and Arbours fo

A Portal of Stone, and a Fabrick of Brick.
The Matter next Week shall be all inyour Pow'r;
But the Money, Gadzooks, must be paid in an
Hour.

For Things in this World must by Law be made

We both must repair unto Oliver Martin:
For he is a Lawyer of worthy Renown,
I'll bring you to see; he must fix you at Down.

Quoth Matthew, I know, that from Berwick to

You've fold all our Premisses over and over,

And now if your Buyers and Sellers agree, You may throw all our Acres into the South-Sex.

But a Word to the Purpose ; to-morrow, dear

Friend,

We'll fee what to-night you so highly commend, And if with a Garden and House I am blest, Let the Devil and Coningsby go with the rest.

Then answer'd 'Squire Morley, pray get a Calash, That in Summer may burn, and in Winter may splash,

I love Dire and Dust; and 'tis always my Pleasure. To take with me much of the Soil that I measure.

But Matthew thought better: For Matthew thought right,

And hired a Chariot fo trim and fo tight,

That Extremes both of Winter and Summer might pass;

For one Window was Canvals, the other was Glals.

Draw up, quoth Friend Matthew; pull down, quoth Friend John,

We shall be both hotter and colder anon.

Thus talking and scolding, they forward did speed,

And Ralpho pac'd by, under Newman the Swede.

Into an old Inn did his Equipage roll,

At a Town they call Hodfdon, the Sign of the Bull,

Near a Nymph with an Urn, that divides the

And into a Puddle throws the Mother of Tea.

Come here, my sweet Landlady pray how d'ye do? Where's Sissey so cleanly, and Prudence and Sue? And where is the Widow that dwelt here below? And the Hostler that sung about eight Years ago?

And where is your Sister so mild and so dear? Whose Voice to her Maids like a Trumpet was clear. By my Troth, the replies, you grow younger, I

And pray, Sir, what Wine does the Gentleman drink?

Why now let me die, Sir, or live upon Truft, If I know to which Question to answer you first. Why things, fince I faw you, most strangely have vary'd,

And the Hoftler is hang'd, and the Widow is marry'd;

And Prue left a Child for the Parish to nusse; And Sissy went off with a Gentleman's Purse; And as to my Sister so mild and so dear, She has lain in the Church yard full many a Year.

Well, Peace to her Ashes (what signifies Griefs She roasted red Veal, and she powder'd lean Beefs Full nicely she knew to cook up a sine Dish; For tough was her Bullets, and tender her Fish. For that matter, Sir, be ye 'Squire, Knight, or

Lord,

L'il give you whate'er a good Inn can afford;

I should look on myself as unhappily sped, Did I yield to a Sister, or living or dead.

Of Muton, a delicate Neck and a Breaft, Shall fwim in the Water in which they were dreft: And because you great Folks are with Rarities taken,

Addle-eggs shall be the next Course, toss'd up with rank Bacon.

The Supper was ferv'd, and the Sheets they were laid;

And Morley most lovingly whisper'd the Maid. The Maid! was she handsome? why truly so, so: But what Morley whisper'd, we never shall know.

Then up rose these Heroes as brisk as the Sun, And their Horses like his were prepared to run.

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351]

Now when in the Morning Matt ask'd for the Score.

Fobn kindly had paid it the Evening before.

There Breakfast fo warm to be fure they did eat: A Cuftom in Travellers, mighty difcreet, And thus with great Friendship and Gice they

went on.

To find out the Place you shall hear of anon. call'd DOWN, down, bey derry down.

But what did they talk of from Morning till Noon?

Why, of Spots in the Sun, and the Man in the Moon:

Of the Czar's gentle Temper, the Stocks in the City,

The wife Men of Greece, and the Secret-Committee.

So to Harlow they came! and hey, where are you all ? Shew us into the Parlour, and mind when I

call: Why, your Maids have no Motion, your Men have no Life ;

Well, Master, I hear you have buried your Wife.

Come this very instant, take care to provide Tea, Sugar, and Toaft, and a Horfe, and a Guide.

Are the Harrisons here, both the Old and the

young ? And where stands fair Down, the Delight of my Song?

O 'Squire, to the Grief of my Heart I may

I have bury'd two Wives fince you Travell'd this way;

And the Harrisons both may be presently here; And Down Stands, I think, where it stood the laft Year.

Then foun brought the Tea-pot, and Caleb the Toast;

And the Wine was froth'd out by the Hand of

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mine Hoft:

But we clear'd our Extempore Bauquet so fast, That the Harrisons both were forgot in the haste. Now hey for Down-Hall; for the Guide he was

got

The Chariot was mounted; the Horses did trot;
The Guide he did bring us a dozen Mile round:
But O! all in vain; for no Dozon could be found.

O thou Popish Guide! thou hast led us astray.
Says he; how the Devil should I know the Way?
I never yet Travell'd this Road in my Life:
But Down lies on the left, I was told by my
Wife.

Thy Wife, answered Matthew, when she went abroad.

Ne'er told thee of Half the By-ways she had trod:

Perhaps she met Friends, and brought Pence to

But thou shalt go Home without ever a Souse.

What is this thing, Morley, and how can you mean it?

We have lost our Estate here, before we have

Have patience, foft, Morley in Anger reply'd: To find out our Way, let us fend off our Guide. O here I fpy Down: Cast your Eye to the West,

Where a Wind-Mill fo stately stands plainly confest, On the West, reply'd Matthew, no Wind-Mill

On the West, reply'd Matthew, no Wind-Mill.
I find,
A well thou may'ft tell me I see the West-wind.

Now pardon me, Morley, the Wind-Mill I fpy, But, faithful Achates, no House is there nigh.

Look again, fays mild Morley, Gadzooks, you are blind:

The Mill stands before, and the House lies behinds

O now a low ruin'd white Shed I discern, Until'd and unglaz'd; I believe 'tis a Barn.

A Barn! why you rave: 'Tis a House for a'
Squire,

A Justice of Peace, or a Knight of our Shire.

A House should be built, or with Brick or with Stone.

Why, 'tis Plaister and Lath; and, I think, that's all one.

And fuch as it is, it has stood with great Fame, Been called a Hall, and has given its Name To DOWN, down, hey derry down.

O Morley, O Morley, if that be a Hall,

The Fame with the Building will fuddenly

With your Friend Jemmy Gibbs about Buildings

My Bufiness is Land; and it matters not me.

I wish you could tell what a duce your Head ails: I shew d you Down-Hall; did you look for Versailles?

Then take House and Farm, as John Ballet will let you;

For better, for worse, as I took my Dame Betty. And now, Sir, a Word to the Wise is enough;

You'll make very little of all your old Stuff: And to build at your Age, by my Troth, you grow fimple;

Are you young and rich, like the Master of Wimple?

If you have these Whims of Apartments and Gardens,

From twice Fifty Acres you'll ne'er fee Five Farthings: [354]

And in yours I shall find the true Gentleman's Fate; Ere you finish your House, you'll have spent

your Estate.

Now let us touch Thumbs, and be Friends ere we part.

Here, John, is my Thumb; and here, Matt, is my Heart;

To Halftead I fpeed; and you go back to Town's Thus ends the First Part of the Ballad of DOWN's Derry down, down, hey derry down's

SONG CCCLXXVIII. Ye filvan, &c.

E silvan Powers that rule the Plains,
Where sweetly winding Fortha glides;
Conduct nic to her Banks again,
Since there my charming Molly bides.
These Banks that breathe their vernal Sweets,

Where every smiling Beauty meets; Where Molly's Charms adorn the Plain, And chear the Heart of every Swain. Thrice happy were these golden Days.

When I, anidst 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 Misth allay;
We surg of Pleasure, sung of Love,
And Musick breath'd in every Grove.

O then! was I the happiest Swain,
No adverse Fortune marr'd my Joy;
The Shepherds figh'd for her in vain,
On me she smil'd, to them was coy.
O'er Fortha's mazy Burks we stray'd,
I woo'd, I lov'd the beauteous Maid;
The beauteous Maid my Love return'd,
And both with equal Ardour burn'd.

Oft on the graffy Bank reclin'd,
Where Forth follow'd by in Murmurs deep,
It was ony happy Chance to find

The charming Molly Iull'd affeep; My Heart then leap'd with inward Blifs, I foftly ftoop'd, and steal'd a Kifs; She wak'd, she blash'd, to chide me fell, But smil'd as if she lik'd it well.

Oft in the thick embow'ring Groves,
Where Birds their Mufick chirp'd aloud,
Alternately we fung our Loves,
And Fortha's fair Meanders view'd.
The Meadows wore a general Smile.

The Meadows wore a general Smile, Love was our Banquet all the while! The lovely Prospect charm'd the Eye, To where the Ocean met the Sky.

Ye filvan Powers, ye rural Gods,
To whom we Swains our Caresimpart;
Reftore me to thefe bleft Abodes,
And eafe, oh! eafe my love-fick Heart;
Thefe happy Days again reftore,
When Molly and I fliall part no more,
When fhe fhall fill thefe longing Arms,
And crown my Blifs with all her Charms.

SONG CCCLXXIX. Zeno, Plato, &c.

Eno, Plato, Arifotle,
All were Lovers of the Bottle;
Poets, Painters, and Musicians,
Churchmen, Lawyers, and Physicians,
All admire a pretty Lass,
All require a chearful Glass:
Ev'ry Pleasure has its Season,
Love and Drinking are no Treason.

SONG CCCLXXX. Willy was, &c.

W ILLT was a wanton Wag,

The blytheft Lad that e'er I faw,

At Bridals ftill he bore the Brag,

And carried ay the gree awa:

His Doublet was of Zetland Shag,

And wow! but Willy he was braw,

And at his Shouder hang a Tag,

That pleas'd the Lasses best of a'.

He was a Man without a Clag,
His Heart was frank without a Flaw;
And ay whatever Willy said,
It was still hadden as a Law.

His Boots they were made of the Jag,
When he went to the Weapon shaw.

Upon the Green nane dorft him brag,
The feind a ane amang them a'.

And was not Willy well worth Gowd?

He wan the Love of Great and Sma'; For after he the Bride had kis'd, He kis'd the Laffes hale fale a'.

Sae merrily round the Ring they row'd, When be the Hand he led them a', And Smack on Smack on them beftow'd, By Virtue of a Standing Law.

And was nae Willy a great Lown,
As flyre a Lick as e'er was feen?
When he dane'd with the Laffes round,
The Bridegroom speer'd where he had been.
Quoth Willy, I've been at the Ring,
With bobbing, faith, my Shanks are fair;
Gae ca' your Bride and Maidens in,
For Willy he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willy, I'll gae out, And for a Wee fill up the Ring;

[357]

But, fhame light on his fouple Snout, He wanted Willy's wanton Fling. Then straight he to the Bride did fare. Says, well's me on your bonny Face, With bobbing Willy's Shanks are fair. And I am come to fill his Place.

Bridegroom, the fays, you'll spoil the Dance, And at the Ring you'll ay be lag, Unless like Willy ye advance; (O! Willy has a wanton Leg) For wi't he learns us a' to fteer, And formost ay bears up the Ring & We will find nae fic dancing here, If we want Willy's wanton Fling.

SONG CCCLXXXI. My Masters, &c. Y Masters and Friends, and good People

draw near, And look to your Purfes, for that I do fav.

And the' little Money in them you do wear, It cost more to get than to lose in a Day ; You oft have been told, The Young and the Old,

And bidden beware of the Cut-purse so bold; Then if you take heed not, free me from the Curfe.

Who give you fair Warning for and the Cut-

Youth, Youth, thou had'st better been starved at Nurfe,

Then for to be hang'd for cutting a Purfe.

It hath been upbraided to Men of my Trade, That oft-times we are the Caufe of this Crime, Alack and for Pity, why should it be faid? As if they regarded the Place or the Time: Examples have been,

Of fome that were feen.

In Westminster-Hall, yea, the Pleaders between: Then why should the Judges befree from this Curse,

More than my poor felf, for cutting the Purse? Youth, Youth, &c.

At Worcester 'iis known well, and even i'th Goal.

A Knight of good Worth did there shew his

Against the small Sinner in rage for to rail, And lost Ipso Facto, his Purse i'th' Place;

Nay, even from the Seat Of Judgment fo great,

A Judge there did lofe a fair Purse of Velvet, O Lord for thy Mercy, how wicked or worse Are those that so venture their Neck for a Purse? Youth, Youth, &c.

At Plays and at Sermons, and at the Seffions,
'Tis daily their Practice fuch Booties to make 5
Yea, under the Gallows at Executions,
They flick not, but stare about Purses to take:

Nay, once without Grace, At a better Place,

At Court, and at Christmass before the King's Face:

Alack then for Pity must I bear the Curse, That only belongs to the cunning Cut-purse? Youth, Youth, &cc.

But oh you vile Nation of Cut-purfes all, Relent and repent, and amend, and be found, And know that you ought not by honest Men's Fàll,

To advance your own Fortunes, to die above Ground;

And tho' you go Gay, In Silks, as you may, It is not the High-way to Heaven (they fay) [359]

Repent, then repent ye for better for worfe, And kils not the Gallows for cutting a Purse. - Youth, Youth, &cc.

SONG CCCLXXXII. Arise, arise, &c.

A Rife, arife, my Juggy, my Puggy, Arife, get up, my Dear, The Night is cold, It bloweth it snoweth,

I must be lodged bere.

My Juggy, my Puggy, My Honey, my Bunny, My Love, my Dove, my Dear; O the Night is cold, It bloweth, it fnoweth,

1 must be lodged here.

Be gone, be gone, my Jockey, my Jockey, Be gone, be gone, my Dear; The Night is warm,

Twill do you no harm,

You cannot be lodged here.

My Jockey, my Jockey,
My Willy, my Billy,

My Joy, my Joy, my Dear; O the Night it is warm, &c.

Farewel any Love, my Puggy, my Puggy,
Farewel my Love, my Dear;
Now will I be gone from whence I come,
If I cannot be Lodged here.
My Juggy &c.

Return, return, my Willy my Billy, Return, my Love and Dear; The Weather doth change, Then feem not strange,

Thou shalt be lodged here.

My Jockey &c.

[360]

SONG CCCLXXXIII. There was, &c.

Here was an Old Woman that had but One
Son,

And he had neither Land nor Fee; He took great Pains,

But got little Gains, Yet fain a Landlord he would be.

With a fadariddle la, fa la da viddle la, fa la la fa la la re.

And as le was a going Home,

He met his Old Mother upon the High-way; O Mother, quoth he,

Your Bleffing grant me, Thus the Son to the Mother did say, With a fa, &c.

I ha' begg'd Butter-milk all this long Day, But I hope I shan't be a Beggar long; For I've more Wit come into this Pate, Then e'er I had when I was Young,

With a fa, &c.

This Butter-milk I will it fell,
A Penny for it I shall have you shall see;
With that Penny I will buy me some Eggs,
I shall have Seven for my Penny.

With a fa, &c.

And those Seven Eggs I'll set under a Hen, Perhaps Seven Cocks they may chance for to be;

And when those Seven Cocks are Seven Capons, There will be Seven Half Crowns for me. With a fa, &c.

But as he was going Home,

Accounting up of his Riches all;
His Foot it flumbled against a Stone;
Down came Butter-milk Pitcher and all.
With a fa. &c.

[361] CHORUS

His Pitcher was broke, and his Eggs were dispatch'd.

This 'tis to count Chickens before they are

Hatch'd.

With a fa da, &c.

SONG CCCLXXXIV. The Kirk wad let me be.

Was ares 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 peither has Lateth nor Shame.

She neither has Lateth 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, haf naked and cauld. I see her destroy what's mine:

But foon I might hope a Revenge,
And foon of my Sorrows be free,
My Poorteth to Plenty wad change,
If the were hung up on a Tree,

Quoth Ringan, wha lang time 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 your Sell that I want,

Your Kindness is better to me, Than a' that your Step-mother, scant Of Grace, now has taken seae thee.

I'm but a young Farmer, it's true, And ye are the Sprout of a Laird;

Q

But I have Milk-cattle enow, And Rowth of good Rucks in my Yard, Ye fall have naithing to fash ye, Sax Scrvants fall jouk to thee: Then kilt up thy Coats, my Lassie, And gae thy ways hame with me.

The Maiden her Reason imploy'd, Not thinking the Offer amis, Consented; — while Ringan o'crjoy'd, Receiv'd her with mony a Kis.

And now the fits blythly fingan,
And joking her drunken Step-dame,
Delighted with her dear Ringan,
That makes her Good-wife at hame;

SONG CCCLXXXV. Belinda's bleft, &c.

1

D Elinda's blest with ev'ry Grace; See! Beauty triumphs in her Face: Her Charms such lively Rays display, They kindle Darkness into Day!

When the appears, all Sorrow flies, And Gladness sparkles in our Eyes: Around her waie the flort sing Loves, When Graceful in the Dance she moves.

SONG CCCLXXXVI. 'Tis now, &c.

IS now fince I fat down before
That foolish Fort a Heart,
(Time strangely spent) a Year and more,
And still I did my Part:

Made my Approaches, from her Hand Unto her Lip did rife; And did already understand The Language of her Eyes.

Proceeded on with no less Art, My Tongue was Engineer, [363]

I thought to undera ine the Heart By whifp'ring in the Ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down Great Cannon Oaths, and flut

A thousand thousand to the Town,

And still it yielded not.

I then refolv'd to starve the Place,

By cutting off all Kisses,

Praising and gazing on her Face,

And all such little Blisses.

To draw her out, and from her Strength, I drew all Batteries in:

And brought myself to lie at length, As if no Siege had been.

When I had done what Man cou'd do, And thought the Place mine own,

The Enemy lay quiet too, And smil'd at all was done.

I fent to know from whence, and where, These Hopes, and this Relief:

A Spy inform'd, Honour was there, And did command in Chief.

March, march (quoth 15) the Word straight give; Let's lose no Time, but leave her:

That Giant upon Air will live, And hold it out for ever.

To fuch a Place our Camp remove, As will no Siege abide;

1 hate a Fool, that starves her Love, Only to feed her Pride.

SONG CCCLXXXVII. Lonely, &c.

Onely Groves young Strephon chasing,
There t' indulge his am'rous Musing,
Love augments, while Love he blames.
Cruel Love! you casse my Anguish,

Q

[364]

Thus with Care I pine and languish,
Thus consume amid your Flames.
I despair at Celia's Frowning;
When she weeps, in Tears I'm drowning;
Smiles give pleasing Pains at best.
Love, who heard the Youth upbraid him,
Conscious of his Presence made him,
And his Godhead thus express:
While you speak of Pains and Dying,
Soothing Rapture you're enjoying;
My fost Empire's built on Sighs:
When those anxious Cares are over,
Soon you lose the Name of Lover:

SONG CCCLXXXVIII. Iris, &c.

RIS, on a Bank of Thyme,
With a Sigh, and weeping Eye,
Said to lovely Celamine,
Let not Men your Heart furprize,

Love infipid grows, and dies.

Men are all compos'd of Lies.

Tho' a thousand Oaths they swear,
And as many Vows repeat;
All they swear, is common Air,
All they promise, but Deceit;
Man was never constant yet.

Man was never containt yet.

Wisely then preserve your Heart
From the Tyranny of Fate;
For only They can ast their Part,
When Love has its Return of Fate;
Then Repentance comes too late.

SONG CCCLXXXIX. Tell me, &c.

V

ELL me, Sileno, why you fill
With Fancy'd Woes your Life?
Why's all your Time expended ftill,
In Thinking, or in Talking ill,
Of your too virtuons Wife?

[365]

For, faith, I can't see to what End You keep her up so close; Nor how you cou'd your self offend, That like a Snail, my gloomy Friend, You never leave your House.

Ah! Were she but advis'd by me, Her many Taunts and Scorns With Int'rest shou'd resunded be, She'd make a perfest Snail of thee, By decking thee with Horns.

SONG CCCXC. Pan leave, &cc.

PAN leave Piping, the Gods have done Feast-

There's never a Goddessa Hunting to Day:

Mortals marvel at Corydon's Jesting,

That gives the Affistance to entertain May.
The Lads and the Lasses, with Scarfs on their
Faces.

So lively as passes, trip over the Downs:

Much Mirth and Sport they make, running at

Barleybreak;

Lord what hafte they make for a Green-goven

Lord what hafte they make for a Green-gown

John with Gillan, Harry with Frances, Meg and Mary, with Robin and Will, George and Margery lead all the Dances,

For they were reported to have the best Skill: But Cec'ly and Nancy, the fairest of many,

That came last of any, from out of the Towns, Quickly got in among the midst of all the Throng,

They so much did long for their Green-gowns

Wanton Deborah whifpered with Dorothy,

That she would wink upon Richard and Sym, Mincing Maudin shew'd her Authority. And in the Quarrel would venture a Limb.

Q 3

But Sibel was fickly, and could not come quickly, And therefore was likely to fall in a Swoon, Tib would not tarry for Tom, nor for Harry, Lest Christian should carry away the Greengown.

Blanch and Beatrice, both of a Family, Came very lazy lagging behind; Annife and Aimable noting their Policy. Cupid is cunning, although he be blind: But Winny the Witty, that came from the City,

With Parnel the Pretty, and Beffie the Brown; Ciem, Joan, and Isabel, Sue, Alice and bonny Nell.

Travell'd exceedingly for a Green-gown.

Now the Youngsters had reach'd the green Mea-

Where they intended to gather their May, Some in the Sun-fhine, fome in the Shadow, Singled in Couples did fall to their Play; But conftant Penelope, Faith, Hope and Charity, Look'd very modestly, yet they lay down;

And Prudence prevented what Rachel repented, And Kate was contented to take a Green-gown.

Then they defired to know of a Truth, If all their Fellows were in the like Cafe. Nem call'd for Ede, and Ede for Ruth. Ruth for Marcy, and Marcy for Grace;

But there was no speaking, they answer'd with fqueaking,

The pretty Lass breaking the Head of the Clown;

But fome were Wooing, while others were doing, Yet all their going was for a Green gown.

Bright Apollo was all this while peeping, To fee if his Daphne had been in the Throng; But misfing her hastily downwards was ereeping, For Thetis imagin'd he tarried too long:

Then all the Troop mourned, and homeward returned,

For Cynthia scorned to smile, or to frown;
Thus they did gather May, all the long Summer-day,

And at Night went away with a Green-gown.

The following SONGS to be fung in their proper Places in the Asting of the Gentle Shepherd, at each the Page marked where they come in.

SONG CCCXCI. The Wawking of the Faulds. Sung by Patie, Page 1.

Y Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her Teens,
Fair as the Day, and slways gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very and,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The Wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy speaks sac sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane.
I wish nae mair, to lay my Care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's sare.
My Peggy speaks sac sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my Spirits glow
At wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy finiles fae kindly, Whene'er I whifper Love, That I look down on a' the Town, That I look down upon a Crown. [368]

Th:

My Peggy smiles sae kindly, It makes me blyth and bauld. And naithing gi'es me sic Delight, As Wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy fings fac faftly,
When on my Pipe I play;
By a' the reft, it is confeft,
By a' the reft, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae fastly,
And in her Sangs are tald,
With Innocence the wale of Sense,

At Wawking of the Fauld.

SONG CCCXCII. Fy gar rub her o'er with Strae. Sung by Patie, p. 6.

E AR Roger, if your Jenny gock, And answer Kindness with a Slight, Seem unconcern'd at her Neglech, For Women in a Man delight: But them despise who're soon deseat,

And with a fimple Face give way
To a Repulse — then be not blate,
Push bauldly on, and win the Day.

When Maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean;
Ne'er mind their pretty lying Tongue;
But tent the Language of their Een:
If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your Love with Hate,

To answer all your Love with Hate Seek elsewhere to be better blest, And let her figh when 'tis too late.

SONG CCCXCIII. Polwart on the Green. Sung by Peggy, p. 10.

HE dorty will repent,
If Lover's Heart grow cauld,
And nane hee Smiles will tent,
Soon as her Face looks auld:

The dawted Bairn thus takes the Pet,
Nor eats, tho' Hunger crave,
Whimpers and tarrows as its Meat,
And's laught at by the lave,
They jest it till the Dinner's past,
Thus by it fell abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or eat what they've refus'd.

SONG CCCXCIV. O dear Mother, what shall I do? Sung by Jenny, p. 11.

Dear Peggy Love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his smiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder Luck betyde you.
Lastes when their fancy's carried,
Think of nought but to be married;
Running to a Life destroys

Heartsome, free, and youthfu' Joys.

SONG CCCXCV. How can I be fad on my Wedding-Day. Sung by Peggy, p. 12.

OW shall I be fad when a Husband I hae,
That has better Sense than any of thae
Sour weak filly Fellows, that study like Fools
To fink their ain Joy, and make their Wives
Snools.

The Man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his Wife,

Or with dull Reproaches encourages Strife; He Praifes her Virtues, and ne'er will abuse Her for a small Failing, but find an Excuse.

SOL

The

Nat

6

SONG CCCXCVI. Nansy's to the Green Wood gane. Sung by Jenny, p. 15.

Yield, dear Laffic, you have won,
And there is nae denying,
That fure as Light flows frae the Sun,
Frae Love proceeds complying;
For a' that we can do or fay,
'Gainft Love nae Thinker beeds us,
They ken our Bofoms lodge the Fae,
That by the Heart-strings leads us.

SONG CCCXCVII. Cald Kale in Aberdeen. Sung by Glaud or Symon, p. 18.

Auld be the Rebels Caft,
Oppressors base and Bloody,
I hope we'll see them at the last
Strung a' up in a Woody.
Blest be he of Worth and Sense,
And very high his Station,
That bravely stands in the Desence
Of Conscience, King and Nation.

SONG CCCXCVIII. Mucking of Geordy's Byer. Sung by Symon, p. 19.

HE Laird who in Riches and Honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor Tenants, who labour
To rife aboon Poverty:
Else he like the Pack-horse that's unsother'd,
And burden'd, will tumble down faint;
Thus Virtue by Hardship is smother'd,

And Rackers aft tine their Rent.

SONG CCCXCIX. Carle and the King come. Sung by Mause, p. 24.

Peggy, now the King's come,
reggy, now the King's come,
Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
reggy, since the King's come.
Nae mair the Hawkies thou shalt milk,
But change thy Plaiding-coat for Silk,
And be a Lady of that Ilk,
Now, Peggy, since the King's come.

SONG CCCC. Winter was cauld, and my Cloathing was thin. Sung by Peggy and Patie, p. 30.

PEGGY.

WHE N first my dear Laddie gade to the green Hill,
And I at Ew-milking first seyd my young Skill,
To bear the Milk-bowie, nae Pain was to me,
When I at the Bughting forgather'd with thee.

PATIE.

When Corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blue Heather-bells Bloom'd bonny on Moorlands and sweet rising

Fells.

Nae Birns, Briers, or Breckens, gave Trouble to

If I found the Berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wreftled, or putted the Stane,

And came aff the Victor, my Heart was ay

Thy ilka Sport manly, gave Pleasure to me; For nane can put, wrestle, or run swift as thee. Our Jenny, fings fafrly the Cowden Broom Knows,

T

And Rose lists sweetly the Milking the Ews; There's few Jenny Nettles like Nansy can sing, At Throw the Wood Laddie, Bess gars our Lugs

ring:

But when my dear Peggy sings with better Skill, The Bost-man, Tweed-side, or the Lass of the Mill,

'Tis mony times fweeter and pleafing to me; For the they fing nicely, they cannot like thee. PEGGY.

How eafy can Lasses trow what they defire? And Praises fae kindly increases Love's Fire; Give me fill this Pleasure, my Stedy shall be To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

SONG CCCCI. Happy Clown. Sung by Sir William, p. 35.

I D from himself, now by the Dawn He starts as fresh as Roses blawn, And ranges o'er the Heights and Lawn, After his bleeting Flocks.

Heathful, and innocently gay
He chants, and whiftles out the Day;
Untaught to facile, and then betray,
Like courtly Weathercocks.

Life happy from Ambition free, Envy and vile Hypocrifie, Where Truth and Love with Joys agree, Unfullied with a Crime:

Unmov'd with what distribs the Great, In propping of their Pride and State 3 He lives, and unafraid of Fate,

Contented Spends his Time.

S O N G CCCCII. Leith Wynd.
Sung by Jenny and Roger, p. 47.

ERE I affur'd you'd conftant prove,
You should nae mair complain,
The easy Maid befer with Love,
Few Words will quickly gain;
For I must own, now since you're free,
This too foud Heart of mine
Has lang, a Back-fole true to thee,
Wish d to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

I'm happy now, ah! let my Head
Upon thy Breast recline;
The Pleastne strikes me near-hand dead!
Is Jenny then sae kind?
O let me briss thee to my Heart!
And round my Arms entwine:
Delytful Thought; we'll never part!
Come press thy Mouth to mine.

S O N G CCCCIII. O'er Bogie.

Sung by Jenny, p. 48.

Note to my Father gae.

Make him content to give Confent,
He'll hardly fay you nay:

For you have what he wad be at,
And will commend you well,
Since Parents auld think Love grows cauld,
Where Bairns want Milk and Meal.

Shou'd he deny, I carena by, He'd contradict in vain. Tho' a' my Kin'had faid and fwern, But thee I will have nane. Then never range, or learn to change, Like these in high Degree: And if you prove faithful in Love, You'll find nae Fault in me.

SONG CCCCIV. Wat ye wha I met Yestreen. Sung by Sir William, p. 54.

Y

O W from Rufticity, and Love,
Whose Flames but over lowly burn,
My Gentle Shepherd must be drove,
His Soul must take another Turn:
As the rough Diamond from the Mine,
In Breakings only shews its Light,
Thus Learning makes the Genius bright.

SONG CCCCV. Kirk wad let me be-Sung by Patie, p. 63.

UTY and Part of Reason,
Plead strong on the Parents side,
Which Love superior calls Treason;
The strongest must be obey'd;
For now tho' I'm one of the Gentry,
My Constancy Falshood repells;
For Change in my Heart is no Entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excells.

SONG CCCCVI. Woes my heart that we shou'd sunder. Sung by Peggy, p. 67.

Peak on, — fpeak thus, and ftill my Grief,
Hold up a Heart that's finking under
Thefe Fears, that foon will want Relief,
When Pate must from his Peggy funder.

A gentler Face and Silk Atrire,
A Lady rich in Beauty's Bloffom,
Alake poor me! will now confpire,
To Real thee from thy Peggy's Bosom.

No more the Shepherd who excell'd The rest, whose Wit made them to wonder, Shall now his Peggy's Praifes tell, Ah! I can die, but never funder. Ye Meadows where we often ftray'd,

Ye Banks where we were wont to wander. Sweet-scented Rucks round which we play'd, You'll loss your Sweets when we're afunder.

Again ah! fhall I never creep

Around the Know with filent Duty, Kindly to watch thee wille afleep, And wonder at thy manly Beauty?

Hear, Heaven, while folemnly I vow, Tho' thou shouldst prove a wandering Lover, Throw Life to thee I shall prove true,

Nor be a Wife to any other.

S O N G CCCCVII. Tweed fide. sung by Peggy, p. 68.

HEN Hope was quite sunk in Despair, My Heart it was going to break; My Life appear'd worthless my Care, But now I will fav't for thy fake, Where'er my Love travels by Day, Wherever he lodges by Night,

With me his dear Image shall stay, And my Soul keep him ever in Sight.

With Patience I'll wait the long Year, And fludy the gentleft Charms; Hope Time away till thou appear, To lock thee for ay in those Arms. Whilst thou wast a Shepherd, I priz'd No higher Degree in this Life; But now I'll endeavour to rife

To a Height is becoming thy Wife.

For Beauty that's only skin-deep,
Must fade like the Gowans of May,
But inwardly rooted, will keep
For ever, without a Decay.
Nor Age, nor the Changes of Life,
Can queach the fair Fire of Love,
If Virtue's ingrain'd in the Wise,
And the Husband have Sense to approve.

SONG CCCCVIII. Bush aboon Traquair. Sung by Peggy, p. 70.

T fetting Day and rifing Morn,
With Soul that fill shall love thee,
I'll ask of Heaven thy safe Return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit oft the Birken-Bush,
Where sirst 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 you Mountain.
There will I tell the Trees and Flowers,
From Thoughts unfeign'd and tender.
By Vows you're mine, by Love is yours
A Heart which cannot wander.

SONG CCCCIX. Bony gray-ey'd

Morn. Sung by Sir William, p. 74.

THE bony gray-ey'd Morning begins to
peep,
And Darknefs flies before the rifing Ray,
The hearty Hynd starts from his lazy Sleep,
To follow healthful Labours of the Day,

Without a guilty Sting towrinkle 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 Lofs.

Of half an Estate, the Prey of a Main,

The Drunkard and Gamester tumble and tose, 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 or Avarice blind,

Reach him who has Happiness link'd to his

See By the delicious Warmness of thy Mouth, fung by Patie and Peggy p.32. of the Pastoral, in p 268. of this Volume; which compleats the Songs in the Gentle Shepherd.

SONG CCCCX. There's my Thumb, &c.

TO OAST no more, fond Swain of Pleasure

That the fickle Fair can give thee:
Believe me, 'tis a Fairy Treasure,
And all thy Hopes will foon deceive thee.

Sweet's the Morn, but quickly flying; Her Smiles I've known, and her Difdaining; The Flow'r is fair, but quickly dying; And Chloe fiill will be complaining.

S O N G CCCCXI. Old Saturn, &c.

L D Saturn that Drone of a God, And Father of all the Divine, Still govern'd the World with a Nod, Yet fancy'd brisk Women and Wine; And when he was whimfical grown, By fipping his plentiful Bowl, Then frankly the Truth he would own, That a Wench was the Joy of his Soul.

Great Jupiter, like his old Dad,

To Love and a Bottle inchn'd, When mellow, was constantly glad To find a plump Girl to his Mind;

And then as the Story is told, He'd conjure himfelf in her Arms, As once in a Shower of Gold He rifled fair Danae's Charms,

Stern Mars, the Great God of the Field, All Day tho' delighting in Blood,

At Night his fierce Godship would yield To Beauty and Wine that was good: With Nestar he'd cherish his Heart,

And raife up his wanton Defires, Then to Venus, his Darling impart The Warmth of his amorous Fires.

Apollo, the Patron of Bays,
Full Goblets would merrily drein,

And fing forth poetical Lays,
When the Fumes had got unto his Brain:

But still as he whimsical grew,
By toring the Juice of the Vine,
To Parnassus daily he slew,

To kiss all the Musical Nine.

Sly Mercury too, like the reft, Made Wenching and Wine his Delight, And thought himfelf perfectly bleft With a Bottle and Mistress at Night:

No wonder Debauches he lov'd,

And cheating his Pleasure he made, For the Gods have ev'ry one prov'd That Pimping was always his Trade.

[379]

Plump Bacchus, that tun-belly'd Sot, His Thirft could but feldom allay, Till afride o'er a Hogsfhead he got, And drank all the Liquor away: As long as upright he could fit, He'd firenous bellow for more; When dunk, then the Veffel would quit

When drunk, then the Vessel would quit, And reel to some Bacchanal Whore.

SONG CCCCXII. Here's to thee, &c.

Ere's to thee, my Damon, let's drink and be merry,

And drown all our Cares in full Bumpers of

Sherry ;

Commit every Care to the Guardians above, And we'll live like Immortals in Pleasure and Love.

Here's Phillis' Health, lo! the Liquor flows

higher,

'Tis Phillis's Name that awakens the Fire:
Since the Liquor is clear, let our Eloquence
shine,

And Fancy be brisk, as the sparkling Wine.
Ye Nymphs, and ye Graces, ye Cupids, ye Swains,

Go pluck the fweet Roses, the Pride of the

Pluck only such Roses, as worthy the Fair, And weave her a Chaplet with diligent Care: While to won sool Popler's kind Shade we re

While to you cool Poplar's kind Shade we re-

To melt in Embraces, and mingle our Fire; In languishing Bliffes, we'll live, and we'll die,

She'll melt in the Flames, that I catch at her Eye.

Nor pol

M

SONG CCCCXIII. The' bootless, &c.

H O' bootless I must needs complain, My Fate is so extream; I lov'd, and was belov'd again,

Yer all was but a Dream:
For as that Love was quickly got.
So it was quickly gone;

I'll touch no more a Flame fo hot, I'd rather lie alone.

No Creature, be fhe ne'er fo fair, Shall any more beguile

My Fancy with a feigned Tear, Nor tempt me with a Smile:

I'll never think Affection feign'd, That is fo fairly shewn;

I'll touch no more a Flame fo hot,
I'd rather lie alone.

Should now the little God conspire Again t'entrap my Mind;

And strive to set my Heart on Fire, Alas! the Boy's 200 Blind:

For such I'll never venture Smiles, Nor hazard Mirth for none;

Nor yet regard a Woman's Wiles, I'd rather lie alone.

The blazing Torch is so burnt out, The Diamond's Light abides; The Fire her Glory hurls about,

The Woman her Vertue hides: That Spark, (if any should be mine) That else shews like to none;

For if to e'ery Eye she shine, 1'd rather lie alone.

No Woman shou'd deceive my Thought, With Colours not in Grain; Nor put a Love fo flightly wrought,
Into my Hands again:
I'll pay no more fo dear for Wit,
I'll love upon my own;
Nor shall Affection trouble it,
I'd rather lie alone.

And so I'll fet my Heart at rest,
My loving Labour's lost;
I'll be no more so rarely blest,
To be so strangly crost:
The Love-lost Turtle so doth die,
The Phanix is but One;
They seek no Mates, no more will I,
I'd rather size alone.

SONG CCCCXIV. No more, &c.

Tho' too prefuming is appear;
When long Defpair a Hearr has try'd,
What other Torments can it fear?
Unlov'd of her, I would not live,
Nor dye, 'till the the Sentence give.

Why should the Fair offended be, If Vertne charm in Beauty's Dress; If where so much Divine I see, My open Vows the Saint confess? Awak'd by Wonders in her Eyes, My somer Idols I despise.

SONG CCCCXV. Phillis bas, &c.

Hillis has such charming Graces,
Beauty triumphs in her Eye:
She was made for the Embraces
Of some mighty Deity.
Phillis has such charming Graces,
I must love her, tho' I die.

Have a Care Celeftial Creature,
Coynefs may your Beauty pall;
You an Angel are by Nature;
Angels by their Pride loft all.
Have a Care, celeftial Creature,
Left I triumph in your Fall.

SONG CCCXVI. With ev'ry, &c.

IT H ev'ry Grace young Strephon chofe:
His Person to adorn,
That, by the Beauties of his Face,
In Sylvia's Love he might find Place,
And wonder'd at her Scorn.

With Bows and Smiles he did his Part; But oh! 'twas all in vain: A Youth lefs fine, a Youth of Art, Had talk'd himfelf into her Heast, And wou'd not out again.

With Change of Habits Strephon press'd, And urg'd her to admire; His Love alone the other 'dres'd, As Verse, or Prose became it best, And mov'd her fost Desire.

This found, his Courtship Strephon ends, Or makes it to his Glass; There in himself now seeks Amends; Convinced, that where a Wit pretends, A Beau is but an Als.

SONG CCCCXVII. Maria, when, &c.

MARIA, when my Sight you blefs,
Each Morn beneath your Cow,
How can the Swain his Joy exprefs,
To fee thee in thy rural Drefs,
And hear thee finging too?

Thy milk-white Waiftcoar, free from Stain, Denotes thy purer Thought, As clear from Faishood as Difdain; And in thy foft and chearful Strain My Cares are all forgot.

Thy Breath excels the Breath of Morn, More fragrant than the Hay; Or Flow'rs, tho' in thy Bofom worn; Or Clover-Grafs; or green-ear'd Corn; Or Cows, more sweet than they.

Thy modest Cheeks out-blush the Rose,
Whilst I thy Charms recite;
Thy Lips are Cheeries; Eyes are Sloes;
And thy engaging Smiles disclose
Two Rows of Iv'ry white.

But Oh, the Burden of my Song!
Those Charms may fall a Prey,
And be commanded, right or wrong,
By some dull Clown, whose vulgar Tongue
Can nether Sing nor Say.

The Vi'let thus, that in the Mead Regal'd our Smell alas! No more must rear its bloomy Head, Stamp'd in by some black Ox's Tread, Or shew'd with common Grass.

The chearful Mornings, once so blest, So Evinings too, are o'er: Ye Cows, whose Teats Maria prest, Farewel, my Pipe has done its best, Maria smiles no more.

SONG CCCCXVIII. My Heart, &c.

Y Heart inclines your Chains to wear,
But Reafon will not stoop;
I love that Angel's Face, but sear,
The Scrpent in your Hoop.

Your Eyes discharge the Darts of Love, But oh! What Pains succeed, When Darts shall Pins and Needles prove, And Love a Fire indeed!

The Fly about the Candle gay
Dances, with thoughtless Hum;
But short, alas! his giddy Play,
His Pleasure proves his Doom.

The Child, in fuch Simplicity,
About the Bee-hive clings,
And with one Drop of Honey, he
Receives a Hundred Stings.

SONG CCCCXIX. Lovers, &c.

Overs, who waste your Thoughts and Youth?
In Passion's fond Extremes;
Who dream of Women's Love and Truth,
And doat upon your Dreams:

I shou'd not here your Fancy take From such a pleasing State; Were you not sure at last to wake, And find your Fault too late.

Then learn betimes, the Love which crowns Our Cares, is all but Wiles; Compos'd of falle fantastick Frowns, And foft diffembling Smiles.

With Anger, which fometimes they feign, They cruel Tyrants prove; And then turn Platterers again, With as affected Love.

As if some Injury were meant
To those they kindly us'd,
Those Lovers are the most content,
That have been still refus'd.

[385]

Since each has in his Bosom nurs'd, A false and fawning Foe; 'Yis just, and wife, by stricking first, To scape the fatal Blow.

SONG CCCCXX. Clarinda, the, &c.

Larinda, the Pride of the Plain,

So fam'd for her conquering Charms,

Repenting her Scorn of a Swain,

Sat pensive, and folding her Arms.

Her Lute, and her shining Attire, Negtected, were laid at her Side; While pining with hopeless Desire,

The Damfel thus mournfully cry'd.

Oh! cou'd the past Hours but teturn,

When I triumph'd in Angelog's Hyart,

Clarinda wou'd mutually burn,
Wou'd mutually fuffer the Smart:

But far from the Plain he is gone
Enjoys the fweet Smiles of a Fair,
Whofe Kindnefs the Shepherd has wou,
And Clarinda no more is his Care.

low oft at the for Feet has he lain,
Bewaing his forrowful Fate!
But all his Complaints were in vain,
I Soolifuly doated on State.
long'd to be gaz'd on in Town,
To fparkle in golden Array;
ly my Drefs, and my Charms to be known,
In the Park, and at ev'ry new Play.

thought, without Grandeur and Fame,
That Marriage no Bleffling could prove so
ome wealthy young Heir was my Aim;
And i flighted poor Angelot's Love.
uch Madness befotted my Mind,
I receiv'd'all his Sighs with Disdain;

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I regarded his Vows but as Wind, And scornfully smil'd at his Pain.

How happy my Fortune had been, Cou'd my Reason have conquer'd my Pride! In Eliss I had rivall'd a Queen;

Had I been my dear Angelot's Bride: With him more Content I had found,

Than Grandeur and Fame can supply; For his Fondness my Wishes had crown'd, With a Passion that never wou'd die.

I had feasted with innocent Joy
On the Pleasures of Kindness and Base;
While the Fears which the great Ones annoy,
Had ne'er interrupted my Peace.
But ah! that glad Prospect is gone!

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His Love I can never regain: And the Loss I shall ever bemoan, 'Till Death shall relieve me from Pain.

Thus wail'd the fad Nymph all in Tears, When the Swain to the Green did advances In his Hand his new Confort appears, With a Train, gaily join'd. in a Dance,

Impatient, and fick at the Sight,
To the neighbouring Grove the retir'd,
(Once the Scene of her daily Delight)
And fainting, in Silence expir'd.

SONG CCCCXXI. Come Lassie, & OME Lassie, lend me your braw Hei Heckle,

And I'll lend you my Thripling Kame; For Fainness, Deary, I'll gar ye heckle, If you'll go dance the Bob of Dunblane.

Haste ye, gang to the Grond of ye'r Trunkie Qi Busk ye braw, and diona think Shame; Ind Confider in Time, if leading of Monkies, Be better than dancing the Bob of Dunblane

[387]

Be frank, my Lasse, left I grow fickle, And tak my Word and Offer again, Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle. Ye didna accept of the Bob of Dunblane.

The Dinner, the Piper, the Priest shall be ready, And I'm grown dowie with lying alane; Away then, leave baith Minny and Dady, And try with me the Bob of Dunblane.

SONG CCCCXXII. Betty early, &c.

BETTY early gone a Maying, Met her Sweetheart Willie straying; Design or Chance, no matter whether, -B. But this we know, he reason'd with her.

Mark, dear Maid, the Turtles Cooing, Fondly Billing, kindly Wooing; See How ev'ry Bush discovers Happy Pairs of feather'd Lovers.

Or in Singing, or in Loving, Ev'ry Moment still improving; Love and Nature wifely leads em: Love and Nature ne'er misguides'em.

See how the opening blufhing Rofes,
Does all her fecret Charms difclofe;
Sweet's the Time, ah! fhort's the Mcafure
Of our fleeting, hafty Pleafure.

Quickly we must fnatch the Blisses Of their fost and fragrant Kisses; To-day they bloom; they fade To-morrow, Droop their Heads, and die in Sorrow.

Time, my Befs, will leave no Traces
of those Beauties, of those Graces;
Youth and Love forbid our staying;
Love and Youth abhor delaying.

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Dearest Maid! nay, do not fly me, Let your Pride no more deny me; Never doubt your faithful Willie, There's my Thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

SONG CCCCXXIII. How bappy's, &c

OW happy's the Man, that like you, Sir, His prerty dear Person admires! Who, when with the Fair it won't do, Sir,

Content to his Idol retires.

He turns to his Glass,
Where, in his sweet Face
Such ravishing Beauties disclose;
His Heart on fire,

Is fure his Defire
No Rival will ever oppose.

But when to a Nymph a Pretender,
Poor Mortal, he fplits on a Shelf!
How little a Thing will defend her,
From one that makes Love to himfelf!

While nice in Drefs, And fure of Success, He thinks she can never get free; With smiling Eyes,

She rallies, and flies, And laughs at his Merit, like me.

SONG CCCCXXIV. Happy Infest! &cc

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Appy Infect! what can be
In Happiness compar'd to thee?
Fed with Nourishment Divine,
The dewy Morning's gentle Wine!

Nature waits upon thee still, And thy verdant Cup does fill; 'Tis fill'd where-ever thou do'st tread: For Nature Self's thy Ganymede ! [389]

Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing; Happier than the happiest King! All the Fields which thou dost see, All the Plants belong to Thee:

All the Summer Hours Produce,
Fertile made with early Juice,
Man for Thee does Sow and Plough;
Farmer He, and Landlord Thou.

Thou innocently dost enjoy; Nor does thy Luxury destroy; With Joy the Shepherd heareth thee, Far more harmonious sing than he!

Thee Country-Hinds with Gladness hear, The Prophet of the ripen'd Year! Thee Phæhus loves, and does inspire; Bright Phæhus is himself thy Sire!

To Thee, of all things upon Earth, Life is no longer than thy Mirth. Happy Insect, thrice happy thon! Dost neither Age nor Winter know!

But when thou'st drunk, and dane'd, and sung Thy Fill, thy slow'ry Leaves among, sated with thy Summer-Feast, Thou retir'th to endless Rest.

SONG CCCCXXV. To bug your, &c.

O hug your felf in perfect Eafe,
What wou'd you wish for more than thefe?
A healthy, clean Paternal Seat,
Well shaded from the summer's Heat.

A little Parlour Stove, to hold A confrant Fire from Winter's Cold, Where you may Sit, and Think, and Sing, Far off from Court, God blefs the King! Safe from the Harpies of the Law, From Party-Rage, and Great Man's Paw; Have choice few Friends of your own chafte; A Wife agreeable and Cafte.

An open, but yet cautious Mind, Where guilty Cares no Entrance find; Nor Mifers Fears, nor Envy's Spight, To break the Sabbath of the Night.

Plain Equipage, and temp'rate Meals, Few Taylors, and no Doctor's Bills, Content to take, as Heav'n shall please, A longer or a shorter Lease.

SONG CCCCXXVI. Awful Hero, &c.

Wful Hero, Marlbro', rife!
Sleepy Charms I come to break:
Hither turn thy languid Eyes:

Lo! thy Genius calls, awake!

Well furvey this faithful Plan, Which records thy Life's great Story; 'Tis a flort, but crowded Span, Full of Triumphs, full of Glory.

One by One thy Deeds review?
Sieges, Battles thick appear;
Former Wonders loft in New,
Greatly fill each pompous Year!
This is Blenbeim? Crimfon Field,
Wet with Gore, with Slaughter stain?d!

Here retiring Squadrons yield, And a bloodless Wreath is gain'd.

Ponder in thy God-like Mind All the Wonders thou hast wrought; Tyrants, from their Pride declin'd, Be the Subject of thy Thought!

Rest thee here, while Life may last: Th' utmost Bliss to Man allow'd, [391]

Is to trace his Actions past,
And to find 'em Great and Good.

But 'tis gone — O Mortal born!
Swift the fading Scenes remove —
Let 'em pass with noble Scorn:
Thine are Worlds which roll above.

Poets, Prophets, Heroes, Kings,
Pleas'd, thy ripe Approach forefee;
Men who acted wond'rous Things,
Tho' they yield in Fame to Thee.

Foremost in the Patriot Band, Shining with distinguish'd Day, See thy Friend Godolphin stand! See! he beckons thee away.

Yonder Seats and Fields of Light, Let thy ravish'd Thought explore: Wishing, panting for thy Flightl Half an Angel; Man no more.

SONG CCCCXXVII. 'Twas, &c.

WAS forth in the Morning, a Morning of May,
A Soldier and his Mistress were walking astray;
And low down by you Meadow Brow,
I heard a Lassery, My Apron now!

O had I ta'en Counfel of Father or Mother, Or had I ta'en Counfel of Sifter or Brother! But I was a young Thing, and eafy to wooe, And my Belly bears up my Apron now.

Thy Apron, Deary, I must confess, Is something the shorter, the naithing the less; I only was wi' ye a Night or Two, And yet you cry out, my Apron now!

SONG CCCCXXVIII. Of Leinster, &c.

F Leinster, fam'd for Maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the Grace;
Nor e'er did Liff's limpid Stream
Reflect fo sweet a Face.
'Till luckless Love, and pining Care,
Impair'd her rosse Hue,

Her coral Lips, and damask Cheeks, And Eyes of glossy Blue.

Oh, have you feen a Lily pale,
When beating Rains defeend?
So droop'd the flow-confumfing Maid,
Hey Life now near its End.
By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring Swains
Take heed, ye eafy Fair:
Of Vengeance due to broken Vows,

Ye perjor'd Swains, beware.

Three times, all in the Dead of Night, A Bell was heard to ring; And shricking at her Window thrice, The Raven stapp'd his Wing:

Too well the Love-lorn Maiden knew The folemn boding Sound; And thus, in dying Words, belooke The Visgins weeping round.

'I hear a Voice you cannot hear, Which fays, I must not stay;

"I fee a Hand you cannot fee,
"Which beckons me away.

66 By a false Heart, and broken Vows,
66 In early Youth I dye;
66 Was I to blame, because his Bride

"Was I to blame, because his is

" Ah, collin! give not her thy Vows, Vows due to me alone;

[393]

" Nor thou, fond Maid, receive his Kiss,

" 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 Coarse, my Comerades, bear,
"This Bridegroom blythe to meet;

"He in his Wedding-Trim fo gay,

"I, in my Winding Sheet.
She spoke, she dy'd; her Coarse was borne,

The Bridegroom blythe to meet; He in his Wedding-Trim fo gay, She in her Winding-Sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Collin's Thoughts?
How were these Nuptials kept?
The Bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,

And all the Village wept.

Confusion, Shame, Remorfe, Defpair,

At once his Bosom swell;
The Damps of Death bedew'd his Brow,
He shook, he ground, he fell.

From the vain Bride (ah Bride no more!)
The varying Crimfon fled;
When firetch'd before her Rival's Coarfe,

She faw 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 this Grave, the conflant Hind And plighted Maid are feen; With Garlands gay, and True Love Knots, They deck the facted Green.

But, Swain forfworn, whoe'er thou art, This hallow'd Spot forbear;

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[394]

Remember Collin's dreadful Fate, And fear to meet him there.

SONG CCCCXXIX. When thy, &c.

HEN thy Beauty appears, In its Graces and Airs,

All bright as an Angel new dropt from the Sky;
At Distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my
Fears;

So strangely you dazzle my Eye!

But when, without Art, Your kind Thoughts you impart,

When your Love runs in Blushes thro' every Vein,
When it datts from your Eyes, when it pants
in your Heart,

Then I know you're a Woman again.

There's a Passion and Pride In our Sex (she reply'd;)

And thus (might I gratify both) I won'd do: Still an Angel appear to each Lover beside, But still be a Woman to you.

SONG CCCCXXX. Thirfis, &c.

HIRSIS, inconfiant, apt to rove, Seated in a shady Grove, Thus belought the God of Love:

Son of Venus, powerful Boy, Author of our Grief and Joy, Hear an ardent Lover's Fray'r, And bring me my Clarinda here.

Cupid his Petition heard:
Fair Glarinda foon appear'd;
Youth and Beauty round her shining,
Youth and Innocence combining,
With generous Fires inslam'd his Breast,
While thus the Swain their Power confest:

[395]

Lovely Nymph, no more I'll range : Thirfis, now, no more will change; All that may give Delight I fee. All thy beauteons Sex in thee: Love, join'd with Virtue chafte and true. Will always make Clarinda nezu.

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SONG CCCCXXXI. Since. &c.

CINCE all that's fair in Womankind, You boast you can discover, Search, with a Freedom unconfin'd. Their Stock of Charms all over-

And when the mighty Pains you've took, And faid whate'er you can fay, You'll own; the faireft, in her Smock, Was fairer in your Fancy.

SONG CCCCXXXII. Corinna, &c.

Orinna, I excuse thy Face, Those erring Lines which Nature drew ; When I reflect that every Grace Thy Mind adorns, is just and true.

Es But oh! thy Wit what God has fent, Surprifing, airy, unconfin'd; Some Wonder, fure, Apollo meant, And fhot himfelf into thy Mind.

SONG CCCCXXXIII. Ab! &c.

A H! Chloris, 'tistime to difarm your bright Eyes,

And lay by those terrible Glances; We live in an Age that's more civil and wife, Than to follow the Rules of Romances.

When once your round Bubbies begin but to pout, They'll allow you no long time of courting ; And you'll find it a very hard Task to hold out, For all Maidens are mortal at Fourteen.

[396]

SONG CCCCXXXIV. Almeria's, &c.

A Lmeria's Face, her Shape, her Air,
With Charms refiftlefs wound the Heart;
In vain you for Defence prepare,
When from her Eyes Love throws his Dart.

So firong, fo fwift the Arrow flies,
Such fure Defruction flying makes 3
The bold Oppofer quickly dies!
The Fugitive it overtakes!

Nor Stratagem, nor Force avails, No feign'd Submiffion fets you free; One Look o'er all your Arts prevails, There's no way fafe but not to fee!

For fuch the Magic of her Arms, And wounding fhe does so allure; The unexperienced court their Harms; The wounded never wish a Cure.

SONG CCCCXXXV. Nature fo, &c.

Ature so tender to Chloe has shown, She ne'er can surrender a Heart she has

Such is her Behaviour, fo wife is her Aim,
That none boalt her Favour, nor any complain.
On could I move her!

My Chains eafy grown,
Shou'd ferve her gay Lover,
To shew I'm her own:
Or were she but cruel!
I Freedom might find;

Bur oh, to my Ruin! She's not cruel nor kind!

SONG CCCCXXXVI. Woman, &c.

Woman, though the figid of Creature

Laughing, idle flutting thing!

Most fantastick Work of Nature!

Still, like Faney, on the Wing.

[397]

Slave to ev'ry changing Paffion, Loving, hating, in Extream; Fond of ev'ry foolish Fashion,

And, at best, a pleasing Dream. Lovely Trifle! dear Illusion! Conqu'ring Weakness! wish'd for Pain!

Man's chief Glory, and Confusion,

Of all Vanities most vain.

Thus deriding Beauty's Powers Bevil call'd it all a Cheat; But in less than half an Hour. Kneel'd and whin'd at Celia's Feet .

SONG CCCCXXXVII. Gently, &c.

Thuly hear me, charming Fair, I Ever kind and ever dear : All my dying Pains remove, Chloe, Smile, and fay, you love. On your Bosom let me lay, Sigh and gaze my Soul away.

Balmy Kiffes, pow'rful Joys, Such as Death, nor Time destroys. Oh ! my dearest fair one, give, So I ever bleft fhall live: More than Gods in Heaven can be: Thou alone art Heaven to me.

SONG CCCCXXXVIII. As Amoret, Egg.

S Amoret and Phillis fat One Evening on the Plain, And faw the charming Strephon wait, To tell the Nymph his Pain; The threat'ning Danger to remove, Hewhisper'd in her Ear; Ah! Phillis! if you would not love The Shepherd, do not hear.

None ever had so ftrange an Art
His Passion to convey,
Into a list'ning Virgin's Heart,
And steal her Soul away.
Fly, sly, betimes, for Fear you give
Occasion for your Fare.
In vain, said she, in vain I strive,
Alas! 'tis now to late.

S O N G CCCCXXXIX. Three, &c.

SEE, fee, like Venus she appears, With all her Heaven of Charms! Her spotless Form, her blooming Years, Enchant me to her Arms. Were I to chuse my fav'rite Joy,

Or Love or Kingly Sway,
Her Smiles would all my Hours employ,
And fport the World away.

SONG CCCCXL. Twas on a, &c.

THE Night was still, the Air serene, Fann'd by a southern Breeze; The glimm'ring Moon might just be seen, R. setting theo' the Trees,

The bubbling Water's constant Course,
From off th' adjacent Hill,
Was mournful Echo's last Resource,
All Nature was so still.

The constant Shepherd fought this Shade, By Sorrow fore oppress'd, Close by a Fountain's Margin laid,

Close by a Fountain's Margin laid His Pain he thus express'd.

Ah, wretched Youth! why didft thou love, Or hope to meet Success;

Or think the Fair would constant prove, Thy blooming Hopes to bless? [399.]

Find me the Rose on barren Sande; The Lilly 'midst the Rocks; The Grape in wide-deserted Lands; A Wolf to guard the Flocks.

Those you, alas! will sooner gain,
And will more easy find,
Than meet with aught but cold Disdain

In faithless Womankind.

Riches alone now win the Fair,
Merit they quite despise;
The Constant Lover, thro' Despai

The Conftant Lover, thro Despair, Because not wealthy, dies.

SONG CCCCXLI. Stay, Shepherd,&c.

Why did e'er my Thoughts aspire
To wish for that no Crown can buy,
'Tis Sacrilege, but to desire

What she in Honour will deny.
As Indians do the eastern Skies,
I at a Distance must adore

The brighter Glories of her Eyes, And never dare pretend to more.

SONG CCCCXLII. Sure ne'er, &c-

Our me'er was Dog so wretched as so, Whose Rest is for ever prevented; Pm neither at Peace when Aurelia looks coy, Nor when she looks kind and contented.

Her Frowns give a Pain I'm unable to bear, The Thoughts of them fet me a trembling: Her Smiles give no Joy, fince I plaguily fear

They can be no more than diffembling. Then prithee, my dearest, consent and be kind,

Then prithee, my deareff, confent and be kind Put an end to this troublesome Wooing; For I see I shall no er be at Peace in my Mind, Till once you and I have been doing. Let your poor Dog no longer with Justice complain
Of Usage that's hard above Measure;

But fince he has tafted so much of Love's Pain,
Prichee sing him a Bit of his Pleasure.

SONG CCCCXLIII. As Archers, &c.

A S Arches and Fidlers, who cunningly know The way to procure themselves Merit, Will always provide 'em two Strings to their Bow.

And follow their Bus'ness with Spirit:

So likewise the provident Damsel should do, Who'd make the best use of her Beauty, If the Mark she would hit, or her Lesson pass

thro', Two Lovers must still be on Duty.

Thus arm'd against Chance, and secure of Supply,

So far our Revenge we may carry; One Spark for our Sport we may jilt and fet by, And t'other, poor Soul! we may marry.

SONG CCCCXLIV. There liv'd, &c.

O more think me false,
For the Flame never dies,
Which Silvia has rais'd
By such powerfol Eyes;
Ah! view but thyself,
Then measure my Love,
And think what a Passion
Such Beauty must move-

Tho' first it was Beauty Which ravish'd my Sight, Yet now I regard

As only the Light,

Which kindly betray
The rich Charms of thy Mind,
Where Sense and Good-nature
So firongly are join'd.
Then think me not false,
For the Knot will e'erlast,
Which my Fancy has ty'd,
And my Reason made fast,
So fast, that the' Time

Thy Eyes may disarm; Yet no Time shall my Faith Or my Love ever harm.

The Passion I have
Can never grow less,
Not tho? thy-fair felf
Shou'd that Passion oppress;
Fer while I thy Face
Or thy Mind have in view,

Still, fall I must love, And in loving be true.

SON G CCCCXLV. When Love, &c.

Hen Love is lodg'd within the Heart,
Poor Virtne to the Outworks flies,
The Tongue, in Thunder, takes her Part,
She darts in Lightning from the Eyes.
From Lips and Eyes with gifted Grace,
In vain we keep our charming Sin;

In vain we keep our charming Sin; For Love will find fome weaker Place, To let the dear Invader in.

ONG CCCCXLVI. The Stone, &c.

HE Stone, that all things turns at Will
To Gold, the Chymist craves;
But Gold, without the Chymist's Skill,
Turns all Men into Knaves,

And a cheating they will go, &c.

The Merchant wou'd the Courtier cheat, When on his Goods he lays

Too high a Price -- but, faith, he's bit, For a Courtier ne'er pays.

And a cheating, &c.

The Lawyer, with a Face demure, Hangs him who steals your Pelf; Because the good Man can endure

No Robber but himfelf.

And a cheating, &e.

Betwixt the Quack and Highwayman, What Diffrence can there be? Tho' this with Pistol, that with Pen,

Both kill you for a Fee.

And a cheating, &c.

The Husband cheats his loving Wife, And to a Mistress goes,

While she at home, to ease her Life, Carouses with the Beaus.

And a cheating, &c.

The Tenant doth the Steward nick, (So low this art we find)

The Steward doth his Lordship trick, My Lord tricks all Mankind.

And a cheating, &c.

One Sect there are, to whose fair Lot No cheating Arts do fall,

And those are Parsons call'd, God wot, And so I cheat you all.

And a cheating, &c.

SONG CCCCXLVII. I wish my love, &

HE thirsty Earth soaks up the Rain, And drinks, and gapes for Drink again The Plants suck in the Barth and Air, With constant drinking fresh and fair. The Sea itself, which one would think. hould have but little need for Drinks Drinks ten thousand Rivers up, o fill'd, that they o'erflow the Cup. The bufy Sun (and one should guess, by's drunken fiery Face, no lefs,) brinks up the Seas and when h'as done. The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun; They drink and dance by their own Light They drink and revel all the Night: Jothing in Nature's fober found, lut an eternal Health goes round. ill up the Bowl then, fill it high, "ill all the Glaffes there; for why hou'd ev'ry Creature drink but I, Vhy, Men of Morals, tell me why?

Why, Men of Morals, tell me why?

ONG CCCXLVIII. Brisk, &c.

Will make us all merry;
heu fill the Glass, fill the Glass readily round;
Put it o'er the left Thumb,
Tho' the Company's dumb,

will open their Pipes with a musical Sound, I will open, &c.

Then so, la, me, fa,

With a Note on ela, hen higher, then higher perhaps it may rise.

Fill a Bumper about, For without any doubt

olly Bacchus, jolly Bacchus is psais'd to the Skies,

Is prais'd to the Skies.

ONG CCCCXLIX. Old Adam, &c.

L D Adam, it is true, No Care in Edenknew, Yet his Sons live more gay and airy or he tipp!'d Water, While we, who come after, Drink Claret and racy Canary.

Then let each take his Glass, And drink to his Lass, But ne'er be a Slave unto either;

For they are only wife, Who both equally prize,

And join Bacchus and Venus together.

Whenever thus they meet, All our Joys are compleat,

And our Jollity ne'er can expire;

They our Faculties warm, And us mutually charm,

While each from the other takes Pire.

SONG CCCCL. Come, let's be, &c.

OM E, let us drink,
'Tis vain to think,
Like Fools, on Grief or Sadness;
Let our Money fly,
And our Sorrow die,
All worldly Care is Madness,

But Wine and good Chear, Will, in spite of our Fear, Inspire our Hears with Mirth, Boys: The time we live, To Wine let us give, Since all must turn to Earth, Boys.

Hand about the Bowl,
The Delight of my Soul,
And to my hand commend it;
A. Fig for Chink,
'Twas made to bey Drink,
And before we go hence we'll spend it.

[405]

SONG CCCCLI. Who to win, &c.

Oman, Nature's greatest Beauty, Was alone design'd for Man; It therefore is each Mortal's Duty,

To enjoy it whilft he can.

No more denying, Be complying, Joys are nigh you, Youth will fly you,

For our Life is but a Span.

For, &c.

Ask old Mortals past the Picafure, If they would be young again,

They'd give their golden Heaps of Treasure, But they must define in vain.

But they must define in vai

Ever pining, Always fighing, Ever crying,

Oh! that I were young again?

0b! & c.

Wield then quickly, Charmer, ease me, Whilst thy Beauty's in its Prime;

The Joys I'm fare I know will please thee, And no more be call'd a Crime.

Meiring Bliffes, Dying Kiffes, Hearts inviting, Souls uniting,

All excite the happy Time.

All, &c.

SONG CCCCLII. As Cynthio, &c.

S Cynthio late within the Grove
Bemoan'd his too fuccefsless Love,
And cas'd, retir'd, his feeret Pain:
The God of Love, who wander'd near,

[406]

V

Ghanc'd his Complaint to overhear, And thus address'd the Swain.

Rife, filly, Shepherd rife, he cry'd, It feems vou're eafily deny'd,

Because the charming Nymph is coy: The Tongue may learn to speak with Art, But would ye know the fair one's Heart,

Confult it in her Eye !

'Tis in that Mirrour of her Soul! The Secrets of her Bosom roll, Reveal'd without Disguise to view

For Cynthio! take it for a Truth, You only are the favour'd Youth, And Lydia loves but you!

No more my Altars then upbraid, Nor thus invoke my needless Aid!

Since faithful I have done my Part:
Thy own perform with like Address,
She foon shall yield thy Arms to bless,
And give thee all her Heart!

So spoke sincere -- the friendly God, When straight along the slow'ry Road,

The Nymph with languid Beauty mov'd: The Swain with Joy the Moment feiz'd, She heard his tender Vows well pleas'd, And all his Wish approv'd.

With grateful Pride and gladsome Air To Hymen's Shrine he led the Fair!

And made the lasting Bliss secure: Let Maids no more fasse Coldness feign, Let faithful Swains no more complain, But boldly ask a Cure!

SONG CCCCLIII. Of all States, &

Marriage fure is most precarious!
Tis a Maze so strangely winding,
Still we are new Mazes finding;

[407]

Tis an Action so severe, That nought but Death can set us clear.

Happy's the Man from Wedlock free, Who knows how to prize his Liberty;

Were Men wary How they Marry,

We should not be by half so full of Misery.

SONG CCCCLIV. London Ladies.

P OR Gold, and not Freedom, those Gene-

Who clip from their Veterans Pay, Sir, For Gold, and not Freedom, those Journalists write.

Who rave about despotick Sway, Sir;

Would Fate to their Wishes propitiously deign, And fill but their Coffers with Gold, Sir;

The Pope then might fight, and the Devil might reign,

For Fighter and Writer are fold, Sir.

SONG CCCCLV. Love, thouart, &c.

Ove, thou art the best of human Joys,
Our chiefest Happiness below;
All other Pleasures are but Toys,
Musick without thee is but Noise,
Beauty but an empty Show.

Heaven that knew best what Man cou'd move, And raise his Thoughts above the Brute,

Said, let him be, and let him love, That only must his Soul improve, Howe'er Philosophers dispute.

SONG CCCCLVI. The Hounds, &c.

HE Hounds are all out, and the Morning does peep,

Why how now you fluggardly Sot? How can you, how can you lie fnoring afleep, While we all on Horseback have got?

Brave Boys, while we all on Horseback, &c.

I cannot get up, for the over-night's Cup So terribly lies in my Head;

Beside, my Wise cries, my Dear do not rise, But cuddle me longer a-bed, Dear Boy, but cuddle, &c.

Come, on with your Boots, and faddle you

Nor tire us with longer Delay;

The Cry of the Hounds, and the Sight of t

Will chase all our Vapours away, Brave Boys, will chase, &c.

SONG CCCCLVII. As I went over, &

Vou've heard, no doubt, how all the Glob in
Was foak'd of old with Noah's Flood.
See! here's a Globe that hold's a Sea!
A Sea of Liquors twice as good!

Tol dol de rol.

Had Noab's been a Flood like this,
And Anak's Sons such Souls as I;

They'd drank the Deluge as it role, And left the Ark, like Noah, dry. Tol lol de rol.

SONG CCCCLVIII. Take my, &c

AKE my Word, when I declare
I can never, no, no, never,
No, no, never eafe your Care:
Thus I think of ev'ry Lover,
No one yet was ever true:
Ah what Weakness they discover,
Who this Pailion can't subdue!

[409]

SONG CCCCLIX. To heal, &c.

O heal the Wound a Bee had made Upon my Kitty's Face, loney upon her Cheek she laid, And bid me kis the Place.

eas'd I obey'd, and from the Wound Imbib'd both Sweet and Smart; the Honey on my Lips I found, The Sting within my Heart.

SONG CCCCLX. While I, &c.

HILE I, fair Delia, view thy Face,
And ev'ry Charm admire,
hy Eyes a thousand Raptures raise,
And burn me with Desire,

wansported thus, thou lovely Maid!
With Pleasure I gaze on,
ill, by my heedless Look betray'd,
I'm unawares undone,

hus the poor Wretch, whose luckless Sight The fatal Serpentspies, oks on, and gazes with Delight, But, as he gazes, dies.

ONG CCCCLXI. Why, Delia, &c.

Which I endure from thy Distain,
Art thou not touch'd at my Complaint?
1'! did'ft thou know the Cares I feel!
5 what vast Height my Sorrows swell!
For Pity you'd relent.

hen at the glad Approach of Day I Nature looks ferene and gay, And the pleas'd Birds their Joys proclaim, [410]

E

Then rifing Griefs my Bosom rend, And ev'ry mournful Hour I spend In sighing our thy Name.

Say, Charmer, can't this Torment move That Heart, which feems averse to Love, To grant some Ease to my Despair?

Say, must I hope no kind Return? Must I with fruitless Passion burn, And you as cruel be as fair?

SONG CCCCLXII. I'm not one, & Bio

M not one of your Fops, who, to pleafe a co Lafs, Can lie whining and pining, and look like an A

Life is dull without Love, and not worth the Pc for feffing;

But l'ools make a Curse, what was meant for Bleising.
While bis Godship's not rude I'll allow him m

Breaft,

But, by Jove, out he goes, shou'd he once brea my Rest. I can toy with a Girl for an Hour, to allay

The Fluster of Youth, or the Ferment of May;
Butmust beg her Excuse, not to bear Pain or Ar
guish,
For that's not to love, by her leave, but to law

guifh.

SONG CCCCLXIII. Philis, the, &c

The Youth that fain would spoil ye, Gives you at once the Bloom of May, And riper Blush of July.

While thus the foothing Rogue prepares

[411]

Learn, fair one, hence t'escape his Snares, And save your fairest. Treasures.

The Bloffoms by too hot a Taint Soon drop and fall neglected; And Fruit that has a Maggot in't, However fair's rejected.

SONG CCCCLXIV. Cosmelia's, &c.

Ofmelia's Charms inspire my Lays, Who, young in Nature's Scorn, Blooms in the Winter of her Days, Like Glastenbury Thorn.

Cosmelia cruel at Threescore, Like Bards in modern Plays, Four A&s of Life pass'd guilrless o'er, But in the Fifth she slays.

f c'er, impatient for the Blifs, Within her Arms you fall, The plaister'd Fair returns the Kifs, Like Thishe, thro' a Wall.

ONG CCCCLXV. Sol declining, &c.

Cynthia shining,
I arm was the Season, and sweet the Air,
When Philander
Chanc'd to wander
1 a close Thicket with Phillida sair;
Love invading,
Hope perswading,
et was his Passion restrain'd by Fear.

Hopes collecting, Fears subjecting, hus he began to avow his Flame: Fairest Creature, Pride of Nature,

Slight not my Love, nor my Passion blame. She disdaining

His Complaining

Prompted the Youth to take furer Aim.

He grown bolder, Plainly told her.

She must furrender her Maidenhead;

Words denying, Looks complying,

Countenance changing, now pale, now red; She refisting,

He perfifting,

Love affifting, her Vertue fled.

Closely pressing,

Mutual Endearmonts each other charm'd;

She now lying, Panting, dying,

Told him his Actions her Soul had warm'd:

Her disdaining Was but seigning;

She wou'd have hated him had he not fform'd,

S O N G CCCCLXVII. Lillibulero.

U R Shopkeepers Wives are so polish'd of

That each has her Card and her Visiting-day; And whilst the tame Husband toils hard with his

She ruines his Credit and Pocket at Play.
Quadrille, Picquet,

Ombre, Baffet,

Alternative charm and promote her Delight,

T

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[413]

The Children are squalling, And Creditors bawling, That force the poor Bankrupt away in the Night.

SON G CCCCLXVII. Beffy Bell.

HEN a Lady like me condescends to

To let fuch a Jackanapes taste her, With what Zeal and Care should he worship the

Who gives him — what's Meat for his.

His Actions should still Attend on her Will,

Hear, Sirrah, and take it for Warning, To her he should be

Each Night on his Knee,

And so he should be on each Morning.

SONG CCCCLXVIII. Dear Colin, &c.

EAR Madam, when Ladies are willing,
A Man needs must look like a Fool,
For me, I would not give a Shilling,
For one that can love out of Rule:
At least you should wait for our Offers,

Nor fnatch like old Maids in Despair,
If you le liv'd to these Years with out Prosfers,
Your Sighs are now lost in the Air.

And not speak the Matter too plain;

Tis ours to be forward and puffling, And yours to affect a Difdain: That you're in a terrible taking,

9,

By all your fond Oglings I see:
The Fruit that will fall without shaking,
Indeed, is too mellow for me.

SONG CCCCLXIX. Fil tell thee, Dick

O his poor Cell a Satyr led
A Traveller with Cold half dead,
And with great Kindness treated.
A Fire Nose high he made him strait,
Shew'd him his Elbow-chair of State,
And near the Chimney seated.

Mis tingling Hands the Stranger blows; At which the Satyr wond ring role, And bluntly ask'd the Reason. Sir, quoth the Man, I mean no Harm,

I only do't my Hands to warm, In this cold frosty Season.

The Saryr gave him from the Pot A Mels of Porridge piping hot: The Man blow'd o'er his Gruel. What's that for, Friend? the Saryr cry'd a To cool my Broth, his Gueft reply'd, And Truth, Sir, is a Jewel.

How, quoth the Host then, is it so, And can you Contradictions blow, Turn out, and leave my Cottage. This honest Mansion ne'er shall hold Such Rascals as blow hot and cold; The De'il must find you Pottage.

SONG CCCCLXX. When the bright God of Day.

OUR Friendship I court,
For a friendly Support;
My Guts are grown wondrous limber:
My Belly complains
Of the Want of my Brains,
Which us'd to supply it with Timber.

[415]

May I fwing like a Dog,
If I have a Hog,
A Smelt, a George, or a Teafter:
But here am I pent,

To keep a fad Lent, Without any Hopes of an Easter.

I've fent to my Betters
Many circular Letters,

Of this my difinal Condition:

But you, Sir, I'm fure,

My Diffemper will cure,

Ora Halter my hacks Physici

Ora Halter must be the Physician,
Tis the first Time that I

E'er at Rhiming did try; In which, if I had any Skill, In a more elegant Way,

As I ought, I would fay, Your obliged Servant, Ra. Argill.

P. S. I hope you'll excuse
My unpolite Muse;
Did Bacchus my Fancy inspire,

Address you I would, In Verses as good

As any of Pope, or of Prior.

SON G CCCCLXXI. Free from, &c.

R E E from Confinement and Strife,
I'll plow thro' the Ocean of Life,
To feek new Delights,
Where Beauty invites,
But ne'er be confin'd to a Wife.

The Man that is free, Like a Vessel at Sea,

After Conquest and Plunder may roam; But when either confin'd By Wife or by Wind,

9

Tho' for Glory defign'd, No Advantage they find, But rot in the Harbour at Home,

SONG CCCCLXXII. Transform'd, &c

Ransform'd in Female Shape, both old an lame,
The God Vertumnus to Pomona came;

Not as when the Goddess saw all his Charms did

But difguis'd, he thus address'd the lift'ning

Lovely Goddess, so divine,
Guardian of this fruitful Tree,
A while thy darling Joys decline,
And lend an Ear to Love and me:
Blooming Beauties should be kind,
And taste of Pleasure while they may;
For Death is sure, and Love is blind,
And Passion cools as Love decay.

A

AAA

While he appear'd thus odious in her Eyes, The Goddels did his Strains despite; But when transform'd by Pow'r divine, Vortumnus did with blooming Beauty shine, Then sat Pomona all amaz'd, While on her youthful Swain she fondly gaz'd.

Successful happy Charmer,
'T is you alone can warm her,
Who never lov'd before:
Be bles'd as I can make you,
I never will forfake you,

But love you more and more.

FINIS.

A COMPLEAT

Alphabetical Glossary,

Or, Explanation of the Scotch Words.

N. B. This GLOSSARY will serve for all the Words in the Gentle Shepherd, as well as the Scotch Songs.

A' all, Aboon, above.

Ancs, once,
Ablins, perhaps.
Awn, own, acknowledge.
Afteer, firring.
Anither, another.
A-will, of itelf, of its
own Accord.
A-thought, a little.
A-ice, o' one Side.

A-thought, a little.
A-jee, o'one Side.
Auld, old.
An, if.
Air, early.
Aften, often.
Ain, own.
Aff, off.
Aik, Oak.
Airth, Quarter or Cor-

Aith, Quarter or Coner of the World.
Aiths, Ozths.
Amait, almost.
Ambry, Copposed.
Awa, away.

llane alone; his lane, by himfelf; neath, beneath.

Aftymes, oft-times. Albeit, abeit, altho'. A-wie, a little. Ayont, beyond.

- 1

B EILD, a Place of Shelter from the Weather.

Bairns Children.
Banc, Bone.
Bodralls, Beadles.
Bedtalls, to help, or repair.
Bend, to drink.
Bennifon, Bleffing.
Bennifo, Dimember in

Bewith, fomewhat, in the mean time.
Big, build.
Billy, Brother.

Bindging, bending, or court fring
Bling, to agle, or glance with the Eye.

Blyther, more joyful.
Blythfome, glad.
Blythnels, foy.
Bony, bandfome, pleas

Sant.

Baith, both. Bughi, Sheep-fold, Byar, Cow-house. Braw, brave, fine, gau-Bein, rich, well-furnish'd. Brife, to press or bruise. Bombaze, to confound or affright. Blate, Shame-fac'd. Buffine, white Dimity Bad, bid. Braes, Hillocks. Burne or Burnie, a Rivulet. Birks, Birch-Trees. Bratling, running down, or falling hallily. Bide, to bear, abide, endure. Barlikhoods, Freaks, Whims, Humours. Cloaths ; alfo Brats, Rags. Brachen, a fort of Broth. Brae, a rising Ground. Braid, broad. Broe, Broth. Bleezing, flaming, blazing. Bigonets, Biggands. Begunk, a Trick or Stratagem. Bairs, Bears. Bedeen, instantly. Bode, to foretell. Bot or but, without.

Bow or Boll, a Measure equal to a Sack. Beuk, bak'd. Bougils, Hunting-horns. Bouk, Carkass. Bauld, bold. Bicker, Bowl or Cup. Bobit, lac'd. Bodin, Stored or furnish-Brint, burnt. Blob, a Globe or Drop. Bluter, a Blunderer, or foolish Fellon. Beek, beeking, basking. Busk, adorn, drefs. Bootless, in vain. Boutith, a Gratuity. Belt, Girdle. Blae-berries, Blue-bervies. Bowt, bolt. Blaw, blow. Bands, Hinges. Betootch us! preferve 245! Bent, an open Field. Baugh, Simple, of a pitiful Look. Brock, a Badger. Broach, a Buckle. Ban, to curfe. Breeks, Breeches. Bourd, to dally, or tame per with. Brankit, primm'd up. Brander, a Grid-iron.

C

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Car

Cos

Qsi

Brack, broken Parts, or the Rejuse. Bruik, to love, or enjoy. But and Ben, from one End of the House to

the other. Bairnie, a little Child.

AFF, Calf. Id. Chaff. Carlings, old Women. Id. Boil'd Peafe. Cawler, frefh, cool. Craig, a Rock. Craigy, rocky. Chirm, chirp or fing. Crove, a little Hutch, or Lodge. Corbies, Ravens. Cleek, to fnatch, or book up. Clute, the Hoof. Canty, merry. Cou'dna, could not. Caulrife, cold, chilly. Cockernony, the Hair bound up in a Puff.

Cadgie, merry, gay. Claiths, Clothes. Cauld, cold. Coofs. Boobies. Canny, happy, cautious. Coft, bought.

Chiels, Fellows. Cleck, to basch.

Ca'd, or cawd, called. Cottars, Cottagers, Tenants.

Curn, a little Quantity. Cry, to call, or a Call. Ca', call.

Cantripes, Magick Spells and Diabolical Arts.

Cry'd, call'd on. Clim, climb. Canna, cannot.

Crack, to chat, to boaft. Clashes, Tittle-tattle. Clock, a Beetle.

Crummie, a Cow's Name.

Cunzie, Coin, Money. Caft, the Mein or Gefture.

Cast up, to throw in one's Teeth, to upbraid. Clag, Failing, or Im-

perfection. Clat, a Rake.

Clatteran, prating, chattering.

Cankart , Ill-natur'd . peevish. Caile, old Man.

Cawk, Chalk. Chitter, to gnash with the Teeth, Shivering. Crap creft.

Cod, a Pillow. Cogg, a weeden Difh. Coors. Ankle-bones.

Draps, drops, gives the Courtchea, or Curtchea, Handkerchief. Stip to Company. Daffin, Folly. Creel, a Basket or Ham .. Drie, Juffer. Decreet, Determination. Crocks, lean Sheep. or Judgment. Croft, Corn Land. Didna, did not. Crouse, brisk, or bold. Doof, a Fool, a Fellow Crowdy-mowdy, a fort. of Water Gruel. without Spirit. Dunt, to beat, or throb, when apply'd to the Heart. Aft, mad, foolish. Doughtna, could not. Dowie, fenseles, Dowr, Arfe. Doil'd, bewitch'd, infa-Dool, Sorrow. tuated, dizzy, giddy. Dorty, Scornful, diffi-Drammock, a fort of cult. cold Gruel. Dinna, do not. Dwining, decaying. Dike, a Wall. Dyvours, Bankrupts. Din, Noise. Dic'd, weav'd in Figures. E of Dice. A R D, Earth. Dauted, fondled, made Ettle, to attempt; much of. Dubs, dirty little Pools. or aim at. Diver-Seat, Seat of green Een, Eyes; also Even, or Night. Turf. Darna, dare not. Eem, to cozen. Deid Death. Eastlin, eastern. Dern'd, laid up fecretly. Eith, Eithly, easily. Down ; cannot bear, or Elding, Fuel. endure. Eild, old Age. Dings, excells, gets the Elf-shot, Planet-struck-

F

Fo

Fel

Feg

Fa

Per Pen

Dow, can, or is able to Measure of an Ell.
Even, to impute to one,
to compare, to liken.

East, eastward.

Ellwand, a Stick the

better; also beats.

Difna, does not.

afraid of. Elfe, already. Ether-Cap, Wasp. Elritch, wild, or ghaftly. Eydent, diligent, confant in any thing.

F ADGE a coarfe fort of a Roll-Bread. Fangle, or New-fangle, fond of what is new. Frae, from. Fou, full; also drunk. Ferlie, a Wonder; alfo to wonder. Fouth, Plenty, many, Flet, scolded. Fair-fa', well fair. Fa' fall. Fallow, Fellow. Fald, to fold. Id. a Sheep fold. Feckless, trifling. Feightan, fighting. Fraise, Talk, Speech. Fowk, Folks. Flyte, to Scold. Fell, cunning, or prudent. Sometimes it is apply d to Dixbolical Art. Fashcous, troublesome. Feg, Fig. Fae, Foe.

Fee, Wages.

Feirs, Brothers.

Ergh, to dread, or be Fendy, active industri-0H5. Fenzie, to feign. Flacs, Fleas. Fause, Falle. Flaw, to lie; alo a Lie. Furlet, a Corn or Meal Measure, consisting of four Pecks. Fear'd, afraid. Fey, to be attended by a Fatality; or, a Forgetfulness, or Absence of Mind. Fleech, flatter. Fog, Moss. Fore, to the fore, in being, or remaining. Foregainst, over against. Fundling, Foundling. Foryet, forget. Fand, jound. Flighter, to flutter. Flype, to fixe the Skin off. Farder, farther. Farles, thin Oat Cakes. Fear, Fleg, to frighten. Fain, fond, willing. Fawn, fallen. Fawt, Fault. Fash, to trouble. Fleid, affrighted. Flouks, Flounders. Frasing , Calling , or talking with a foolish Wonderment.

A E go; gave.

Gowans, Daifies. Gowany, full of Daifies. Grane, to groan or figh. Granes, Grozns. or Sighs. Gar, to make, or force.

Gat, got. Grein, to long fors or

thirst after.

Gear, Goods, Wealth. Geck, to loath, or flout

at. Gif, Gin, if. Glowre, to Stare. Glowring, Staring. Gawn, going. Grip, to hold fast. Grips, the holding fast with the Hands. Gloom, a Frown.

Gang, go. Ganging, going. Gie, give. Gabs, Mouths.

Grace Drink, Grace Cup. Greet, to cry. Gane, gone.

Geis, Brats, Children. Giglit, Gilflirt. Gate, the Way; also the

Manner of a Person. Gufty, favoury.

Glee, Mirth.

Gleed, Squinting. Glen, a Vale. Gaits, Goats. Gade, went. Gawfy, jolly, or lufty. Gawky, a foolish Wench. Gree, Degree. Grit, great. Girning, grinning. Grat, cry'd. Gowd, Gold. Ghaift, Ghoft. Gowk, Cuckoo; alfo Fool, Gates, Ways, Courfes.

A M E, Home. Hameward, homeward.

Hartsome, gladsome, pleasant. Hinder - Night ,

Night. Haffet, Side of the Face. Halucket, light headed, whimfical.

Hale, whole. Hinny, Honey. Hound, bunt.

Hawflock, Wool next the Wind-pipe. Hald, Had, hold.

Height, Top of the Hill Howm, a Valley by a River.

Het hot.

Healthfu', healthful. Haith, indeed, in faith. Herds, Swains, Shepherds. Heb! bab! Heffs, lodges, inhabits. Halefonie, wholefome. Heather-Braes. Hills on which Heath grows. Hidlings, lurking Places. Hadna, bad not

He'eryeftreen, the Night

before last.

Haggies, a boil'd Pudding, made of a Sheep's Pluck mine'd with Sezvet.

Haff, half. Howk, to dig. Humlock, Hemlock. Hawkys, Cozus. Howdy, a Midwife.

Hing, hang. Heather - Bells, Heath

Buds.

Hechts, Promifes. Hallon-Side, by a Holly Tree. Hac, bave.

Ha' Halt. Howt ! fy! Haften, partly. Hool, the Shell.

Hobleshew, a mobbish Riot, or Quarrel. Haly, Holy.

Hodden-grey, a coarse grey Cloath.

Hapt, cover'd up. Happing, hopping, fal-

ling down. Hames and Brechoms, worn about the Neck

of a Cart-burie. Hawse, to embrace.

Heeze, to lift. Heugh, any steep Place. Hodle, to waddle in walking.

Hows, Hollows.

LKA, each, every Io, Sweetheart. Jee, to be in doubt, te waver.

Touk, to blow. Ise, I Shall, or will. Ingle-fide, Firefide. Ithes, other; also one another.

Ingans, Onions. Ill-far'd, ill-favour'd, or ugly. Isk, weary, or tired.

Irie, fearful of Apparitions.

Ishogles, Icicles.

ENS knows? Kend, knews known.

Kiltit, tuck'd up. Kames, Combs.

Kittle, to tickle; it also Loos, loves. Signifies difficult, or Lowp, to leap. dangerous Kail-Yard, Kitchen Gar den. Kirn'd, churn'd. Kenna, know not. Ky, Corvs. Kirn, churn. Kent, a large Stick, or Shepherd's Pole. Kairn, or Cairn. Heaps of Monumental Stones. Kail , Coleworts. Id. Broth. Kebuck, a Cheefe. Keek, to peep. Kepp. to catch. Kirtle, the Upper Petticoat. Kimmer, a She-Goffip. Kurchie, a Handker-· chief.

L

Leglens, Milk-Pails.
Loan Milki g Place.
Lofs, to lofe.
Lout, to floop.
Low, Flame.
Lown, a fly Wencher.
Lowan, burning, flaming.
Lown, calm.
Lang, long.

Lowping, laping, Leel, fincere, boneft. Linkan, Stepping briskly, or bastily. Lee, fallow Land. Leefome, lovely. Lap, leap'd. Leaugh, laugh'd. Lift, the Sky; also to vemove. Lin, a Precipice, or natural Cascade, from whence the Water falls. Lave, the rest. Langfome, tirefome, tedious. Laird , Landlord ; in general, for any Man of Estate. Lyart, hoary, grey, Lucky, Gammer. Laith, loath. Laverocks, Larks. Lilt, to fing briskly. Liltit, merrily chanted. Luggies, Bowls. Lear, to learn, Lair Learning. Loof, the Palm of the Hand. Leed, ly'd. Leen, to leave off, give over. Landwait, country, ru. ral, clownish. Labour'd, thrash'd.

Lows'd, unty'd, loos'd. Lag, to fall behind. Laigh, lorg. Lawty, Justice. Leeze, me, a Phrase used when one loves, ir is pleased with a Person. Lih, to geld. Loor, rather. Lucken, gathered toge-- ther, or close join'd to one another. Lyart, hoary, or grey.

M A U N, must. Mair, more. Mane, Moan. March, Limit or Border. Marrow, a Match; or, to match. Mawking, a Hare. Mony, many. Mint, to aim at, make a Motion to do any thing. Misluck, Misfortune. Mak, make.

Meg-Dorts, Mrs. Scorn ful. Miscaw', to miscall, or call Names. Meikle, much. Meiklest, largeft.

Maift, moft. Maiks, Mates, Wives. sidding, Durghill.

Mailens, Farms. Manna, must note Muck, Dung. Mither, Mother. Mear. Mare. Mirk, dark, to darken. Merle, Merlin.

Mavis, the Thrulh. Mansworn, perjur'd; forfworn.

Mouse-mark, any Mark receiv'd by a Mother's longing.

Mennin, Minnoro. Mae, more.

Makina, it matters not. Mou, Mouth.

March, Limit or Border. Marrow, a Match; or to match:

Mawking, a Hare. Meife, to Move. Mends, Revenge, Menfe, Manners, Id. to

decorate. Menzie, a Company, or

Retinue. Milly, to learch for Milk. Minny, Mother.

Mons - Megg; a very large Iron Cannon in the Coffleof Edinburgh capable of holding two People.

Moup, to mumble like a Person that wants Teeth. Mouter, the Millers Toll. Mutches, Linen Caps.

A, no, not. Nae No. Nane; none. Nees, Nofe, Nibour, Neighbour .. Nither Starve, or pinch. Nowt, Oxen. Nowther, neither. Needna, need not. Neist, next. Nocht, nought. New-mawn, new-mow'd. No, not. New.cal, young Calves. Nives, double Fifts. Nor, than.

B. Grandchill. Ony, any. Out-o'er, hanging over, alfo, quite over. Our-lane, alone, by ourfelves Owrelay, a Cravat. Owrelaid, overlaid, overrubelm'd. O'reput, to overcome. Oure, over, too much. Orp, to writhe one's felf. Or, before. Owk, Week. O't, of it. Oxter, Armpit. Petted, fondled, pan Ren Owfen, Oxen.

Antry, Buttery. Pat, did put.

Paughty, proud, haugh Paunches, Tripe. Propine, a Present. Peebles, Pebbles. Penfylie, fantaftically. Peat pat, Peat Coal-pit Peet - Stack, Stack dry'd Peat, for Firing

Pibroch, a Highland Tune. Pickle, a Small Share. Pig, an earthen Pot. Pillar, the Stool of Re. pentance. Pine, Pain. Plet, to fold, Id. twift. Pow, a Skull. Powfowdy, Ram's hear

Soup. Prig, to baggle. Prines, Pins. Prive, to taste, or prove Popilan, poppling. Poortith, Poverty. Pou, pull. Peat Ingle, Peat-fire. Pouch, Pocket. Pouchfu', Pocket-full. Pawky, fly, cunning. Pleugh, a Plough. Pith, Strength. Rac

Ra

0

Raf

Ros Rot

13 Rett

Roy

a. ROD

Rp:

Rek

per'd. Pithless, faint, weak.

R

AIR, to roar. Rowing, Rowan, rolling. low'd, roll'd, or wrapt. edd up, to clean up, or clear up, also to tell, to be affraid, to part Folks quarrelling. Renzles to rein. Level'd, entangled. Riggs, Ridges, kin, run. Lifarts, Radishes. Routh, Plenty. Rife, abundant, plentiful. lacket - Rent, Rack-Rent.

Aceting, drying.
Lant, to make merry.
Lanting, roufing, jolly.
Lafth, green, or young.
Lafthy, ruffly, or grown
over with Rufles.
Laftes, Rufles.
Loos'd, prais'd.
Louted, grown fiff, or
ruffy.

lew, to relent, repent.
howt, to low, or make
a great Noise.
houses, a hard Name.
hock, a Distaff.
hever, Rover, or Pyrate.
hucks, Ricks.

leek, Smoke.

Roove; canfirm, or rivet.
Rude, Crofs.
Runkled, wrinkled.
Rung, a Club, or Staff.
Rufe, or, Roofe, to
praife.

S

CAFT, Soft, Sall, Shall. Saughs, Willow-trees, Sae, fo. Sawt, Salt. Seim, Appearance. Sey, to effay, or try. Shanna, Shall not. Shangy-mouth'd, or fhevil-gabit, wry mouth'da Sharn, Cow-dung. Shoo, a Shoe. Shore, to threaten. Skink, Strong Broth. Snack, Smart. Sneift, to Snarl. Snifhing, Snuff. Sodden, boil'd. Sonly, fortunate Id. jola Sowens, a fort of Flummery. Soum, of Sheep, 20. Spelding, dry'd Whiting, or Haddock. Stirk, a young Bullock.

Stoup, a Prop. Id. a Pot

for Drink.

Strae, Straw.

Streek, to fretch, or Shire, thin. Spread. Stenzie, to Stain. Swats, Small Ale. Sweer, unwilling, lazy. Swither, in Doubt. Scybows, young Onions. Sae, So. Spill, Spoil. Slid, smooth, slippery. Syne, fince, then. Smoor, Smother. Smoor'd, Smother'd. Sma, small. Snaw, Snow. Sic, Such. Sican, Such an one. Sell, felf. Shaw, Shew, also a woody Bank. Shawn, Shewn. Stock, a Reed, or Fipe: Spring, a Tune. Spear, to ask. Saebiens, fince it is fo . Snooded, filleted, ty'd up. Skiffing, skipping. Saul, Soul. Sair, fore. Sets, the Stripes, or Rows of Colours in Weaving. Siller, Silver. Spraings, Rows. Shave, & Slice. Singand, finging. Smak, Hruck.

A Shire-lick, a Ab Fellow. Scart, to scrape; also Scratch. Skaith, Loss, Dama Seads, Scalds. Sald, fold. Seething, boiling. Stend, to stalk rastily Stent, to tax; alfo. Stint. Scor'd, threaten'd. Sled, Sledge. Sung, fing'd. Snuff! pifh! alfotota Souff. Slaw, flow. S wat, Sweated. Slee, Sly. Skelfs, Shelfs. Strapan, strapping, lus Spaining, weaning. Spae-men, Fortune-ti lers. Saws, Prognoffication: Spae, to tell Fortunes. Snood, a Fillet, or Hea . band. Sark, Shirt. Sayna, Say not .. Starns, Stars. ? Samen, the Same. or Skair, a Share, to Shar Steght, Stuff'd, cramm'd Sornan, mumping, begging.

rimp, ill-provided. crimpit, Stinted. indle, feldom. lavering, driveling, or Slobbering. naw-baws. Jokes. with, Soon, Jwijily. hoon, Shoes. tang, stung. ward, the Surface of the Grass.

tanes, Stones. tap, ftop. awn, sown.

incefyne, ever fince. akelels, forfaken, desti-tate of Friends.

taw, Stole. kelpit, to be Slapt, or whipt on the Posteriors.

teek, to Shut.

AE, Toe, Taken, Token. enting, tending. Thrawart, crofs, or evil. Fod, a Fox. Thole, endure, suffer. Till, to. rald, told. Tint, loft. Thrievelels, trifling, er Tocher, Tocher-good, meedless.

Trow, to be fure of, to . tune. know, to believe.

Tak, take:

Tane, taken. Id, the one. Tap, the Top. Twa, two.

Tent, to take Notice of. to watch, observe, or remark.

Theyfe, they Shall. Towale, to rumple.

Trig, neat. Tyke, Dog.

Trigg, Spruce, elean. Tarrows, loatbs.

Tether . Stake, Halter Stake.

Thae, thefe. Thirle, thrill.

Tyne, to lose. Tron, the Name of a particular Market-

place. Thack, thatch.

Taids, Toads. Than, then.

Thrang, the Crowd, or Throng. Titty, Sifter.

Titter, rather. Tals, a Cup

Thow, to thater or melt. Thowlers, Spiritless. The. thee.

Tryft, Appointment, to appoint.

one's Portion, or For-

Todlen, a rolling, Short Step.

Teil, to till.
To, too.
Toilzie, a Broil; alfo to quarrel.
Towin'd, flapp'd, or bang'd.
Thed, the Noife of a Stroke.

Twin, to part with.

Nlikly, unpersonable, unsteamly, improbable.
Unko, strangely, wonderfuly; also strange, wonderful.
Unsonsy, unlucky, diabolical.
Unsersit, filthy, or upoat wants for aping.

V

Visty, to take a View.

W

W Arldly, worldly.
Winfome, engaging, deligitful.
Wathers, Weathers.
Wad, would.

Wallop, gallop. Wame, Womb, Belly. War, worfe. Wha, who. War, wit or kne Whinging, whining; Wift, knew. Waff, Lonely. Wi', with. Wie, little. Wood, mad. Wordy, worthy. Wimpling, winding. Wark, Work. Whirles, Eddies. Whilk, which. Wilks, Periwinkles. Wean Child. Wear in, to bem in. Whang, a large Cut, or Slice. Whatrecks, what matters it. Wylie, cunning. Wyfon, the Gullet. . Woo, Wool; also to court. Will-fire, Wild-fire. Wift, known. Wale, to chuse, the Choice. Withershins, to move.

contraryways. Warlock, Wizzard.

Weil, well.

Wallowit, faded,

wither'd.



